

# Letters to Mycroft

## By

# Roland Michel Tremblay

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Life is very simple. You discover some blogs on the Internet. You find out that your favorite actor is blogging. You decide to send him blogs that he will probably never read. And then you decide to start blogging yourself. So here it is, RM's Blogs, Letters to Mycroft (not his real name, of course, but I think you can easily guess). Though all my blogs have been sent to him, there's no guarantee he has ever read them or ever will.

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**De :** Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:[rm@crowedanarchist.com](mailto:rm@crowedanarchist.com)]

**Envoyé :** 23 juin, 2004 01:54

**À :** Mycroft

**Objet :** working on a film script together

Dear Mycroft,

Sorry, I tried to send this encrypted, and even though I am quite knowledgeable with computers, the GNUPG website is just like an incomprehensible nightmare. The install file does not have an extension and cannot be run, I guess you are working on a Mac instead of a PC, and that application is a Mac thing.

I know you will read this, but how do I know you won't put it in a folder and never answer it (like I usually do because I too receive a lot of emails)?

Why am I contacting you tonight? Because you're one of my favorite actors? Because I care for you? Yes, this is true, but there's more.

I stumbled upon a website of actors who have their own websites. I went to see two websites only, yours included.

There was nothing interesting on the first website but, gosh, I wasn't prepared for your website!

I've met my double, who would have thought? For the last 3 days I have been reading your website. I was born in 1972, just like you, and I love The Cure and Depeche Mode, just like you (but I don't like Led Zeppelin, God knows where you picked that one from, as it is not your generation).

I am also a struggling writer, but only because I write in French. We write very similar things, our life. I have 5 books already published in France, and a sixth one this autumn. Like you I'm getting popular, even though, as you may suspect, the French market does not bring you money. But I enjoy my life as a writer that is becoming successful and recognized in the French countries (I am French-Canadian from Quebec, by the way).

I am also like you because I have a link to Hollywood, I write film scripts. This is new from this year and already I got a lot of success and I am in contact with X Films and X, I wrote four film scripts for them recently and they were amazed, hopefully soon I will get a reputation and work in this full time.

At the moment I am where you have been for many years. Trying to prove to my parents that I have the potential to get somewhere in Hollywood and absolutely no money whatsoever (which I hope will change soon as the film scripts get sold). I recently cut all the links with my family because they refused to help me, but reading your website made me change my mind and I have reopened communication with them. I realized that I was self centered and that others are struggling like me to get somewhere. I felt a bit ashamed with myself for my winging in my books, suddenly I felt I had no right to complain, that it was the same for you and for many

other actors who have difficulty to find any role once they left or the series came to an end.

Valmont is one of my favorite films, along with Dangerous Liaisons. I have read the book many times, even wrote my Masters Degree thesis on it. The guy from ET was in it instead of you. What do I think about that? Well, as you are familiar with different timelines, I believe there must be some parallel universe out there where you were in this film and that I adored you in it. But I like things the way they are, we cannot tell how everything would have turned out in those parallel universes. I would have not known you as well for being in Valmont that I know you know because you stayed a bit longer in the series. I was sad when you left, but you stayed long enough and you were brought back in my best ever episodes. What I liked most was that you were just a kid piloting the flagship of the fleet. The captain trusted you so much that, even in the most critical situations, you were there at the helm. A kid with a very high IQ, it makes you dream.

You became for me what I could have been, what perhaps I should have been but never did, because of a lack of recognition. But who needs it anyway to get somewhere, if you have the determination and believe in your dreams. You just work hard and you eventually get there.

I saw you in three other films. You were great in all three films. The first one of course, is a classic film like the Godfather. The second was enjoyable and you were good in it (you saved the film really), even though I feel it must have suffered from a lack of budget and someone in charge of photography, and a good writer. And the third one, probably one of your best roles. You were a cute kid, and even though I am gay, I recognized you not as a cute kid, but as a wonderful actor and role model for someone my age.

You were lucky or you were very talented to have such a line up on the imdb. I am 31 years old, just like you, but I don't feel like living in the past, I can only look up to the future, as if my success and big break was to come. I see no reason why you should not think the same way. 31 is very young, most people our age are only starting up in life, they are looking at the future and think: I'm going to make it, it's finally going to happen. And your busy past just gives you a good start, you are

already one step ahead of everyone. Even though, just like us, you still have to prove that you are worth something, that you are excellent. Which is a bit ridiculous, I know, because you have proven that, not once, but 10 times before.

This said, you don't look like you used to. Don't get me wrong, you look great, but you're not that little kid anymore that was perfect for these films where they needed someone that young capable of actually acting like a great actor. I have many script ideas on my website, and many other projects I worked on (including one still in development with many known actors like Al Pacino, Johnny Depp, Madonna, Angelica Huston, and yes even Ashley Judd). But I can't see how you would fit in any of these movies or projects. It made me ask why.

You look like my cousin, someone who is down to earth, like any neighbor. A baby face, just like mine and my cousin, even although we are only 31. I wanted to picture what role I would see you in. I thought that perhaps you had an idea for a script, that I could write it and we would take it from there. I'm well connected at the moment, I am not certain how long it will last, even though I feel they recognize my potential and I might go far. They are always thinking about these known actors when I always keep coming back to the ones I know are great. If I do make it in that business, I will certainly always think of you. Oh yes, you were memorable in that episode of another series, I forgot.

If you look like a normal person, perhaps something fantastic should happen to you, like in a Ray Bradbury story or a Twilight Zone episode. Or perhaps you have some ideas of what you feel you would like to be in a film. You were associated with these films where you were just a kid dealing with adult problems. Funny, your life story at the moment appears interesting enough, step kids, father suing you... not sure if that could do a great script. But it needs to be human, with something fantastic attached to it? Emotional distress, wanting something you cannot have... I'm thinking.

Please help me and let's see if we can work together, because I feel you could be a great inspiration. Sad you can't read French, you would see how similar we are, especially in what we write. I have some stuff in English you can read, quite a big website in fact, though it's nothing like the French one. We are similar because we speak our mind. That's not all. We don't care about the repercussions on our

professional life. And the world needs people like that, not afraid of the consequences of speaking their mind. Go for it, I always did, and I never regretted it.

I hate Bush, even though I did not read much about it and I don't talk that much about it (I have a script idea called Kill that President, and if I ever write it, it's going to be an anti-Bush stand). I don't feel concerned because I am not American. I kind of feel he is my President too, in charge of the world. Everything I read about what you said against him, I agree with. You're very wise, intelligent, you have the skills of an editorialist of a respectable newspaper. You could be a journalist if you wanted to, me too, but I guess it would be wasting our talents. We can still talk about it indirectly in our art. Perhaps that should inspire us in our writings. Maybe you should look at that idea Kill that President, there is already a production company interested in it. At the moment it is described as a play and the hero is a woman, but we could change it to a film and write it for you:

### [Library from the Future or Kill that President](#)

Film or Play (one man show)

A woman has been asked to investigate a strange phenomenon, books from the future are being shipped into the past for an unknown reason. While trying to figure the how and why, she will find a book stating that the next President of the United States will become a kind of Hitler and she will presume that she needs to prevent his ascension. Little she knows as doing so and succeeding she helps destroying the world.

Well, I spoke more than I thought I would. There was only one point to this e-mail, to get you to visit my website, to charm you and get you to contact me afterwards. I wish to work with you on something interesting, a film script that would be to your liking, something that is close to your heart. And somehow I feel it will be close to mine. We should not wait after others, we should work towards a goal and make it happen ourselves.

I like you and I hope we can start a conversation.

Regards,

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**De** : Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@crownedanarchist.com]

**Envoyé** : 27 juin, 2004 06:34

**À** : Mycroft

**Objet** : Nethack is nothing compared with Dungeon Master Java (also free)

Hi Mycroft,

I'm not expecting an answer from you, and that's cool.

So I've decided to keep writing in the hope that one day you will contact me or that I will contact you via your agent for a role (I suspect you might then contact me) (and that's cool).

Reading more about your website got me interested in talking about a lot of things we share. You got me on Nethack, I've decided to stop before the addiction kicked in. I too have deadlines for my book *A French-Canadian in New York* due to be published in September, which is the follow up to [A French-Canadian in Paris](#) that is enjoying great success in France, Belgium and Switzerland at the moment (they are in French). And I also have this film script to finish, the gangster thing that I've been told was the follow up to *The Godfather* (no pressure!). I can't tell you more, but this is the thing with the actors I mentioned in my previous e-mail.

As for Dungeon and Dragons, I have to say that I am not that fascinated by this universe as much as my cousins in Québec (I live in London UK now). But there was that one game that really got me when I was young and I lost many years of my life playing Dungeon Master on my Atari ST computer. Luckily today there is the perfect version downloadable for free on the Internet using Java. A bit complicated to install, but really worth playing:

<http://www2.cs.pitt.edu/~alandale/dmjava/>

<http://dmjava.free.fr/>

Contact me if you have any trouble installing it. You need to install Java first (there will be links on the websites).

I read the story about the Canadian shipped to Syria, and even though that story did not affect me (because I know the American government can be as corrupt as the ones from other countries), I have to say that I was in shock to read about that guy saying that all Quebecois should be shipped to Syria. Something weird in my head happened when I read that, my monitor went weird. Suddenly I was out of the room and could only see that sentence. I felt like I was back in Ottawa where I studied and read every morning in The Citizen those English Canadians saying similar things about French Canadians. They hate us for no other reason that we speak French and not English.

I also read that you have done some work for another TV channel. Funny because I wrote three treatments for them for television series, and in July we will find out more about if they want to buy them or not. Please keep that for yourself (I don't want to get into trouble) but one series that is very promising, and they said it was the best thing they read, is called Girls Spies: 8 women super-agents (sexy) coordinated by one nerd/geek that really should be you. I certainly will mention it to them when the time comes (although we're not sure if it will be animation or real actors). The other TV series ideas are on my website (I'm not sure if X read them yet as X said they may wait July to show those two ideas to Mr. X):

[The Virtual Universe](#) and [First Planet](#).

I think you would be particularly interested in the Virtual Universe, which is about the Game World (a holodeck really), or the race to create the perfect virtual game world. I would see you as the Programmer (or God) of the virtual universe.

OOPS! I just read "Why I Quit the Network". I guess you won't be interested in any of my projects. I can't find the year you quit the TV channel, I thought the series you were on was on recently (or is it all dead as well?). Never mind, though now I'm a bit worried about getting involved with these people. I wouldn't want to be writing a whole series for some bastards, perhaps I won't deal with the same people? We'll see.

I can't tell you how refreshing it is to have someone speaking his mind like you. It cost you a lot, but it certainly opens the eyes of everyone around. The TV business in the UK is filled with bastards like that, the Bullies at the BBC are well known. They feel they can get away with anything because they think they gave you the opportunity of your life just because you work in TV and people would kill to work in TV. Well, I don't feel like that and I would never suffer any bullshit either.

You would never imagine how many times I have been threatened with a law suit for barely mentioning anything on my websites. I have learnt my lesson well, there is nothing now on my websites that has not been written by me, I always ask permissions if it is not the case, and I never mention anyone or any company. I'm glad you do, and I'm pleased you can get away with it. I wish I could too, but this world has gone mad. I wrote a simple article about a musician from Québec that I met. I wrote exactly what he told me, and I was getting sued for slander! I wrote a tone down version of the article (I cut 2/3 of it) and I never heard from their lawyers again. Even though it was the truth, they were ready to fight me.

I even put some links to a book on my website with a small excerpt from the book, and they too wanted to sue me despite the fact that there was a direct link to Amazon for that book, encouraging people to buy it. They wanted £100 a year from me to keep the excerpt online on my website. I told them to fuck off. And now, I have some other large excerpts from books by Michio Kaku and Lawrence M. Krauss in my [Sci-Fi Reports](#) (about the science bits), and I'm living in fear that I will get a



call from their lawyers pretty soon. But I'm waiting before taking it out, because their excerpts are essential to the reports.

As for why some people hate you, before reaching your website, I never knew anything about it. I was shocked, I called myself a fan and saw the series at least 100 times, and yet, I never knew some people could have disliked your character in the series. It does not make any sense to me, because you were so great in everything you did (and I saw the photos of one of your films, which are just incredible!). You're such a lovely character, it never occurred to me that someone could hate you. People can be so cruel, I suffered myself when I was young. Of course, it was never that public. Which is just to show, really, that everyone on this planet knows you! It must mean something, you know. In French, there are no websites talking and criticising like in English. After 5 books published, it is still very hard to find anyone willing to talk about me on the Net other than just the general descriptions of the books that are generally on the cover anyway. At least everyone knows you, it's great!

I have to admit though, reading everything you linked to from your blogs, I would have committed suicide by now if I had read 10% of that crap about me. I could have never lived with so much cruelty and negative feedback about my work. It's true though that I am suffering from a permanent existential crisis (even though I have no reason for this and I can't explain it). The fact that you are still alive, that you confront all this, and do so now in such a public way with your website and your books, and that you can wake up in the morning happy with your family despite all that, is a testament to how strong you are and that no one or nothing will ever bring you down. You will resurface as a great actor in the future with great talent, I know, because you will never stop going forward.

That's it for my personal Blog to Mycroft for tonight. Sleep well.

(Let's have a Black Celebration, tonight...)

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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**De** : Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@crownedanarchist.com]

**Envoyé** : 28 juin, 2004 03:37

**À** : Mycroft

**Objet** : Blog 3 - Roland Michel Tremblay

Hi Mycroft,

Here is my Blog number 3, personal Blog to Mycroft.

I went to bed at 7 am in the morning last night, reading your damn blogs and sending you Blog number 2.

I have decided to start my own blog, and it will be called Letters to Mycroft. I don't care if you don't agree, sue me. Since you have not threatened anyone talking shit about you, I doubt you will sue me. I have decided to be frank in there, like you. I don't give a fuck if it costs me some jobs, just like you. I guess you have inspired me... great! No one inspires me anymore...

When I went to bed last morning, I felt like committing suicide. And then, I wondered why.

Is it because I don't have any more money and my bills won't pass starting Monday?  
Is it because I can't see how the film scripts I worked on will suddenly be sold and bring me money instantly? Or is it more likely because my boyfriend was going to be in a crisis state once I woke up at around 3 pm?

I'm not sure how your wife succeeded in tolerating you while you were, according to her, tossing around all day. While you pretended searching for some work, when she could only think you were wasting your time and be a dreamer. I wonder why my boyfriend has not just kicked me out of his flat yet, leaving me alone and naked on the streets of London. Many times he had to pay my bills, but now he is at his limits. He can't help me anymore and he is getting angrier by the day.

My only solution to survive July, it is to move to Geneva and work in a friend lawyer's office. I think it would be perfect. The time to get some money for all the work I have done on those film scripts, and anyway, it will be quite an adventure. Surely it will inspire me a few lines. I'm not sure yet if it's going to happen, my friend in Geneva is not forthcoming, even though she proposed the idea to me in the first place. I just don't know where I am now.

Wouldn't it be stupid to commit suicide when two months later I could have succeeded? Suddenly the 7 projects I worked on, all sold, and getting a massive pay check from basically God, and be doing what I love: write, write, write? As we don't know what the future has on hold for us, it's not easy. Sometimes I feel the only way out is to kill myself. At that point, I don't even give a damn if I was going to succeed. It doesn't matter anymore. It would solve all my problems. And the saddest thing is that I would kill myself because of a question of money.

I read in the newspapers in London that a father of two did exactly the same thing I did. He got himself 10 credit cards that are so easily available in the UK, and finally had a debt of 75,000 pounds sterling. Exactly like me (though I have more debts than that, because of my studies). He killed himself! Because he could not see any way out. He could not pay his damn bills, could not pay back the interests each month... I am at that point. He opened my eyes. I would kill myself for money. Great capitalist society we have. The American Dream and all. They forgot to tell us that if we wish to pursue our dreams, to make it big in Hollywood, and if we don't make it, there will only be one way out: suicide.

I wish I'd learn about that beforehand. I would have never refused that conference job that offered me £30,000 a year plus bonus. Over that I declared war over my family, they refused to help me financially until I could survive on my own writing for

Hollywood. I lost great friends that I have known for 20 years over this, because when you start to ask for money, they just walk away.

I just stopped listening to Louder than Bombs of The Smiths, I think it was going to expedite my way out of this world. I put on some CD of the Moody Blues instead, In Search of the Lost Chord. My father used to listen to that in 1978, when I was 6 years old. Every Saturday morning. Like a disease, it was communicated to me. One day I woke up in London, I went to their record company in the South of London (they have a shop), and I bought every single Moody Blues CDs they had. It cost me a fortune, by I think it was a good investment.

Sometimes it reminds me why I am living in London. I think it is the center of the Universe. Anything the United States ever produced is crap. But everything England ever produced that lasted, is just a classic. And that's fucking true. Apart from your series, the US has never produced anything that was worth living for. England gave us just about everything worth living for: Depeche Mode, The Cure, New Order, The Smiths, Oasis, the Beatles, the Moody Blues, The Prisoner, Doctor Who, The Avengers, and so on.

I live in Richmond, where most great creators live. The Rolling Stones, The Who, Pink Floyd, and just about every single great actor England ever offered to the world. That's one motivation, sometimes in the morning when I wake up. I feel I live right at the center of everything, where I belong, probably like you feel living in Los Angeles with all those actors. But it's not the same. There's nothing cool about L.A., I would not feel privileged living there. In Richmond-upon-Thames I feel it, history, you know? Event though I'm not part of it.

Oh dear, I'm listening to The Best Way to Travel of the Moody Blues. Another song that is actually on my website because it is the perfect song explaining my weird theories of the universe. I live in fear that the Moody Blues eventually will find out and send me some sort of bullshit letter telling me to take it out. Who cares anyway? I don't give a shit anymore.

I'm drinking Armagnac tonight, because I can't afford any more alcohol, and I still have those old weird bottles that were given to me while I worked for an alcohol

company in Brentford. Must have been 7 years ago. I'm pleased to report that alcohol is still good after all this time. I'm sure you don't care much about that. But who cares anyway.

My dear Mycroft, you are now just a mean to something. A mean to my own blog. Why do I care about you? Good question. I don't know. Like you said, I must be identifying myself to what you suffered over the years. Even though you're finally escaping all this with the success of your books, while I'm still stuck right here. It's nice to think that if it has happen to you, it might happen to me. And it could, believe it or not. God knows what the French market can bring, I could become some sort of a legend. Even though so far I know it cannot bring any money.

Funny that I feel I have the potential to make it, whatever it is that I wish to make it in. I know I will succeed. That has always been my main motivation. But what if I can't make it, if I don't succeed? This is where the problem begins. If I can't write for a living, life is not worth living. But when do I decide that I won't make it? That I won't succeed? That's the hardest part.

In the meantime I just continue to make all these sacrifices that are alienating my family and my friends. I don't think you have an answer to that, you too are struggling with the same questions. Thankfully you have a wife that you love and step kids that depend on you... it is easier for you. I don't have that. I only have a winging boyfriend that complains all the time that I'm not getting anywhere fast in this business. And therefore it did not warrant that many sacrifices. I've decided recently that I either succeed in Hollywood or I would kill myself. Not much choice anymore. I may be closer to death every day...

(And the Tide Rushes in... Moody Blues, Question of Balance, favourite song of my dad.)

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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**De :** Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@themarginal.com]

**Envoyé :** 30 août, 2004 02:25

**À :** Mycroft

**Cc :** 'rm@themarginal.com'

**Objet :** Blog 4 - Personal Blog to Mycroft - Roland Michel Tremblay

Hi Mycroft,

Here is my Blog number 4, personal Blog to Mycroft .

It has been a while since I sent you a blog. I guess not having any answer from you sort of de-motivated me, but the thought that you may actually be reading it some day is a motivation. I am less depressed than last time I wrote to you, which is good news. Though I don't really have any reason to be less depressed. I still haven't found a job (any kind of job, even waiter) and my boyfriend continues to pay for me though it is the source of many crises that are becoming more and more unbearable. I even thought of moving back to Québec. If I don't find a job soon, I can kiss my 10 years relationship goodbye.

I even had an interview at the BBC, to work on one of their websites for professional writers linked to the BBC. I applied to over 30 positions at the BBC and could only get that one interview. I screwed up completely, they have this extraordinary way to put you on the spot and ask questions impossible to answer. Like, what did you do to prepare for this interview, what are the websites you visit at the moment... and there and then, I could only think of mentioning your website. The guy who was frying me was quite impressed though, and told me he actually enjoys your website. Perhaps this was the only highlight of my interview with the BBC, but in the end I did not get

the job. Which is a bit sad because I'm pretty certain I could have done something great for them, I'm usually excellent at any job I do.

Today I watched you on TV in one episode, where you got mom stuck into a warp bubble. I guess England must like the series a lot, it is on TV every day, something like twice, and on the weekend it goes crazy with at least 6 to 8 episodes. You're on TV pretty much all the time here in London, it would be impossible to forget you (Sky plays reruns of the first seasons on a regular basis). You had a nice tan in one of the episodes, I wonder where you got it from (I suppose you can't remember). I always thought the traveller looked at you in a weird manner, I guess it could be interpreted as a paternal or a mentor's look. I was wondering if the director asked him to look at you like that.

I did not hear anything from X Films, none of the film scripts I wrote for them or the treatments appear to be sold. These things might take time, but as my contact is ignoring me now and does not answer my e-mails, I take it she is too embarrassed to give me bad news or she has finished squeezing the juice out of me and she is now sucking the blood of another screenwriter hoping to make it in Hollywood. I had other offers to develop other of my screenplay ideas, but could not find the motivation to write them as no money or possibilities of production seem clear on the horizon. So I have put all that on hold for now, concentrating instead on my books and finding a job.

A French-Canadian in New York will be published in September or October and I feel that second book of my trilogy is a bit like your last book. And the first one, A French-Canadian in Paris was like your first one. I compare myself a lot to you, because I too suddenly had a breakthrough with my literature with the publication of these books. My first four books published some years ago did not sell very well, so there is not much I can celebrate there. It is only cool to be able to say I have my sixth book getting published this month, it has a nice ring to it, even though the French market is guaranteed to not give me enough money to survive just from writing.

I had to create myself a new website which does not have the word Anarchist anywhere on it because I could not mention my website to any employers from fears

of frightening them. It is called The Marginal (<http://www.themarginal.com>), and it contains all my screenplays, reports and articles, but nothing personal. I'm sure my Crowned Anarchist Literature title prevented many producers and directors from reading my screenplays in the first place, even though I am not an anarchist and will never be one. Stupid idea to pick up that title from a French book that I liked. Almost mortgaged my future. Unfortunately I built my new website after my interview with the BBC, so they might have thought I was going to bring chaos into their little universe. I have to say, I loved going to their offices that are pretty close to where I live, it is very impressive and I would love to work there. Everyone looks very peaceful, like if it was a requirement to work there. I guess I just did not fit the profile as I am a bit enthusiastic, even though I was more like a zombie at the interview.

I made a huge mistake the other day that I'm pretty certain made me feel like when you were being destroyed by these fans that did not like your character. I posted one simple message on the website Wordplay featuring the blogs of well known screenplay writers Terry Rossio and Ted. Somehow I managed to turn everyone against me and they all visited my website to tell me afterwards that I was wasting my time and that I was lying somehow. It was terrible, they were very destructive, they certainly have a lot of imagination, the bastards, to misread everything I wrote. And I was so stupid, I did not know these people were known or that this duo actually wrote films like Pirates of the Caribbean and they are linked to the film company I was writing for. Perhaps this is why I never heard of X again, as they are linked to X. I was talking about that article called Throwing in the Towel or not, and I felt bad about that article because that night I decided to stop writing altogether, even though I have written 20 books and 6 of them are published (and that I am enjoying some success). Here is the article, worth reading really, because it is pretty convincing: <http://www.wordplayer.com/columns/wp34.Throw.in.the.Towel.html>. So I felt like you when you did say things on your blog that had an impact in what you are working on or try to work on. And after that I'm surprised as to why I don't want to have a blog in English. At least in French when I criticise the whole planet and the people I worked with, it takes years to be published. So they have disappeared from my life by the time it is published. Also, they don't speak French, so I am free to say whatever I want. I will have to do some editing if it is published in English one day,



because I am not very nice, I have to say (though I am very funny). Nothing can stop me.

My poetry in English that was on my website freaked out an agency recently. The woman told me bluntly that she thought of cancelling my interview after reading my poetry on my website (in English) called The Anarchist. She thought I was a miserable person about to commit suicide, which is pretty much the opposite (unless I am very drunk and depressed, and most of my Anarchist series was written while I was in that state). That's why I decided to open that new website The Marginal. I can't even let people read my poetry! I remember that at the time, I almost lost a job in conferences because they found out that I had a website talking about anarchy. They found it because some of my conference titles were on it (oh my, our great and serious company linked to an anarchist website!). They gave me 2 hours to close my website or they were sacking me and suing me. I told them I was going to take out any links to the company, but that I was not going to close down my website for them...

Tomorrow I'm going to Scotland to deliver our Jeep that we just sold to a nice man there. I will visit Edinburgh and Dundee along the way and sleep at a B&B that should cost me less than £30. It was about time I got out of the flat, no holiday in months and I don't even get out of my computer screen anymore. Selling the Jeep should help me survive another month though there will be a crisis when my boyfriend realises that he needs to give me another £1000 for September. Many times I have to go to Richmond Park to get away from him or else god knows what could happen.

We've been together for 10 years now and he has a serious drug addiction. Somehow he can live normally in society (apart from that time where I found him dead from an overdose on the bathroom floor), but he can sometimes be out of control and crazy. I wish sometimes I could leave him, but I love him and immigration is not an easy thing. Leaving him would mean I have to leave Great Britain. Going back to Canada right now would be so depressing that I don't even want to entertain the idea (it is the only place where I can legally live and work, unfortunately, otherwise I would be in L.A. right now). My sex life is inexistent right now due to his drugs, it is perhaps the most difficult thing of all. Think seriously,

would you stay with your wife if there was no more sex? You really have to love her, I tell you. And I do love him.

I survived the last few months from the kindness of a woman living in Switzerland who truly appreciated my books and decided that art was worth something. She gave me a lot of money to pay some months while I am looking for work like a mad man. She has stopped writing to me now, I think she might be afraid I might ask for more money.

All these sacrifices for the joy of writing, something that everyone denounced saying that I am a lazy bastard who just wants to toss around. Having written 20 books and a dozen screenplays does not count, I'm a cow because it does not bring any money. Perhaps one day I will prove them wrong (hopefully). Not everyone has Madonna's story of arriving in New York with 40 dollars and leaving with a few millions.

When I was cute enough and had many sugar daddies buzzing around, I never ever gave it up and chose the easy way. Today I think I should have slept with them all, today I would be celebrating something other than the publication of a book that will sell only 3,000 copies in the next few months before being declared dead and not being reprinted.

Oh well, I don't regret anything I have ever done or not done, that's a plus. We must be following some sort of destiny designed to teach us certain things, even though they are not quite clear, though they sometimes become clear when we write about it.

I have many fans you know, they write to me and it is quite nice. Of course, it is nothing like your fan base... but it is quite an achievement for someone like me who is not known and was not part of all these movies and television series. Some very important people in the French countries have heard of me, appreciate me, and say they will write articles, though it takes time. I can appreciate all that, though I have to say that I'm not that impressed. I feel I had the potential to go much further, still I have to be happy with these small achievements. If I did not believe in myself, I would never have written so many books, I would have abandon years ago without giving it a second thought.

I have to say that I am very pretentious though I don't want to. I can be like you and be happy even for one single great comment received from someone lost somewhere on the planet, yet I wish I could reach globally millions of people. In French it is just not possible, or is it? Many articles have been written in France about me, but almost none in Canada where I'm from. It kills me that they can ignore me like that. That's why I want more than just having worked on that series Black Hole High on NBC on Saturday morning. I want to write another Being John Malkovitch and finally show Québec people that I was something they ignored for way too long.

At least in the gay world I am pretty well known everywhere, in France, Québec, Belgium, Switzerland and even Africa. Actually, I sometimes feel I am more known in Africa than Canada. It is true that my Anarchist appears to be working well in these countries where dictatorships are still in place. I feel great to be able to write something that can reach out to people feeling trapped in their own countries, where being gay means you will be put to death. Somehow my words give some people some hope. Funny how my little daily problems can lead me to write things that can mean something completely different for other people living something different. Even in America, where my novel Denfert-Rochereau had some impact in Oklahoma because it somehow talks about red neck people, even though it never crossed my mind at the time. The book is after all talking about secret societies and how societies are working on the same principles. Go figure. Of course, I am only talking about French students at the University of Tulsa, where I spoke at a conference two years ago. They wanted to translate the book and get it published there. Their fight is far from being over in Oklahoma, women rights are not that evident from what I can understand.

Yes, I am pretentious, I believe I will one day crack it and become famous worldwide. I don't know why I think so as it certainly appears impossible. Do you feel like that sometimes? Be honest. It is a bit different for you as you did reach the top of the world and, somehow, you are still at the top because you are so well known from everyone everywhere (probably even in China...). I can see that your problem is different than mine, as you actually need to maintain yourself there and it is a constant battle. I am a bit discouraged the more I read your blog, because you are

getting there again, and this time it will be there to stay. Your books have given you another life and this won't go away, it is not like being on TV and suddenly no longer being there, which means that if you are no longer in the medias, there is something wrong. Being a writer is different. Being known and recognised now, means that it is for life. And the more success you have, the more I see that I am not going anywhere very fast. Unless my next book suddenly cracks it in the mainstream and I too climb the charts on Amazon France. Sometimes I feel that I would need to kill a whole family including their pets for this to happen. And what kills me is that I have that potential, my books are great, I just can't get the big newspapers to talk about them. At the same time, every single cheap author from Québec gets reviews in La Presse and Le Devoir, the big newspapers of Québec. Their books are crap, even though the journalists (who obviously are friend with the authors) describe them as a nice new and expensive bottle of wine. I feel the injustice, the unfairness of it all. I will have published 15 books in France before people in Québec even hear my name! Think about that when you experience your actual success.

I am not that bothered really because I know it is coming, even though it might take me another few years. Something somewhere at some point will happen, I'm sure, because I'm not the giving up type (even if for one moment on Terry Rossio's website, this is what those bastards thought, including Rossio himself who told me to give it all up... I will prove him wrong, that's all I can say).

The more I watch you on TV, the more I feel I have misjudged you. I believe you truly have talent and you were great on the series. It proves that you could be great in any film because you can act in a way that looks very professional. I'm sure you know what I mean, just look at a cheap film with average actors, and you immediately understand that you are something else, you belong to the big league.

It is quite extraordinary that I could be writing to you, even though I am not certain if you are reading this... it has created a bond between you and I in any case. I am so excited now when you are on TV, when I just happen to turn on the TV on a Saturday afternoon. I feel somehow that it is me that is out there, being judged and who has to act. Because I feel close to you, I feel for you, I want you to succeed (almost more than I wish to succeed), so I see myself through you. And you never disappoint me, you are always excellent. It kills me too. Because then it becomes

incomprehensible that such talent cannot be recognised and you are not right now in the big movies out there. All right, it is coming back, soon you will be out there, still, how could you have struggled like that for so many years? Well, to be honest I am not that surprised. For everything you get, for every book you publish, for every job you get, a miracle is required. Thousands of people are trying their luck, dozens have some clear advantage, but somehow once in while it happens, you finally get the job.

Talking to you right now, reaching out, almost make me feel stupid for applying for these stupid jobs in London as an administrator in some useless company, who might need someone with another European language: French. I taste defeat, when I am so close to success. I have to believe that destiny has something in store for me, that it will happen, even if it takes time. And only at the end, when we are about to die, we can look back and assess the whole path followed and decide if it was a sad story or a great one. Even if many years in between have been hell, as long as great years after that were worth it, were the best ones of all. You know.

Perhaps I identify too much with you, when in fact we may have nothing in common. Other than your life story for which I got too close. I know the story, I have total strangers who read *A French-Canadian in Paris*, contacting me to tell me that they feel so close to me, they feel like they are my best mates, when in fact I know nothing of them. I guess after reading 300 pages of my life story, they somehow lived with me through a part of my life that happened some 10 years ago. In reality they know nothing of me, and I know nothing of them. I don't like this idea. I want to be with you, I want to feel with you, I want to be your best mate. Like these people who feel the same about me after reading a bunch of my books. It is the first time that the role is actually reverse. That I would do anything to be your friend or help you, when I have fans out there who feels like that about me because they read my books. It is kind of a poetic justice really, that I can feel like that for someone else, because usually I don't give a shit about anyone or any other author. I can be very insensitive, I have to admit. At the same time I can be very sensitive on certain other matters. Life is complex. Human nature is complex. Oh well.

You know, your series DVDs are being dubbed in French and German, which means that in France and Germany you should be quite popular. Is this true? Perhaps you should do some marketing over there...

Well, it is 2h30 in the morning and tomorrow I have to drive to Scotland. So I guess I will leave you now. It is always a pleasure to write to you. Please, if you are reading this, think about pressing reply and say: I am reading your messages. It would make a world of difference to me.

Thanks,

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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**De :** Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@crownedanarchist.com]

**Envoyé :** 6 septembre, 2004 14:16

**À :** Mycroft

**Cc :** 'rm@themarginal.com'

**Objet :** Blog 5 - Personal Blog to Mycroft - Roland Michel Tremblay

Hello Mycroft,

Here is my Blog number 5, personal Blog to Mycroft .

Yesterday I bought your book in Borders in London. There was just one copy waiting for me and it was not easy to find it. I had to visit all four floors and ask at least 3 members of staff. I sat down reading for an hour in the bookstore before deciding on buying it, as I felt there was more in there than what I already read in your blogs. You have to understand that I have absolutely no money, so buying your book was the ultimate luxury thing I could do. And could only decide to buy it with keeping in mind that I would sell it on eBay as soon as I would finish reading it (of course, I have no intention of selling it, but I had to tell myself that to compensate for spending 16 pounds on a book). The day before I tried to buy it in Edinburgh, in a Waterstones, but they did not have a copy, even though both of your books were on their computer. From what I gathered, they used to have copies of the books before.

Well, I feel reading your book is a good motivation for me. It helps me with my self-doubts, it tells me I can hope for a better future, it even teaches me how to write (even though I have written so much already). I'm learning with you some tricks to make the story better. Like when that waitress came to ask you if you used to be an actor. I don't remember reading such a build up in your blog, just when she was about to say something and you thought she was about to ask you on a date). I thought it was cool (I am even picking up your own expressions).

Your voice Prove to Everyone That Quitting the Series was not A Mistake, I guess I have it too, like probably most writers on the planet. My voice would be called: Prove To Everyone That Sacrificing Everything in Order to Write Was Not a Mistake. I have to add that this voice was never in full control, as I have always been very honest with myself and my readers. The Voice of Self Doubt always spoke as well, more than I wanted to, really, as sometimes I feel I have become a professional whinger, and I don't like that aspect of my personality. I guess a good balance of all our voices is what makes great literature.

I am now on page 30, where someone wrote an e-mail to you to criticise your website. It reminded me when I do receive negative feedbacks from strangers who feel they know everything, and especially everything about me, after reading about 10 lines I wrote. It usually bothers me for a while, but I eventually forget all about it. I know what I am worth, I know what I am capable of, and they most probably don't. They would have to read over 20,000 pages of both my websites, in two

languages, to have the slightest idea about who I am. And even then, my different voices, including *Prove To Everyone That Sacrificing Everything in Order to Write Was Not a Mistake*, tell so many lies that they would still know nothing about me.

The worst critics come from publishers, after you submit a book to them. I am not certain how much experience you have at this, I haven't read anything about you sending your first book to publishers who have all refused it. I have been writing seriously since I was 17 years old and I am now 31. For nearly 15 years I have sent my manuscripts to more publishers than you could think of, and I never got one single positive answer. My six published books found their publishers via my website, from strangers visiting it. My point is, some publishers are really out of it with their comments, they can write the stupidest things that would get an author to rewrite his book twice for no good reason, to destroy the book completely (and I made that mistake, rewriting a book twice to finally get back to my original version).

I have learnt over the years that if one person tells you something, you can pretty much ignore it. If two are saying the same thing, it is time to consider if they are right, but be suspicious. And if many people tell you the same thing, then they might be right. But if you have as many people on the other side of the fence telling you otherwise, then it just means that two different groups with different tastes cannot agree on something. As you cannot please everyone, then that's fine. Keep your life or your book or your website the way it is. I suppose it is always good to be able to assess the comments on their own, and see if they are constructive or destructive. Very difficult sometimes. We just cannot believe everything everyone is telling us, or else they would manipulate us like crazy and we would no longer be the master of our destiny.

Yeah, reading you motivates me to write more. I feel like writing a new book even though I don't have the time right now, I need to find a job or else I have to move back to Canada at the end of the month. I am not certain if you will ever feel this, but sometimes you can have written many books and still not feel like an author, that you are like lying to yourself and to others. It is very perplexing. You can only be something when you are recognised as such in the eyes of others. I think if I had sold a few thousands more copies of my books, I would not doubt myself like that. People can be cruel, and judge you without having themselves experienced anything



that you have. Funny that as soon as they read about that experience in your book, they suddenly understand where you come from, what you have suffered, and they let go of the critics. They have learnt something that meant nothing to them before. Reading is the key to understanding humanity, before criticising to death for no other good reason than perhaps being bored out of one's mind. People who can't do, critic, as simple as that. It gives them some power over you and an industry, they feel part of it, they need to feel that they are contributing.

Why I wrote about the series and science fiction on my website, if not to get closer to it all, to feel part of it, to contribute to this legacy? It makes me feel great. And I had a thought yesterday after buying your book, a selfish thought. That your book was so popular because of your career before-hand, and my books are unknown to most people because I am nobody who never achieved anything great before-hand. And my thought was, I will critic as many episodes as I can on my website to attract people, or better, I will write books that I could present to Pocket Books afterwards and post on my website. I might never do any of this, even though I am certain it would be fun. Probably because of a lack of time and money. It was a very selfish thought indeed. I need to create my own universes, my own legacy, and I guess only the voice Prove To Everyone That Sacrificing Everything in Order to Write Was Not a Mistake can help me here. It is a Catch 22.

I hope I am not boring you here, and that through these thoughts you might recognise some stuff you are going through right now. Your book and life help me see through my own career. By the way, I think that the blog on page 30, about you not having the part in your friend's film, is the best you ever wrote. It is Mycroft at its best. Yes, those bastards criticizing you probably had a field day with this one, but I don't think so. On the contrary, it is so powerful, we feel so much for you and what you are going through, that it might just shut them up. But of course it is not always the case, these people have their brain stuck up and nothing you would ever say could change anything to what they think. I guess you can only learn to live with it, to ignore it, and hope that the balance of the people who truly appreciate you gets bigger every day, while the bag full of bastards gets smaller by the day and eventually can be thrown in the bin.

It is impossible to please everyone, which is a bit sad really. Many artists never read any critics of their work, positive or negative, I guess they went through too much negativity and depression, and figured out that the only way to continue happily is to work and ignore the feedback. Not sure if this is wise, I know I could not do it. I have to know everything that is being said about me, negative or not, and I have reached a good balance in not being affected by it too much. I also take great pleasure in answering the negative comments in such a way, that it throws my detractors and their arguments. But it is wasting time really, I only do it when I feel like it. Especially that often it does not work, you cannot convince them all that you are great.

I got into trouble tonight twice because of your book. My boyfriend saw it and he was surprised that I bought your book (considering that I am living out of his own money at the moment). I had to tell him that I bought it a long time ago and for a few pounds on eBay. Then he saw that Blog number 5, personal Blog to Mycroft, and he wanted to read what I was saying here. I stopped him and he became suspicious. He thought I was speaking about him, and actually I do. He is still traumatized about something I wrote years ago and that was on my website about me falling in love with a straight guy at work. He mentioned it again tonight and told me he should have kicked me out of his flat for this. The article is still online and in English: <http://www.themarginal.com/fallinginlove.html>.

More problems, is all I need right now. I have started to feel very bad at night recently about not having a job yet. Panic attacks, exactly like when I had to abandon my study in Paris some years ago. I have applied to many jobs in conferences in the last few days, I did not want to work in conferences anymore, but apparently I can't find work in anything else. Speaking French does not even help me find a job in London. So perhaps I will get a new job producing conferences in Metal (iron, steel) or computers (perhaps even specific conferences about Linux), who knows.

I was reading your book and I believe you have one page about the WTC, for such a big event, that I am sure had quite an impact on your life. Funny enough, I too only wrote one single page about this in an article in French for one of my websites. I guess this is one of these events that leave people speechless.

About the convention in Las Vegas, I can feel reading you that when you see X and X, you feel they are completely justified in being there, when you, you feel left out and hated by some fans. It is a terrible feeling and I guess you need to be there and experience it to understand. At the same time, as I said before in my previous messages, if I had not read that on your website, I would have never realised it was the case. That some fans could hate you and treat you like that. Or even that you may have felt like that about that series.

I went to a convention in London last year, and if you had been there, I can assure you that both my boyfriend Stephen and I would have loved you the same as any others present. In fact, I would have loved you more than many of them because your series is my favourite series. I wrote an article about it, it is on my website if you wish to read it, and I think that what I say is very funny. There are even photos of the convention and another exposition that was also in London at the time.

The article should give you a very good idea of a convention seen from the point of view of a fan. And for the other exposition, I have to say that it was also a life changing event for me to be on the bridge of the ship. I thought at the time that this was the closest I would ever be to this sci-fi world. And after many years of dreaming about being on that star ship with that crew, it was quite something to be there. Me neither I did not want to leave.

My boyfriend just sold his Jeep and bought a Smart Car Roadster Coupé Convertible, he had a good deal on a car scheme as he works for X, though they are trying everything they can to sack him right now and it might end in a court case. This is a source of a lot of my problems as Stephen is always in a bad mood and blames me for not having a job. If he loses his job, then we're fucked. Anyway, at least that new car made him feel better and yesterday we went by the sea, Littlehampton and Wittering. We swam in the Channel, it was the first time in years, and our first holiday this year. I enjoyed myself but now my face is all red because of the sun. Today I am going to apply for jobs all day, in conferences, hoping that a miracle will happen. Anything, from any corner, a phone call could change my life as you say in your book.

Now, let's talk about X. For me that guy is a legend. And from what I have seen of him on DVD, he looks like a very nice guy. Now of course I never got into trouble with him, I never wanted to be in a film and leave a series, and I never twice been left alone seating when all the other actors were asked to stand up or come to the front of the room. So I don't know if perhaps he really does not like you or it is just circumstances unknown to you and I that made everything happen this way. The fact that he called you for the last film, and you were there, and that he personally called you to let you know that your scene was to be cut, tells me that at the very least he is trying to make amends and perhaps it was just a lack of communication that led you to believe he hated you.

Considering also that you have sort of comeback into the series with great success, and that you are now as much there as all the other actors who are out of job too, makes me happy. You appear to like the series again and wish to be part of conventions and other programs. Why not cash in on these things, as long as you have many other things going in your life in parallel? It is not like the Captain's girlfriends who appeared in one episode only and have nothing else going on in their lives, and now go to every convention. You will never look so pitiful, the exact image that made you decide to leave the series in the first place. You know that now, you wrote it in your book. After all you are still young, you have a life before you and a future in cinema and TV, which is not the case of many others that were part of the series even for seven years.

To me, it looks like for many years you have struggled with all this, but now you see things differently and everything has stabilised. In a few years you won't regret anything and you will be happy again about all this. I sincerely hope you will reach that point sooner rather than later. Though all your turmoil makes great books. Don't forget that.

Which brings a very interesting point. When you have written as long as I have, and I am sure you have experienced this because of your blog, it seems that life happens in order to create great blogs, and eventually great books. Like your whole life is now living certain interesting situations that can become your best bits in a book or a website. And let me tell you, happiness and success does not make great bits, for a start you never really have much to say about it. Your life becomes like a TV show,

where only conflicts, fights, complicated plots are now worth watching and reading. All right, now you probably think that in this case your life becomes meaningless, that it is just like a soap to entertain people. That your life only becomes a mean to write books, but nothing could be further from the truth.

What is life anyway? It is memories of past events. And what can be the point of living? Looking back on your memories and learning something from them so you can move on and experience other exciting things. I found over the years that until I have finally learnt something, understood something, I can't move on, I am in some sort of stagnation. Writing helps me understand and move on, to make peace with the past and the present. It even helps me anticipate the future, as sometimes it shows where I was leading or where I am heading. That is how I came to never regret anything that has ever happened to me or that I ever did.

Now I feel like a grandma contacting you to help you, tell you what to do, when I can't help you at all, and I don't have the slightest idea about what goes through your head or what is happening in your life. I know, I have many e-mails myself from strangers doing just that, telling me that I should do this or that when I know it is unrealistic.

Sorry if I sound condescending, after all we are the same age and you appear to have lived three times more than me, so I guess your look out on life and what you learnt might be bigger than mine. I know I have a lot to learn from you, and I do through your blog and books, so I thought it could go both ways if I were to write to you. Who knows, one day I might take out of these personal blogs every mention of Mycroft, and they will become part of one of my books. It is not easy to incorporate to one of my actual books, as it is in English, and usually my personal stuff is written in French. That is why these blogs are good, they are in English.

You know what is extraordinary about the last film? Is that the history of it and the most powerful stuff for a fan does not come from a DVD or some plastic interviews with the people involved, it comes from you and your book. Because despite being there only for a short time, you are the only one who told us a real behind the scene story about this film. So in effect, you are more linked to it than any other actors we just saw in the film for two hours. You are as much part of it now as any other.

History can only be told by people who were there, experienced it, felt for it. Historians were not there, the other actors were used to it and were not like you, all excited, and none of them wrote how deeply they were pleased to be there. So thank you Mycroft for being part of it and bring us back your exciting experience. Reading your chapter was even more interesting than the film. And just to see you sitting at the table at the wedding was great for me, I was genuinely pleased to see you that were back from your travelling with the traveller. Who knows, the films and series are not over, you could be brought back later as some sort of omnipotent being who knows a lot about the universe, but more like a consultant who would know about things to come and expect, or how the universe works. Start spreading the idea, we never know.

Oh yeah, your encounter with X was illuminating! It's true, why would you be in a uniform? Does not make sense, unless as I said you came back and you are now some sort of consultant who knows more than your average bear about the universe. If the scenes in the last film had not been cut off, this idea could never have been. So perhaps it is a blessing in disguise. Now you could come back properly, at any time in the timeline, and be part of this world again. Free of anything that could have been said in the film, limiting you.

Ok, I'll stop here for this blog. I will continue to read your book and get back to you soon.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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**De** : Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@crowedanarchist.com]

**Envoyé** : 8 septembre, 2004 01:05

**À** : Mycroft

**Cc** : 'rm@themarginal.com'

**Objet** : Blog 6 - Personal Blog to Mycroft - Roland Michel Tremblay

Hi Mycroft,

Here is my Blog number 6, personal Blog to Mycroft.

I realise that perhaps you do not want to hear about the series too much in messages people send to you. But as you do talk a lot about it in your book, I somehow feel justified in talking about it.

My first ever experience with the series was when I was about 8 or 9 years old. My father was watching it in Québec on one of the English channels on Saturday morning. No one in our house could understand English but we were still watching it, as if it was some sort of phenomenon that all my father's brothers and sisters (16 altogether) were watching religiously as they were mostly all sci-fi fans. You can imagine that not being able to understand what they were saying on TV, and that the images were not that great because it looked pretty plastic, I hated the original series. After a while I kind of got into it but not that much.

My second encounter with the series was when I moved to Ottawa to study law to live with my sister who was studying to become a Mechanical Engineer. We were living with a model studying medicine who was going out with another Mechanical Engineer. So you can imagine that they were all into the new series over their head, and I was exasperated because my English was still bad and I could not understand a word of what you guys were saying. I remember that when specific episodes came up, it was a pizza and beer event, and all the engineering students were coming to our apartment to watch the series.

Well, I was a student in Law but I was abandoning it to study literature and philosophy instead. I was gay and into poetry (Arthur Rimbaud). The series was far

removed from my life at the time and they kept recording episodes on my tapes. I still have those tapes here saying: Record no Sci-Fi on these tapes or else... I never thought I would get into it years later once in London. As usual, whenever my sister was into something, I got into it later on with a revenge.

A few years before, my sister was into Depeche Mode and I don't know if it was the same in L.A., but Depeche Mode in Québec meant alternative music. You needed to be weird, dressed in black, be an alternative to like it (which I became soon after). The name alone, Dépêche Mode, was making people hysterical, spitting in disgust, me included, without even having heard the music before. Of course, a few weeks later, after a special on Much Music (Musique Plus in fact), I was hooked for life. I since bought all the 12 inch records and posters I could find. In those days I could not even understand the words, and I miss those days where music for me was just a collection of nice noises and voices that meant whatever I wanted. Sometimes to know the meaning of the words could ruin the song. And it works too when watching certain episodes, while trying to imagine what is going on. Pretty much all techno-babble to me, even Shut Up could have meant I Love You. Today I understand the words but I still could not remember what Dave Gahan said, today I won't take anything for granted in Never let me Down, as you mentioned in your book. I have listened to that record a thousand times, I went to Québec city to buy it, and it was the very first CD I bought (they just came out at the time). I could not play it as I did not have a CD player, but I bought one two weeks later just to listen to the CD which had four extra tracks.

Then I moved to France to study Literature and I finally moved to London where I still live. In 1995 we went to see the first film of your series at the cinema and that was it, as I mentioned in one of my reports online about sci-fi TV series (<http://www.crownedanarchist.com/scifityseries.htm>):

"Since I arrived in London in 1995, after watching the sci-fi movie in the cinema, I fell into sci-fi and I never recovered. As terrible as it may sound, I do not want to recover, I wish to die listening to it forever as it helps me forget the world we live in.

From there I started to record every episode of sci-fi on television, and this year I am even recording them again on DVD. As I writer I had a lot of time off and so in



the past eight years I have been watching these episodes over and over again, night and day. This obsession led me to write a lot about science and theoretical physics and I have read most of the scientific books there are in most Popular Science sections of your local book store. My passion has even led me to work as a scientific consultant/technical adviser on television series, documentaries and big budget American sci-fi movies. The American dream I suppose, dreaming of it and finally doing it myself.

So now I have the right to drive my partner mad by watching and analyzing all these episodes. Now, it has become my work. It takes years to watch all the episodes of all the series mentioned in this report, and I think you need to watch them more than once to have a better idea. So I declare myself a databank of the sci-fi television series and I intend to use this knowledge to help others and even create and write my own series. I have decided to stop writing novels, essays and poetry in French to concentrate on my sci-fi obsession."

\* \* \*

So, that was my little story about sci-fi and I. Now, let's continue with my comments about your book. (I wish some readers would take the time to comment my books like that! God, one million visitors a year on my websites, and I barely receive any comment.)

Oops! I have now read the chapter about the April's fool day (p.132). I see you already thought about a comeback in the next series as the omnipotent traveller coming back home. So in a way I am quite pleased, it means that the idea is so evident that it could actually happen, either in the next series or in a film. And now that you have publicised the idea over the Internet, then everyone is aware. What a great idea this April's fool was, never mind the critics, the ethics and the bastards. You really have the guts to do things I would not do. You are more of an Anarchist than I ever was.

Regarding the Twilight Zone and X, I think this experience is very nice because it shows you two important things. First, how easy and happy you are to not get the job when the audition was so cosy and friendly, and how Hollywood would help itself

by creating this environment to all actors so rejection would be easier to accept. Second, that despite X wanting you in the episode, ultimately it is never the decision of one person, which reflects what must have happened with your other friend. So this poor friend of yours might have been incapable of telling you that despite wanting you, in the end it was not completely his decision to make. So I hope you are still good friend with him, and if not, please contact him to let him know that despite what you wrote, you still love him and his films, and that hopefully in the future you will be working together again because you admire him so much. Just a thought.

About Anne Robinson, we've been watching Weakest Link in the UK way before it became a hit in the US. On TV here she is quite nice, though sometimes she could be direct, even now. It is only in the US that she has to put on this persona of a right bitch. She is a very nice person in any case and I am glad she was so friendly with you in the back lot. I wish this Weakest Link sci-fi special had been shown in the UK, things always get some times to get here. We are just having the New Twilight Zone for the first time and I am recording them eagerly every week. We never even got the old Outer Limits, just to show you. And MacGyver only passed recently, because I told the Producer I was working with at the time, who was someone quite high up in that series, that I had never seen it before because it was never on TV in the country I was in. Some people think that beyond the United States, there is just a big void.

About these three auditions you had just before going on holiday (two in fact), I am pretty certain you do not completely regret cancelling your holiday with your family even if you did not get the jobs. Am I right? How could you have lived with yourself thinking that you might have let go of a golden opportunity (like the next Friends or West Wing)? Now you know you did not get the jobs, but if you had gone on this holiday, you would have never known and you would have tortured yourself. And let's face it, the chapter you wrote about all this is a great one! The most important thing is that your family understood your situation, which is really nice, because my family would have never understood my obsession and crazy dreams.

About Samantha Fox, I would have added at the end of your footnote on page 156: "I know, I know. But it was 1986 and she had big boobs, and she is a lesbian." She

came out as a Lesbian recently on British television. Isn't that cool? Well, cool for me that is.

On page 160, you said about writing: "What if I sucked? What if I thought something was good, but it was actually garbage?" Well, this is an interesting statement. I'm sure you know by now that even with success and dozens of people telling you that what you wrote is great, you can never be certain if you're good or bad. You only need a few stupid comments from stupid people to tell you that you are bad to lose faith completely, even against a thousand who say otherwise and enjoy reading you. I guess the only solution to this problem is to have faith in your own books and style. After having written many books, you gain the confidence that you are good at it and you know intrinsically what you are worth. When you reach that point, you don't mind if a critic somewhere writes in a magazine that you can't write. You know it's not true and you don't care if readers read it. Because you have all these books out there, all these wonderful comments from readers, and no one can take that away from you. Readers can judge by themselves. When Depeche Mode gets a new record out, I don't think they wonder if it is better than U2, I think they do their best and hope for the best. Most importantly, they work for themselves, they want to be proud of what they do. If it is a success, then it is a bonus (they said so in an interview).

You said another interesting thing: "How in the world would I be able to compete with established authors?" The answer to that question is very simple, you don't compete. A book by Mycroft could only have been written by Mycroft. There is only one Mycroft's style and he does not have the pretension to write like Hemingway. As long as this is clear, then you have nothing to worry about. You write your books, your blogs, you put it out there and it sells. The rest is history. No need to compare with Ms Pac Man or other writers. Well, that is how I feel now anyway about my writing career, and I don't believe it when someone tells me I should abandon my career. Otherwise I would commit suicide for sure as I live for writing (as I am not writing for a living).

I hope you don't think it is preposterous of me to give you my feelings about being a writer. I understand that from your own point of view I am nothing, and writing in French does not help, you might think that it does not even count. From my frame of

reference however I have been writing since I was 10 years old. So I hope that after 21 years as an author it is not too misplaced to tell you these things. A bit like you, I suppose. After 25 years as an actor, even though you are just 31 (almost 32), you must have more experience than a lot of those hot shots in Hollywood right now. It must be difficult sometimes for you to work with older actors who know nothing yet and you wish to tell them some of your own experience. I feel like that right now.

I suppose though that we could compare me with another actor who might have worked in the industry for over 20 years, yet only getting small roles and never quite make it in any of the movies that will get recognised or viewed by millions. I wonder how these actors are treated sometimes.

Well, anyway, I still have something to look for. There is this big second gay event in Paris in mid-October called Rainbow Attitude, and the main bookstore in Europe for gay and French literature (Les Mots à la Bouche) asked my publisher to get my new book out in time for the huge exposition. I believe they intend to make my book the best-seller of the event. So I might not be so self-defeating in a month's time. I am still debating if I should go or not, because all my photos show me when I was younger and thin and beautiful, and that's important in the gay world to sell books. Now, I am a bit fatter than on those photos and I don't want to surprise everyone, even my publisher. Then again, I might be totally forgotten if I don't go. It is a big dilemma. You talked about your double chin in your blog, and I was wondering if you ever faced that problem, hesitating to go anywhere because of it. I should get on a diet, the Atkins diet (it worked very well for me last year, I became very good looking and charming again within four months). Do you diet sometimes? I guess it is more important for actors than authors, but sometimes I wonder. You can tell me, now that you are both.

I too was playing with many Star Wars figurines and space ships when I was young (including a Millennium Falcon that you could open and put figurines in). I don't think that any of my other toys were that great. Star Wars was the first ever film I saw in the cinema in 1979, and it was quite something (it is also the first time I took a city bus with my dad and my sister). I was really into the three first Star Wars films, but not that much in the three subsequent ones. I never read any book about Star Wars. I have quite a collection of sci-fi books here. I found 20 dollars on the street when I

was 5 years old and I bought a small cash register toy and a doctor's suitcase filled with plastic medical tools. I had a lot of fun with these. I never gave one thought about sharing my 20 dollars with anyone. I was very selfish at 5.

God, do you give me the permission to skip My Dialogues? I too I am wondering right now How did I get here? How did I go from Mr. Big Conference Producer Star to Mr. Dodging the Bill Collectors? And I have sold all my sci-fi collectibles on eBay, along with all my DVDs, VHS tapes, computer games and what else. Now I need to sell my books and my CDs that are not scratched. I will read it anyway, hoping to see some sort of light at the end of the tunnel, or to inspire me somehow...

Oh my God! Page 205! "The series ran for seven seasons. I did four as a regular, and a couple of episodes in the fifth year. I also guest-starred in the seventh season." And they call that not being a very big part of the family? The way you talked about it, I thought you were only in the first two seasons! It never entered my mind that you were actually there for four seasons! The most stupid of all is that I have watched these seasons so many times, how could have I thought you were only in it for the first two seasons? Yeah, now I know why I never thought of you as leaving the series at all... ok, you disappeared for a while, but I have been watching the whole lot in one shot and then starting all over again. So I never missed you, you were always there on my screen at one time or another. And then you reappeared for your own episodes in the later seasons, so I never felt you were really gone! That is why I was so surprised about: I left the series early on... I thought, did he really?

Four seasons is a lot, you were as much a part of it as anyone else. Sometimes other actors would not have a big role for weeks until they got their main episode. And you still had those main episodes in the subsequent seasons even if you were not there at the helm to say Aye Sir from week to week. You have nothing to feel ashamed about or to regret. The only thing is that you cannot cash in as much as the others and you were not in the films. Big deal, you have a life outside of the series, you do cash in anyway and you are now a big part of it all like all the others. You were even in the last film, even if it is only for a few seconds (and don't worry about the full screen version of the film, I don't know anyone these days who watches films without a Wide Screen TV). So you were there up till the very end, and you never

really technically left as you even came back in the last season! Be proud, and remind people that you were there for four full seasons.

I just finished reading a part of your book, what a chapter! I went through all the possible emotions, and I am not even certain if I know the translation in English to all of what I have experienced. For someone who had a few bad years (all right, many bad years but nothing compared with mines), I have to say that you certainly had ecstatic and wonderful moments. Standing ovations, everyone applauding to say that you were the highlight of a convention that you were almost cut off from because you were not part of the family, and how many other special occasions where you were able to rally a fan base to become a chorus speaking in your name? I have to say, this is so out of my leagues, this star treatment... this is stardom. This is A list actor in my vocabulary. It's depressing! You are so hot I should not even be allowed to speak to you. Perhaps I should stop blogging you on a personal level and get on with my normal and uneventful life as a writer, working full time in conferences or something. At the beginning I was like: poor Mycroft, look at all these struggles. But now it's: oh my God, look at all this success! So I can't pity you anymore, but I can enjoy your success with you. And I hope this is just the beginning for you, and I hope it is about to start for me with my next book.

On page 249, you said: "I learned that I am very unhappy if I'm not an actor." "I really believe that "do what you're supposed to do" stuff, and I learned, while I was there, that I am supposed to be an actor." For some reasons, it is always reassuring when someone who succeeded tells you that you have to follow your dreams and make it happen. I'm supposed to be a writer, but again I am struggling like mad and no big best-seller is about to fall into my lap any time soon (in French anyway). It is nice to see that the people who succeed struggled and tell you to continue because you will eventually get there. At the same time we only hear from the people who succeeded, never from the thousands who suffered as much but finally at some point had to give up because it was really going nowhere. My question is: when is it that you should throw in the towel (and that's the reference to what I was talking about in my last e-mail, the Terry Rossio column)? It is a very difficult question. Never? And eventually you are forced to declare bankruptcy? Or until you are at the point of declaring bankruptcy (where I am now)? Or somewhere along the way, when something other happens in your life and you follow a new direction while still being

happy about it (like you moving from acting to writing, even though you are still acting but could be happy just writing eventually).

These are almost existential questions, leading to an existential crisis (which is pretty much the main subject of many of my books: who am I, what is the universe we live in, what is my purpose in this universe?). Never give up, never give up, surely there is a point where you just have to give up, no matter if you have books published and probably a few more already written and scheduled to be published in the next few years.

At the moment I hope to find a job (need a change of oil sir?) until I can get another break to write again... not easy at all, as I am sure you know. Do you get a lot of these actors contacting you to whinge about their career going nowhere? I sometimes wonder if you feel for them and think: well, we're all in the same boat...

I watched the DVD of Goodfellas recently because of my film script related to the Godfather. I did not particularly enjoy it, neither Scarface or The Untouchables. But I enjoyed the Godfathers trilogy very much. And I like the Sopranos, even though I only watch it because my boyfriend loves it.

I just read your four pages of acknowledgments. You know what this made me realise? I never acknowledged anyone in any of my published books. And you know why? Because no one ever helped me get these published. And I just got a great idea. In my next book I will have a full page of people I will be thanking for doing everything in their power to prevent the publication of my books (including my family and friends). It feels great to say this, it really shows my determination. I am really proud of myself.

Right, I just finished reading your book. It took me a few days, I feel happy and peaceful. I am full of Mycroft floating in my head. I opened myself a beer to celebrate... don't judge me, it ain't a Guinness. It is in fact Une Bière Blonde (2.8% alcohol, 25cl, exclusive to Tesco, a popular grocery store in the UK). It is the cheapest beer on the market and I must be the only person on the planet drinking it. And you know what? It tastes wonderful. It reminds me of the cheap beers I used to

drink when I was studying at La Sorbonne in Paris. So there you are, I toast to you and your published book. Long live Mycroft!

I just thought of something crazy and I will finish on this. I was thinking that I love your book and your blog so much, I could perhaps translate your book into French. There are just a few problems though:

- 1) Lack of time because I will be starting a new job soon (hopefully).
- 2) Is there a market for your book in France, Belgium, Québec and Switzerland?
- 3) I suppose your publisher would want to hire someone else to do it, someone with more experience (although probably not as passionate as I am).

I have a Masters Degree in French Grammar and Literature and I worked in translation, though I never translated a full book. Why don't you ask your publisher to see if he is interested? Who knows, that could be the job I was looking for, I can't imagine anything more pleasurable to do. And I could translate your first book as well.

Have a great Wednesday!

Note: have you noticed that I have written the equivalent of 51 pages in Word and that usually these pages are longer than in a book? I am writing you a novel!

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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**De :** Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@crowedanarchist.com]

**Envoyé :** 18 septembre, 2004 03:26

**À :** Mycroft

**Cc :** 'rm@themarginal.com'

**Objet :** Blog 7 - Personal Blog to Mycroft - Roland Michel Tremblay

My dear Mycroft,

Here is my Blog number 7, personal Blog to Mycroft.

So nice to know that stars are reachable, and we can tell them everything we want, and they still read it. I watched a film lately and I learn there that fan mail is being read and acted upon when required. Especially X and that woman ready to commit suicide. What a great story, that he took the time to communicate and meet with her and save her life. I hope you too one day will have something similar to say, that you saved someone, although I hope it won't be me. Yes, I said I was depressed, but I'm ok, I won't kill myself no matter what. I feel strong today, even though I received bad news from my bank. Payments are no longer going through, and I told you my boyfriend was going to kick me out of his flat (and England) by the end of the month if I can't find a job. I had a nice job interview yesterday with a conference company, I hope to get it, but there is little chance as they already offered the job to another woman. I have other interviews before the month is finished, hopefully I will get something.

Yes, I watched that movie again because you mentioned you were in it, and yes, you were. I'm sure they did not put on what you wanted, but only bits that they thought were interesting. I also watched again Galaxy Quest. Well, there is no two ways about it, the young black kid is definitely you, although they sort of made a mix of both another actor and you... but as they say, if in a screenplay you are to talk about a white man who exists, you better transform him into a black woman in a wheelchair so you won't be sued. So I guess it was you all along. I can see why it had an impact on you, it certainly had an impact on me. You should be proud of this, the writers of Galaxy Quest spotted only the important stuff from the series and conventions, and you were, in their eyes, very central to it all. A kid actor now an

adult attending conventions, and you sort of had quite an important role in the film, driving the new ship.

My boyfriend Stephen was asleep on the sofa, he looked very cute. I had to wake him up so he could go to bed while I continue writing to you. He burned his fingers with his cigarette, falling asleep. Usually he is not that nice looking, he freaks out every hour or so because I don't work. I hope the 30 minutes scripts I am about to write for a film student in New York ([The Marginals or Predestination](#)), and the one for a respected film producer in Québec might make a difference ([Schizo](#) (Synopsis) 30 minute script: [DOC](#)). But I know it won't. I hope my new book being published now might make a difference, and perhaps it will. At the very least reach someone who will contact me and then I will start a new life. I don't know, I can dream I guess.

I thought I got rid of my boyfriend and sent him to bed, but he came back sleeping on the sofa. He still looks cute, I don't know if I should send him to bed or go to bed myself. I wish to write more to you tonight, but I can't if he is there on the sofa, because then I should be on jobs websites applying, every single minute of the day. I will try to wake him up... wait for a second... it did not work. He is still there, looking over my shoulder even though he is sort of sleeping.

I am listening to Music for the Masses tonight, and I can assure you that I was right. Dave Gahan does not say I'm not going to take anything for granted tonight, on Never Let Me Down Again, at least. Must be another album, even perhaps another band. So I did remember well, even if I am a spastic with English (at the very least at the time I was listening to Depeche Mode). I would have known if Dave Gahan ever said that he would not take anything for granted tonight. So, what song was it really, then? You've got to put the record straight... (Ah, I think it was But not tonight.)

Today I officially became an eBay Trading Assistant. I am now hoping to sell stuff for other people and collect 10% of the sales: <http://www.themarginal.com/ebay/> That is all I could think of to survive for a few more days, panicked as I was today with my bank account. Hey, perhaps I should sell stuff on eBay on your behalf, anonymously, and collect my 10%? Think about it, you could make money without

feeling bad about your image. Who knows, I could be a Mycroft freak (everyone knows I am a sci-fi freak, I am trying to sell my Sci-fi Files right now for 5 pounds (more because I need the space, really). (Finally no one ever contacted me to sell their stuff.)

You must think I'm crazy, in every e-mail I am sending you, I have something new to offer, some sort of weird partnership. It started very high, with working on a film together, and now it is about selling stuff on eBay. I am not that sad, really, even though it looks like it. Oh well, who gives a shit anyway. It's just a bit of fun.

Oh shit, I feel bad. I guess I am not that good at building websites. This woman in Switzerland that I told you about, who help me with money in the last few months, I wrote to her tonight. I told her that no matter what, I would not ask her any more money and she should not feel bad about it, we can continue to talk. She said that I never asked her money, she offered to give me some, how convenient for me... Anyway, I built her a lame website for her poetry (in French). And she told me tonight that she knew a visual art student who could do a better job at it (than me). I was stunned, he certainly knows his stuff. I wish I had done something like that for her. And what is worrying, is that this new employer who is contemplating hiring me, believe I can build him a new website using Perl, PHP, and whatever... but I can't! I'm in trouble... perhaps it is time for me to buy those O'Reilly's books and learn it all from scratch. Gosh... I guess I'll wait to see if he will hire me first. He was such a nice chap. And you know what was so extraordinary about this interview? They are moving their offices in an old church near Kensal Green Cemetery, and my novel Denfert-Rochereau is about that cemetery. I read a lot about the history of Kensal Green for that novel and I talk about that church in my book. It was weird to have this interview, especially when I told them about my book that the man held in his hands. You see, the man has written a book before, it sold 1000 copies and it was about architecture and environment. So he was in fact the first ever British person I have ever met who said about my books: this is a life achievement, write a book and get it published... some people have this life long ambition, and there you are, you have done it. It was great to have this said to me by a British (usually only French people can appreciate that, because they were all born with this life ambition to write a book but understand quite early (and sometimes late) that they can't. So they respect the people who can write a book). And the most ironic stuff about this

interview, is that the man was desperate to hire me, understanding and telling me he made a mistake in hiring that bitch. And the irony is that the salary is 30,000 thousand pounds sterling a year, plus commission. That would make me a rich man! I am that close to get back on track and solving my problems. Still, I could have killed myself over these problems some days ago... what an irony.

Oh, I have to tell you... this morning, what freaked me out, is that I went for an interview downtown London with an agency a few days ago, and I forgot to pay for the congestion charge (5 pounds). So this morning I got this 50 pounds bill from the mayor, that will quickly become 150 pounds if I don't pay it now. Shit, every damn time I go to Central London now, I come back with a huge bill! Last time it was for being late by one minute getting back to my car. There was a stupid parking attendant waiting for the time he could give me a ticket, another 100 pounds. I almost killed the bastard. Thankfully Stephen, my boyfriend, pays all these tickets I get without too much fuss (I wonder why, he must feel guilty for having nine points on his driving licence). London these days is a nightmare, I hope to show you around one day. You are officially invited to come and stay here with your family, I will make sure I show you my own London, not the one tourists see (that is boring).

Well, at least I go at these interviews in style. Stephen got this new sports Smart Car and I certainly look cool in it. Especially when I was stuck for an hour in front of the BBC offices on Goldhawk Road, being late at my job interview. Damned BBC, they will do everything to ruin my life. One day I will work for them, but not because I begged them for a job, but because they will find me via my website and ask for my help. That's what I was thinking about when I was stuck on that street for an hour because of street repairs. Fuck the BBC. I understood only this week that they mostly produce crap, so I need not worry if I could not find a job there. They obviously cannot see what an asset I could be... anyway, it made me feel better to think that. The only thing I watch that they did is Doctor Who and Absolutely Fabulous. Otherwise, I never watch the BBC. If you have not watched Doctor Who yet, I strongly suggest that you do, because most of your series is based on Doctor Who, whether you know about it or not (I read in your book that you did not watch it before, but you should).

Stephen and I went out last week, to see that stupid show of the Pet Shop Boys in Trafalgar Square. A silent old black and white Russian film with classical music by the Pet Shop Boys. There, we only met a bunch of old bitches telling us to move along because we were not supposed to be where we were (a free concert!). So we left and went for a Tikka Puka Puka at Trader Vics in Mayfair. What a buzz that drink gives me! And then we went to some gay club in Earl's Court, The Coleherne. Many men half naked dancing to Madonna's remixes. It was nice, at the very least to confirm that I was still alive and could appreciate half naked men dancing around. It's been a while since I went out. Before Pet Shop Boys we went to Halfway to Heaven, a gay pub near Trafalgar Square, and there I was cruised by some very good looking people. I couldn't believe it. I was pleased. I am still alive after all. Until tomorrow that is, because I am smoking the last cigarettes of Stephen and tomorrow he will freak out. Oh God... what have I done to deserve this?

I hope you figured out that I was completely drunk by now. So I may be talking a lot of bollocks. My friend in Geneva much prefer receiving messages from me when I am drunk, she believes I am more real that way. Perhaps, I don't know. When I'm drunk I am usually too sincere for your average bear. It gets me into trouble. I have a law, I don't send e-mails when I am drunk. I guess I make an exception in your case, as I don't believe it makes much of a difference. I can't really destroy a relationship here that is only going one way anyway. Sorry, I had to mention it. I'll be a good boy now.

I finally got my dear X working at X Films to answer my emails. She evaded my messages, wondering what was happening with the screenplays I wrote for them. I hope she will get back to me with good news, but I guess it is pretty much dead. As you say, if we don't hear from them within days, what can we expect after a few months? Nothing. Sad because I really worked hard for them. I never wrote that much for someone with so many great ideas. I guess that if they could not see that from what I worked on, then there is no hope there. Sad... once again someone without any kind of imagination but well connected will get the job over me.

I need some radical changes in my life, I tell you. I don't know what, but it is burning me. Losing that boyfriend would be a good thing, losing some weight drastically would be another one, and getting out of England would be another important step. I

need to restart this life from scratch, getting back to zero. That's what I need. I don't care if I lose whatever it is I have left, I am certainly not a materialistic person. I am an adventurous person, reaching and living in London used to be adventure, but it certainly is no more. I have written too many books about London, times to get out. Easily said, but not easy to do.

I'm drunk, I feel weird tonight. Massive Attack in my headphones, makes me think some more. Being drunk is such a nice change from all these very same nights I am sitting in front of this computer, working but not being drunk. It makes you realise where you are and what you are doing, nothing. At the same time it makes you understand how much more you hope for, how much potential is burning inside of you, to create, to achieve something, to explode into the world. I have written about that before (and yes I was drunk), in the Anarchist, my poetry. Here two poems I feel describe what I could write tonight if I was in that kind of mood:

<http://www.crownedanarchist.com/anarchist.htm>

## Ready to Explode

I've got a headache  
No problem  
Just all my energy  
Ready to explode

I've got this urge in me  
To make another world from this world  
Look, it's there, it's here . . .  
A real world!

I'm not mad  
I'm not dead  
I've got all this for you  
And it's ready to explode

You won't have time to see  
Won't have time to hear  
Even though it's all around you  
I'm ready to explode

I'm going to inspire the masses  
I'm inspiring the masses  
With whispers  
As powerful as guns  
Come on, come on!  
I'm alive!  
I cry out to life!  
We're going to blow up this world!

We're motivated enough to get somewhere  
To build a new world  
Recreate an earthly paradise  
You've heard me!

Get going!  
There are still things to inspire you in this world  
Things to save lost souls  
We can't forget that hell is waiting to explode

Can't forget who we are  
Our humble origins can become great  
Be proud of what we represent  
And fulfil a great destiny

Enough of self-absorption  
Self-pity  
We are as huge as the universe  
We are the universe!  
Ready to explode!

# A Gun at Your Head

A gun at your head  
To make you understand  
The eternal void  
The insignificance of our destiny  
Now I see there's nothing beyond the horizon  
Nothing to expect from nothing  
The irony of our existence  
I'll throw

A bomb under your seat  
To make you understand  
The darkness of our logic  
The violence in everything  
Now I see there's no hope beyond the horizon  
Nothing to hope for from anyone  
The hell of our consciousness  
I'll start

A world war on your head  
To make you understand  
The evil in this world  
The uselessness of the planet  
I see now that there's nothing to see beyond the horizon  
Nothing to expect from space  
The illusion of science  
I'll explode

\* \* \*

Oh dear, I'm listening to the Moody Blues tonight. It is just extraordinary. It really puts back everything into perspective, you know. I was supposed to sell my 15



Moody Blues CDs on eBay with that VHS tape of them I have. But I won't. And when I have to leave England, that's the only thing I will bring with me: my Moody Blues CDs. My father would be proud of me. If only he could...

The worst part of that last statement is that I know my father is proud of me, proud of all the books I have written, that he read them from the first one to the last. Somehow it is not enough. I should be successful and have lots of money, that's what he would recognise as a success story. It kills me still that I could be such a failure, despite having succeeded at something very few people can achieve: writing books. It does not make any sense.

On that stupid VHS tape of the Moody Blues, one of the guys talks about his son coming with him to a concert at Hammersmith Odeon (very near where I live). He says that his son does not understand why so many people can be fans of his father because they had success in the 70's and still to this day. Despite not doing anything successful, there are fans out there of the Moody Blues. The Moody Blues these days are very low profile, and talk about their huge success as something from the past that was some sort of dream never to be repeated. A bit like what you said in your book actually. Even though we know we will get back one day, when actually we know the Moody Blues are dead forever. They never could do another record like the ones they used to do, unless some sort of miracle was to possess them somehow. Still, when you are listening to these old records, what an achievement! It is simply extraordinary. Should they not simply be happy with what they have accomplished as it is still there and is simply incredible? The fact they had success with this is another great achievement, to be honest. Well, I feel like I never reached and will never reach any kind of success, and despite my achievements, it will never be enough. I failed miserably. It is not enough to have written all those books, without any sort of success, it is useless. I might as well never have been born. And God, you will never know how much I wish that, that I was never born. I would do anything to die right now, cos I can bear this life. Even if my next book was a success, the worst thing is that I don't feel it would make any difference to my life.

Sorry, I did not want to become depressed tonight. Every time I am drunk I reach that state. I wish I was dead. And I am not even certain why, or what's wrong with me. I don't think it is because I haven't reach success, or that thing about my dad

being proud of me... I think it is much deeper than that. At the core, I have always suffered from a real existential crisis. I just can't understand the point of living, the reason for it, the reason for this universe to exist and my place in it. Something is missing, something big, answers to all of this, and yet, I don't believe I could ever find answers that would satisfy me. I could never be happy. Success, money, whatever, I am beyond all that. This is not the problem. I don't know what is my problem. Somehow I feel it has something to do with the universe, something much larger than us, much bigger, that we don't understand and cannot reach. The beyond, the higher than us. I wish from life much more than life could ever give me. I wish I could understand everything, like if I knew something else existed but was unable somehow to reach it, to know about it. Yet, I know it is there and I won't be happy until I find out everything. Funny that I need to be drunk to see all that clearly. And listening to the Moody Blues to help me realise that.

I would be quite happy wasting the rest of my life through meditation of some sort, contemplating the universe without thinking too much. I would... it would be more meaningful than anything else I have experienced or wish to experience in this life. And money problems, boyfriend problems, job problems, are all just little things distracting me from my real purpose.

The Moody Blues must be the only band that did not disappoint me, once I understood what it is that they are saying in their songs, because it is not only poetic, it is also some sort of existential crisis. I don't understand why my dad connected with them when he was younger, it seems unlikely he ever felt any of that.

I am at that point right now where I am so drunk and tired that I cannot move anymore, or write, I can only listen to the Moody Blues, appreciate the music and the words, and connect. It feels great. I guess drugs would give me such a feeling, but I will never know because I am unlikely to take them any time soon. Weird that my boyfriend is permanently drugged. I have no idea what goes through in his head, how this affects him. I doubt he his going through an existential crisis, though I could be wrong.

I guess I will listen to a few more songs and then go to bed. Maybe something wonderful will happen tomorrow that will change my life, the miracle I have been waiting for. Not sure what it could be, what it is that I am so desperately waiting for. My freedom I guess, the freedom to get out of here and have no more responsibilities. I would leave tomorrow morning for the South of France. I would hire a boat and live on it on the Canal du Midi, writing at night. I guess that would be wild, what I truly wish for. The miracle I wish for. Maybe it is just freedom after all. The freedom to do whatever I want without having to worry about anything. Write night and day, think about the universe, live my existential crisis to the full. I guess I would not mind not finding the answers, as long as I have the freedom to think about it all.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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**De :** Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@crownedanarchist.com]

**Envoyé :** 3 octobre, 2004 03:31

**À :** Mycroft

**Cc :** 'rm@themarginal.com'

**Objet :** Blog 8 - Personal Blog to Mycroft - Roland Michel Tremblay

Hi Mycroft,

Here is my Blog number 8, personal Blog to Mycroft.

Full cover of my new book, it is getting very exciting. I had to share this with someone, I could only think of you. It will be in the bookstores in France next Friday.

You mention on your website that if we had a book on Amazon then we would also constantly check the rank. I have to admit that before you mentioned it, I never thought of looking. I looked today and I know why I never bothered. My book [A French-Canadian in Paris](#) is ranked at 82369. And my other book [The Anarchist](#) is ranked at: 644369. This is not exactly exciting stuff, I did not even know there were that many books for sale on Amazon.fr. So I guess you are only interested in these numbers if you feel you have a chance to get into the top 100, or in the case of Amazon, the top 5000. Maybe one day I will become more interested in these numbers, if I get well known eventually.

An article has just been published in Québec about me and that might make a difference in Québec anyway, just not sure. As it is very rare to have an article written about me anywhere, I am quite pleased about it. So don't take that for granted either. You are still having a lot of attention from the medias, the radio and the Internet, even if this is not the mainstream medias.

I just heard about that website with your name in it but which is not yours, you are lucky that it is some sort of pub page, people immediately know it is not your website if they end up there. Recently I had problems deciding on getting a URL under my name. As my name is too long, I decided against it. Maybe one day I will regret it, but I won't because if someone was to take that website, it would be about me, it cannot be about anything or anyone else. Unless a stupid commercial company decided to take my name, as buying the URLs of every known and semi-known author in Canada. Which is also possible.

I just listened to your radio interview at WebTalk Radio. I thought you might be interested to hear me speak (in French) in my only [audio interview](#) over the phone for Radio-Canada. It reminds me of that when I listen to you. Here is the only written [interview](#) I gave in English so far. I can't believe they have put Never Let Me down Again of Depeche Mode in your interview. I was so pleased because I was listening to it recently while going to my job interviews, because you mentioned it in

your book while you were on the set of the last film. They certainly paid attention to your book.

I've had nothing to drink in the house for quite sometimes now. So tonight I decided to jump into the whisky, as I have something like 10 bottles that I got for free 7 years ago when I was working for Campbell Distillers (Pernod-Ricard). I need to be pretty desperate to drink whisky, and I never drink much of it. So don't worry, tonight I won't become suicidal.

Stephen is still working late, it is every night now. I thought he had another boyfriend, but he convinced me it was not the case. I would find that hard to believe anyway as he can barely get a hard-on these days. Well, I guess the whisky is starting to hit hard. I still have a job application to fill out tonight, so I should be careful. Oh fuck it, I spent the day applying to every jobs I could find.

I have been trying to work on A French-Canadian in London yesterday, it is my next book to be published in 6 to 7 months. And I should also work on A French-Canadian in Hollywood. Both books are already written, but they need a lot of work. You must think the titles of my books lack in imagination. I believe so. Perhaps after A French-Canadian in London I will find other titles. It would then be a trilogy. The idea of a series is not bad though, and could help sell the other books each time a new one is published. And I certainly need every single copy sold these days. I am now thinking like a corporate money making machine, as you can see. Though with the 1,000 Euros I made so far this year on my 5 books, kind of destroys this idea. I could do more online marketing and contact journalists, but I can't be bothered.

You talk a lot about cool kids, and being cool. I guess this is important if you are in the public eye, which I am not, that's perhaps why I don't attach so much importance to that. The cool kids in school, I saw them as losers anyway. I was very pretentious when I was young and I had no choice. I was so bullied that if I had not thought that I was better than them, I would not be alive today. I guess living in London instead of being in Canada makes me feel cool, that is why I left for Europe when I had the chance. I married a French woman to stay here, despite being gay. It turned out to be a nightmare as she got pregnant by another guy and wanted an instant divorce. And she was a lesbian (and a punk), that's the worst part of it (and a

sadomasochist kind of person). I'm glad she's out of my life now, living in France with her new husband and her two kids (she is no longer a lesbian???)

## **2<sup>nd</sup> October (above was written a few days ago)**

Just had a discussion with my publisher, telling me that my previous book was now officially dead (A French-Canadian in Paris), after 10 months. I guess hoping to sell more of this last book now that my new one is coming out is a bit hopeless if my publisher does not believe in it anymore. I doubt he will print my last one again, so I guess it will be really dead if no one can buy it. Like my previous four ones, they are all dead except in Québec where they can still be bought. Eventually I guess I will have to create my own publishing company so I can reprint all these books that publishers don't want to reprint. Without the press to talk about a book when they come out, they believe it is too risky to print them again. Even though my last book certainly sold well compared to most other French books on the market (compared to the ones that the press does not mention) and also especially compared with other gay authors.

You will never guess what happened. My boyfriend Stephen has been made redundant. I can't remember if I told you that they wanted to sack him for a long time now and his colleagues were kind of hoping he would be sacked. Now they have all been made redundant. I guess this is the low point of any couple's life when both are unemployed, crippled with bills impossible to pay... and no family there to help or support us. It is almost laughable.

Funny enough, it did not depress me. Because I believe I will probably have a job in conferences this week (after all the interviews and projects I had to do, it seems almost impossible not to get one of these jobs). Also because my depression is more about how Stephen treats me and how hysterical he is. Most of his stress came from that job from hell, so now he appears to have calmed down. So for the moment everything seems okay, but I don't know what to expect in the next few days, he could turn back into that monster that he has been lately.

I had to get out and walk for hours in Osterley Park last week to escape him. He will also lose his nice and new roadster, the Smart car he had. We sold the Jeep two weeks ago! Anyway, it was a good thing, we heard the Jeep needed something like 1,000 pounds repairs after we sold it. Stephen and I being unemployed at the same time, I wish I could see that there is a reason for that. We could move out of London (which I am very tired of) or perhaps start a business, I don't know, a natural food shop or a restaurant. But Stephen says it is unrealistic because we don't have the money. And finding jobs somewhere else appears impossible.

I feel my new book will come out with a bang next week. I will change the index of my website to promote it, my publisher as well, it is all that will be done marketing wise. Of course, I trust my publisher will contact many journalists and they will write articles about it. I doubt very much that my life will change in any way or that I will sell 600 copies instantly and get 1,000 Euros, as my publisher told me he will do once 600 copies are sold. Something must happen at some point, how can someone publish his 6<sup>th</sup> book without anyone anywhere ever hearing about it? It does not make any sense. I will have to make some marketing, no choice, I will have to work on this, this time. It may be my last chance of ever publishing another book, even though my publisher already talks about my next one: a French-Canadian in London. And of course, if I was to write something sexual, I'm pretty sure he would publish it in an instant. Worth considering, the day he will tell me that he won't publish any more of my books. I'm pretty sure he will want to publish a French-Canadian in Hollywood, even though my whole experience with Hollywood is pretty much dead now, but we never know when it might take off. The title could sell, even if I don't have much to say about Hollywood in there. I have written all my film scripts from London.

I'm drinking whisky again tonight, even though I find it revolting. I need to drink, it has been many days since I drank. The other night I stopped very early because it was undrinkable, and Stephen came back home from work. I'm not an alcoholic like Stephen, but I like to, at least once a week or every two weeks, to drink myself to death. These are the nights I usually write to you. I guess that if we were to read my blogs to you, we would find out that they start positively and end up being depressing. But not tonight.

I feel like creating something. Writing something big, you know. The problem when you are an author, is that you cannot sit down one night and say: tonight I will write a book. Music is so much easier. I could write a song in one night. This week I downloaded eJay and Fruity Loops Studio to see if I could compose music, finally I was discouraged and I did not try anything. Perhaps I can't, but sometimes it is worth proving it to myself. Many of my poems could be turned into songs, and I was contacted by a known German band recently to work on the science behind their lyrics and music, they haven't contacted me again since. I don't know what's gonna happen with this. They are from a record company in Detroit I believe, called Dataphysix Engineering, and the band is called [Der Zyklus](#), but they were called something else before: [Dopplereffekt](#). That's really underground music (especially if you need a science consultant to check your lyrics!). But their songs are excellent.

I have just learnt that I may be losing my car as well! No, it is not a company car like Stephen, but a stupid lorry reversed back into it while the car was parked and I was at a job interview. And now the cost of the repairs might be higher than the value of the car, so their insurance might say: here are 300 pounds for your car, thank you very much. So even though I would have the minimum amount of money for my car, I won't be able to keep it! It is an old Renault 5, don't even know the year but it is old. My publisher (my only confident at the moment) cannot believe my bad luck. Losing the flat (apartment) would be the worse, and if we don't pay our debts, I'm pretty sure we may lose that too. I guess I cannot sink lower at the moment, it is almost funny. You sit back and look at your whole life and everything you have crumble to dust in a few months, all because I did not accept that damn conference job in June, thinking instead that my film scripts might be going somewhere. I knew they would not, or at the very least not any time soon, so I guess I can only blame myself.

I am not that worried because I believe in some sort of destiny, that everything happens for a reason. It might become clearer soon, and I sure hope so! Before the worst suddenly happens. Will it be a letter, an e-mail, a phone call that will change my life for the better soon? I don't know. I will be lucky to read that e-mail, with all the spam I receive. Letters... no good news ever come in the post. Only the phone then... and my mobile phone, the screen is now caput, but I can still receive calls.



My parents would be discouraged by my predicament, they sure would have a good reason to blame me for living like an artist, living for my books. Does not matter that another one is getting published, it does not bring any money. Waste of time and energy, according to them. One life gone in the gutter. Definitely a lot of sacrifices for nothing, if I am not remembered after my death. Which is very likely if things continue as they do.

On January 14, 2002, you said this:

"I recently heard from someone who said that he'd met me when I was about 19 or 20, and I was a total dick. Well, dude, you were right on. I was a complete ass, and I need to make a public apology to anyone who dealt with me between the ages of about 15 and 21. Those were 6 very angry, self-righteous, frustrated, confused years for me, and I wasn't exactly quiet about my feelings."

It is not the first time you mention this. But you never gave us concrete examples (to my knowledge) of how you were rude or a total dick. You should try to give us examples of things you did and say that you were not too proud of. It sure would be interesting to hear. Because in effect many actors today, even though they are much older, are still on this kind of celebrity bad trip. They might never learn, but you have. So telling us your stories when you were younger, might help us understand actors acting like you did, and perhaps why they are acting like total dicks. As there must be reasons, and if we know them, it might make it easier for us mortals to understand.

When I was working in my first full time conference job a few years ago, the pressure was so high, I became some sort of monster. I was aware that I was rude, impatient, whinging, and everything, and I hated what I had become. Only after I left that company was I able to change back to normal and be more down to earth. There is no way I would let myself get back to that point, not even for a high paying job in conferences that robs you of your life and puts you in a permanent bad mood. I'm going back into conferences, but I won't let it destroy me and others around me.

I have drunk enough whisky tonight that if I were depressed, I would be writing about it right now. I am not, so I guess this is positive despite going through one of

the worst situation possible in a man's life. I guess my depression has nothing to do with how bad my life is and how much money I don't have to pay my bills, but all to do with Stephen's mood and hysterical behaviour. The more he spits on me, the more depressed I am. If he does not shout at me and is rather nice or indifferent (like in the last two days), I feel okay. But I become complacent and I don't look for work anymore. I'm so fed up with looking for work anyway, especially when I am waiting for a confirmation on Monday about a possible position in conferences. I should not stop, because if I don't get it, then I have to start from scratch. If I don't stop, then I usually have another interview right after the bad news, so it is not as bad for Stephen.

I think it is pretty sad when your own mood depends on the mood of someone else. And this damned British Visa that depends on me staying with Stephen is also another problem. If I leave Stephen, I don't only leave him, I have to leave the country, after 10 years! Going back to Canada (the only place I can legally live) is not exactly what I want. Immigration... the worst thing ever invented for god knows what reason. Protection from whatever is not our blood, sounds like Hitler's philosophy to me. Not that I want to leave Stephen (most of the time anyway), but it would be nice to believe that it is an option, without having to completely change my life from A to Z and find myself back in a strange country (Canada). Would you want to move to Canada every time you have a fight with your wife? No? Me neither.

And it is because I am gay that after 10 years I am still stuck in the immigration bureaucracy. Had I been straight, I would have married the bastard and by now I would have my British Citizenship. At least we are still together after 10 years, in 1995 the law was not exactly up to speed, and if things had not changed in the last few years, we would no longer be together. If I had not married that French woman, there is no way I would still be in England with Stephen. I hope we can be happy together again, and have some freedom, I really hope so as I love him and he loves me, even if sometimes life can become unbearable.

You know, the big love of my life is a guy in New York. We have been in love for something like 15 years now, but we could never live with each other because he was American and I was Canadian. So this love has been an impossible one. Perhaps today it would be different, but it's too late. At least I have written books about this

impossible love, and this is exactly what is getting published this week... A French-Canadian in New York... A thousand people will read it at least, this year. I bet more than a million read it since it was [first online on my website](#) some 8 years ago. It will no longer be online because of copyrights, which is a bit sad. Being published means that I won't be read. At least your blogs stay online and the book still sells very well, my publisher believes it won't sell if it is online (I can't blame him for thinking so). Don't worry, the day the 1,000<sup>th</sup> copy is sold and my publisher does not print it again, it goes back online. It is in my contract (which is just a bunch of exchanged e-mails really, I'm the trusting type and my publisher as well).

You know what sucks about your blogs from some months ago? The links are mostly dead. I think you should copy and paste more often into your entries so in time we don't lose interesting stuff. Or copy and paste the external interviews or information you talk about into a new pop up window but on your server, so it will never be taken offline. (Or save the page of the link on your hard drive, keep your link in your blog to that live URL, and once it is offline, then do a pop up window from your server from the page you saved). So your blog can remain complete over time. Right now you mention things that appear very interesting but it has all disappeared when we click (I never found that photo of you on that website you mentioned).

Right, I've got to go to bed, tomorrow both my boyfriend and I need to look for a job. I don't like the sound of that... :) Especially that he is such a spaz with computers that it means I have to look for jobs for the both of us.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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**De :** Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@crowedanarchist.com]

**Envoyé :** 14 octobre, 2004 01:58

**À :** Mycroft

**Cc :** 'rm@themarginal.com'

**Objet :** Blog 9 - Personal Blog to Mycroft - Roland Michel Tremblay

Hi Mycroft,

Here is my Blog number 9, personal Blog to Mycroft.

You're always on TV over here in England. Yesterday one of your films passed twice on Sci-Fi, of course there are two episodes of the series a day on Sky One and Sky Mix, repeated twice, and your other film is on, on 20<sup>th</sup> October. I will be recording it on DVD. Ah yes, you were also on E Entertainment on a programme about Child actors and where they are now. You don't mention your book, but you come across very well and happy, compared with the other actors who kind of feel grief about what they lost. And of course the episode of the other series you were in passed twice at the end of September on Sci-Fi. You see, you just cannot die, even though you are not working at the moment, from my point of view you appear to be working very hard because what you were in is passing constantly on TV. I take back what I said about that film, it was quite something, big production, something to be proud of.

I've read on a website that your full name is X Mycroft III. Sounds like a Shakespeare's play or the name of a British king. At that URL, check the forum, only positive stuff about you in there. From reading your filmography, I can see that you have never been out of work for very long, you have done something almost every year. I guess it is not what you would have expected, and perhaps it was not that popular. But a movie is only as good as the actors in it, they make it or break it. No need for big budget to produce quality, and with you, most of it must be quality. Of course without the big publicity machine of Hollywood, it won't be as known or successful. Who cares, as long as you can be proud of it?

I still think you could have done more to find your own team and find good scripts in order to help them get produced. Easy for me to say, I know. I can hear my mom telling me what to write in order to be more successful. So feel free to reject my ideas. But perhaps you rely too much on your agents, and you should be more hands on to make things happen, even if it is small budget. With a name, anything can happen. And your sudden fame from your book might help you do just that. Maybe you will have to concentrate a bit more on this, you appear to be working hard in many areas: books, events, signings, poker, improvisation, etc. Maybe you should search for the right people and find them yourself. Of course, I am always interested in working with you on a script (don't forget). It's okay though if you find others...

Enough about you, I'm sure you're dying to hear more about me (just kidding). My book is not yet in the French bookstores, Saturday my publisher now tells me. And I start my new job next Monday. I was offered two positions last week, one was hell, where I had 10 conferences to produce and market, and everything all by myself. And the other is a cosy position for an association, producing conferences. It pays 5,000 thousand pounds less than the other job, but at least I will be going home at 5 pm instead of doing so much overtime, that in fact it would be two jobs for the salary of one. And check this, I will work in very luxurious offices right in Parliament Square in London, by the Big Ben. Of course, if a bomb explodes I will die on the spot, but who cares, I would love to die that way. So I'm pretty excited to start working, which is a first. And I intend to continue to write my film scripts on my spare time, at lunch and in the train going there, and on my way back. I also intend to start writing a new book about my experiences, I am supposed to meet politicians/MPs on a regular basis, even though we will be talking about surveying properties (a subject I know nothing about). I bet I will have a lot to say about all that. My only question now is, should I write in French or in English? As I am guaranteed publication in French by my actual publisher, I guess it will be in French. At the moment I can't find a publisher for *The Anarchist* in English. Everyone is too afraid by the topic, even though it is all a game and that I am not an Anarchist. Censorship and politically correct stuff rate very high at the moment in the arts.

Stephen, my boyfriend, is still looking for work, and he is still stressed out because he is worried about money. I should be worried too because in a few days I won't be able to pay my bills again. But I don't care anymore, as I just found a job and there

is nothing else I can do about it except help Stephen find work. He is not as motivated as I thought he would be, only in the last two days he has been to companies in need of drivers. He hopes to drive cars for a living as he likes them very much. His mom who lives around the corner, is starting to speak to me again since I have a new job. For a while I think she wanted me to go back to Canada before I bankrupted Stephen. Poor her, as soon as I found a job, Stephen lost his. She's not out of the woods yet.

Stephen found me a new Nokia mobile phone with WAP and GPRS and I did not ask where he got it from. He also got me a Bluetooth USB Adapter/dongle thing. As a result I have wasted the last seven days trying to set these things up. I guess because of you I have finally come to term with the fact that I am a geek, even if before it would never have crossed my mind. You know, it is like admitting that you are an intellectual, a vegetarian or a homosexual, these things are just not done. Well, now everything is working fine and I have downloaded for free something like 1,000 games and applications for my phone via Napster. I don't even have the courage to go through it all. Maybe in the next century I will.

My friend in Geneva, with whom I am supposed to start a publishing company at the end of this year, just started to communicate with me again. She just came back from a visit to Québec and she hated it badly. I never heard anyone going to Canada and hating it, she must have met the wrong people at the wrong places. Anyway, always comes a time when you have nothing else to say to your correspondents, and the communication dies out by itself. Better when people don't get the hump about it.

I drank a whole bottle of wine tonight, I'm celebrating. What? I'm not sure, but I'm happy. Finding a job should have killed me, but I was so depressed by that horrible job I found, that anything else seems better and is cause for celebration. I can't believe I'm saying this, but this new job is the solution to all my problems, and having found the horrible one first, and believing I was going to work there, made everything so much easier to accept. Working for an association instead of a commercial company who only wants more money is good. It will give me the time I need to continue to write, the only important thing in my life. I could not act with a full time job, but I certainly can write, and write about them, which is even better. It

is also too perfect, right in the middle of London in Parliament Square, I'm sure I'll have a lot to say even if nothing happens.

I guess with time, having a website called the Crowned Anarchist, made me some sort of none dangerous anarchist who still has a grunge against authority and institutions. What could be better for me than work right in the middle of it all? I'm sure I'll get at least two good books out of it. It is probably a good thing that I am not making thousands of pounds out of my published books, or else I would not have taken that job and would have nothing to talk about. So I accept my destiny as it comes and I can see beyond it all. There is a purpose to it all, even if we are usually blind to it.

I noticed that when we click on your comments, it says: Where is my mind? I don't presume to say that you got the idea from my website where I say: I lost my mind the second I was born on: <http://www.crownedanarchist.com/relativity.htm>

But if you did get the idea there, it would be an honour for me if you were to change it on your website to I lost my mind the second I was born. It is better, even if sometimes people joke about it, and say that I have actually lost my mind (considering that I am putting back Einstein into question in my theoretical physics ideas...). I lost my mind the second I was born implies that society has destroyed your mind and model it the way they want. Or that simply you were crazy from the minute you were born because this world is mad. Where is my mind does not imply much, only that you lost it somewhere without even noticing. It does not have the same impact. Food for thought.

I'm listening to Erasure tonight, their different remixes. Pretty nice indeed. What, never heard of Erasure but you were a fan of Depeche Mode? Shame on you. Well, a great new universe for you to discover... buy the remixes now, you won't regret it. And if you never got into Nine Inch Nails, I think it is time to buy Downward the Spiral, or something like that. Best album of the decade. It is a bit like Tory Amos and Radiohead, inspired music, you know. Music from the Ether they would say in that Japanese film called All About Lily Chou-Chou. I bet you never heard of that either... perhaps it is too "edgy".

I feel strong tonight! I feel I could conquer the world. Don't you feel like that sometimes? Like you are all charged up and ready to produce great things? I guess this is when you pick up the phone and call up all these people you worked with in the past. Telling them about that great idea you just had and how many millions it could make at the box office. Sorry, I remember now that you said in an interview that you could not call a director or a producer, you did not have that power. Is it true? Or you just don't have the guts to do so? It's like that guy you met at an audition you mentioned in your book. You did take his phone number, but never called him. Don't worry, we're all like that. I can do it either. I can't call the great Director with whom I spend a whole summer working on an Einstein documentary. I can't call the great Director and Writer with whom I worked on Black Hole High. I did contact the Producer to tell him I wanted to work on the second season even though all the other great ones had left. He turned me down, perhaps because you needed to be Canadian now to work on the series, and he probably did not know I was Canadian. Never mind, I can see that the second and third seasons still got a lot of inspiration from my reports and even my website. It pleases me to see how big an impact I had on that series, even though my name will never be associated with it as I have not been credited. I was one of the brains behind it, can you believe, and I don't say it to gloat, well perhaps I do. But I was anyway. I am more or less Josie Trent, the main character of the show. She is an anarchist, and wears a t-shirt saying just that in the pilot. And I am pleased that I could have such an impact on something on NBC. It shows my potential. Sad it will be wasted because of that new job in conferences. But you can't have it all. I will resurface in films soon, either via X and X Films and the 3 film scripts I have written for them, or my own work with independent film makers. I will get to it as soon as I start that new job, writing these scripts. I feel that I will be motivated then to write, just to find a way out of it all. And is it not poetic, to be writing all these in front of the British parliament? I know, I know, I am getting carried away. But if you were born in Québec City instead of Burbank California, it would mean something to you too.

Anyway, this was about contacting the people we worked with in the past and not having the guts to do it. When I was working with that celebrated Director at his home (who won Oscar, Emmy, and just about every British film prize there is), a woman called him to find out if she could work with him. He was polite but kind of told her to fuck off. So I guess it is self respect as well if we don't call them. Of



course, the ones who have the guts of calling them might get jobs, and we won't. My philosophy is still that we will meet other people, work on other things, and that ultimately we don't need them, don't need to bother them while keeping our dignity. It might be harder for us to get back to it, but we will still have a life and things happening to us anyway. Whether it is in the film industry or not. And we'll get back there in any case, because we don't give up.

I just opened my second Carlsberg beer can (440 ml). I already drank a bottle of wine from California in your honour, if you remember. Tomorrow I will have a big headache (mal de tête in French). I don't care. I only start working on Monday and it has been days since I drank, the last time I wrote to you in fact. Very often I wish alcohol and cigarette were never invented. And drugs, even though I don't take them. Who am I to say such a thing? When most of my books were written under the influence of alcohol and cigarettes? Be careful about what you wish for, it could change your life and make you a bum instead of a writer.

Have you watched the new Stargate series? And Stargate-Atlantis? It just came out in England and I have to say that so far I am impressed. It is obvious that these guys love your series and just want to copy it. They had one of the actresses, perhaps you should try and contact Richard Dean Anderson (MacGyver) and tell him you want to be in Stargate-Atlantis for free. I'm sure they would jump at the chance to have you. Stargate is the next best thing after your series. They took many of your techno-babble over the years, more than you could think of. Feel free to forget what I said here, but if you bump into one of them at a convention, go for it and ask. I would love to write for that series, as it is the only other series apart from yours which is very science orientated and are not afraid of techno-babble. Even the other series are not as science-based as yours. You've got to be proud to have been part of the only TV series that was really science orientated, and I am proud to have been part of the only other series that was as much science orientated as yours: Black Hole High (Strange Days at Black Hole High), and I made sure it was science-based from the start. Might be for children, but I still was able to make sure it was all about science fiction becoming reality. The new series is not science-fiction, it is just a soap based in Space, just like Babylon 5.

Yesterday there was an episode of your series where your mom was in the virtual machine with the Captain, in one of those episodes about the detective. I was surprised by your role, as if you were determined to help your mom get out of a dangerous situation. You had a great role in that episode. The Chief Engineer gives you the chance to try to fix the virtual machine, and you have to use those goggles to check the technology millimetres by millimetres. I found once again that you were a great actor there. In the simplest situation, you are really a great actor. And if people can think otherwise, it is simply perceptions.

I was watching a biography of Kevin Spacey this week, one of my favourite actors. He might be gay, but he did not say it yet. One thing that came out of it is that he is very funny and could be great in a comedy. But no one has given him the opportunity yet. Eventually we will see how funny he can be, they told us. It is a bit like you, I thought. Though I never had the chance to see yet how funny you are, I only have your word on this from your blog. Living in London instead of L.A. does not help, you see. The only thing I know is that you are intelligent, there is no two ways about it. Are you too intelligent for your own good? Perhaps...

One thing for sure, you are so cute, it is unbelievable. You are like Leonardo Di Caprio. A baby face that looks great. I was like that too. So cute! People were falling at my feet to help me. But now I am not, I put on some weight, not much, but enough that I am no longer that cute. I am not an actor, I'm telling myself that I don't have to be cute. But you are, you have no choice but to be cute. You have to lose weight, you have to be slim, you have to be cute again. I'm telling myself I should do it, I should get into the Atkins diet, and get back to where I was a few years ago. I don't have the motivation, but you have the obligation. You are in the public eye, you can only be good looking, perfect, slim, beautiful. You have to be on a diet 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. You have no choice, I still have that choice. Is that not the crap they feed you all the time? I know it is hard, personally I can't be on a diet all year round, it is not my duty. I'm getting back to my diet as soon as I start working again next Monday, I suggest you do the same. Perhaps we can help each other out on this?

Do you know Bob Geldof? He was the husband of a stupid TV presenter in the UK who was married to the singer of INXS. He was on TV this week about the rights of

fathers toward their kids, and the court of law preventing them from seeing their kids. All right, I won't go there... as I don't know anything about your situation. I guess I'm just hoping that your wife is not trying to prevent the husband to see his kids 50% of the time. If she is not trying to prevent that, then Chapeau, I am proud of you two, you are correct people. I guess here I'm just trying to get you to talk more about what happened with that father. You don't give us much detail, and we are thriving on that. Not that it is a good thing, I know. You have the right to some sort of private life. I guess. Or do you? Look at Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman for example, do they have the right to a private life? I don't know. Perhaps not?

You know, before I started to write to you, every single time that I was drunk, I was actually writing my poetry, *The Anarchist/Out of This World*. That was a better use of my time, as I was working on something that will probably in the future (I hope) become what I will be best known for. We never know what it is that we are doing that will make us famous. It could be those personal blogs to Mycroft for all I know. It is certainly the first time I talk about myself in English, some sort of a diary/blog thing. So we never know, I may not be wasting my time after all.

Stephen just got up. Making me a morale, can I say that? Well, blaming me about one thing and another. Sad that he is so good looking, with his nice little ass and good looking feet. I love and hate him all at the same time. Physically I am attracted to him, but we have no sex anymore. Mentally I hate him. Too much crap comes out of his mouth and I can't stand it anymore. Freaking out every time I light a cigarette or open a beer... He does look like a fish, but it is one of his qualities, even if it feels sometimes that he his no more intelligent than a fish. He believes he is very intelligent, and I'm not sure what he bases that on.

Yesterday I was thinking about the fact that many, if not most people, are actually intelligent people. Somehow they may lack in reason somewhere and it makes them unbearable and unintelligent from my point of view. You can see it in their eyes, something appears to be missing. They are intelligent, there is no two ways about it. But something is missing and it means they are not intelligent. They cannot see the whole picture. Stop in their track and suddenly admit that they might be wrong. Understand suddenly that what is happening, happened before and learn from it. They can't do that. I don't know, hard to explain. Do you know what I mean?

Probably not. Your wife is probably more intelligent than you will ever be. You probably never met anyone unintelligent, who believe he or she is. I think there are loads in Britain. I thought it was cute at the beginning, but now I'm wondering. Anyway, I don't think he is particularly intelligent, and I don't think I have met that many intelligent people in England in the last 10 years. No intellectual, that's for sure. Not that I mind, though. No one is perfect and the intellectual people I met in Paris a few years ago had too many neuroses to make me happy to be talking to them anyway. I guess I am alone in this world and I am fed up with that. I don't care, I don't know. Complicated.

My last boyfriend was an intellectual and was too intelligent for his own good, and it was a nightmare living with him. So I guess no one is perfect, and that perhaps the best life would be the one where I do not share it with anyone. I'm dreaming of that, you know. In February 2005 I will have the visa I need to be able to stay in England on my own forever. And then I might move out of here. Isolate myself out of the city, Cornwall, Scotland, I don't know, but I need peace.

I usually like movies about writers, because I am a writer. But I feel it makes people dream, as they all fancy themselves as possible authors. If something extraordinary enough happens to you, whether you can write or not, you can be a successful author. If nothing extraordinary happens to you, I guess you need quite an imagination to get there. Being an author does not require long studies, special knowledge or anything. You can sit down and write, and be successful overnight. It makes people dream. It makes me dream. Even though I have written these books, I am still not an author. As I have never been recognised like you, never sold thousands of copies. I'm like at ground zero, unknown. Not a writer yet. And this is so funny, because if I had written in English I could be known worldwide now. And be quite an accomplished author by now. It all depends on how many copies you sell and how known you are. So you are out there right now, and I am still unknown to everyone. I don't hold it against you, you know. I just look at it in wonder. To the day I will be able to finally call myself an author. And not just a pretender.

My publisher tells me that every single important book critic in France knows about me, even though none of them decided to write an article about me. And I am here standing, wondering how extreme a book I should write in order to get their

attention, in order to get them to write that damn article about me. And I have been thinking like that all my life, how extreme should I be to get their attention? And perhaps I went too far, I became too extreme, I don't know.

Gosh, I've got something to tell you. I'm looking at some VHS tapes where there is a black rope getting down through all of them. Well, I am completely drunk right now, but my left eye see the rope perfectly well. While my right eye barely see the small rope going over the tapes. Ok, my right eye sees better, but my right eye see the big picture instead of the details. So I guess I should be happy that one of me eye see more specifically while the other sees the big picture. I may be worried for nothing, I don't need glasses. Still, it is worrying.

I think you can read that by now I am completely drunk. I can't believe I am still up writing these. Like if my intellect could still get me to write these lines. It is like, being aware that I'm too drunk to do anything, but still be aware enough to know about it. I have written many of my books in that state.

Still aware enough to know that I don't like myself. I don't like what I have become. I don't like what I could be. I don't like anything.

I think I will stop here, because I am no longer myself tonight. I'm too drunk and I can at least recognise that.

Sorry for the spelling mistakes, reading myself again would not help at this stage. I'm also sorry for things I said that could upset you. I have a good excuse (I hope) I'm drunk.

I'm listening now to The Cure, the double album Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me. I've been listening to it while going to all my recent job interviews in downtown London. In my (Stephen's) little Smart Car Roadster, with the roof and windows opened, so everyone can listen to it with me. It must be the greatest album in the world ever. Disintegration of The Cure is not the best, as said in South Park, Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me is definitely the best. I need more wine... to forget about these job interviews and this job I just got. I would prefer to die... I'm not a happy soul. I guess I'm depressed after all.

Je viens juste d'avoir une conversation avec me sœur. C'était bizarre, parce que j'étais saoul. Je pense qu'elle ne s'est pas rendue compte. C'est ma fête vendredi et ils vont communiquer avec moi via Webcam. Elle va me montrer son bébé qui marche et qui parle. Ça me tue de ne pas être là pour la connaître.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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**Objet :** Blog 10 - Personal Blog to Mycroft - Roland Michel Tremblay

Hi Mycroft,

Here is my Blog number 10, personal Blog to Mycroft.

Time must be passing, as so many things are happening in my life, while I am still writing to you. Usually when things happen in ones life, they lose their old habits. So you might have thought I would never write to you again, and perhaps you are hoping I won't. Maybe you are avidly reading what I am writing. I just don't know. And I don't care, well, perhaps I do, otherwise I would not take the time to write to you. Especially if it is just to tell you what I have already written in French for posterity about my new job and Stephen's situation with his company. There is no

need for me to tell it all again in English for a book that might never see the light of day, when I know for a fact that in French it will be published. I am still debating about the title, something like Westminster or Corporate London. Because this is what I am talking about. An institution that suddenly get that terrible type of boss only hired to clean up the place, sack everyone and change every single old habit of any old employee.

So I won't repeat myself, don't forget that writing to you is only a mean to get me to talk about my life in English, otherwise I would only write in French. Suffice to say, the guy who hired me is perceived as a bastard hired to kick ass and get the whole organisation to recognise how bad they were and how good they could be. In the process more than half the staff will be either sacked or will leave. And we are going through this process right now.

I guess I can't appreciate their point of view, I can only see how easy they all had it, and that know they will have to work a bit harder. That thought frightened most of the directors and they are now almost all leaving. Great. Perhaps I will end up being a director one day. Though I'm sure you know by now that this is nothing I am really looking forward to. In fact, my only purpose there is to observe and write their story. The great story of a London Institution becoming Corporate London. Why they have been spared until now is a mystery, I guess when you are next to the Parliament and that all around you are only government buildings, and that you only exist because the government did not licensed you... well, you might as well be part of the government yourself. So they never thought about profits, or working for a living. And now it's all about to change, and believe me, there's nothing revolutionary going on there. It's weird that I don't even think for a second that I have that job to accomplish any of this new plan, it is just to get money to survive. I see destiny dropping me there, right by Tony Blair and The Queen's home so I can observe and report.

Every day in Westminster I see sad men who might be MP's. Most of them are quite old and sad, none of them appear to be there driven by a desire to change the world and to make it a better place to live. And that's the sad part of politics, that the people we elect are sad sods who are only there because they were close to retirement and did not know what else to do. They thought they could have a cosy

job doing nothing and wasting time around the Parliament, just like I do at the moment. Walking around St. James's Park at lunch time, lost in the history of the place. Where past Kings built these great palaces for the heck of it, to show their power that was only an illusion. I feel it must be the same in Washington. The feeling you have succeeded because you are right in the middle of it all, where most big decisions in history have been made, when in fact you are nowhere near this decision power, even if you walk on Downing Street every day, feeling somehow great about it. All illusion. Sometimes I look at these old men and I'm confused. How did they ended up there? No convictions, no hope, nothing. It's just a job, just like mine. And I'm thinking, should I get into politics? Could I change anything? Or write a good book about it, at least? Changing things via other means? Perhaps. I believe I am thinking seriously about it. I should become an MP. And see where it will take me. I don't have the slightest idea about how to get into politics, but I'm sure I would revolutionize everything, because I think differently from anyone else and I can't stand plastic people or superficiality. I would quickly become a target and be destroyed. I can't stay in line. I would be controversial. Then again, this is the way to presidency, to the top, is it not?

Stephen got some sort of job back at X. His boss from hell is actually being sacked, and he is now moving to the competition. His last official act was to re-hire Stephen as a Driver, after spending the last few months trying to get him sacked. Don't ask me, it does not make much sense. Anyway, it looks like destiny had some sort of plan after all. Stephen will be working for the same company, but doing what he likes, driving cars all day. His salary will be twice less, but with overtime it will almost be the same thing. So I guess we're back to normal, both with a job, now we won't see much of each other. I suppose that this is how it should be. The only ones truly suffering are the cats, especially my Myrmicat. She has been used to be on me every hour of the day, and now she is upset because I'm never there. She's on me right now.

I fell asleep on my computer. That's how much I am dead after my first week of work downtown London. It was not easy, the very first day I understood I made a mistake. I thought it would be an easy job where I would be given a topic and a conference to produce. It turned out that the tyrant wants me to write a book about how to produce the perfect conference and wants me to study all the conferences



they did so far, as well for their competitors, and establish an action plan for the year. This is more like a consultant job and I should be paid twice more for doing that. I have to start their new conference department, the exact same job I refused in Kensal Green with another commercial company, because I did not want to be working around the clock and on weekends. And there I am, I have to work all weekend on this stupid conference plan. At the same time I have to write a film script, well, in fact I have to translate into French [Schizo](#) that is already on my website. It is a 20-30 minutes script that a French-Canadian producer wishes to buy and film in French. I don't think it will bring me much, but perhaps this is where I need to start. So I will translate that tomorrow and I will have to find the time to work on my conference report as well.

And Stephen wants to get away for the day in his little roadster that he can now keep, as he will continue to work full time. Sometimes I think it's the only reason he accepted to go and work for the bastards that they were. To keep his nice car.

I've identified one gay man at work, perfect for me. A bit older, still great looking, he was the acting big boss until they found the replacement, the new tyrant. He already looked at me sweetly, I don't know yet if I will be able to get closer. I don't particularly wish to, but I certainly want to make my weeks more entertaining. And with him in the background, it might happen. I won't feel guilty as with Stephen there is no more sex. I still need to be with him until I get my next visa in February, and perhaps even until I get my British Citizenship, but I'm already planning ahead. Where will I be in a few years time? That Director looks so sweet, and lost, like a geek really. I wish I could take him in my arms and hear his problems, his deceptions, how he feels about not being chosen as the top director after acting like it for a few months. He must wish for the tyrant to either die or move on. So he could take over the whole department.

It is laughable as I am in no way capitalist or ambitious, I just want to observe and write about it. But this is the game they play and that I am playing at the moment. A sad game really, but that's what we made of life, you know. One depressing girl I met this week, is on a salary of about 13,000 pounds per annum, and she talks about when she was working at Estée Lauder, and how great it all seemed at the time, and that she was fed up and left. She wants to start a chocolate business, but

has no clue whatsoever. She is lost in branding and marketing, more than the product itself. Very sad to see her go around, she impersonates exactly what society has tried to implement in our brains. I told her to leave that job and find another one that pays twice more, as obviously she could. She is stuck with a boyfriend who earns enough for both of them to live comfortably, so it does not really matter if she's earning peanuts to be working like a crazy person. I feel pity for her. And I talked with the PA of the big boss, she's weird. She's from Venezuela and used to work in television for the two top guys. She told me how depressing the whole thing was, but she was really part of it all and playing the game, and she is still playing it to this day. Another sad case. And most of these young directors working at this institution, who never really worked hard in their lives, have decided to move on because suddenly they were asked to work harder. They have no idea about where they are about to be in this London society. They will be asked to work ten times harder elsewhere and they will regret having left their nice and boring position. I guess that if you have no clue, one day you need to learn, via your mistakes.

I'm arriving there because I want a cosy life, where profit is not the law, where the pressure does not push on your shoulders because your last conference flopped spectacularly. And I believe that this is what I just found. And with a bit of luck, I won't even have to produce conferences, I will manage a few new recruits who will be working for me. Nice of the tyrant for having realised that I had that potential, I know I have it, but I have always shied away from responsibility, because I always wanted a life outside work, where I could write. But I was tricked, I only found out afterwards that I would be some sort of manager instead of a producer, as my job title stated. Not only that, he called me for a meeting on Wednesday to tell me something terrible, that he had no right to give me a title like Conference Producer, and that he could only call me a Project Executive. Now, you might be wondering what all the fuss was about, but all the executives in that organisation are the lowest of the low, they mean nothing. He thought I might leave over this. I guess he is used to dealing with people who care about their career and job titles. I, on the other end, don't give a fuck about it. So I laughed and I told him that it would look good on my CV because I never had that job title before. I'm sure I got brownie points over that one. And I'm sure he does not understand that it's because I really don't care about him, that job, that organisation, or my future.

We did talk about the fact that we were in the most dangerous place to be at the moment in the world, where a terrorist attack was deemed inevitable right where we are, in the future. I had the guts to tell him that I would love to die that way, it would turn us into instant heroes. What I did not tell him was that in fact I would love to die but cannot find the courage to commit suicide. So to die by a bomb dropped over our heads would be perfect in my case. So I'm there sitting at my desk every morning, looking at the Westminster Abbey (I think) by the window, and listening to the Big Ben, hoping that a bomb will kill us all any time soon. And what he had to tell me about this was that at the very least we would be lucky, we would die on the spot, no suffering. I thought about that afterwards. After seeing all those American films, you can't help but think about The Day After, Chernobyl, living as a dead person poisoned with nuclear radiation. And obviously he does not want that, he wants to die on the spot. Well, I would not mind to survive as a radioactive zombie, it would certainly change me from the boring routine of getting the Underground to work every morning. And breathing down the neck of all these Londoners that I can't stand anymore. Such a conformism, they could be robots that it would not make any difference, they all appear to be automates to me anyway. None of them have a creative mind, that's for sure, they've all been brainwashed, and I believe that the Evening Standard they read every day does not help them escape that world. I tell you.

I wish I could speak more, but I'm dead, and the creativity is leaving me. So this is my shortest blog ever. I'm not even reading it a second time to clear up the mistakes, sorry for the grammar... I'm not that bad usually, but full time job = no more time = no more concerns.

Oh, my book A French-Canadian in New York has finally hit the stores in France this week. I hope it will break all my previous records in sales, in one life's irony. We never know.

I'm so disconnected... hey, that would be a good title for a book.

Good night!

Oh, before I go. I was reading [The Anarchist II](#) tonight, and I was thinking about how amazing it is that sometimes, in a moment of inspiration, in 23 lines you can say it all:

## **I never felt so powerful!**

When suddenly I have proven you wrong  
When suddenly I realized I knew more than you will ever do  
I may be young but old age does not bring this wisdom as it was always thought  
On the contrary, you will quickly bring this world to an end  
And you dare calling yourself wise  
Telling me I have no culture  
Telling me I am worth nothing  
Telling me I know shit about this world  
I guess you were talking about yourself  
Because I don't feel so powerless  
I don't feel that I don't know anything  
I would feel great anyway for not knowing anything about you and your culture  
I don't give a shit about all that you have learned in your 60 years on this planet  
I wish I never got around learning even the basics of it  
I only know because you obliged me without ever asking me  
I was too young and too stupid then to tell you that it was all meaningless  
You can die happy to know something  
It will always be nothing anyway  
Because you failed to understand what was truly important  
That all that crap is hollow  
I pity you... more than you pity me for my ignorance  
I pity you... for your ignorance

\* \* \*

You must think I'm crazy... I sure feel like it right now. Still, I'm a respected employee, working in Westminster in London, with six books published. Some people would consider this to be a successful life. If only I could also see it that way...

Not far after there is this text:

## **That's it, I will commit suicide, I had enough**

I had enough  
Of your dreams  
Of this unexpected breakthrough  
Of these infinite possibilities  
How I got myself in such a situation  
That I have 5 days left to live  
Before it is all over once again  
Until I find the next idea  
The next solution that will get me going for another 5 days  
I can no longer live like that  
I had enough  
I refuse to continue  
To hope for a better life  
To hope for all my dreams to come true  
I have made my decision  
I will commit suicide  
Gone!  
Gone this life I dreamt of  
Never have I been so close  
I don't care  
That's it  
I had enough  
One more drink is all that I need to finally connect the dots  
I won't dream anymore that someone will come and save me  
This only happens in films and maybe not  
I'm as good as dead  
I cannot pay anymore for all my faults  
I cannot live anymore for all my dreams  
It is all beyond me now  
I'm as good as dead

\* \* \*

I have to say that I still think this to be quite actual. I really feel like I should be dead. And what is so different about it now, is that I feel great about the idea, peaceful, you know. I have the strange feeling that I would be happy once I'm no longer living. It is a very intellectual thought, not even out of desperation anymore, a way out from the life of hell that I can't bear. Still thinking about it so strongly, practically on the day of your latest book being published and when your publisher tells you it will be your most successful yet, almost on the day that I found a new job and that it will solve all my money problems, and also on the day when a producer ask you to translate one of your film script so it can be produced for sure. Well, it tells you that there is no hope for me. I'm not happy and success will never make me happy.

I'm not trying to reach out to you, I'm not asking for your help. In fact, I'm talking about it to you because I know it is safe, you won't answer back and I won't have to deal with that crap of the person trying to convince you not to commit suicide. If anything, it would push me more towards it. I don't talk about it to anyone I know or love. In fact, Stephen asked me about it recently, and I was quite surprised. I guess he only asked because he was depressed since he recently lost his job and we heard about suicide on TV. It made me realise how ignorant he was of everything I had written in my books, because I do talk a lot about it. If I do kill myself, they will read my books and say that all the signs were there, yet everyone was blind and did not attempt anything to save me. I'm telling you that there's nothing they could do anyway, or that you could do for that matter. So don't worry about your friend who committed suicide, or River Phoenix. There is nothing either you or anyone else could have done to change that frame of mind. Unless you could change just about everything about life and the world we live in, to alleviate the pain and the boringness of it. Well, you may be called Mycroft, but I'm sure you can't do that.

## **I'm Dead!**

Never felt so dead in my life  
Never wanted to be so dead

I have thousands of responsibilities  
Money over my head  
Expectations  
Still I never intended to do anything  
To die here is all I ever asked  
I will find a way  
To disappear forever  
On the dawn of my success  
I hate you  
I hated you even before I spoke to you  
You are everything I despise  
How on earth I ever thought that reaching you  
Would be my way out  
Is beyond me  
I don't need this  
I don't need you  
I don't need anything  
I just need to die  
That's what I need  
I will not work for anyone ever again  
I will not ever contact anyone again  
I will disappear forever from anyone's sight  
I am out of here  
I am out of life  
I will lose my name  
I will lose any sort of description and history  
I was never here in the first place  
I never wanted to be here anyway in the first place  
Be happy reading these words now  
Because I don't think they will be here for much longer  
I don't intend to be remembered  
I don't give a shit about immortality

**Never been so low**

I have finally reached rock bottom  
I never thought I would reach it  
I always hoped for something, anything  
Now I know it was all bollocks  
I am not expecting anything from God  
I am not expecting anything from anyone  
Because even a miracle would not save me now  
Something has changed in my brain  
I don't want any savior anymore  
I don't want to be saved  
I am beyond hope  
I have known it for a while  
I did not want to admit it  
I have tried so hard!  
To get out of my misery  
And now I don't want to  
Fight anymore  
Survive anymore  
Hope anymore  
This is my will  
Delete me  
Delete my life  
Delete everything!  
I do not want to have existed  
I was never meant to be!  
I am a mistake  
Why was I ever born?  
I did not want to!  
I don't want this life  
I never wanted it!  
Let me go!  
Let me die!  
Please, I'll do anything!  
Anything to have never existed!



I need to correct this mistake

I need to be deleted

I need to die

\*\*\*

When I was young, I was already thinking about suicide. I was thinking then that before I reach that point I would do something radical, like leaving the country to France or England. And I did. I even wrote books about it. I was also thinking that I could do a hold up in a bank, today I know it would not work and that I would not want the money anyway. That's not the problem. Right now, since I saw that stupid film with Susan Sarandon called Ice Bound, I wish I could move to the North or South Pole. Somehow I feel it would change my frame of mind and make me forget that I have no more motivation to be alive. I'm sure I would be mistaken, and as they say in the film, my problems would follow me there, wherever I go. Sometimes I wish there were these suicide booths like in one of those original series episode, and I could just walk in to be vaporized. They took back the idea in Futurama. It would make everything much simpler. I wish I could study the Japanese history, where they did not value life in the slightest, and for the smallest mistake you had to commit suicide. I would like to make sure that it was the case, and not only a stupid idea the series Shogun has put in my head. Oh sure, if you could ship me to the International Space Station, I think I could want to live for another few months. But what Virgin has to offer right now, is not very appealing: 10 minutes of higher space to look at the earth, and then coming back to the planet with a bill of 110,000 pounds. Big Deal.

There are a lot of people who talk about suicide because they crave attention. But there is another category who is beyond that. They just don't see the point. I guess I am at that point. The sad thing is that I would only become a statistic, one in a list of others who reached the same point and decided to end it. Sad, but I don't care.

I gave an interview to a student of the University of Montreal last week-end, and as a joke I told him that answering his questions was like writing my testament (my will), because I was going back to work and it felt like I was about to die. And I really felt it, thought like that. Perhaps my problems can be identified, perhaps it is

to be working again in conferences in central London, perhaps it is money, and if these problems were to disappear tomorrow morning, I would feel better and not think about it anymore. To paraphrase Jodie Foster in Contact, I have to say: As a scientist, I have to accept it, I have to admit that it could be. Secretly I would love to think that these were not the reasons, that basically I just see life for what it really is, something that will never make me happy. If I'm wrong, then it is a sad lost. Because social life would have brought me to the brink of life. I could have found solutions, I could have made these radical decisions and get out of here, and forget my debts. The only problem is that we need to be realistic, and in a realistic world I can't do that. Suicide becomes the only solution.

I can see that I'm drunk again. And that tomorrow morning I will wake up with a big headache and again regret having told you all these things. I feel better when I think that perhaps you receive so many e-mails that you have not read any of mine. Or perhaps, after reading the first ones, you gave up and now when you see one of my personal blog to you, you just disconnect yourself.

Can you imagine if I were to meet that director intimately? What would we be talking about? He would probably be obsessed with himself, first of all, and only think that I might be interested in him because of his position in that association (for which I don't even give a second thought). But eventually he will turn to me and start wondering who I am and what I have been doing all these years before I reached him. To understand me and where I am now, someone would need a miracle. To understand anything. As my life does not make any sense anymore. How could I explain to him where I come from, everything I have written about, the life I had, what's going on in my head? It would frighten him for sure, it would freak him out. He looks so nice and peaceful, with the perfect and uneventful life. Stayed long enough in a long term boring job to reach the top, and now would be confronted to mister adventure who could never stay in one place for more than a year before changing everything around radically. I have seen more places and met more people that he could ever meet, his life would be so boring that it would kill me just to think about it. Maybe I should leave him alone... let him deal with his new computer he just bought. He must be a geek at heart, and geeks don't need sex, do they? By definition it is secondary, right? I know, I'm a geek, so don't lie to me...

While writing to you tonight I have been listening to Alphaville and Men Without Hats. Two of my favourite bands.

You know, for the first time I almost did not send you this blog, as the night continued and I was getting less and less drunk. Perhaps I should stop writing to you, let you enjoy your new found success and be happy for once. You don't need people like me to get you back to Earth...

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

<http://www.crownedanarchist.com>

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**De :** Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@themarginal.com]

**Envoyé :** 08 October 2005 00:54

**À :** Mycroft

**Objet :** Blog 11 - Personal Blog to Mycroft - Roland Michel Tremblay

My dear Mycroft,

It has been a year since I wrote to you last. The history of all my emails to you are below. I guess it is that I never had the time in the last year to write to you, having a full time job in London and all. But I have read about you and read you, that's for sure. I am sorry that every time I write to you I am drunk, in real life I am not a reflection of what you will read in this e-mail, if that is at all reassuring. Without being drunk, I would never have found the guts to even write to you in the first place.

I have just finished writing two books, one in French which is my diary, and the other one in English, which is kind of poetry:

<http://www.crownedanarchist.com/westminster.doc>

They both have the same title: Working in Westminster, Intelligence not required. It is an indirect attack on George Bush and Tony Blair. I am about to send it to publishers in England and hopefully it will be published and create quite a stir. My diary in French will be published later in 2006. I just need to correct it and my publisher in Paris will publish it.

However, this is not why I am writing to you tonight. It is that I am moving to Los Angeles on the 30<sup>th</sup> of October in order to work in conferences as a Management Consultant (<http://www.infocastinc.com>). Obviously I wish to pursue my dreams of succeeding in Hollywood as a writer. Hopefully I will succeed at that, however I have some reservations and you can read the entry in my diary about that below.

I will not hide that you have been a strong motivation for me to move to L.A. I have dreams that I will meet you and work with you on a script that will beat everything you have done so far. I want to go to your improvisation sessions, I want to get to know you as a friend. However I know this is probably impossible, and I will certainly not insist. I have my dignity. I will not become a stalker, even if I go and see you at the impro and might attend one of your book events at a library.

I have some dreams that keep me going, and it is important to have dreams to motivate you. My first thought when I learnt that I was going to work in L.A. was to you. The impossible possibility that I could meet you and be part of your life and work with you to make us both great. You have a taste for weird stories, perhaps it is time for me to remind you of my line of work (even though my most important scripts are not online, due to copyrights and the companies I worked with in LA):

[http://www.crownedanarchist.com/#script\\_ideas\\_television\\_films](http://www.crownedanarchist.com/#script_ideas_television_films)

However this is just the beginning. I intend to work three times harder in L.A., to write the perfect script for the perfect actors. I'm full of ideas. I can only wish to work with you, even though it is likely to never happen. What the heck, stranger things happened in my life, it is still possible. Just listen to some Nine Inch Nails, it might bring us on the same wavelength. That is what I am listening right now, Downward the Spiral.

I will be working in Canoga Park, even though I have no idea where that is. I hope to live within walking distance of that place, if possible. I have one month stay paid for, after that I need to find myself an apartment.

I will try to see you once I am there, hopefully this will be acceptable to you. Otherwise, so be it, I will not insist. But I hope you can spot when destiny brings something on your doorstep, because in my case, there is no doubt about it, destiny has a big role to play in my life, and I am certain that somehow I will get somewhere quickly. I just hope you can be a part of it. Trust me on this, I could perhaps help you. Let me meet with you and develop a friendship, you never know. I could even try to gulp some Guinness, I did love them in Dublin, I wish to find out if they taste the same in L.A. They certainly don't in London!

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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### **Entry of my diary about my moving to L.A.**

7 oct 05 diary

I feel electrified! I feel like I have the full potential to conquer the world, and yet I would be at a lost to explain how I could achieve that. I am after all right in the middle of the eye of the storm. I still have many things to accomplish before I am once again free to pursue my destiny somewhere else. And that somewhere else is not anywhere else, it is Los Angeles.

Three weeks! Three small weeks of hell before I enter paradise. Or another hell, I have to say. However, hell in LA must be by definition some sort of paradise, compared with hell in Westminster or even Ottawa. A town I hear does not even exist anymore, in my mind at the very least. And perhaps it never actually existed, it was all a bad dream on my part. A necessary step to be shipped to Paris for one big year of failure, before I reached London for something a bit more acceptable.

My dreams have been shattered many times, so many times that I am not sure if there is anything left to motivate me to be alive. My American colleague today at work said something quite surprising. He was suggesting to shoot me in the head right here, right now, in Westminster. And as a backup plan, he wanted to just throw me out the window, from the third floor of a building in Parliament Square. What a fascinating idea, I thought. If I could just die there, right here, right now, it would save me from pursuing a useless existence, dreams I could never actually reach. Save me a lot of energy and time, that's for sure.

Unfortunately, he would have never acted upon his words. So I have to face my destiny. I have to go to L.A. I have to try to succeed at something, if anything. I have to become successful, at anything, whatever that means. Perhaps it will be as a Consultant in conferences, nothing more. I am not so convinced. I failed miserably many times over in my professional career. Be it by my own fault or the one of others. I am not convinced I can be a success story in conferences. As I am not convinced I can be a success story at anything else, even in L.A. It is perhaps why the idea of dying right there on the spot, on the eve of my success, might have been preferable to perhaps the greatest failure of all.

Let's suppose I am going to L.A. to fail again. Who cares? Certainly not me. Another failed job, that's it. God knows where I will be after that. Dead I hope. Not sure if anyone else in my shoes might have actually succeeded. Good for them if this is so. My experience tells me that where I failed, my replacement failed in a more spectacular way afterwards. So perhaps it was not even possible to succeed in the first place. Perhaps many miracles are necessary before someone can actually achieve something worthwhile. And as long as I am not working for my own

company, I am not willing to just die in the name of capitalism, to profit some other bastard I care nothing about. Maybe this is where the problem lay.

Will I ever work for myself? Will I ever stop working for others on these doomed projects which will never go anywhere? I will have to be damn careful not to, once again, work a full six months for nothing. It is so easy to believe you are on your way to success, when in fact you are on the road to nowhere.

It is quite simple, every single project is doomed to failure. Only a few select ones will get anywhere. The real question is how to reach those great projects that will get somewhere with complete certainty? Important question. Which might not have an answer. Luck perhaps can get you there. Destiny. I better start working on it then. Wish myself the greatest destiny of all, and achieve it somehow.

Which brings the question... perhaps you cannot depend on anyone else to get there, you have to get there yourself in any way you can. Create that great universe that every single human being on this planet will truly appreciate. If you have to create your own damn universe in the process, perhaps this is your real goal. Never expect to meet the right people, they will always be the wrong people for you to meet. They will never get you anywhere. You have to get there yourself, you have to re-create the world on your own, no other possible path.

And I will! If this is what is required, I will re-create the world! There are certainly a few things that need some twitching. Everything in fact, if I ever wish to get anywhere in this world.

I am traumatised by the task I will need to achieve in order to get there. I still have no idea about the how I will achieve it. And I can only go there and hope for the best. What a way to plan one's future. Hope for destiny to throw in your way all that you will ever need to succeed. When only you can make everything happen, whether you know how or not. That is what is frightening about all this. The uncertainty, the possibility of utter failure.

But one has to learn to live with utter failure. Because one's life can only be a string of utter failures, with perhaps, if lucky, one great success, and then it is over

forever. And then one has to learn to live with that extraordinary event, as what was the accomplishment of all his or her dreams. There is nothing more to be expected after that, it was it. You still have to reach that point. Could be by luck, for being there at the right time, or through sheer talent, but then talent is never recognised, except perhaps once or twice if you are lucky. More than that if you are destined for success and a great destiny. Which is far from being the case for most people.

Can I at least succeed once? Could I become one of these persons succeeding many times, over a period of many years? Perhaps, but I guess I will only know after I succeed once, if that ever happens. Seems so impossible, that is why I was so happy at the thought that I could today be killed on the spot. Then I would never have to try, to fail, to realise it. Wonderful! Especially when you are given everything to succeed, and then, you still fail miserably. How is that possible? Just a feeling that it is usually how it goes. Not me! Not me, surely, I have been blessed by the gods! Or have I?

Nightmare time. I will fail in L.A., just as I failed in Paris and in London. Perhaps if I learn to accept this now, it will be easier to go through this. However, if I can hope and be certain of my success, and if I work hard as if there was no tomorrow, then perhaps it will all come true. And this is the only way to think, the only path to follow. I will succeed, I have no other choice. I don't know how yet, I don't know anything yet, but somehow I will have to learn and make it come true.

After that I will be able to wonder if it was all worth it or just sheer stupidity. We all have to learn from our mistakes, and if success must be one of them, then so be it. I'm sure I will learn something out of this nightmare. Because reaching for success can only be described as that, a fucking impossible task that no one ever had any clue about how to go about it. Which makes you wonder, if it ever just happens by accident. Oh yeah, sure, everyone love to hear that they have just been wasting their time for years, trying to reach their dream, for no good reason.

I might at least help this phenomenon to be known. The one that you cannot succeed whatever what. The ones who succeed, don't really exist, they are only living in your imagination. Like the ones who won millions at the lottery. They don't exist, do they? Or else you would have met at least one of them. Where does this



leave you then? Nowhere, that's for sure. Just full of dreams, that may never come true.

Still, one has to follow his destiny when he is sent to Hollywood by pure chance and coincidence. One has to follow his destiny wherever it will bring him, even if it is just to understand that dreams can only be dreams and will never become reality.

To be so closed, and yet so far, is perplexing, but has to be accepted. I am going to Los Angeles to fail spectacularly, for nothing to happen, and I know that already. Surely this will make it easier for me to accept? To live through? Better that than believe I am following the greatest destiny of all, that I will succeed where everyone else failed. It is just a simple coincidence. It could have been Dubai, Hong Kong or Toronto. It is L.A. Better not read too much into it.

Gosh! I wish I could convince myself of that! I can't! I am following a great destiny, and I will build it all myself. If I am going to L.A., it is because I wanted it badly. It is the first step to reach my success. And I will reach it, by any mean at my disposal. Reality time. I've got a lot of work to do. I have to be prepared to work till death. And I am. Let's see what destiny will bring next.

Roland Michel Tremblay

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**De :** Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@themarginal.com]

**Envoyé :** 22 October 2005 17:34

**À :** Mycroft

**Objet :** Blog 12 - Personal Blog to Mycroft - Roland Michel Tremblay

**Dear Mycroft ,**

I sincerely don't know if you are reading all that I am sending you, that alone should have told me a long time ago to stop writing to you. I have to assume that you do as I do, read everything, if somehow it did not end in the spam folder, being deleted without even noticing that the e-mail existed. So I have to continue writing to you. I

don't think you will ever answer me, I don't think you will contact me either once I am in Los Angeles next week. It does not matter, I still feel the need to write to you. And I don't know why as it does not make any sense. Especially now, where my mind is in total disarray, trying to analyze everything that is happening to me. And if there is any significance from the point of view of destiny.

I am sorry, I do not talk about the wars, about what happened to the people in New Orleans, I don't even have a good thought about any of these people. I am honest with myself, it does not reach me at all, I cannot pretend that I feel sorry or bad for anyone else when I don't. It is perhaps that I have somehow a totally different way to look at the universe and the human species. I live much more in a philosophical world, a cerebral world, than an emotional one. I don't feel what is happening around me, I cannot care for the hundred thousands of people who died in this world recently. I wish I could, perhaps I am way too self-centered for that, and perhaps this is a fatal flaw in who I am, if I am anything.

When you are at the point of wondering if you are anything, perhaps then you could start to understand why I have no thought for anyone, whether they are dying or taking advantage of others, or just trying to survive in their day to day job. I feel I see life at another level, the one where we are five or six billions, and somehow we need to be happy, to still have this desire to live, despite the millions who are dying on the side, whether through wars or famine. I have a different perspective on life, even though I do truly feel pain about who we are and what we do, as a species. That hurts me more than natural disasters or wars killing people. It is more a philosophical point of view, and you could say, a more science fiction point of view, an idealist point of view. Who are we in this universe? What are we doing? What is our purpose? Whatever else that is happening? That is what I am concerned about. And it goes way beyond the actuality.

I have attached below my sort of blog I started to write since I learnt of my departure to Los Angeles next week. I do not believe it translates exactly what I feel, however it should give you a good idea. In that last entry, you will probably think that I no longer touch the ground, and I think so myself, but what the heck, we only live once, and we can only write what goes through our mind once. So let's make the best of it, even if it is wild. I have not felt like myself since I started to read the

series of Rama by Arthur C. Clarke, it does change one's mind I am afraid to say. I am beyond being an idealistic person, I feel I have reached another sort of understanding of who we are as human beings. Perhaps I will have forgotten all about it next week, once I finally reach that universe of yours which is called Los Angeles.

I am listening to the new Depeche Mode album right now, pretty good, better than the last one. Perhaps you should buy it, or download it. You can forget the remixes for now, they don't appear as good as what we were used to in the old days. It must influence what I wrote tonight, like I am sure it must have influenced you years ago in your acting career. It cannot be otherwise. All my early writings were written whilst listening to Depeche Mode and The Cure, and it did have quite an impact. It put me in a weird mood, a different state of mind, I feel I wrote much better stuff listening to them that I would have without any music. It does bring you somewhere else.

As usual, I am drunk tonight. But not like usually. I have only been drinking beers, unlike every time I wrote to you. I was either on wine or Port, every single time I wrote to you. Beers don't have much effect on me, it takes a long time before I am drunk, before I feel different and start either to write my books or write to you. So tonight I am not in the weirdest state in which I have always been while writing to you. But I am getting there, I have drink many beers, at least eight. I'm not sure why I am telling you this, perhaps because I feel I did not think I was going to write to you tonight. I usually need to be in a weirder state mentally. But right now I feel like L.A. is next door. I'll be there within a week. And believe it or not, I cannot think of anything else which connects me to L.A. but you. Even though you are a complete stranger. The thought that you may read this appears to be enough in my mind. So I decided to write to you tonight, as I will probably write to you after my arrival. I may try to go and see you at the impro, as I said, however it is very unlikely I will have the courage to go and talk to you. I am very much like you in this domain, I do not wish to embarrass myself, and I certainly could not suffer rejection from you. So it is better if I don't try to speak to you then, especially that I have no idea if you ever read these blogs to you, and what you may think of me as a consequence. In a way I would think you would know me better than most people sharing my life, as I have been very open to you because of the alcohol. However, you would still have a

totally wrong idea of who I am and how I act in my normal social life, I am probably more civilized than most people you know in L.A. And certainly not as crazy as my blogs to you could suggest.

Have I idealized you? Am I also seeing you as someone you are not? I could have, easily, from your career. However you are too genuine in your writings, I certainly feel that I know you a bit better than that. You are certainly a normal human being, not this unreachable legend. Or are you?

Why do I feel connected to you? Is it because I feel we are very much the same, deep down? That we think alike? Perhaps. Is it because I somehow identified to you as a character on The series? I would find that hard to believe, even though on a subconscious level it could be true. But this was not you, and if you had not started your subsequent website and wrote your books, I would probably not be writing to you now. So it must be a deeper connection. You have perhaps already experienced in L.A. what I am about to experience. But I did not know when I started to write my blogs to you that I would end up there.

I don't know. Perhaps it is destiny. Perhaps we will meet and become friends, even if we were to never actually work together on any projects. I never thought this could be possible, but since I am moving to L.A., perhaps it is in the realm of possibilities. Is there a logical reason why I have taken so much of the little time I have to write to you? Was this leading to us meeting in the end? Or was it just that some day this personal blog to you will end up on one of my websites as a curiosity, telling more about who I am and what I felt? I have not yet put anything I have written to you online, and I have no plan to do so in the near future. Destiny works in mysterious ways. If there is a reason to all of this, I still cannot see it. Perhaps we will meet and become friends, or perhaps you were just the motivation I needed to move to L.A. What in my head tells me that it is not a mistake, that I should do it, that perhaps it is not as bad as we hear, here and there. That some sort of normal life, with normal friends, is still possible out there. And happiness.

I do intend to be happy in L.A. I intend to write positive books, positive film scripts, positive, positive, positive everything. I intend to switch from a miserable existence to a great one. And since it is all psychological, I surprisingly don't feel this is

impossible. I don't think it has anything to do with the fact that I will be moving to L.A., and that I feel it will bring me happiness. It is more that I have reached a point in my life where happiness is now necessary and that I need to move on from this negativity that has plagued me and my books for the last ten years. I want to inspire people to be alive, to hope for something better. To express that there is a way, there is a solution, we can be happy, all of us. I'm not sure yet how I will accomplish this, in what medium, but that's the plan.

I could never really be able to do this anyway without a big change in my life, giving me this difference which will make me a normal human being. And knowing myself, something more extreme than what people can experience. It will be a 100% change, where instead of thinking of suicide, I will have a totally different perspective. One where I wish to live so much, that it will hurt. And this is what I have to do now, bring hope, make people happy somehow, convince them that life is worth living and can be a great place to evolve and become something. Am I talking about the American Dream? Hell no, whatever that is. It has to be on a different level, which has nothing to do with American capitalism. Even though I am not anti-capitalist myself. We do need the dream and hope. The one you have reached at such a young age, and then suffered to get it back later in life, without going berserk about it. You must be one of the most balanced person in L.A. from my own assessment. Because you went through it, survived it without going mad, and then restarted from nothing, and somehow kind of reached it again. You are perhaps at my level of understanding, because I have been paying attention watching those biographies on the E channel. I know, so perhaps I don't need to experience it. I perhaps need to be beyond all that.

I am not obsessed anyway by any of this, success and fame, I am very much down to earth. More worried about creating something that I will actually enjoy and be proud of, before anything else. I have a set of values, very alternative, very underground, and if this is satisfied, then I am happy, no matter if it is a commercial success or not. It needs to be different, it needs to be fresh, I cannot just do what has been done in the name of success and easy money. With *Strange Days at Blake Holsey High (Black Hole High)*, for example, I am very proud of what I did, where I lead this series. The main girl is based on me, she is an anarchist, without being one, just as I am. It is different, it is new, it is fresh, and I know now that it is a success.

Because I went downstairs to buy a sandwich in the building I work in, in Parliament Square in London, and the two guys serving me told me it was their favorite television program, even though it made no sense since they are both adults. Perhaps they have children. It was even so unlikely because you can only watch the series if you have Sky and watch those obscure children programs on Jetix (Fox Kids). I never thought anyone could have been watching that. But there I was, two strangers in my own building, who were completely influenced by it, and liked it independently from each other since they don't live together and never told each other about it until that day that I mentioned it.

So I can make a difference, I can reach out to people. Even if it is so hard for me to understand. Like my books published in French, How many times now have I encountered these complete strangers telling me that had read me and thought the world of what I had written? I still try to convince myself that this was just a coincidence, but perhaps it is not. Perhaps I do play a role in this world, I do reach out on a massive scale. I don't want to believe it, I don't want to hear that I am quite successful and can reach thousands of people's life, enough that it gets back to me in the most unlikely ways, but perhaps I am. So I have to take my role seriously. I have to change everything in my life. Bring some sort of positive message, and perhaps solutions to misery.

I sincerely don't know how far I am reaching out. I still think I am not reaching anyone, despite those extraordinary events, but one day it might explode in my face and I will realize that I had quite an impact on many people. In which case, what they needed to hear must have been my message of doom and gloom, because they felt the same way. So should I change, suddenly? I think so, I think they may change with me.

I know I have some sort of fan club, readers who will read anything new that I write. They must be quite disappointed since I have not updated my website in more than a year, since my new job. I have not put my last two books online from fears of upsetting my employers. I even came up with the idea of finding myself a new name so I could speak more freely, Mycroft Holmes, the famous brother of Sherlock. But then, my readers would never know about these new books, they would even lose my most negative books since I intend to move them to this new website of Mycroft

Holmes Blog in Hollywood. I can't do that, not even in the name of my new employers in L.A. If they find my website, I will have to live with the consequences. However I certainly could not write a blog on a daily basis knowing they can read it and understand that I don't think much of that job in conferences, and that I am only in L.A. in order to try to succeed in films. This is so difficult, it is a big dilemma that I won't solve tonight.

Anyway, I think this is probably not that relevant to you, or is it? You are doing just that, an online blog that the world is reading, whilst you are working with all these people who know you will tell it as it is the very next day for the world to read. I agree your situation is perhaps different than mine, however, surely you are going through the same dilemma? It must influence what you write in your blog every day? Then perhaps you cannot be as honest as you would have been if it had been completely anonymous and you felt you were writing something for posterity after you had died. I'm sure I am not far from the truth here. You must measure everything you say, because I would certainly do so if I were in your situation. What you must really feel inside must be something only the people around you know about.

Well, have courage my friend, you are not the only one struggling with these questions.

And by the way, you're the first one to read the new blog of Mycroft Holmes in Hollywood below, and probably the only one who will read it in the near future.

Good night!

Roland Michel Tremblay

My real website: <http://www.crownedanarchist.com>

The URL I give to everyone I work with: <http://www.themarginal.com>

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**Mycroft Holmes in Hollywood**

Blog – 14 October 2005

You may know me for my published books and my work in television and films, not under the name Mycroft Holmes of course, but this is the only way I can actually write in English about my experiences in Los Angeles without getting into any trouble at work.

Up until now I mostly wrote in French and thankfully none of you appear to understand French. However writing in French has never got me anywhere despite my many published books, since there is no market. So I had to find a new name, as it is anyway the fashion for any aspiring actor in Hollywood, though I am more like an aspiring script writer.

A bit more than just aspiring, since I have written many books and already worked on several series and films. It does not matter in L.A., it is always like a first time, until the next big project. They are rare, so when they come by, you need to be ready to drop everything and follow it through. It is always a new beginning since you are only as good as your next project, and even then.

So I will land in L.A. at the end of this month. Hoping to restart this career from the very beginning, as if nothing came before me, as if I had never written any books or film scripts before. Knowing my real name would not change anything to you, I never got credited for anything I worked on, though I was paid on certain big projects, I guess it compensate for all these long nights I spent writing when I had to go to work the next day. I have no doubt that if you are good at searching on the Internet, I will probably leave you enough clues as to who I am, and you probably would find me out easy. What is important, really, is that no one searching on my name or the projects I worked on should find this blog, it is the only way for me to be truly honest and have all the freedom to say what I want, what needs to be said.

I don't intend to be that negative, unless it turns out that I will live through hell whilst in L.A. Most of what I have written was very dark up until now, very depressing. Some people said they wanted to commit suicide after reading certain of my books. I wish to change that, I wish to become a positive force in this world, to



create the universe people would love to live in. It is about time too, I turn 33 tomorrow. If I had to continue being so unhappy and miserable, there is really no point in continuing this boring existence. If nothing great happens to me in L.A., enough to make this blog any worthwhile or even interesting, then I will simply give up. Because if it does not happen in L.A., where the hell could it happen? Nowhere, even though I feel I have already achieved quite a lot being outside the Promised Land.

So I have high expectations for my moving into LA. Of course I intend to work like crazy, however I have learnt that it is useless to work without a contract, without the guarantee that it will go somewhere, or even in the big hope that it will happen. I have learnt that much, that wasting time is very easy, any project could gobble up six months of your life and you would have nothing to show for it afterwards since even the rights are not yours. This is over, never again. And to arrive in Hollywood having learnt that much is promising, I won't waste a few years hoping to get somewhere, I have done enough now to hope to work on real projects, not theory and conjecture.

God, two more weeks, and I will land in California. I'm not even sure if this is what I want, after wanting it so badly for so long. I'm just afraid nothing will work, that I will not go anywhere, that it will all be wasted and disappointment. I have become realistic in time, too much I guess. Dreams and miracles do happen, I have experienced it too many times to deny it. Without too much expectation, you cannot be too disappointed. And at the very least I will have this blog at the end of it. If it is just to complain that nothing happens, I will eventually just delete it and never give it another thought. So let's see what destiny has in store for me. Let's move to LA and start building this dream.

Blog – 20 October 2005

I'm in such a mess, and it is all psychological. Counting the minutes before my departure for LA, thinking I won't have the time to do anything. I am now thinking I will just wake up that morning, throw a few things in a suitcase and go. Instead of this impossible task I have set myself, to go through all my stuff, page by page, until I can find and bring with me all my single last remaining important papers with me,

the ones which have followed me in all the five countries I have lived in my life. Perhaps it is time that I truly break with my past, and leave everything behind but the essential. I have lost so many things in my life, because of these airplane regulations which oblige you to have only two suitcases every time you move country. I know people who will ship dozens of crates, even their cars, must cost a fortune, I can't afford it.

Every time I need to move out of a country, everyone and everything turn into a nightmare, a place which in the end, I am happy to leave behind. It happened in Ottawa, in Paris, in Brussels and now London. Is it that I have changed my perspective about these cities and I now see everything that annoys me terribly and I feel I won't have to put with that any longer in a week? Or is it destiny which makes it easier for me to want to leave?

At work we enter agreements nightmare which could lead to court. Two more agreements need to be negotiated, another thing which could take a few months of torment. I could not even do anything about my last conference which was supposed to be finished by the time I leave. As it stands, I have not even started. The new cat we bought shits and pee everywhere every day, it seems the five other cats decided that it was now permissible to do the same, so we live in a shit hole. I can't wait to get out.

I have no more time to think about philosophy of life, and anyway, I was going to try to avoid talking about this here. Why? Well, people think I am already crazy, no need to confirm it so they can act upon it and put me into a mental institution.

I was recently contacted by someone who said he could change the future just by concentrating a lot and convincing himself that what he wished for would definitely happen. I came to the realization five years ago that I could do the same, and out of it I got contracts to work in cinema and television when there was nothing really to suggest I was ever going to end up working for that medium. At the time I had written only one film script, it was 10 years ago and it was an adaptation from a book. I had forgotten about trying to change my future for the better, but I tried again two months ago and my life went wild. My conferences which were flops suddenly became successful overnight. My partner who was in deep trouble and was

going to lose his driving license and his job won in court. And I am now leaving for Los Angeles to pursue my dreams. That is what I call results.

However I am not certain if I was ready for such a roller coaster, like, the very next day I would start to try to change my destiny. I had more in mind something simple, just to make me happy, and now it is happening on a massive scale. I am only talking about this now because I don't want to forget that once in LA, I will need to continue to try changing my future. Because moving there is only the first step, it could easily be all there is to it, waking up in LA, but working in conferences instead of films.

I'm not afraid of hard work, even though I feel like a zombie right now, but hard work is not enough in Hollywood. Talent is also required, and luck is essential. At least I know the three main ingredients, hard work, talent and luck. Well, luck I can take care of it, I will wish myself a great destiny once I'm there. Hard work, I have a great capacity to write 50 pages in virtually one night. Only talent is still puzzling. I feel I am good, however it is a question of taste and opinion. In the final analysis, however, it does appear that with great luck, you don't necessarily need talent in LA. So one way or another, I might still make it big.

I know success is not an ingredient for happiness. In fact, people who are driven as much as me, who dedicate their life to succeeding, and spend all their energy, sacrificing everything and everyone along the way to become famous, are the world's worst sufferers. Because these things take time, it is heartless, and you are left with a feeling of having missed something quite huge once you succeed, or even worse, once you accept that you will never succeed. As a consequence, most people who succeed on a massive scale are not happy and are unable to enjoy their success. So they either need to succeed again and again, or somehow they realize that and work now at becoming happier people, even if sometimes it means getting away from it all.

This is not exactly encouraging to be thinking about this stuff right now, I should get back to my big idea that I will rock the boat in a spectacular way once I land in California. Talent is not required, and with a bit of luck, hard work might also not be necessary. It might just fall from the sky, like this moving to LA appears to be,

effortless. I did not even have to try, it happened. So, what if I don't even need luck? I will then definitely succeed. That's what logic does to you, it makes you say stupid things that one day will prove without a doubt that you're worth nothing, that you were just crazy to begin with.

Blog - 22 October 2005

It is Saturday, exactly one week before I leave London for a long time, I hope. Since the only thing that could keep me away from London, is if I succeed in Hollywood and work in films, or if I realize my big dream of moving in the South of France, on the Canal du Midi, isolated from my fellow human beings. Otherwise, it is back to London, the only other bearable city that exists on this planet, after perhaps Los Angeles.

However, I was truly disappointed with Paris, it is quite probable that Los Angeles will be a nightmare for me. Let's assume I don't succeed in films, which is quite probable, will I be happy in this conference job? No conference job ever brought me happiness, it has always been hell from the start. I don't quite see right now how this job could be different. Unless I was truly good at it, which I believe after one year in London in my actual job, I have reached that point. They truly feel like they cannot lose me, even though I have felt for a long time to be quite inadequate. I believe I know understand that perhaps anyone else in that position might have done a much worse job than I did. It is also a factor of being appreciated and recognized for your capacities and abilities. It took a year in my last job, this is a frightening thought. So I have to wish that within weeks I can reach that same point with my new employers, and if they are as disorganized as a company as I was lead to believe in the interview, I may actually be the expert who will save their company. I have ten years of experience on the subject, surely I have something of interest to communicate to them? The only remaining problem, is that change takes a long time. Nothing can happen overnight. Dissatisfied employees will definitely leave, even though they might have been the best. They are always the first ones to go, they know they can succeed elsewhere without having to complicate their lives with new processes which suddenly make their life a living hell by preventing them from doing what they are good at, producing, selling. It has been one year and a half in my last job since change has started, you could easily say that nothing has really

changed yet. Another frightening thought. How long does it take for results to finally appear? Well, it took me a year to achieve my goal. Now I need to put this knowledge to good work, whatever it is that I am going to do, we need to see tangible results within six months. Who am I kidding? It cannot take less than a year.

The worst part is that I don't even know yet what it is that I have been hired for. At the beginning I was told they were looking for a simple Conference Producer. Their website was claiming to be looking for a Conference Manager, and my immigration papers are stating that I was hired as a Manager Consultant to turn around their business and open new offices worldwide. Was it just for immigration purposes, or am I to become this management figure finally controlling a few bugs that I will be at liberty to crush whenever I feel like it? I'm joking. My idea of management is moral and ethical, much more than everything I have observed up until now in my short career. I am mister new management, compassionate but at the same time looking for results. A mix of what a male Director or Manager could be, compared with a Female Director or Manager. Being gay, I have the best of both worlds. I am balanced. And I won't freak out anyone, either the monsters in higher management or the bugs under me. I could not even see myself taking out the "kill-fly" to wipe one of these bugs. Perhaps I am too much like women, I should keep perspective here, I might need to squash a few of these bugs if it becomes necessary, if I feel I am justified, if I feel there is no other solution in sight. I would hate it, but I am prepared and ready for it. Thankfully nobody can bullshit me in this business, I have done everything for so many years, every single position, I will know if someone is playing with me and I will lose all respect. I will have to crush a few bugs, hopefully I will always act in a moral and ethical manner, and for the right reasons. Personal clash of personalities is not good enough, no pettiness can get between me and the bugs. Like I hope management won't act like that with the bug that I will be in their eyes. Otherwise this is when and where I will be thinking seriously about the mistake it was to move to L.A. Oh God, I hope for so much, for so much which I have never witnessed in my short life, a job I would actually love, with people I can actually bear!

Incidentally, today I have met both my old bosses from one of my previous jobs. We met in Brentford at the Pets at Home center, so hey could give me the last

reference letter I needed for immigration. God she was lovely, she looked great. A real American woman living some sort of great destiny, but stuck with a stubborn British husband who started a conference company in London. He looked frozen, could not say a thing apart from they were now planning conferences in China. But he is OK, he was a fine boss I have to say. His Director was the problem, being rude for no good reason, making our lives impossible, me and the German girl. One bad apple was enough to make us both fly away, and probably the others who came after us. Luckily for me, the ones who came after me were all incompetent, which is why today they appreciate me, and were kind enough to write that great reference letter for me. They're leaving for Budapest in two days time, gosh, that reminds me the terrible trip I had there with them less than a month after I started with them. Still Budapest brings me great memories, even if I remember writing the darkest entry in my diary ever after the first day. I believe I talked lengthily about suicide, I had problems with the employees, the very next day I stayed home and almost told them I was resigning. I came back the next day and we found a solution. The solution was simple, I was their boss, the two bugs in sales who were the problem. I told them what to do, they did not tell me what to do. It was an arrangement I could live with. And of all of us, they came out as the bad guys, they felt bad about it, and I never had any trouble with them afterwards. That I was ready to sacrifice my career over this at the time, is probably something they never thought I would do. It caused maximum impact, they were reprimanded and probably threatened with their jobs. At the time I thought it was not very ethical for me to do this, to bring this to such an extreme, but I have lived enough in this life that I am not going to put out with any kind of shit, especially for a job. And they quickly got back in line. Great management skills. This is exactly what I need to avoid in L.A.

When I left my two previous bosses today, I told them that we never know what the future is preparing for us. And the man said exactly. We were on the same wavelength, he thought, and I thought, that one day I will be working for them again. I would love that, I would love to open their Chinese office, or whatever else they may have in their plans. But it is over now, it is old history. I need to move on. However her son lives in L.A. now, and he will be in contact with me. He is a policeman. And I was trying to convince Stephen, my partner, that L.A. had nothing to do with these cops programs he watches all the time. Everyone believes I am going to L.A. to be shot by some Black man, as my family back in Canada believes I

am in London now just waiting to be blown up by a terrorist bomb, when this is so unlikely. Well, let's see what the future reserves for me. Every possibility is still open, anything can happen. Let's just not destroy any bridges behind us.

Bush will become my President, something I never ever considered before. While this madman was actually deciding for people I had nothing to do with, it was ok, whatever the power he has over this world. But now, it is an entirely different story. This madman, religious, fanatics, who believes he answers to God, and that God speaks to him, will actually have quite a strong influence over my life. Especially that California is crowned with one of his cronies, Arnold Schwarzenegger. I sincerely hope I won't have to become political, so far I succeeded in avoiding it, even if my last book is very much about British politics. But then again I had no choice, I worked in Parliament Square. So far so good, my partner can come to the U.S., on the basis that we are lovers, even if he will not be allowed to work, our main obstacle. However so far it does not look like the U.S. is a backward country like Egypt when it comes to this domain. I would hate to have to confirm afterwards that I was wrong, especially that my new employer did not even flinch when I announced to her: what about my boyfriend? We're getting there, slowly, but we're getting there.

My actual Manager, who I called Master Bitch of Westminster in my last book, says that I am so made for L.A., it is a match made in heaven. Why? Because I am vegetarian, I am gay, I am particular about everything, I want to go on the Atkins diet as soon as I set foot there, and what else... I had already assessed L.A. as the best ever city for me, for these reasons and others, she was quite right. I have fears that perhaps this will not turn out to be true. I fear rejection, like what I have experienced in Richmond. A town filled with overbearing bastards who feel they have reached the top of the world because they played a small part in the cinema industry of England. Big deal, makes me want to puke all over the place. They are so insignificant compared to what I hope to achieve, and I would never act like they do no matter the degree of success or failure I achieve. A small part of me wish to succeed so I can go back to that fucking pub called Richmond's Arms, and tell them all to fuck off! It is more important to me that I would like to admit. They certainly played a big part in my decision to move out to L.A. to see what destiny had in store for me. I know I will never go back there and be able to gloat, however internally,

psychologically, this is one more motivation I have to succeed in L.A. And I need all the motivation possible, since there is not much else left to motivate me in succeeding in L.A. Not fame, success or money can convince me that this is worth it. Not even the feeling that I was the main part in a big film being made. I had that feeling before, I have seen on TV what I thought of, what I said, what I created. I have achieved that, so it is certainly not a strong motivation, it has changed nothing to my core being. Revenge is a nice concept. Even though I have a hard time believing what I am saying here.

What are my motivations? What is it that I wish to accomplish in L.A.? It is not fame, success or money, what is it then? Certainly not sex. Gosh, I don't know, and this is worrying. What are my goals? Is it just freedom? The freedom to finally do whatever I want whenever I want? Being able to work from anywhere as a writer, isolated from the rest of the planet, and still being able to move around and go anywhere as I feel? Surely there must be other ways for me to achieve that freedom? I have been searching all my life, and I have assessed that perhaps succeeding as a writer must be my best shot at reaching freedom. Which is certainly odd, since the probabilities that I will ever succeed as a writer are so slim, I might as well wish to win a million at the lottery. However, this is all that I have left. I will live out of writing and I will earn enough to do whatever I want whenever I want. Do my job anywhere on this planet at any given time. And then I hope to be happy. Giving me the chance to study and write more important stuff, like philosophy and theoretical physics. I guess that is my ultimate goal. My only goal. Anything could give me that chance, I only need money falling from the sky. Why do I feel my only way out is to succeed in Hollywood? It is a mystery to me. I must be quite desperate for any kind of solution. Must be destiny. Then I will definitely succeed. But not quite. I am way ahead of you. It is quite possible that I will never succeed in L.A. as a script writer. It is quite possible that what destiny had in mind for me, was to write what you are reading now. That all my fortune will come one day from writing this long diary of mine which has now become a blog. A word I have learned to respect, even though it means that I am no better than any other blogger out there. But my life has to be more exciting and interesting than the average block, if I wish to stand any chance to be remembered in history. I would not be talking like this if I had not written already more than 20 books, you can rest assured. I stand some chance to be remembered, at least in Québec, where I come from. I feel my destiny so far has been distinctly



different from any of my colleague writers. And I feel I am about to experience the ultimate experience in Hollywood. With that I can finally die and be celebrated. Or live for a long time from the money this unique experience will bring me. So my success in L.A. is not that important from a destiny point of view, it could all be about my diary, my books, and nothing to do with my success in films. And I am quite prepared to accept that, no problem. As long as I get enough bullshit to write about, either in French or in English, nothing else is important. It can all come from the famous conference world as far as I am concerned, whether it is in China, Denver, London or Toronto. Oh dear, I have now mentioned the word Toronto. I'll be back. I just puked a big bucket worth of whatever was in my insides. If I ever end up in Toronto, please shoot me. I would not survive it anyway. Don't mention Canada to me, it is the last place I will ever want to live. I feel most of the people working in Hollywood feel the same, even though so many productions are now moved to Canada in order to save money. Not me, not the writers, they usually never leave L.A. Or do they?

The fact is, I have no idea where I will end up doing in my life. Is there a reason for me being shipped to L.A. right now in my life? Anyone with any bit of intelligence would put 2 and 2 together and assume that he or she must follow some sort of destiny. For two years I did not work in conferences, I worked at writing film scripts and synopses. I built a very promising website containing all these ideas, and then my lack of money made me go back into conferences for a year. And then, this experience gets me the dream job in L.A., of all places. If this is not destiny, what is? I have not work at all on my scripts in the last year, not even one line. My websites were not updated at all, even if I wrote two books in that year. Let's see, what can one surmise from this? Well, assuming that none of the two books I have written will ever go anywhere, which is what I believe, then there must me a more logical reason to all this. Working in conferences is a mean for me to achieve some sort of ultimate goal, which must be accomplished in Los Angeles since this is where I am being shipped. And since I dedicated two years of my life at bankrupting myself whilst writing film scripts and building that website, it must necessarily be related. How could I not now believe in destiny? In some sort of higher power, be it God or deterministic laws of nature, leading me somewhere? Could it be not related to the film industry? Could it be something entirely different? Am I to believe that I am sent to L.A. to write about how I wish to succeed and then fail spectacularly, just to write

about it and discourage a whole generation of people to not abandon everything, sacrificing their life in the process, in order to avoid the only town in this world which could make their dream come true, but would ultimately destroy them completely to the point where only suicide remains? Better that than going back home, wherever home is. No, I feel I am destined to something much bigger, with a much higher purpose. And I am reading right now what it is that would qualify as what it is that I wish to achieve with my life. It is called Rama. Four books written by Arthur C. Clarke and Gentry Lee. If I can write something like that before I die, then I feel all will be ok. However, if I do not feel I can reach out like Arthur C. Clarke can, then it will be a failure. I do not write for a few thousand people, not even a million. I want to write for the masses. I want to have a deep impact. I want to change the way a whole nation, if not a country, think. I have no small ambition, otherwise I am ready to die right here right now. It does not matter whether I live or die. However, in the 20 books or so I wrote until now, I do not feel I have reached my goals. I have not yet written my Rama series. And would it be sufficient anyway? Rama is not considered like the best work of Arthur C. Clarke, we barely hear about it. But God, there could not be a better series in science fiction to help you understand what this world is all about. What we, as human beings, are actually doing which will definitely lead to our ultimate destruction. Reading that series, I am ashamed of being a human being, I really am. I feel powerless to change this world. Do I have to do something to change it for the better, changing people's mind, activating something in their brain. What a goal. Perhaps I should be killed now, before I have to think too much about how I will ever achieve that impossible task. I wouldn't mind, death has always been welcomed in my lair. Ultimate freedom, liberty, even if it is just about turning the machine off. I would love it more than you will ever understand. What possesses me to continue and have these weird passions about achieving something grand and universal, is beyond my comprehension. Perhaps we all have a role to play in this existence, in the destiny of human kind, and even though it is not simple, we still have to play the game. And I will play it, to a certain extent, but it better happen soon or else I will lose patience. I am tired, I am fed up, I better get myself somewhere quickly, I better see that big scheme in action that I suspect, or else I will lose faith, abandon everything and never look back. Or can I? Perhaps not. Must be in my genes, in my nature. There is no escape, and that is what this higher power of these natural laws of nature know that I don't. I don't even have the freedom to kill myself or retire somewhere alone in a forest. I just can't. I am moving to L.A.,

living my destiny all planned out for me. It better be good, motivating and rewarding. At the very least. Can I even hope it will be me happiness, or is this too much to ask?

All that I have said in the last paragraph assumed that I believe in some sort of higher power or some sort of deterministic physical laws. It would not be completely true to say that these are my beliefs. I do think I had a strong part to play in everything that is happening to me right now. I wished for it and then it happened. No matter if somehow it happened completely out of my conscious control. I did not apply for a job in L.A., I got one. It is possible that unconsciously I made this happen. Like if somehow I thought this was necessary to my develop, like if I had some sort of power over my destiny. Like if, for example, in this reality there was only me and no one else, like if I dreamt up everyone else and they only existed for me, from my own point of view, my own frame of reference. In that case I would have certainly planned for myself a few interesting experiences in L.A., especially in the film industry, enough at least to learn something from it and spit it back in my books. Sometimes I think I think too much about the significance of everything in one's life. At this time I feel justified, because it is too weird, too impossible, I have beaten the odds, it must be significant, it must mean something, it could lead to an understanding of what the mechanisms of existence are all about. Is there a structure regulating what one must live? Nothing has ever been enough for me, I always needed more, it is beyond comprehension. If I don't succeed at anything, changing irrevocably what we are as a race, then my life is just not worth it! It makes no sense, I don't understand where this come from. Could it come from the fact that I feel everything is wrong in this world? That everything could be much better and that somehow I can contribute to his massive shift in thinking and acting? Can I? Through fantasy perhaps, fiction, like Arthur C. Clarke? How could we measure the impact of that one man on human's destiny? Quite high, he has inspired Nasa and everyone working there. He has inspired every single sci-fi movie I have seen so far. He has changed lives, he has given us some sort of background information for us to act and react. It is possible to have a big impact via fiction, via science-fiction. He is a big influence on this world. If everyone were to read his books, they would think completely differently and think twice before going to war and changing this world irremediably. So I could at least reach that level, it is within my powers to change something on a massive scale, even via fiction. I have an

empire to build then, as big as the one of Arthur C. Clarke. And I feel I have the right disposition mentally and philosophically to lead us all to a better and happier place. That is also quite important, since I am no stranger to wild ideas that perhaps the destruction or annihilation of the whole human race might be the best solution, before we destroy the whole universe by inadvertence. Got to get back on earth, think in simpler terms. How can I best achieve my goals? Got to forget all my extreme ideas, got to think some more, I have a mission, I have to accomplish it somehow. No small mission. It is sad that it is only in a few decades that I will be able to assess if I have succeeded in my mission. I might even be dead by the time I have any impact. And it does not matter, as long as I stop talking and start acting. And L.A., the strongest sphere of influence on this planet, might just be the platform I need. A mean to reach the masses, through fiction. And I have never truly written fiction except when I was writing in English, except when I was writing film scripts and synopses for possible films. So there I am, fiction, science-fiction, is to be my life, to make the world understand that we need to find peace and happiness somehow, whatever the costs. No small mission, no small destiny. This is why I am going to L.A...

Who am I kidding? I must be drunk again. Do I believe any of that stuff? It would be nice if it was true, in any way. Or perhaps I am just building myself a great destiny where I am somehow a prince and another prince will save me from my misery. Could be true, and it might never happened, however the coincidence is too impressive to ignore. I am going to L.A., and anything can happen.

**Roland Michel Tremblay**

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**De :** Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@themarginal.com]

**Envoyé :** 10 November 2005 21:23

**À :** Mycroft

**Objet :** Blog 13 - Personal Blog to Mycroft - Roland Michel Tremblay

**Dear Mycroft ,**

I am now in L.A. I have so much to do tonight, like working on my conference (I got into trouble today at work and I still don't know the consequences), or trying to sort my life out (I still need a flat and a car, etc.), however I decided to forget it all and write to you.

I still have dreams that you will call out of the blue, that we will go for a Guinness somewhere in Burbank (where I learnt that you were living and I realized that it was pretty close to Woodland Hills), and you would discover how great a friend I could be to you, and how interesting a person I am.

I know you could help me so much. I am all alone in L.A. now, wondering if it was all a mistake, attracted by some crazy dreams after watching too much TV and reading too many books like yours. I brought it with me, I intend to read it again.

Considering that I was over limit on all my luggage, and that I only brought with me a few books, it was quite a decision to bring yours along for the ride over the Atlantic.

I am still thinking that perhaps you will meet me, one of your biggest fans, and see what could come out of it, perhaps a good friendship.

I rented a car on Saturday morning to go around the place, to bring back my boyfriend to the airport and visit around. I did go along the Sunset Boulevard and came back on Santa Monica Bl. Tried to find the Griffith Observatory, which I loved so much a few years ago when I was here, but I could not find it. I found the Universal City though, but I did not go through, I was afraid they would overcharge me just to park my car. I might go on Saturday, or visit Paramount Studios again just for fun, but perhaps I won't and work on my conferences instead.

I should be working on my film scripts, like putting online everything I wrote for X Films, and witness them freak out afterwards because they have the rights despite the fact that I wrote these three film scripts myself. I should also develop new ideas and scripts and put them online. And think about how I am going to pitch all my

ideas. It was at the back of my mind also to find an agent, though I have no idea where to start. I somehow need to let L.A. know that I have arrived in town.

I will admit that at the moment, this is so far from my mind and my immediate priorities. I really do need to work hard in my job, and I am up to a bad start as you will read below in the Mycroft Holmes Blog, which so far you are the only one on the planet to be able to read it, despite my fans out there who wish for anything new that I write.

I really hope you will call and that we will meet for a coffee or a beer. I certainly hope for any friend, it would just be great if that friend was you.

Until 27 November I am living in the luxury Oakwood apartments in Woodlands Hills (apt. C303) at the crossing of Victory Bl. and Topanga Canyon Bl., and my phone number is: 818.595.1703. I will move after that, hopefully next door to the Avalon at Warner.

I work at Infocast ([www.infocastinc.com](http://www.infocastinc.com)) and my phone number there is: 818.888.4445, Ext. 11. Please call, and let's just go for a beer. I am certain you will not regret it.

Regards,

**Roland Michel Tremblay**

<http://www.crownedanarchist.com>

<http://www.themarginal.com>

**Mycroft Holmes in Hollywood**

Mycroft Holmes in L.A. blog 24 October 2005

Four last days of work in London, six days before my departure. I have been playing so hard recently at reorganizing my life using my pseudo-technique of changing my

future, and convincing myself that what I wanted was actually already a reality, that every time I walk on Westminster bridge to go to the pub on my lunch hour, I am questioning what is real and what is not. I fear that I dreamt up this whole business of moving to L.A. and that any day now I will wake up in a different timeline where I might have never heard of this job in Los Angeles.

It seems a bit too convenient to wish something and get it almost right away, no matter how huge is the dream. I have problems to adapt to the fact that I can actually achieve what I want just by wishing it and believing it, without any doubt. It really puts a twist on this reality, it feels much more like I am in some sort of Matrix and any day now I will be contacted by Morpheus.

I am also worried that I might just be completely mad and ready for the asylum. I feel this is not real, none of it, nothing in this life. It is just like a dream, a real one, and I am in control, however it would be easy to start doubting and lose it all. Get back to something I don't particularly want. That's how I feel, I am questioning reality, and at the same time I feel like I am reaching a new understanding of the mechanisms of existence, which have nothing to do with how I interpreted existence for the first 30 years of my life.

There are a set of values and reasons to exist that I had build up in my mind which was my personal philosophy of life, which is now to be rethink completely in light of the facts that I can change my future and make it the exact way I want. What does this say about my role and the role of each human being in this universe? How can I now picture this world we live in? Am I just making the best of some natural physical laws, am I tapping into some sort of ESP power that many mediums on this planet have been exploiting for centuries without being able to express and identify what was exactly happening, since just about every scientific mind just reject whatever it is that they can actually achieve?

Is this why I don't consider these possibilities, because it is just crazy and impossible in the first place? How can I doubt it now? When everything I wished for in the last few months became a reality? Except perhaps winning at the lottery, however I admit that I was unable to believe that I would win, since the probabilities seemed too impossible for my poor mind. So I do have limits, I truly need to believe that

whatever I want can actually happen. And if it is that easy to believe, it is also very easy to doubt at the last minute and lose it all.

So I have to believe that this reality is very much a virtual one, that matter and energy can be interchanged at will, that I have enough brain power to change the configuration of this world, or at the very least, I can switch between parallel universes or realities at will. And whatever I can think of, whatever I can dream up, can easily become the reality I will be evolving in.

Do I still have things to learn then? Obstacles to overcome just so I can acquire some sort of experience I would perhaps have set myself at a subconscious level? I am not sure anymore. What about karma, and what you do comes around? Not so sure anymore. You could still be a bad person and be happy and succeed beyond any hope. There would not be any punishment. The consequences are after all just virtual and ultimately affect only one person, myself.

No one else is actually real, I can switch it all, change it all, in one day. It could only truly affect me if I believed in some sort of moral and ethical code and I was actually adhering to it. Because then, doing something bad would make me depressed, when in fact there is no need to and I could get away with murder without even giving it a second thought. Not that I intend anyway to change my way of thinking morally and ethically, on the contrary. However I do not believe anymore in a system of punishment, or should I?

Perhaps this is all bullocks and it does not change anything if suddenly I can change my future or not. Perhaps it was always there, I just never believed it in the first place, and my success rate was near to zero, when now it is at 90%. I cannot ignore this anymore, it took me five years to get back at working at changing my future, I cannot stop again. I have to get somewhere, and then I will see what I can do, what I should do. Because this also escapes me.

Is life just a game? Or has it got some sort of higher purpose? I have absolutely no answer, not even a clue. I had the time to build myself a philosophy of life using bits and pieces found everywhere, from every philosophy and religion, and now I guess it is time to throw all that away.



Only simple observations of where I am and what my potential is, need to be considered. Take it one day at a time, and reassess every day what is going on, what this life could all be about. Perhaps my existence has more in store for me, to surprise me and excite me. I certainly need any kind of motivation, just to remain alive and continue to work for no apparent good reason.

Will L.A. bring me all the answers, or at least a bit more of the answers I am looking for?

Mycroft Holmes in L.A. blog 27 October 2005

This is my last day working in Westminster. How do I feel? Like a zombie, even though I went to bed early the last two nights. I have this strange feeling that I am leaving into a space ship to go across the solar system and even perhaps outside of it, maybe in the direction of Tau Ceti. I have said before that I was ready for such a destiny, that I was waiting to get out of the solar system as quickly as the technology would permit, and that I would invent it if necessary. Well, going to L.A. is probably the closest I will ever get to such a voyage.

It is certainly on the other side of the planet as far as London is concerned, it is also the heaviest place psychologically where someone can land, the archetype over that city is simply huge and out of proportion. Probably because in itself it is a city which has been built mostly on ideas, like a virtual city. I'm sure L.A. is completely different from what these films and books have brought us. Reality will be hard to accept once I discover that my life there will be as miserable as it has been in Paris, London or Brussels. I just hope it won't reach the bottom level I felt in Toronto. However it is unlikely.

I can no longer deny that my life has been to produce conferences. It has now been ten full years in London, doing just that. This is how I have been able to survive, to buy all my gadgets, and it is now the reason why I am leaving for L.A. Was it just a mean to get somewhere else, to finally escape the event horizon? This hate-love affair is far from being over, since I just signed a contract with a company who want a career man. And it is not excluded in my mind that this is it, my very last career

move might be the company I will be with for 10 years, instead of the usual 1 to 2 years. It would mean that I finally found the right job, management, where apart from thinking and writing reports, I won't have to actually produce conferences.

My last day! This is the last time I am in Putney, on my way to London Waterloo. Tonight it will be Waterloo to Putney to Isleworth for perhaps the last time, at the very least for a long time. I have seen it enough in the last decade to not feel sad about it.

I feel so weird this morning, and we're going to the pub at lunch time for a farewell drink, I hope I won't do anything stupid. I certainly feel right now like climbing on the roof of the train and sing and dance all the energy contained in my little body. It would be my luck to just faint and fall on the track two days before my liberation, my escape, my revolution. As it is how I perceive this move to L.A.

Clapham Junction, for the very last time. If Canada were my destination on Saturday, I would feel devastated for losing this feeling of reaching that busiest station in Europe. As it stands, I'll be glad to forget all the transfers I did here on my way to Victoria in my first two years in London. Now I really feel like dancing and shouting to the top of my lungs, L.A. here I come. No matter the consequences, no matter the consequences.

I fear I will very much look like an alien in L.A. I have nothing like the stars' look. My clothes are more like the ones of a poor poet who never actually connected with reality in the first place. I have no clue about society, certainly not the high society of Hollywood. Even English for me is a problem, and I miss the meaning of most expressions. Anyway, I would be lucky to even meet this sort of society, I never did in Paris or in London, what can I hope for in L.A.?

I must trust that destiny is leading me somewhere and that I will get there eventually. But it has to move fast, I need to move fast, everything needs to happen within weeks, not months and years. I need my way out of conferences, I need my freedom, and unfortunately this means success and money. I can't think of anything else which could bring me the sort of freedom that I wish for.

29 October 2005

That is it, I am now flying over the Atlantic, on my way to Los Angeles via Toronto. Apparently there is no more difference between the U.S. and Canadian customs, and therefore I will actually enter both Canada and the U.S. once in Toronto, all at the same time. I was not sure what to think, to rejoice that one major step will now be eliminated, and I will only have to suffer the pain of being frightened at the customs again only once, or if I should start to worry that perhaps my dear Mr. Bush has decided to take over the Canadian borders and, Canadians being so nice for no good reason, being in their nature, have let Bush take over. My only hope is that it will make it much simpler for me to get my visa.

Although everything is completely legal, you never know when the law is still in the hands of people who enjoy wrecking entire lives just to prove to themselves they have a little power in this world. Their doubts is all they need to stop you right there from accomplishing your destiny. However, after years of experience dealing with European democracy and immigration, I am not afraid anymore.

Twice in the plane I had a panic attack, finally having a glimpse of what it is that I have done. It seems to me that I never had the chance to think this through, to understand the implications. Hell, I had not even started to pack last night at 21h. As a result I did not sleep last night and at the moment I am like suspended in time since we are going back in time at the right speed for time to stop.

So God knows how I will survive the day until we reach Los Angeles. I have become so emotional, this morning before we left I picked up the Myrmicat, squeezed her and could not stop crying. It was so embarrassing, because of the taxi driver. Stephen appeared quite pleased at my reaction, it was like a proof that I actually love them, and was not just abandoning them.

You work and work without ever stopping, five days a week, three hours of travel a day, and on the weekend you are rushing all these things you feel you need to do to make this life worthwhile, otherwise there would only be work and sleep, and then, in these conditions, death would be most welcome. So at the end of your seven days, you realize that you never even took one minute to think about what you are

actually doing, you just went over the obstacle as if it was just another hurdle, and everything would be better afterwards. But then I woke up yesterday and realized I had to abandon my life after 10 years, the person I love and my cats, to go and live somewhere alone, in a place I know nothing about.

Is it a mistake? I just can't believe it, it was so easy, it really felt from the sky, and in a few hours I get my visa, then really it was so effortless you wonder what happened to the concept of adventure. And I want it to be painless, in the end it makes no difference to what you learn in life if you are confronted by walls, after walls. There are other things that need to be learnt, some other goals which need to be reached. Useless to spend your life worrying about immigration, writing about it as if it was your whole life and nothing else ever existed. You might as well go home then, since it would definitely not be worth it.

There are other things I can learn in L.A., and I hope I will learn them without it being too painful. After all, I am there to write and reach out, perhaps I am the one who has an experience to communicate, and L.A., as I was saying before, will give me that chance. Though at the moment it does look hopeless, stuck working for a conference company. It is at any rate much better than being a waiter. Or is it? I could not even be a waiter if I wanted to now. Only high profile and high paying jobs can keep me in the United States since it is the only way to get a visa.

31 October, 5 am

I made it! I am right now at the dawn of something, not sure what yet, and it is a bit frightening. I would not say that I am scared, but close to it. I am on my balcony right now, it is 5 am, I am right in the Valley, though I have no idea which valley this is or where I am exactly. The stars offer quite a sight, even if I know that only a few can be seen in a city as large as Los Angeles. My first day at work in a few hours, I am ready to explode.

If I was afraid of rejection, my first day has been quite successful. Already in the lobby of the hotel-apartments complex where I live, a woman came to me and told me her life story in no less than two hours. Offering me dreams and opportunities like moving to France with her and start a business, anything, and then offering me

to build a glass house on her land in the north of California so I could write all day without having to worry for a job. Now, how likely is it that any of that would actually happen? Close to zero. Some people would offer you anything just to have friendship, and I know that these friendships are too demanding for any human beings. Somehow she got from me my room number and the address where I will work. I'm sure I have not heard the last of her, and Stephen is freaking out about it.

And then I went to Ralph's to buy some food. Everyone was over nice, talking to me like if a huge earthquake just happened and they were suddenly so desperate to talk to someone about it that even strangers would do. Well, it is what would be required for anyone in England to even talk to you, they don't even say sorry when they cut you in the grocery store.

I don't know what is wrong with these Americans, they are so opened, so willing to meet new people, it is madness. I feel a strong sense of community, I suddenly feel part of something larger than just my small person. I am no longer this individual lost amongst millions, but a component of some greater family called the human race. Somehow I feel this is only temporary and a false sort of feeling that usually happens when you first move somewhere. Every time I moved into a new country, I always met helpful people ready to do anything for me without anything in return, and in time this subsides and it is life as normal. As if destiny knew I needed help and all these possibilities were suddenly falling on my doorstep.

I have to be careful though, not to fall into any trap or friendship I don't want. Not to believe anything anyone says because it is likely that they won't deliver even on their friendship. It could easily become a nightmare. At the same time, I need to have some wisdom, and be able to understand when people are genuine and have a lot to offer. Obviously I feel I have a lot to offer, however I know certain friendships are doomed from the start. I need to give myself some time to let anything else happen and take it from there.

I am now more worried about my first day at work. Can I deliver on all the promises I have done? Am I this genius guy who will sort them out through my past experience? I have met one of the girls I will be working with, along with her wonderful and peaceful new husband of two weeks yesterday at the Airport. God she

is nice, strong personality, these are people I would love to have as friends. Her husband works in the music industry, in the licensing I believe, and probably about the use of this music in films. I see no opportunity there except for good friendship, and this is good.

Perhaps all my dreams and expectations about succeeding in the movie industry have also subsided since my arrival. I am not sure if it is because I feel that being here or in London makes no difference to my success. And I just have to continue slowly to work on my projects in my little corner, and hope for other extraordinary events in my life which might most likely come from my inbox by e-mails than meeting the right people. Or perhaps it is that I have other worries right now, like this new job and find a new apartment. Both are huge tasks to accomplish, and I am hopeful that I will succeed in being happy. I am not certain if my budget will allow me something nice close to where I will be working. And I know I will need a car, because just walking to the grocery store took me 30 minutes, and I had to come back in a taxi. However the taxi driver was a Canadian woman from Toronto and she was, as expected, very talkative and helpful.

I just don't know what to expect next. I have to get ready to go to work.

2 November 2005

Do I deserve so much attention? So much niceties? A company going the next 100 extra miles to help me and even my boyfriend to move in L.A. forever and ever? I feel guilty so much effort put into my happiness here. I have not exactly been used to that with any of my previous employers, I was more like, treated like shit in any of the jobs I ever had. What is it that they think they will get in return? Am I worth it? That is the frightening thought, the idea that I might not be worth all the effort.

So far so good, I think they think, they're getting there money's worth. It is not exactly what their number one employee thought though, and yesterday I lost patience with him. He crossed the line with me, and I was ready to go back to London without even giving it a second thought. Los Angeles is not the end of the world as far as I am concerned, and I have not one single idea about how and why my career in cinema and television could go any further now that I am here.

Anyway, he was freaking out because I knew nothing about the financial world, especially in America. And he was panicking more and more, and went into some sort of crisis every time he understood that I did not have a clue about what was a private equity, a venture capitalist or project management financial plan. I almost shouted at him back that "no, I did not know anything about that American capitalist crap, and that I had no desire to learn it either".

So, what he did after his lunch break, is exactly what I expected he would do. He went back to all the bosses, trying very hard to convince them that I was not only ignorant of everything, but on top of it, I was quite insubordinate. It must have thrown him into a spin, this office is filled with Yes Sir/Yes Madam type of employees. The anarchists ones like me must have left a long time ago, I thought.

So he tried, he then kind of disappeared for the rest of the afternoon and I was expecting at any time to be put on the side by one of my bosses to let me know I had been out of line and that it was not acceptable. And I was ready to tell them that once again a damn employer had hired an employee without giving him any clue about what he would actually be doing. And that is simply not acceptable. And that if they felt they had made a mistake with me, I would gladly go back to London. And all it would have cost them is a plane ticket, one month accommodation and an immigration lawyer.

The very next morning I had a new best friend, who came back to me sheepishly talking to me with a big smile. In fact I had a two hour meeting with him where he could only speak while laughing. Must have been difficult to appear as appreciative as that, when I know for a fact that an old tree like him must have hated every second of it. He was defeated, I had won. Somehow I doubt this is the end of the problem. Why, oh why, is there always a fucking bastard in every single job I ever had? The one who will work very hard at destroying me at every corner? Why can't it be simple for once?

Well, he came back saying jokingly that I must be the one person in the world who has worked for every single big conference company in the world, and that I must be unique, that no one else must have that much experience. Could he truly suddenly

believe this? Was he trying to dig again, saying that I simply cannot keep a job? Try to keep a job in conferences for years, in this industry filled with bastards and backstabbers. Oh yeah, I had the extraordinary opportunity to have known them all, to the point where only suicide was my only way out.

He had finally been told who I was and why it is that I had been imported from the UK to work here. I just hope that his sudden change of heart is sincere, that he now understands the potential that his bosses see in me, and why they are bending over to help me like crazy. Oh god, I hope he is not hopeless and will not play these mind games with me. I am quite prepared to go over this and appreciate him for the man he appears to be. A good man at heart with whom I feel I could work with. Somehow, they never change, it can only get worse.

The only other possible bitch, and somehow there is always one in every company, is the woman in charge of admin, payroll and HR. She could easily turn into a monster, she is also in charge of finding out who's late and who's sick, and who is leaving early (30 minutes after the normal hour is considered too early). So far she has been very nice to me, over nice in fact, I could almost believe that she will not turn out to be a bitch. I know better. I will have to break my back for them, I know that much, and thankfully, I do intend to break my back for them. It pays off when you are working for a family instead of a corporation who does not even know who you are and what you do for them, even after years of success. So it might just work.

We went for a perfect lunch with my bosses, Stephen and I. It was to present them my baby, and they were impressed. They want to employ him, perhaps because he made it clear that he would not come to L.A. if he could not work. He told them that he was quite traumatized by the US custom guy in Toronto. I had to balance that, I said that I could not believe that, despite the hell of the questioning, never in my life of living in all those weird countries and dealing with their immigration bureaucracy, had I got a visa within 20 minutes. I felt it was almost too easy. Of course, this was so only for two reasons, first I did not care if I did not get the visa, I was happy to go back. Second, I knew my case was too perfect despite what he was saying, he would have had no choice but to let me go in the end. He did not frighten me with his directness, lack of respect, treating me like shit. I knew the game, it is the game of the prisoner or the patient at a psychologist, who needs to convince the authority



that he is a changed man in order to gain his freedom, when in fact he is probably worst for it for having gone through that process from hell. And if he was not ready before to annihilate the world, he certainly is now, disgusted as he must be for so much bollocks.

So I was quite calm while the custom officer was getting excited. I had the perfect answer every time. So I got the visa. End of story. However it seems to have convinced Stephen that he will never get his own visa, so he almost decided to not even try. The true reason however is his six cats, his three tortoises, his 30 fish and crabs and his two snakes. Add to this his flat that he will need to rent, and that is just too much for him. Also that he is not impressed by Los Angeles, there is nothing here apart from me to motivate him to sacrifice everything at home. He is also convinced that both his parents could die within the next six months. That certainly does not help my case. I think he will never make the jump. He did not appear that impressed when I told him today that his sort of job interview at lunch time with my bosses had been successful. That they saw him as the new head of the future telemarketing department. God, we are so not ambitious, it is ridiculous, almost a shame in the society we are living in.

So what do I think of Los Angeles so far? Nothing. I have been stuck in my little block in the Valley for five days now, it might as well have been anywhere else on the planet, it would have made no difference. No car means that we cannot go anywhere, the bus system sucks so much, one passes every hour, if it passes, and it never goes anywhere. There are not even cabs in sight, you need to call them, they take 30 minutes to arrive. Los Angeles must be the only city in the world without a proper public transport system, and somehow they even got rid of the cabs by preventing the companies from getting licenses. As a consequence, everyone bought a car, must be a way to get the economy running.

Finding an apartment is not easy either. The place is either like a fortress and costs a fortune or it is filled with Mexicans and there is so much violence, like random shooting in the streets, that only a desperate person would ever rent a flat there. Well, I am not that desperate, I have a \$60,000 a year salary for god's sake, I am not about to be shot for no good reason, even though there would be a nice poetic justice to this, considering my state of mind in the last few years. I would not mind

dying on the streets of Los Angeles. However, with my luck it would probably be beatings and robberies, and they would leave me there for dead when I would still be alive and depressed. So I guess I will have to live in one of these prisons where they charge a fortune for an unfurnished little living room with a bed coming down from the wall.

10 November 2005

I have destroyed it now. A second argument, in that many weeks. How many more can we have before I give up and decide to go back to London? What are my options? What are his options? It is clear that by now he has identified me as a real problem, and he told my bosses. Another damn Manager with whom I simply just cannot work with. And it is my entire fault. Though he can probably also take some of the blame.

What went wrong? What is it that does not click between us? He said so himself, he is easy going, everyone loves working with him, he looks like a nice guy. Is it just me? Am I unable to accept any kind of authority and criticism?

I am certain that if I were to do a search on the Internet under statistics, survey and Managers, I would discover that it is the same story for a large portion of the population, when it comes to their wonderful relationship with their direct line Manager. However there are ways to deal with this, and I am just unable to deal with this kind of shit. It was clear in my face that I was disgusted, ready to pack my bags and get out. Only \$5,000 down the drain, but I would feel justified, personality conflict with my manager. I just don't like him, his voice in the background makes all my body hair stand.

Is there something that I don't know? Something eating him and I am just suffering the consequences as a by-product? Or have I succeeded in alienating him completely with my own behavior? Let's review this, so I can understand it better.

Last week... I can't remember what it was last week. It was so stupid, so unimportant, that I have already forgotten. However I am very much living with the consequences now. I basically spotted the problem on the very first day, if I

remember correctly. Even if I still have no idea what the problem was, but there was something. He has been annoyed with me from the first minute I walked into that office. I'm sure it was not his decision to hire me, as it was not the one of my boss either. It was his wife.

Last week, I thought it was my lack of knowledge in the topic of their conferences and his impatience with me. This week, it is that I appeared to have been doing everything else except what he asked me to do. I also take forever to do anything, because I have so many other things on the side to sort out. He wants me 150% right away, it is just impossible, not after what I have just been through. For God's sake, I have been here less than two weeks and I am far from being sorted.

Feeling somehow guilty because my bosses appear to see so much potential in me, whilst they are perhaps completely mistaken, I worked so fucking hard writing them four more long reports about my past experience. And these reports, they did not specifically ask for them, but they did indirectly, with their questions and their desire to know more. I thought they would have been over the moon by now. I have not heard a single word about my reports. It is like if I had never written them. Perhaps I have freaked them out by giving them sensitive files from the competitors, even if Telecoms is not related at all with what they are doing and these files are between 5 to 10 years old. Maybe they feel I will eventually do the same with their files, who knows. Too late now to go back. They certainly asked for such files in my first reports, and it was a direct request.

So I spent Monday and Tuesday writing these reports, because I did not have enough of the weekend to do so. I had already spent 6 hours this weekend finishing the work that the Manager asked of me. This also went over their heads, it seems that they can believe this can be done in two hours, when it took me days. I am sorry, either they had exemplary employees and they worked very hard and very quickly, which I doubt, or they have careless employees who are quite happy to do a half job at every turn. So now it looks as if I am wasting time, when in fact I am just being thorough. It is in my nature, but I am learning right now to forgo my nature and become a careless employee as well, as long as I can finish the job within two hours instead of two days. The secret must be to give them just enough to be able to

pretend we have done a thorough job when in fact I would certainly not based any business decisions on that botched work.

When I told him that in the last two days I was writing reports for my bosses, he checked, and unfortunately they did not support me. They told him they had not asked me to write these reports. So twice now he tried to tell me that I was bullshitting him. Of course, I was hoping my reports would be well received and that they would defend me. It has not happen, I think they felt my reports were useless. I also believed that it was a ridiculous thought that I could have believed for one second that a company hiring a Management Consultant would change anything of how they are conducting their business. If it works, why would you change anything? In fact, why would you even hire a Management Consultant with a salary of \$60,000 a year? It is so puzzling, I am losing sleep over this. I cannot make head or tail of my situation.

My Manager, who is in fact a Director, has no experience whatsoever about the type of events I am working on. In fact, the only person who has any sort of experience about this is my good friend sitting next to me, the one who welcomed me at the LAX airport. She is just a Manager but was recently told that she was a Director of her events, because of what I wrote in one of my early reports. This perhaps has killed the faith of my Line Director. He was one of two Directors before, now he is afraid they will all soon be called Directors, and it is my fault. He told me today to not listen to her, to not even discuss my event with her, since he may want to do everything differently. Except, he has no clue about how to go about it, and she does. It is a big dilemma for me, since I will have to do that damn event which will take me six months to do, just that. This is how complicated they are.

He is an old tree, and he fights back any kind of change whatsoever. Only my first two reports had an impact so far, slight changes, and it might already be too much for him. He must be dreading the new decisions which could be made because of my reports, so he is certainly not happy that I concentrate on that instead of his ridiculous lists I need to research on the Internet all day. Everything I have done so far should have been done by an assistant they could have paid almost nothing. Especially that this company is based on people who have assistants, half the

company has the word assistant in their job titles. Something I have always suggested they change for Executives, since it would help them in their job.

It is sad when someone has so much potential, so many good ideas, and the experience to back it up, but is prevented in doing anything because change is a frightening thought. So their Management Consultant will actually be a Conference Producer instead, and just an assistant at that. Which is fine by me, with that kind of salary in a country where the standard of living goes through the roof. However I would have liked to have been told that I would only be that assistant, I wish I could be told now so I would know where I stand. I can adapt to that, no problems. I feel there is a conflict at the moment in the management lair, and I am powerless to do anything about it. I just suffer the wrath of their Directors and, since I cannot just let it go down my back like water on a duck, the situation might just explode. I certainly have no experience as a Management Consultant. The only thing I know now, is that their second job title should be Executive Director, so they would have the power to crush the little people who cannot accept any change.

I am sure it also fries him that despite my young age compared to him, I have perhaps as much experience if not more in the world of conferences. And not only that, from just about every big competitors they have. So my bosses appear to have told him that the little moron that I am has more experience than the old tree that he is. Of course, he can only see me as someone without any experience whatsoever, called upon to make all the wrong decisions when he knows it all and is probably the one who should have changed his title to Management Consultant. However his experience is limited to the one company he has worked for, for perhaps 17 years.

So you can understand my problem, and I am starting to understand it better myself. Perhaps I had just no realized that I would be perceived as a threat. And now that I have realized that, I will be more amused by his little panic attacks. I just wished that I was certain that my own analysis of the situation was right. At the moment I can only see that this week I have taken the piss, working on reports to satisfy my bosses, when I should have been trying to please my Line Director. I did assess that situation at the beginning of this week, I quickly surmised that it was

more important for me to show my bosses I was indispensable, instead of searching the Internet all day for the Director.

And somehow something tells me that it will pay off. The reactions of my bosses must have been to calm him down, to keep the right balance. Secretly I am sure they are reading every single word I have written and that soon they will not only appreciate me, they will change everything.

Oh, I feel so much better now! I just hope I am right. And if I am right, I am glad that I am learning so quickly. Something which would not have been possible if I had not written it all down tonight, after drinking three beers in a row.

I feel like I have acquired some sort of wisdom now. When walking back from work, what was on my mind, was more: I am unmanageable, a crisis will develop, I am useless, I just can't work with anyone. I need to start my own business or else I will just be going from job to job, suffering with my line manager for six months to a year, before I leave right after the whole thing crumbles to dust behind me. Now, instead of panicking back at my panicking Director, I can just sit back, relax, and look at him destroy himself.

Don't get me wrong, I would like it to be different, I am certain he is the best employee they ever had and will ever have. It is important that he stays. His reaction can only be explained by the fact that they did not include him in any of the real management discussions. As a result he now feels as if all this change is not necessary and superfluous. And to be honest, I feel that he is right. However I have been hired to tell my own experience, analyze it and propose solutions. So I am doing what I am being paid for. It is their decisions to apply my suggestions or not. And the old tree is completely right if he states: what the fuck does he know about this business? Completely right, I am sure he knows more than I will ever do. But I don't care, I have to fulfill my role and somehow I feel I will appreciate that role, even if heads will have to roll over.

No one gives me shit, or else I am leaving. I don't care if it is after two hours on the job. But now it is not as simple. I am asking for trouble with a title like Management Consultant. I represent a real danger. So I have to adapt my attitude and behavior,

ultimately they will always lose over me. Otherwise, why hire a Management Consultant, if not to implement changes? And old trees, if they cannot accept the changes, it is written in the book, they will need to go. Let's try to save them, by all means, but if they become unmanageable, recalcitrant, what we can we do? Here is the door my friend. Start your own business if you feel that you have all the knowledge in the world to do so.

And this is exactly how I feel right now. I feel I know so much about the conference world, especially after writing so many reports in the last year, that it is a waste that I should tell people what to do. I should do it myself. However, let's not forget that I just declared bankruptcy. For whatever the reasons. But who cares? Getting money to finance projects, is what all our conferences are about right now. And all these people have no money, just a promising product or service which cannot fail (though in most cases it will fail miserably). And my company could not fail either, because I know what failed and what succeeded all over the damn place, all over the world, in virtually all the main conference companies. Just a shame that I could not care less about the conference world and I am still trying very hard to free myself from it. Somehow I thought L.A. would help me achieve that dream, so let's not destroy everything before it actually happens.

What is also funny, is that if it was my own business, I would not follow any my suggestions, I would do everything completely differently. This is something I have recently realized, it is never the same when it is not your own company. If it was your own, you would act and behave completely differently. Because then, you would actually care. Something no employee ever has been able to do. We just don't care, we're just employees trying to survive our day, to get a pay check, and somehow still have a life outside of work if possible.

Have I got the time or the energy to talk about the fact that the company is trying to get my boyfriend over to lead their telemarketing team? Nope.

**Roland Michel Tremblay**

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**De :** Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@crownedanarchist.com]

**Envoyé :** 06 April 2006 20:39

**À :** Mycroft

**Cc :** 'Roland Michel Tremblay'

**Objet :** Blog 14 - Final Personal Blog to Mycroft - Roland Michel Tremblay

**Dear Mycroft ,**

Don't know if you remember me, since I don't know if you ever took the time to read my blogs to you. It is a whole book now. Hope you don't mind if this gets published one day, but since you never answered, I'm sure you could not really mind. Don't worry, I won't say to whom this was destined. They won't be able to even guess it. The word X won't even appear anywhere.

I wrote to you the first time on June 23, 2004, it is my fourteenth email to you. It has almost been two years now. I had the time to move to Los Angeles, dreaming about what you wrote in your books, dreaming that the kind of life you had, it could also be mine, from a writer's point of view.

I am about ready to go back to London now, one or two more months, and then that's it, I had enough of Los Angeles.

I did not try to meet anyone, I have not gone anywhere, I have not met anyone yet, except one gifted actor/musician/inventor/writer who's been in a lot of films, but never in important roles. Now he concentrates on his music, and I have to say, he is about to make it big, real big, with a bunch of investors on his back, and a string of great songs, unfortunately a bit too much like Celine Dion for my taste. But hey, that's what we'll make him rich and will allow us to go much further in film production.



He is also very well versed in science fiction, theoretical physics, and he is a gifted writer. With such talents, it is amazing he is not on IMDB yet. I have however proofs that everything he says is true, I've been to his place in North Hollywood, he's not bullshitting (even if he is a bit annoying, and filled with psychological problems, just like everyone else I have met in Hollywood since I have arrived). Maybe you know his name? Never got any credits, just like me, despite being in over a hundred films, and played against great actors (too many to name here, but you would be impressed, or like me, unimpressed by it all). His name is Leonardo.

Within a month I will be meeting X who's been in a few episodes, I will meet X who has written many books and episodes, and most importantly, I'll be meeting X. Not bad, if that is all I manage to do in my six or seven months in L.A., must be destiny, I must be destined to something great. Sometimes I let myself believe that, especially when I am drunk.

With that musician, we're working on a big budget sci-fi film, epic, would cost 200 millions minimum to produce. God knows if this will happen. We're quite advanced, it is much better than I thought it would be. His ideas about the structure of the universe were key, I have to say. He's a genius. But my imagination and my skills at building a whole story around it was the catalyst. I'll know more once I meet X, perhaps within a week, if I wish it.

Of course, I'll mention you as one of the main roles, who knows, this is maybe how we will finally meet. The role I'm thinking of for you, is the role that was designed for me. Of course, with that kind of money, I won't be in it. The guy is named Roland, he is a gay in the closet, he is also a Theoretical Physicist who figured out a way, via my shrinking theory, to move a ship outside the universe, bearing the last 1000 survivors of the planet. It sounds boring like that, even cliché, but I'm not allowed to tell you more. You will have to believe me when I'm telling you that this is as huge as The Matrix, in terms of scale and renewal of the Sci-Fi genre. We're all beyond excited with it, because we know this is something new, original and simply huge. I know, you must have heard that thousands of times, but this is my turn now, and if I want to see it becoming a reality, I have to believe that it is possible.

I was told by my friend, whom I told about my obsession with you, that the people I was going to meet could certainly arrange for me to meet you. Easy he said, since they are so powerful in Hollywood. But I thought, no. I can send you emails, if you did not want to meet me before, why should I go around that using big names, powerful Hollywood connections? It would be beyond embarrassing.

In fact, what could I say to you if I were to meet you? Nothing, you would be bored out of your mind within minutes. I'm already frightened out of my wits at the idea of meeting X. What will I say to him, tell me? I could have met him weeks ago, I walked in front of his house in Venice Beach with my friend, the canals, I stopped it from happening. It did not seem to be the right time just yet. But I will meet him before I go, that's for sure. I could meet with him tomorrow morning, my musician friend is the best friend of all these people. They were impressed with the film script, they want to meet me, I don't know what to do. Don't worry, I'll unfroze when I realize that I am leaving for sure, that's what I'm waiting for, knowing my departure date, then I'll feel that I need to do everything I can to make sure I've got my ticket back to Los Angeles.

Anyway, better have more of the script before meeting them. The longer I wait, the better it is. X would also be one of the main actors, if somehow that is possible when you're talking about that kind of budget. And somehow, I'm sure X will want to rewrite everything, so he can also be a part of it. I don't mind, I don't care, even if it is all my own ideas in the end. I just want that thing to work so I can finally be free to write all day. That's what I really want.

And for that, tonight, I am thinking of emailing my poetry book to all the poetry publishers in England and Canada, and find a few in the US. God knows, this is maybe where it will happen first for me in the English market. I have attached that book for you, if you are interested. And my blogs, so you'll know exactly where everything stands, if you have the courage to read the hundred of pages I have written in the last five months. No one is more prolific than I, that I know. Your interest will be the Kiddo's blog in L.A. (me).

So, dear Mycroft, wouldn't it be nice to meet on the set of a huge sci-fi film, guaranteed blockbuster, you as Roland (me), starting the film in New Mexico, where

your wife get's killed, so you can accept an offer to move to the Moon colony with your daughter to work on a way to get out of this damn universe? I'll fight for it, maybe it will happen. The ultimate, one of the main actors of the best sci-fi series, more brownie points with the fans. With Tory Amos as the wife of X, I think it would be perfect, my second suggestion in the script. Instead of her, they're talking about X, or something like that. She was in X apparently. Not too sure about that. Who is she anyway?

Oh well, anyway, I hope you are having a nice life. I've disconnected from your blog, the TV, and just about everything else since I have arrived in L.A. I've been too busy writing and working in conferences. And also writing three books I parallel, two are now finished. And now I am about to go back to London to start my own conference business, just in case none of that Hollywood crap works. I have to think short term, and right now I had enough of working for bosses, I'll become my own boss.

Not sure yet how I will find the money to start this conference business, and survive the first few months until we find our first sponsors, but I have to make this happen, because I simply cannot stand doing conferences for others when I could do it for myself. Not even sure yet what will be the winning topics, perhaps some sort of Sci-Fi convention will do. My business plan is almost ready. Something else I had the time to write while I was in Los Angeles. Never been so prolific, I tell you.

Might be my last personal blog ever to you, by the way. Once I put Hollywood behind, I'm sorry to say, you're part of that. I'm sure it will make no difference to you whatsoever. But it will to me, it is symbolic, I'll leave all that behind. Unless that film script goes anywhere, my very last chance with X, I'm turning my back on Hollywood. Never want to hear about it ever again, I'm moving on with my life. I'll write books instead, and continue to be published, at the very least in the French world, and hopefully in English soon. That's what I'll be concentrating on.

Have a nice life if I don't contact you just before I leave L.A.

Regards,

**Roland Michel Tremblay**

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