

On a Drunken Night

Once drunk, life happens

By

Roland Michel Tremblay

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Life is very simple. You drink too much late at night whilst having just finished writing your last novel, and instead of starting a new one, you waste precious time listening and watching the people you admire most, and to write to them instead of creating your own stuff. Well, if I am crazy enough to write a full book to one of my icons, I am certainly crazy enough to put it online. So here it is, RM's Letters to Mycroft 2 (not his real name, of course), one of the most important French singers, in perhaps the most influential French band of all times. Though all my letters have been sent to him, there's no guarantee he has ever read them or ever will.

The introduction is in French, but you can jump over it and start reading the letters which are in English except one. I am not even certain if he understands English, but who cares? These letters are written as much for myself than they are for him, since I always assume that none of them will ever reach him.

I am not telling you who it is that I am writing to, simply because the interest of these letters is more an exploration of my own psyche once completely drunk. It is innocent, naïve, raw and genuine. And so it is charming to see myself like that, when in reality I am so different than this person talking here.

When one is drunk, life happens.

Roland Michel Tremblay

Note: shit, there is no point hiding to whom I am writing, so I won't.

Envoyé le 7 décembre 2007 à 23h00 via

<http://www.myspace.com/sirkisnicola>

Message 0 à Nicola Sirkis de Roland Michel Tremblay

Introduction

Bonsoir Nicola,

Enfin, après quelques nuits noires où j'avais bu un peu trop d'alcool, après avoir trop écouté les chansons et les vidéos d'Indochine, comme ça j'ai commencé à t'écrire des lettres.

Premièrement je les envoyais à Indochine.fr, mais alors je savais bien que cela ne se rendrait pas jusqu'à toi. Après le quatrième message (que je te ferai parvenir ce soir et cette nuit), j'ai tout mis en ligne sur deux forums Indochine.

Sur le premier forum ça a passé inaperçu, mais sur le deuxième ça a créé une crise inexplicable. Des milliers de lecteurs plus tard et une centaine de réponses, ils ont fermé la discussion et je leur ai demandé de faire sauter mon seul message sur leur forum, mes lettres à toi. Je n'ai plus l'intention de poster quoi que ce soit sur ces forums, je ne le fais d'ailleurs jamais.

Mais tout cela n'a pas été peine perdue, car un membre m'a pointé vers ton site myspace dont j'ignorais l'existence. Il m'a également dit que tu étais le seul à entretenir ce site, et donc, c'était le seul endroit où envoyer mes lettres.

Aussi, quand j'ai le courage d'écrire ça, il est tard la nuit, et alors je suis vraiment dans un état avancé d'alcool. Je ne prends pas de drogue, heureusement. Alors l'anglais me vient plus naturellement. Et je pense que tu dois bien comprendre l'anglais ? Sinon tant pis, je traduirai le tout si tu le désires.

Bon, en assumant que tu n'as encore rien lu de ces lettres, je dois tout de même te préparer psychologiquement. Je ne l'ai pas fait sur le forum, et ça a été une explosion, pourtant je n'aurais pas cru que le contenu de mes lettres était si explosif. Mais voilà, tu pourras juger par toi-même.

Et prends en compte que l'alcool est une invention diabolique qui, même s'il permet l'ouverture des tripes à l'infini, et de toutes les émotions possibles, c'est également un liquide qui fait disparaître le jugement et transforme l'auteur en toute sorte de choses loin de sa vraie personnalité et ses opinions de tous les jours. Il faut vraiment garder ça à l'esprit.

Pourquoi une telle introduction à de simples lettres ? Well, enfin, un écrivain n'écrit jamais pour rien, ça fait maintenant tout de même partie de mon oeuvre. Aussi parce que ces lettres ont été écrites dans des conditions difficiles, tard la nuit, sous l'effet de l'alcool, alors que je travaillais le lendemain. Ça parle aussi de moi, et finalement le résultat est fort intéressant, et certes, serait difficile à

reproduire. Dans ma tête ce sera un livre virtuel éventuellement, et ce sera littéraire en un sens.

Tu recevras ma première lettre dans moins d'une heure.

Vôtre,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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De : Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@crownedanarchist.com]
Envoyé : 30 October 2007 00:45
À : 'indochine@indo.fr'
Objet : Message 1 to Nicola Sirkis from Roland Michel Tremblay
Importance : Haute

Dear Nicola,

My name is Roland Michel Tremblay, I think it unlikely that you should have heard of me before, and yet, who knows, maybe you did.

I am a French-Canadian author with six books published in Paris, I have also written over 30 books both in French and English, I am 35.

I recently spent a year in Los Angeles, I have worked in television and films, mostly on Black Hole High for NBC and a film about Einstein for channel 4 in England. More info here:

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/workfilmtv.htm>

I have been living in London UK since 1994, before that I was in Paris for a year, a town I am very much in love with.

I have written novels, poetry, songs, essays, diaries, theatre, science fiction, theoretical physics, both in French and English, and I believe I have successfully inspired many people out there. I have written this page about known people I may have inspired, but it is not accessible from my website since people would think that I am delusional for believing that I could have inspired them. I admit that I am not certain if I have inspired them, you can judge for yourself:

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/inspiration.htm>

Anyway, after such an introduction, you must be wondering what I have to sell. Yes, I do have something to sell, myself actually, though money is the least of my concern. Art is my concern, Indochine is my concern. What I offer is my

collaboration. I would like to work with you, and it does not matter much on what project.

Indochine has always been my favourite band ever, with Depeche Mode and the Cure. Not only that, Indochine is the only French band I have ever listened to. To be frank, I really love you, I love your style, I love your music, I love the poetry in your music. I am gay, but hopefully this won't stop anything, I am no crazy fan. Some people have called me a force of nature, I believe you are a true force of nature, and I wish I could work with you, that's all. (Dear me, I am not even completely drunk yet, and look at the bollocks I am stating here for my sales pitch.)

French is my first language, however I thought writing in English was more likely to attract your attention at this time. What I am proposing to you, is to have a look at who I am, all that I have done up until now, visit my websites, and then please contact me. If you decide not to contact me, then please feel free to draw inspiration from everything I have written. I love Indochine, to think that I could inspire you even slightly, would be for me a great honour.

To be honest, I think that you are the most remarkable singer and songwriter this planet has ever known. You alone give me faith in the French language, that it can be so poetic. All my latest books were written in English, but if I ever revert back to writing in French again one day, I am certain that it will be because of you.

I have a book of songs in English, that is, my poetry that I feel would do good songs, and I also have most of them in French on my French website (The Anarchist series):

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

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/anarchiste.pdf>

However, I doubt that any of it would be suitable for Indochine. What I have mind for our collaboration is yet to be written, it needs to be poetic, just like 7000 Danses (my favourite) and Paradize (my second favourite) (though my overall favourite song is Comateen 1, and I do understand the implication and meaning of the song, it pains me as much as it does you, I'm sure. And yet, I wonder if perhaps it could pain me more, as I am crying writing these words, as I can so connect, as powerful this song is). This is more the style that I believe is Indochine. Kind of French poetry, great literature, meeting Depeche Mode, but much more.

I don't think that you are at the end of the road just yet, I think that you are just like me, at the beginning of something great, even though we have already achieved so much, especially you. I am thinking of something which requires re-invention, and yet, still Indochine.

I have to say, Indochine is what kept me sane and alive in the last few months (my main topic is existential crisis). After I decided to find out what happened to you, as I was cut off from anything French for so long, 15 years in fact, I was pleasantly surprised to discover that you had achieved great heights, and written so many great songs. You truly have a special gift, and I also believe I have one. Together, I wonder what we could create, something to be remembered, no doubt.

That is what I had to say, really, I do hope you will contact me, or at least draw inspiration from me, from such a lost soul still wandering this Earth. I am yet to

find my true purpose in life, who knows, perhaps that destiny is to be Indochine, and I cannot think of anything better. This is why I am sending this message tonight. I suppose you could read it again and leave the emotion out, then perhaps you could make a cerebral decision to contact me and discover where this could lead, even if it was just to be a great friendship. Are these things not important to history? I think they are.

If somehow you think that you do understand, I am telling you, you do not. No one truly understands anything.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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No, I am not an anarchist, the titles of my websites come from Antonin Artaud's book Heliogabalus, The Crowned Anarchist (Heliogabale ou L'Anarchiste Couronné), about a Roman King from Syria. It is only a literary anarchy, like a marginal literature, just like Indochine is a marginal band, an alternative band.

There is one book I have written which speaks of prose poetic, in the style of Indochine. It is The Revolution, but you have to skip the first part and jump to page 45:

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/revolution.htm>

This is not what I have in mind for our collaboration, and yet, I felt the need to specifically mention that book. I guess it proves just how far gone I really am. I don't care, I wish I was actually that far gone. And I can be, I will be for Indochine, for you.

You do not know of the future, I am the future, you have to contact me, so together we can be the future, before we die.

rm@themarginal.com

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

Envoyé : 22 November 2007 03:49

À : 'indochine@indo.fr'

Objet : Message 2 to Nicola Sirkis, Indochine - from Roland Michel Tremblay

Importance : Haute

Dear Nicola,

I have to say, my obsession with you has grown ever more since I last sent my first message to you. I am truly impressed with you, even annoyed. Who can look better today than he ever did 25 years ago? You, of course. I guess you had to, you had no choice, before all, your job is to look great and cool, and yeah, make sure the songs are the genius stuff that can keep it all together. Though most forget it, the songs are everything, and would not need anything else to stand, however, when you can make it whole with the look, the coolness, the image, then you have a true winner, and that is all you are all about, and always have been.

I have decided that you will now become my new correspondent, and I will be writing many letters to you over the next few months and perhaps year. It does not really matter if you read my messages, or answer them, I guess it is as much for myself than for you that I will be writing these. It is not the first time I write letters to one of my idols, though I am bit ashamed now about who was the first. I guess it just happened, and I wrote many letters to him, and that was it, and yet, in the end, that was the first ever recorded history about myself in English, so it has served its purpose, it may have launch in a way my career in English.

About my letters to you now though, I am not certain about the why and what the consequences may be. It will end up on my website at some point for sure, don't know when, don't know if. If you think too much about these things, then it defies the logic of doing them. I simply feel like writing to you, and the idea that you might actually read what I am writing to you one day, seems to be enough for me, motivation enough to write to you.

Yes, I do admire you. I thought for a very long time that you were gay, it pains me to read your biography and sort of realise that perhaps you are not. That like Depeche Mode and U2, and even The Cure, you played on that image, as if somehow being gay, or looking gay or asexual, was somehow cool. I agree, it is true, and yes, if you played on that image, you were right to do so, and should certainly continue to do so. The fact that I am gay and sorry that you are not, does not really matter, I am not offended, I am pleased in a way, but I would like you to be gay, of course. So I could dream that one day we could not only be friends, but more. Even though, just being friend with you would mean a lot to me.

I don't think you could understand what it means for me to admit as much. Because I usually do not want friends, I do not want to meet anyone, in fact, I was in Los Angeles to meet all the writers and producers, and I refused to do so. I don't really care about much in this existence. So to have some sort of obsession, hope, something to look forward to, is required for me, so I can continue to live somehow.

And you, I admire you, I love you, but not only this fake image, your mind also, which I suspect you must have behind all that you have accomplished. This intelligence, this intellect. That might have started on the puppet show side with Bob Morane, and yet, behind all this it was already all there, the intelligence, the mind thinking, the necessary distance to be able to fall into all that, and yet, out of it came such great songs and videos.

There is something I need to say now, is that I do not only like you because you remind me of Depeche Mode and The Cure, though these are my favourite bands. I actually liked you before I could actually make any link between you and those bands, as I got to know them way after I got to know Indochine. And now that I

look at all that you have done, I see that you are on your own right something huge, something as huge as the Beatles in the French world. And that if you had sang in English, this is what you would be right now, The Beatles, The Beatles of the French World, even if personally I don't particularly like the Beatles. The thing is, though, if you had sang in English instead of French, I do believe you would have been one if not my favourite bands, but it would not have been the same. You are my only connection back to the French world, as you are the only French thing in my life. And for someone born in Québec. who has been living in London for 15 years, with stops in New York and Los Angeles, I needed that one French link. You have provided that for me, and I have to say, you were only able to do so because you are so much superior to anything that ever came out of the French world, that in your own rights you stand as unique, masters and geniuses of the art you excel in.

I was reviewing all your albums tonight, Indochine is certainly not an easy band to describe, as you do appear to have gone for it all, many different styles. I agree that throughout all, you always managed to have great songs and videos out of each album, and yes, I did notice that those specific singles were not always representative of the albums. The rest of the albums then can only be appreciated if you do get into the beat.

I am certainly biased here, but hey, I certainly would encourage you to stick to working with the same sound engineers and programmers who worked with Depeche Mode, as I feel they really did give you direction with Paradize, and the whole album became something else, a real piece of art. Amazing that these guys don't even need to understand the language to help produce such wonders. When you reach an album like Paradize, it does not seem to matter much what Indochine is as a band, or what image Indochine projects, or even whatever is the History of Indochine and what they did before. In itself the album is something that stands on its own, which can inspire life, which can motivate people to live, just as it did for me.

To tell you the impact Paradize had on me now, whilst I just spent a horrible year in Los Angeles, and that I am now back in England, I don't think you could ever understand. It may certainly have saved my life. Just at a time in your career when you might have wondered about what would be the point in making a new album, and would certainly have had no reason to be motivated to do so now. You have after all had such an impact on me with 7000 Danses when I was young, you proved to me that French could be poetic, that there was a future in writing French books.

Of course, throughout the years, after six books published in French in Paris that got me nowhere, I have now reluctantly reverted to writing in English, hoping that it might lead me somewhere, and so far it did, not in the literary world yet, but certainly in television. But now I am at a crossroad. I wonder if I should not go back to French, and to be honest, you are the only thing out there motivating me to do so, never mind if I don't get published or make any money out of it. It has been an internal crisis of mine lately, if I should get back to writing in French instead of English, all because of you.

I am also always listening to Le Baiser, which I find is the other great album of Indochine. Though from Un Jour dans notre Vie, the song itself and Savoure le Rouge are also songs I cannot tire of listening to. You may have changed look often, and I feel that it is great, but watching again all your videos lately, I feel that even when you looked stupid, you were great, showing intelligence, determination, enthusiasm, it amazes me.

I would give anything to meet you in person, but also to become your friend. And now you must be worried, that perhaps I would not think that you are that amazing person we see in the videos, and would be disappointed after all, after I meet you. But that would not be knowing me. I can see through that. I know that if I were to live with you daily, I could find you boring and nothing special. It doesn't matter. I see through all that as well. I feel that you have a key mind, curious by nature, with a message to get through, whatever that message is and if it changes over time and perhaps contradict itself over time. It is also your personality, who you are, that fascinates me, which makes me think that after sharing my life with so many uninspired people, I wonder, what it could be like to share my life with someone like you.

I have to be careful about what I tell you here, because I am not so unknown, strangers I meet have heard of me and read me, and so I do have some sort of an image to cultivate. My first bunch of letters to someone I admired, before you, looked very much like an innocent little aspiring someone hoping to meet his great idol. It was laughable, and yet, I found it charming, so I did put it online after a while (Letters to Mycroft, on my website). It may turn out that my letters to you will sound just the same, that I will sound naive and in awe before you, and so be it. I don't really care. It is also part of the charm, of the game, where I may sound genuine and innocent, when perhaps I am not. I don't have millions of fans like you, but I still have a fan base, a readership, and I am alone dealing with it, cultivating it, working on that precious image I need to project by whatever I state at any given time, whether I am drunk or not.

By the way, I am drunk tonight, this is what gives me the courage to write to you. I was drunk when I sent my first message to you. And it is likely that I will only write to you when I'm drunk, late in the night, whilst I have to go to work the next day, just like tonight. So whatever I will tell you, I would not normally do in normal times. And so, do not jump to any conclusion about anything I tell you, it may very well be that these opinions, I only have under the influence of alcohol. But hey, I would not be writing to you otherwise.

Perhaps what I admire most about you, is how literature seems to mean something to you, enough that you read and draw inspiration from it. I have to say, in the whole world of music, you might be unique about that side of your personality. Yeah, The Cure wrote Eloïse and Stranger on a Beach, but these were exceptions. I don't think they were that inspired when they wrote Friday I'm in Love.

And I always somehow, secretly hoped, that one day I could become such a great author, that you would find me worthy of reading, and draw inspiration from. It would have made such a painful existence all worthwhile, and this is why I am perhaps writing to you now, even though I sincerely love you and everything you do, and everything I feel you are all about, and yes, I can see through the marketing and the PR, I think I have got you pretty well sussed out. Such a key mind, a lovely face and body today despite the age, such genius... when it can all come together and become something like Indochine, you can only but admire such an achievement. Some people have the one quality, perhaps two, but without the genius, it never amounts to anything. And so you are special and worth knowing, and of course, be written to.

I can predict you will receive weird messages from me in the next few months, but don't read too much into it, I will of course be drunk then, and probably not thinking any of it the next day. You may think I am suicidal, and perhaps I am, but only when I'm drunk, so don't worry. Existential crisis has always been the main topic of all my books, figuring out what this universe is all about and what is

the purpose if any of humans within it. It is the only question I have ever asked, the only quest of my existence. Once I find a suitable answer to that question, then I guess it will be okay to die. Nothing else will matter then, whatever I may leave to posterity. Though recently I got motivated by your song Marylin, I now want to live, encore plus fort, whatever this concept could really mean. It was not lost on me that this song has some sort of gay undertone. That is how I love my Indochine after all. And if you are gay and still have not admitted it, I admire you even more, that for so long you could have maintained such double meaning in all of your songs. Such secrets are good for the art, and art would lose something from sudden admission. Triple layer meaning of songs for a start would become clear, something that often is best left to imagination and hope.

Well, it is now 3h41 in London, I am working tomorrow, I have to go to bed. Nice speaking to you, and hopefully this is the second missive of many more to come. I find that it is no waste of time as long as eventually it will end up on my website. Of course, it won't if you answer me and tell me you would prefer if it does not. My life is much more interesting than my website could ever project, but I do respect and protect the desires of my friends, even when they no longer are my friends. And so many things don't go online. It would never be worth it. Otherwise you just become cheap stuff, someone who cannot get out there on its own means and intellect. Why would you deserve then to be out there under any other pretence?

I love you man, I would love to be your friend, and it don't matter if you decide to remain silent. I would love to know if at least these messages are being forwarded to you, it would be motivation enough to continue, but it is likely that I will continue to send them anyhow.

You can be proud of yourself, you are truly one great human being on this planet, with far more impact on so many than perhaps you are aware of. You certainly inspired me in anything I have ever written and will ever write. You are a great inspiration to me right now, my only motivation in fact, to continue and write another book, and still feel like it is worth so much efforts and energy. I thought you should know, that it goes both ways, that you draw inspiration from literature, and literature draws motivation and inspiration from you.

You may be weird, because you're French, and French people are weird, but you are the best weird French person I have ever known. I am fascinated and motivated by finding out who you are and how your mind works. How you come to think the way you do, and how it becomes the songs you write, and the melodies that accompany them. In a way, you are a true mystery to me, and I'm sure you could never cease to be one even if I were to get to know you better. French people think so differently from the rest of the world, I find it refreshing.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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De : Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:rm@crownedanarchist.com]
Envoyé : 01 December 2007 04:52
À : 'indochine@indo.fr'
Objet : Message 3 to Nicola Sirkis, Indochine - from Roland Michel Tremblay

Dear Nicola,

I sincerely hope this message finds you well tonight, assuming it does reach you. Somehow I have chosen to believe that it does, because I am a weird one, a weird fan, which deserves to reach out through all the crap which could perhaps prevent this message from getting through.

This is 2007, nearly 2008. I am alive right now, you are alive right now, how sad a world this would be if I could not reach you by any mean possible at my disposal? It would be like René Descartes and Albert Einstein living at the same time period, and both trying to reach each other, and yet miserably failed to do so, because somehow both were inundated with bullshit letters from all four corners of the world. Sad indeed, if I were to die in the knowledge that none of my messages to you ever reached you. I suppose I could send you a telegram, or flowers with a message in them, then surely these might reach you, but I'm not that desperate right now in order to reach you. It will either reach you, or it won't. This is another sign of the times we're living in, when one message can be drowned in so many thousand others.

Drowned in all those messages from other fans of yours, and by now I could guess how they look like, since they must look like my latest fans, all dressed in black, in the Matrix style, with stylish sunglasses to match, and they're probably barely 17 years old. Gothic style, though I could never actually identify with the word gothic, for me it has always been alternative style, but then, perhaps I am getting old. I could be disconnected, but I'm not. Goths it is then, attracted to you because of your look, and attracted to me because my website is called L'Anarchiste Couronné. I suspect my fans would like you, and your fans would like me. In both cases it is some sort of mistake, or is it? Since at heart one can be revolutionary, and yet, in the cold light of day, we're just like everyone else, drones.

This is actually a very interesting aspect of both Indochine and I. The word revolution has been mine and yours for a long time, even though I feel that for both of us, it might not be more significant than it could be for a certain layer of the population. Which brings the question, how revolutionary are you really? How Che Guevara are you really? Che Guevara is Cuba, the single most frightening island too close to American territory for the American taste, as long as Russia could put there some nuclear weapons close to the American soil. Something Québec could become to America if they were ever to become independent, another Cuba, though behind it it would not be Russia, it would most certainly be France. And France does not like America right now, just like America is supposed to dislike France right now, though this is mostly just hype, it is not true. They all love France and the French language, perhaps only the Bible belt does not give a

shit, and who cares about the Bible belt once Bush is gone next year? No one, for at least another decade.

How socialist are you? Are you even slightly communist? We could easily get that impression. Well, I am not socialist, I am not communist, I have never read Karl Marx. I am the fruit of my American nation, capitalist to the teeth. With a firm hand. Let's destroy Iraq and the whole of Middle-East, and let's control their natural resources. Shame it is no longer in the hands of the French, but now firmly into American and British grasps. Is this not what Indochine means after all? The colonies, colonising the world, taking over the world? Indochine is the previous name of Viet-Nam. Vietnam, the most disgusting and shameful history of America. How political one needs to be to call his band Indochine? And yet, it is such a fascinating name, as if history was there to re-assert itself, the French Empire now almost dead. The kind of revolution one might dream of, getting rid of any oppressor, France included. (Note: I am being ironic and sarcastic here, before you jump to any conclusion.)

Was that your initial statement? One could only hope so in this day and age, and who could still understand anyway the French supremacy behind the real power in the underworld? Who would not wish for a strong French Empire, even at this late hour, against British and American powers? There lays the dilemma, the dichotomy. Where do we wish to lay, where do you stand in all this? Apart from returning from Indochine yesterday, with a Monkey in Winter? And what is the real meaning of this song, if any? Where do you stand? How political are you in this world? You seem politically involved enough, but are you really?

What I am getting at, is I do wonder about the message you might have tried to spread, if any. You have written a book I hear, I do need to get my hands on it. It might explain a lot. Not that I am political myself, and not that I think that you are that much yourself beyond the fact that it makes great songs, and songs need to be about something. And clearly you have read more than I did, and spat back stuff more significant than I ever even gave any thought about. But now I wonder, what was all that really about? How militant and revolutionary were you really? And most importantly, what is the message you really did try to get out there?

I am still completely in the dark, barely understanding most of your references. And what is this obsession with Mao Tse Tung? I do admit that his childhood might have been romantic, but come on, the rest of his life has been destructive indeed, with tens of millions dead, moreover, that was in peacetime. The Little Red Book was interesting enough, barely, yet in practice it has been a disaster. What do you truly mean by your Mao references? The man was a monster! Probably still only admired today through fear!

You see, I think you do need to write that book, just so you can explain yourself, so we can finally understand what you really stand for and mean, for which songs could never really do any justice to, beyond being great entertainment.

Anyway, in a way, I have been less extreme than you, and yet, I feel I am under surveillance from our Great British Government which leaves nothing to chance. I had vans in front of my flat for years now, spying on me, and my phone and internet communication being probed non stop, to the point that it wrecked all my communication, and yet, dear me, I have never stated anything worse or even as bad as you did, in songs which reached the top of the charts in many countries. (Note: under alcohol I have exaggerated much more than I truly believe here, I don't think the British government is watching over me, though sometimes I did wonder. It is however unlikely, and no, I am not that paranoid.)

Do you have anything to say about it? Have you been listened to, followed by governments unsure about who you were and what you were all about? Some sort of foolish revolutionaries in the making? And I mean beyond stating on stage that Popststitute is for Fuck George Bush? It is not in the obvious that our governments are worried. Are they worried about you, as they seemed to have been worried about me, even though they had no reason to, since I am quite a peaceful fellow, once everything is considered? God knows, I might have acted like Thatcher given the opportunity, or Blair, or Bush. I wouldn't mind seeing this world going to waste, just to make a statement about something, whatever how significant that something is.

And yet, I'm not sure if any of us truly understand what you stand for, if anything. Is it just entertainment, or you truly have some sort of soul of the revolution, whatever that revolution is? What do you mean exactly in all your songs?

And now, I do believe that you are just like me. Revolutionists without a cause. Rebels without a cause. Oh yes, there are causes, there are reasons, and yet, none of them important enough to make it so clear to the masses. After all, this is entertainment for the masses, nothing should be that clear. Because in the end, what is most important, is to be against the establishment, whatever the establishment truly is or represents. To seek freedom and liberty at any cost, no matter how futile and small the matter is. Being revolutionary at heart, even if there is no true reason to be so in the first place, except perhaps whenever an extreme right government takes power in whatever country. And then, better not be too specific about anything, this is entertainment after all. And so, I do understand that we will never get a clear picture about what Indochine is all about.

Well, for many years now I have a website called The Crowned Anarchist (and L'Anarchiste Couronné). I have a published poetry book called The Anarchist. And one of my first books is called The Revolution. And yet, if you were to ask me, just as I am asking you now, about what it is that I am truly about or think about, I would tell you that I don't know, and certainly nothing specific. I guess ultimately my own personal revolution, anarchy and so on, had nothing to do with anything out there, even if unlike you I have not been so specific about anything political. I suspect however that it is the same for you, and that all of this, all of it, is more intrinsic to you, and it means, and could only mean something to yourself.

Or are you much more political and involved than I give you credit for? And if so, please enlighten me, because despite all of your songs, I am still completely in the dark. And I would think that by now you would have wanted us to look more into it. Well, what books have you read, what history do you wish us to read? What is it that you are truly trying to tell us? I tell you, I still have no idea, and yet I have the Internet and Wikipedia one centimetre away from me, and can find out anything instantly.

But let's change the subject. Why I love you and Indochine, after all, has nothing to do with any of that. I'm sure by now many of your fans are weird ones, all dressed in black like in The Matrix, just like many of my fans are, and perhaps this is just a by-product of whatever we were working on without thinking too much about whatever would be there next in line telling us we were geniuses. After all, we are for the masses, mainstream stuff, and yeah Indochine certainly is, and sometimes I wonder if I am, or if I don't go more towards the marginal side of it. Might have been a mistake, and yet, I found these are the hardest fans,

and will not let you down no matter what direction you might decide to go towards to next.

I was surprised, because I never thought of myself as being like them, and yet, I understand now that the image I projected was exactly everything they were about. Just like the image you project right now, which is exactly all that they are about. Not even alternative anymore, gothic most certainly, with a touch of druidism and the Matrix all mixed together. A nice mix if I may say so myself. I suppose your marketing department has gone all over this by now, and certainly you did yourself, your look today says as much. We cater for the same crowds, no two ways about it. You, deliberately, me, by accident. I am but just an author after all, only now do I understand the crowd that is attracted to whatever I may be writing.

Anyway, it was not my intention to bore you to death with so much bullocks. One needs to be about something, anything, better be about vague politics than baby I love you. That much I agree with. Even though Indochine has done great in the department of the Baby I love you, great songs, because obviously Indochine is capable of the best.

Your baby I love you songs are almost intellectual in nature, certainly the poetry in there is wonderful. I can't say that much myself about my own books, I have to admit. It kills me. And now I wonder, how could I emulate you on that level? I wonder. This world is still very much as much about revolution than baby I love you, and I want to put my dick inside of you, even though Indochine would never be as crude as that.

It is all about some sort of romantic idea that does not even exist anymore within this world, isn't it? Love is just not that romantic or poetic. If it is, I have never experienced it in my 35 years on this planet. What's your secret then? What is it that French men are capable of experiencing that, me, a lost French-Canadian in London, cannot? Perhaps French people are truly more romantic and emotional than any other human being on this planet might aspire to be.

Are you and I so different? How can this be? French was the language we were both born into, no matter it if was two continents apart. Granted my French is the old Napoleonian French of the colonies, and your French is God only knows what, since it has changed so much since Napoleon, that I wonder where it came from. I only know that you speak like a book, you speak somehow, a literary French. I speak real French, the French of the past, just like they speak it not only in Québec, but also in the North of France, in Belgium, in Switzerland and even in Catalonia.

France has changed French beyond recognition over the years, and I'm afraid to say so now, but you have it wrong man, I speak the true French, you speak something I barely can recognise. And it is even more striking to me, that you spell everything you sing so damn well, we can understand every single word you sing. In English, most of the time, I have to get the lyrics to finally understand what they are singing about.

You are so French, it is maddening, and yet, I wonder how French you are when we compare you to the History of France. I think the real French, you can only find in Belgium, in Switzerland, in Catalonia, and most especially in Québec. I'm sorry. For way too long I thought we were backward compared to France, I now believe quite the contrary, we are the real French from its origin. And your so perfect and spelt French, God knows where it came from. The French Academy perhaps, and one could wonder how powerful they were to transform so perfectly

a whole nation, that they speak like they write, in a literary way. It is amazing, such an achievement, I so admit, and you are certainly the embodiment of that achievement. That you sing like a book! A great book! Just like France does, speak like a literary book. Amazing.

I guess if I had finished my studies of French Literature at La Sorbonne, instead of failing like I did then, I would know more about when France got to speak the way you sing. But I finished my Master Degree in London, so I will never know. Thank God! And isn't it ironic that I should speak all these to you in English, of all languages. Well, France lost a war at some point in its history, and decided to let go of the French colonies in America, and keep their other colonies in the islands instead, Martinique I believe. They had no choice anyway, if only they could have won that damn insignificant war in the first place, I wouldn't be lost in London now instead of the South of France. I wouldn't be writing this long email in English instead of French now. And yet, you can see how important every single skirmish in history is. This is how and why this French-Canadian living in London for over 15 years now is writing to you in English instead of French. What is Indochine to the New France? What is Québec to Vietnam? I wonder. A great deal, I would say, wouldn't you? And who could care about the Tsars then? No one, just as you said.

I have but one dream in life. To buy a house in the South of France one day, and write for a living, in English perhaps, in French hopefully, and make a living out of it. As it stands right now, I somehow successfully remained in London for over 15 years, and only this year I am finally able to get my British citizenship. I have not done so yet, because of the British government draconian decisions of making it impossible for all foreigners to ask for their nationality. I need £2,000 which I don't have, as a British civil servant, in order to become British. And once I am finally British, I will move to France, the only place I ever wanted to be. And yet, from an immigration point of view, it was impossible for me to become French and live in France. Only once I am an European will I be able to live in France freely. 15 years it took me, because I am gay, and for gays, it takes that long to get the same rights which come to any other normal straight guy marrying a British female bitch within a year. One day I will finally live in France. I will still not be French, I will be British, I will be European, I guess I will never be French after all, but I will have that right to live in France. And that is all I have ever asked for.

Being born in Québec for me was meaningless. I don't feel I was born there or that I was Canadian or American, I am French, no matter how the law sees it. And I will live in France one day, I can assure you, because it is my country, as much as it is yours. And yet, I never had any rights whilst I was living in Paris for a whole year, years ago. And if I speak English now, it is only to make that point, that by law I have no other choice.

I am tired, very tired of this life. I am 35, and yet, I feel like I am 70. I wonder why, I truly do. Perhaps I am a man out of time, and out of place. I have no rights to anything, not even the simplest freedom. I am alienated, completely so. And this needs to change soon, or I will do something insane. I am so exhausted. But one day I will live in France, this is a certainty, even if I have to be an illegal immigrant. I bet I will find many people there willing to help an illegal immigrant from Québec. I found them in New York when I was living there illegally, in the French parts, I'm sure I can find them in France somewhere. Don't you think?

Indochine, such a great name for a band. Jasmine tea, so civilised, it almost makes you forget everything this world is all about. Almost, but not quite.

I am so sorry for this outburst, it is so not me. But hey, I think this will do for my third message to you. Perhaps my fourth one will be much more philosophical, I almost have a university degree in philosophy after all, I need six more courses for it to be true. Political philosophy was what I enjoyed most. I always thought I would write a book on the topic one day, and this year I think I did, it is called "Destructivism, The Path to Self Destruction", such a title is very fitting, don't you think?

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/destructivism.htm>

I am teasing you, I have always been ironic, full of sarcasms. That is me. And I think it is a wonderful way to portray any message to the masses.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com>

<http://www.lemarginal.com>

<http://www.crownedanarchist.com>

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De : Roland Michel Tremblay [mailto:roland.t@virgin.net]

Envoyé : 05 December 2007 01:58

À : 'indochine@indo.fr'

Objet : Message 4 to Nicola Sirkis, Indochine - from Roland Michel Tremblay

Dear Nicola,

Oh dear,

Why is it that every time I am drunk enough to write to you, the next day I am so ashamed of myself for having written so much bullocks to you, that I can't even stand seeing the received emailed of what I sent you the night before (as I carbon copy myself on the email I send you, to insure it was sent)? And yet, as soon as I drink a few beers, here I am wishing to write to you more.

Well, this time I don't intend to talk about politics. Je retourne ma veste, I already see more clearly, well, not exactly, I just see that in the early days you were much more political and clear about what you stood for. I heard you say in an interview that it was difficult to be socialist and collecting the millions at the other end, which might explain why you moved away from politics.

Well, I don't know, I believe both can be quite compatible, for one good reason. No one can do a revolution or carry any message without a lot of money, and if you have a message to get through, how could you do it without a lot of money? And I am not only talking about revolutions, any mild message is the same, and in the end, a mild message always goes through much easier than an extreme one, because only mild messages are actually allowed to go mainstream.

Anyway, is it not clear to anyone that this is entertainment, just a bit of fun? And as such, any topic is permitted? And am I to understand also that you would have been much more political if that little critic had not stopped you? Interesting. I wonder what you would have written by now... I wonder even how it would have affected me, my writing, the next ideas for my books. It is quite likely I would have done the same you did. What is the point of accomplishing something that will alienate all the journalists? There is a way to create some sort of scandal which is beneficial, there is also a way to self destruct in the process if one is not careful. So it is understandable.

I had decided to find out if you had written a book or not, and found out that you actually did, it is called *Les Mauvaises Nouvelles* (from a title from Serge Gainsbourg, I believe?). After going around emule, shareaza and all torrent websites, it is nowhere to be found. Only one last recourse, pay a fortune to get it exported outside of France via Amazon.fr. And I would have, except that I also found out at the last minute that it was fiction. Well, what a disappointment.

By now, don't you think you should have written something about your existence, the impact you had on this world, and what it feels like, and whatever it is that you tried and perhaps sometimes failed to communicate to the planet? Such a book would be worth gold, and if you don't write it before you die, perhaps I will have to write it for you in your own name? Of course, for that I would need to meet you and speak to you, as a friend, since as a journalist or a ghost writer, I could certainly only talk bullocks. Joking apart, I really think you need to write a book about your thoughts and experiences. Writing something literary is certainly commendable, but there must also be a need for you to write about your life.

Even then, I am curious about the kind of fiction you have written. I laughed when I read: « un Président dément qui rêve de tuer en direct, à la télé, tous ses concitoyens », as this is so you, your personality, and yet, somehow I wonder if you ended up writing something interesting about such an idea. Sure, it can make great songs, however, I wonder how I would go about writing a short story about that very topic. It would need to be deeply psychological, be dark indeed, philosophical, political, and yet, intelligent. I am curious now about how you went about it, I may have to buy the book after all. Better yet, could you not send me an electronic copy? I find it hard nowadays to read books on paper, I find it actually impossible.

FNAC mentions that you were inspired by Pierre Loti, Marguerite Duras et, surtout, l'énigmatique J. D. Salinger. Well, Pierre Loti, I have heard of while studying French Literature in three different countries. However, I admit I never read any of his books. All I know is that he was gay, and that is interesting enough.

My best friend at the University of Ottawa was a gay Jewish boy, it was his favourite author. I almost slept with him one night, but I had to be faithful, and so I did not. I feel regrets about that one, as he was so damn good looking, and certainly he would have inspired me great books if he had become my long term boyfriend.

I wonder what became of him now, Joël he was called, he was such a good friend, so intelligent and knowledgeable, so caring too (shame he was such a Québec separatist and enjoyed his soft drugs a bit too much). I can't believe he is not a renowned author by now. I would have thought he would get there way before me.

And yet, all those talented friends I ever had, none of them ever succeeded at anything in the end. Because it is not enough to have talent, you also need the determination, the enthusiasm, the dedication to see it through. Something that, thank God, I have, and I know how rare this is, and so much talent is simply wasted out there for whatever reason, any reason would do, unless you were born for it, like you and me.

La Douleur is what characterised Duras, apparently, and dear me, I wonder, between her and I, who knows more about la Douleur?

I have read Marguerite Duras, and watched many of her films. All great and wonderful, really worked for me, and yet, it did not inspire me anything. Except perhaps that I have heard that the last remaining years of her life, I believe, a young gay man was taking care of her, and was her best friend. That, somehow, inspired me, as I was the same to the best known French-Canadian author called Anne Hébert, whilst she lived in Paris and that I was studying there for a year. I believe I have inspired her last novel *Un Habits de Lumière*, about a mother and her young gay son.

Funny, on Wikipedia they don't mention any of this about Duras, this young gay lover called Yann Andréa, and he was 15 years of her life. In France they certainly never tell you the truth about anything, censorship is running high. I guess I was also like that Yann to another great author, one of the greatest of Scotland, Sheila MacLeod, and she was married to Paul Jones of Manfred Mann.

I thought all of this was quite charming, however, to be honest I never truly gave a shit about it. For Anne Hébert, it was a one year friendship whilst I studied in Paris, for Sheila MacLeod it is still a great friendship since we started studying together our Master degree in French Literature at the University of London. However, I have never locked them up like Andréa did, they were quite free I assure you, even if Sheila likes to call me her Boy Toy, or is it Toy Boy?

I have to admit, there is something great about being friend with these great women authors, who in their own ways revolutionised everything in their days. It makes for great conversations, however I have my own life and own career, unlike that Yann Andréa who could only suck up to the one thing he loved, and yet, could never bring out something himself, or give her what she needed most: sex. And this is the lack of intimacy that drove Duras wild into more douleur, yet again. Oh boy! Get a life!

J'ai bien aimé l'atmosphère de « Un Barrage contre le Pacifique », mais je pense que j'ai idéalisé le livre avant d'enfin le lire, car je m'attendais à bien mieux, mais bon, j'ai de bons souvenirs de la petite fille prête à se prostituer avec the rich man, in order to witness new horizons. Anything will do, someone needs to get out of his hell hole, one way or another. Seulement les décisions extrêmes permettent une telle existence. Et Dieu sait combien je les ai prises, ces décisions insensées qui ont rendu tous mes proches aliénés complètement. Ils n'ont jamais rien compris, of what this life was all about, and how one needs to live to the max, wherever this will bring him in this world.

I only had two boyfriends in my life. The first one was perfect, I met him when I was barely 19, he was 24, it was in Ottawa. He was Jewish, and French, however, it was not easy to find out about it. His dad was from Normandy, and his mom was from Romania. During the Second World War, the Nazis came and chased them away from their castle in Romania, as they were rich, and I heard that things exploded, including a horse for which they found bits and pieces everywhere. Since then, his mom is no longer Jewish, and hid that fact from her children. Moving to Canada was part of that idea of forgetting all about the fact that she was Jewish. My boyfriend only found out he was Jewish because he overheard his parents talking about it one day, he was not supposed to. And to this day, would you believe, his sister still knows nothing about her true origins. How sad.

This whole thing, with the fact that the grandfather of my boyfriend was actually gay, is something I was denied writing about in my books by this ex-boyfriend, who is still my great friend by the way, and oh dear, how much inspiration it would have brought me. Well, in the end he left me, not I. He was not faithful, and this is what made him decide to leave me.

I soon met my second boyfriend in London, and we have been together since 1994. He is faithful, no doubt, but he is a drug addict and a nightmare to live with. I had decided to leave him two years ago and I moved to Los Angeles when I was given the opportunity, but I came back to him last year and I wonder, what a mistake that was.

And yet, I am still with him, because now I have nowhere else to go, since I cannot work in France, and I will not return to Canada, I hate it, and I can no longer work in Los Angeles. And perhaps I still love him, despite all the verbal abuse? I'd liked to think that if our existence was not so stressful with the problems at work, he would calm down and we would be happy together. I guess I screwed up somehow. But my future is bright, I know that much, it's got to be for the sake of great literature.

And yet, I think my actual boyfriend in London, is also Jewish. However, in his case, neither he nor his parents will admit to it. He certainly has the nose, and the look, part of his charms, and he even changed his last name, which, you have to admit, is quite weird. Moreover, his parents, during the Second World War, they had Jewish kids from The Netherlands living at their place here in London, and when my boyfriend was young he often spent summers in the Netherlands.

There is just secrecy about all this, it is barely believable. And yet, I have heard him many times speaking Dutch in his sleep, and yet he claims he doesn't speak the language. He was born in 1960, so certainly there is no link between him and the holocaust, and yet, I wonder where the link is, if any.

I bet this is all in my mind, I always have to transform everything around me into a novel, or I see conspiracy theories everywhere. It is just likely that he is Protestant, just like I am Catholic, and it is probably true that he is one quarter Irish and three quarters English. (Note: I am quite sure of it.)

I can't believe I lived with so much history for so long, and yet, none of it ever reached me in order to inspire me to write the greatest literature ever. Today, it seems, you can be more openly gay than you can be openly Jewish. And yet, I would have thought the opposite should be true. Either way, one cannot deny his or her origins, one need to be proud about whom he or she is, or else, how can life be worth living?

I know nothing of Salinger. I, however, have two of his books here, for some weird reason. I may actually read them, because of you, of course. The Catcher in the Rye and The Uncollected. All I know is that he is not gay, and somehow he reminds me of this celebrated French-Canadian author called Réjean Ducharme, one of my favourite Québec's authors, also Jewish, and never gave one single interview to anyone in his lifetime, and yet, most celebrated author in Québec after Anne Hébert, my friend who died in 2000.

I guess I should continue to talk about literature. I do know about your influences now, I guess it is only right that you should know mine. I was quite into Milan Kundera at the beginning (though not anymore), however nothing had more influence on me than La Chanson de Roland and Tristan et Iseult, but only the translation from the old French to the new made by Joseph Bédier. It inspired me my first books. After that however, I'm not sure of any kind of influence on my oeuvre.

Sure, some author and some book were always the starting point for me to start a book, I will even admit that Arthur Rimbaud and Émile Nelligan inspired most of my Anarchist series, they were both young gay men ready for the adventure, one across France, the other across Québec. I guess that was my Revolution, and even then The Revolution was inspired by Joseph Bédier and Kundera (nothing that political after all).

My biggest influence recently, I am almost ashamed to say, is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, I only wish I could write in that style, but being born French makes this impossible. I can only admire him. I certainly read all the books of Arthur C. Clarke, and it has inspired me since I started writing in English a few years ago.

The only books I read over and over again are the Rama Series of Clarke and Sherlock Holmes of Doyle. That is now, when I was young it was Rimbaud and Bédier. There is something about the first ever known French books ever that is attractive, the innocence, the directness of raw emotions, the ultimate sacrifice for reasons that today we would judge completely mad. Like Paul et Virginie. Complètement dérisoire, mais où avaient-ils donc la tête alors ? Bonne question, donnée toute entière à la philosophie de l'existence à travers les siècles.

Et aussi, une grande influence sur ma vie, a certainement été Antonin Artaud, qui a même inspiré le titre de mes sites Internet, alors même que depuis je me demande si je ne devrais pas m'éloigner de cet Anarchiste Couronné, pour devenir plutôt Le Marginal à temps plein. Inutile de projeter une image d'anarchiste alors qu'il est clair en lisant mon site que je n'en suis pas un.

Antonin Artaud, malade mental, drogué à pleine capacité, un des seuls trois auteurs inspirés Français dont on ne comprend toujours pas ce à quoi ils faisaient référence. Les deux autres, des Saints qui ont reçu la visite de Dieu, dont Sainte-Thérèse D'Avila, dear me, on ne rit plus. Bien que moi, je ris de me voir si belle en ce miroir.

Tintin ne vous a rien inspiré ? Et pourtant, ça c'était politique, et clair. Je me souviens quand je vivais à Bruxelles à la Gare du Midi, il y avait une grosse tête illuminée de TinTin au-dessus d'un édifice (bâtiment), Éditions Casterman sans doute. Fascinant, juste pour ça, vivre à Bruxelles valait la peine. Certes, je ne connais rien de Bob Morane, mais TinTin a été ma plus grande influence avant que je ne commence à écrire, comme les Schtroumpfs. Mais je n'écrivais pas alors. Alors ça n'a rien inspiré de concret, mais c'est certainement cogitant inside, in my matrix. It is what I am, I will not deny it, they were many years of my forming years, with Spirou and Fantasio, and Astérix and Obélix. I am

francophone after all. Before anything else. That's real politics. I don't suppose you know of Serge Gauthier? Me neither, anymore. Les P'tits Hommes, que nous sommes. Et plus petits encore que nous aurions pu l'imaginer, until we reach another scale universe.

La physique théorique, ma passion depuis toujours, là où les questions trouveront des réponses, when philosophy failed us so spectacularly. And, are there any existential questions that politics ever answered? Nope. So who can care about it? Not me, that's for sure. Cos I am only about one thing, as I said before, what is this universe we're living in, and what is the purpose of our existence within it, if any.

I do not have a high opinion of the human race, I have to say. I cannot see us being more than the most insignificant virus or a bug colony infesting some body. I am not impressed by what we have qualified this high capacity of processing data with our brain, or this so-called great awareness of being alive and kicking. I do not particularly believe that we have evolved much in the last 2000 years, I was expecting a much bigger explosion within my lifetime. By now, I would have thought we would be halfway across the galaxy, and it pains me beyond words, that we have perhaps only visited the Moon, and still wondering why Newton and Einstein are quite not sound physics.

I have some answers, though I do not have them all. Thinking about it keeps me alive, before the routine here in London kills me for good. Even if that routine is still better than the one I went through in Los Angeles last year. Only in Europe can a human being breath, in my opinion, and I'm sure the air is more breathable in France than in England. However, I might never find out since I'm stuck in the UK.

Still, better be here than in America and be part of the next Civil War, be it the one of Québec against Canada, or the American one overthrowing leurs partis politiques encrassés, where I'm not sure we can trust either the Republicans or the Democrats, as blurred and rotten the whole thing has now become. And yet, an American President, is this not as much our President as any French one could ever hope to be? I have no idea who is the French President right now, I don't even know who is the Canadian Prime Minister, and yet, I studied in detail all American politics. Can we trust Hillary Clinton? God, I hope so, since she must be our last hope. And even then... I truly wonder how far corruption really goes.

Funny, when I was living in New York years ago, I had no idea who was the American President, must have been Clinton. How time changes, when we're so close to the Third World War. A war where France might play a major role against America, and I wonder, what has France got to stand against the all mighty? And yet, I cannot see any other more powerful enemy to America in this world, even when it is but a war of words that we can expect, so France will have to speak up, since Russia is as good as dead.

I bet those unpopular nuclear tests might come handy one day. But I hope France has got more than that in her cards, she will need it, one day, whilst international politics are moving faster and faster towards some goal that most people still have no clue about, blind as they are. Who can blame them, when journalists are now silent on just about any important topic? A fact that is so puzzling.

No one can think anymore, entranced as they are by their 2000 television channels. I'm sure Star Trek or the X-Files are playing somewhere around channel 945. Otherwise, I think tonight there is a biography of Céline Dion on Channel 300. Dear me, I need to record that at any cost, just so I can forget

about everything else. And I wonder, what is your opinion of Céline Dion? Don't worry, I couldn't care less either way. And yet, she is French-Canadian, got to admire that, if nothing else. Even though she will never find her way into my MP3 player, let's just put it that way. And yet... as French go in this world, she is certainly a master of exporting the language into this world. Something I would have hoped Indochine could have done, because if not Indochine, who else could? Well, only Céline Dion. She is the only thing from the French World who has reached out so much, along with Indochine. So I guess we still have to admire her for that unique achievement.

She's the pulse of the nation, the American nation, the American fools. Who cares as long as those billions are being pumped back into Québec's economy? Who's the fool now? Céline Dion is no longer an artist, she is an industry. I suppose that from that point of view, it's okay if Titanic does not find its way to my MP3 player. God, I'm gonna be sick.

Oh well, it is almost 2 am, I've got to go to bed, I'm working tomorrow. I'm not sure this entry will rate that high in the interesting ones I have spent my nights on, whilst I have so little time to write my books. I must be crazy, why am I wasting precious time writing to someone who is unlikely to even read the bullshit I am writing, when I could be writing instead for posterity, my next novel?

And the next one is quite something important, it is one for French-Canadians and French people to be proud of, about what would America and the world look like today if France had insisted in keeping its French colonies and taken over America? Time travel, from a futuristic point of view where Québec finally got its independence, and at the same time, became a new threat to America. And then, one French-Canadian region is shipped into the past at a time before the colonies.

I don't know if I will have the time and the courage to write it, I really don't. How much dedication one needs, especially when so much history about France and the New France will need to be read before it can be started. Gosh, sometimes I think I might die before I can even think about starting such a project. Even though I am quite healthy, but I am aware that I am mortal, ever since I passed 35. Finally, I realised, I will die one day, and that thought is so re-assuring, because finding new motivations in order to continue is getting harder and harder, I tell you. At the moment Indochine is such a motivation for me, I guess that is why I am wasting all my precious time writing to you. And who knows, if we open a dialogue, god only knows what I might learn then that could inspire me, indirectly of course.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com>

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Message 5 à Nicola Sirkis from Roland Michel Tremblay

Note à propos du message 5 : Je me suis demandé sérieusement si j'allais t'envoyer ce message. D'autant plus que voilà deux jours, quand je l'ai écrit, je ne l'ai pas envoyé à l'adresse e-mail du site d'Indochine, comme j'avais fait pour les autres. Il était clair dans ma tête que je n'allais pas te l'envoyer, c'est que le message a davantage été écrit en réponse aux membres du forum Indochine.

Le tout n'est demeuré en ligne que quelques heures. À mon retour du travail, sur l'heure du midi, j'ai tout fait disparaître. Plus par peur d'un jugement quelconque que du fait que les membres étaient négatifs, en fait ils étaient assez positifs avec ce message plus francophone.

Quelle importance, l'important est que tu saches que le message s'adresse plus à eux qu'à toi. Et Dieu que j'étais saoul, deux nuits en ligne, je ne bois jamais deux soirs en ligne, et ça a été l'enfer le lendemain. Une autre raison de te l'envoyer, maintenant que j'y pense, est qu'il est pratiquement tout en français.

En tout cas, en relisant ce soir, je trouve ça très drôle, c'est amusant, on sent la panique absolue sortir de partout, et je ne sais plus ce que je dis. Well, ce message sera une entrée unique dans mes messages pour toi, et ça montre un autre côté de ma personnalité sans doute, un côté que je ne reconnais pas. Ça fait maintenant partie de l'histoire de ces lettres, et qui oserait cracher sur l'histoire (moi sans doute).

C'est aussi mon dernier message cette nuit. Je ne sais pas quand et si j'en écrirai d'autres, sans doute que oui, mais j'ignore quand. Tu les prends quand ils viennent.

RM

Cher Nicola,

Je viens de comprendre que peut-être ton anglais n'est pas aussi avancé que je l'aurais d'abord cru, gracieuseté d'un forum Indochine que j'ai trouvé hier soir très tard, alors que je travaillais le lendemain. J'ai trouvé deux forums, j'étais suffisamment saoul pour avoir posté mes messages à toi sur ces forums, espérant sans doute que tu les liras.

Le résultat de cette tentative, alors, je pensais, serait comme sur le deuxième forum. Cinq personnes ont lu mon message en 24 heures, aucun impact, mort. C'est la réponse que j'attendais, et cela n'avait aucune importance, car mon seul but était que peut-être tu lisais ces forums. Je me rends compte maintenant que certainement tu n'en fais rien. Je sais par expérience. J'ai moi-même des forums littéraires sur mes sites, un très populaire à la grandeur de la France, and yet, I never read any of it, I simply don't have the time or the interest.

Mais voilà, ce qui a laissé indifférent tout le monde sur le forum numéro deux, comme je pensais serait le résultat, sur le forum premier d'Indochine, ça a été une toute autre histoire. 100 réponses plus tard et 2000 visiteurs, en moins de 24 heures, mon Dieu, je semble avoir lancé une bombe sur le forum. Et je n'ai même pas encore tout lu, et je n'ai qu'une seule pensée, est que mon chum va arriver dans 30 minutes, et alors je devrai aller me coucher, parce qu'il sera d'une

humeur massacrate, et le verbal abuse va commencer, uncalled for and yet, toujours au rendez-vous. Je n'ai donc que 30 minutes pour t'écrire, à moins que je ne sois prêt à affronter l'orage, et à continuer, despite the thunderstorm.

You certainly have great fans, though I am still there trying to read the reaction to my messages to you. They are still so polite and expressing themselves in such a great French, ça rend le reste du monde médiocre, at best. Tes fans sont civilisés, I wish I could say the same about mine on my own forums. I have stopped writing on my forums, or any forums, a long time ago, parce que je déteste la confrontation, le combat, la bataille. Ce n'est pas pour moi, parce que je n'en ai nul besoin. Cependant, depuis hier, je vois que je dois maintenant écrire en français, because apparently you are a spastic when it comes to English.

Shit, get over it, Céline Dion learned English within six months when she needed to in order to conquer America. What, you can't even understand what I am telling you here? Is this German or what? What sort of waking call one needs, in order to be well informed about everything that happens in this world? How would you be able to read everything that is going on in this world without English? Un jour peut-être le français redeviendra la seule langue que tout le monde devra connaître, but until then, prends un cours d'anglais.

L'anglais, quand je suis saoul, après 15 ans en Angleterre, est ce qui vient naturellement. Écrire en français, maintenant, pour moi, après tout ce temps, demanderait que je pense d'abord en français, un exercice qui dans mon cas n'est pas si facile, après 15 ans.

Ah shit, voilà que maintenant, je réponds à la overwhelming response de tes fans, en réaction à mes simples messages à toi. This won't do, I will not stand for it. Je devrais les ignorer tout à fait, parce que mes messages ne sont pas à eux, ils sont à toi, et non, je ne vais pas me mêler à eux, même pour une seule minute. Il n'existe qu'une seule personne que je cherche à atteindre ici, c'est toi, Nicola. J'ignore comment powerful ce forum is, j'ignore si tu lis ce forum, mais je vais certes tenter ma chance. Il n'y a que toi qui compte, rien d'autre, peu importe comment horrible ils deviendront towards me. Je dois passer par-dessus. Ce forum, after all, pourrait bien être ma seule façon de t'atteindre. Nothing else matters. Rien d'autres n'entre en ligne de compte.

Vraiment ? Ton anglais est si pourri, que tu ne pourrais pas comprendre ce que je t'ai dit jusqu'ici ? Pardonne-moi, mais je n'en crois absolument rien. Comment cela pourrait être possible ? Nicola Sirkis, incapable de comprendre l'anglais ? Et moi qui pensais justement qu'en écrivant en anglais, je ne deviendrais pas une cible pour tes fans, que peut-être toi seul me comprendrait. It's bullshit, I'm sure you understand everything about English, or else, my God, I wonder, what planet you must have been living on for so many decades.

Je dois te dire la vérité. La nuit dernière, j'étais fort saoul. Je t'ai écrit mon quatrième message depuis le 30 octobre dernier, en pensant, probablement à raison, que personne ne te ferait parvenir mes messages, envoyés à une adresse générale, j'ai tout mis sur deux forums Indochine. God damn it, I thought, you will receive these messages one way or another.

Je savais cependant que ces actions insensées avaient été prises sous l'effet de l'alcool. Et toute la nuit, et tout le matin au travail, je me disais, je dois faire disparaître au plus tôt ces postes. Je suis arrivé en trombe sur l'heure du midi avec l'intention de faire disparaître le tout, espérant que personne n'aurait eu le temps de lire tant de...

Mais j'ai eu tort. Tes fans were on the ball, ils ont tout lu, ou tenter de lire, en anglais, mes pensées pour Nicola Sirkis. It was ugly, it was confrontational, just like on any other forum out there. Et pourtant, pour moi, they were out of the picture, it was not meant for them. It was only meant for you. Et quelle honte pour moi de t'écrire ainsi, espérant une quelconque réponse, qu'écrire en anglais, au moins, allait leur passer par-dessus la tête, et alors, quelle sorte de commentaire négatif pourraient-ils inventer, if they didn't understand anything about what I was trying to tell you ?

Je n'avais qu'une seule intention sur l'heure du midi, effacer ce message sur ce forum. Je ne désirais pas m'attirer les foudres des membres. Mais voilà, après avoir lu les commentaires, je ne sais plus. Tes fans sont édifiants, ils comprennent mon désespoir. Certains. D'autres, sont la raison pourquoi j'allais tout faire disparaître. C'est un miracle que je n'aie pas fait tout disparaître ce midi, parce que je pense que finalement ils ne m'ont pas tous jugés telle une cause perdue. Et alors, mon but ultime, peut-être finiras-tu par lire ces messages ? Maudit, combien difficile est-ce d'atteindre Nicola Sirkis, sur cette planète, at this time in history ?

Ce jeu, c'était pour moi d'atteindre quelqu'un d'inatteignable. Et maintenant, puisque je l'ai décidé, c'est aussi de gagner cette cour de Louis XIV dans sa suite. This is not acceptable. Ça va influencer tout ce que j'aurais voulu te dire. Ceci sera mon dernier message sur ce forum, peut-être, à moins que je ne voie là un moyen de t'atteindre. And from now on, this will be in English, no matter how bad your English is. Dear me, there are translators all around the Internet, il existe des sites de traduction partout sur l'Internet. Comme un de tes fans a dit, Google is your friend, Google est ton ami. Mais bon, voilà, traduis toi-même :

<http://babelfish.altavista.com/translate.dyn>

Tu comprendras l'essence de l'existence, au moins, l'Existentialisme de Jean-Paul Sartre, at the very least. Anyone has got to start somewhere, sur le sentier de l'apprentissage. We're no longer limited by any means, it is about time que les Français comprennent ce qui se dit d'eux, dans leur dos, de l'autre côté de l'Atlantique. Autrement, comment espérer une quelconque révolution ? Mais qui donc sont ces fans ? Qui ? Pourquoi ? Comment ? Comment sont-ils arrivés ici à écrire au-delà de 10,000 messages chacun ? That is dedication on a massive scale, I could dream of having such dedicated fans. And dear me, I think I do have them on my forums which should go back online within the week, mais je n'ai jamais porté trop d'attention à ces fans. Une autre erreur sans doute, les fans sont tout. Les plus hard, les plus véhéments, ils indiquent la route à suivre. No wonder I never gave it another thought, fuck them all ! I will do as I please, one way or another. I am already living on such a thin string, how could I care about futilities? I am beyond all that.

I wonder about Indochine, have you read it all? Do you plan your next album whilst considering all the bullshit your fans have stated? I hope not, in fact, I'm sure you do read it, but ultimately you do go on and write and compose what you can actually do, what where you are at in your existence will permit you to achieve. Whatever fans may say, yeah, read, digested, taken into consideration, but ultimately, this is what I have to offer, because at this particular moment in time, this is what I am all about. And hence, this is all I can give to you, to this world. Like it or hate it, there is nothing I can do about it now, this is what I did, that I was capable of, and you can all go to hell as far as I am concerned. I suspect, that in the end, for Indochine, it has got to be that.

J'ai trop bu, encore une fois, deux soirées en ligne. Ça va mal tourner au travail demain, on ne peut être un zombi deux jours en ligne sans attirer l'attention des Managers, le plus grand evil de ce monde.

Oui, si je puis enfin sortir du marasme de ce forum, et de mon existence, je voudrais dire quelque chose, demander en fait. Shit, dérangé en plus par mon autre moitié, I can't remember ce que je voulais dire.

Obviously, I need to assess if writing on this forum helps me or not in trying to reach my goal, qui est de t'atteindre, toi, Nicola Sirkis. Let's give it another 24 hours and see how vicieux ils peuvent devenir, sur ce forum. Méchants, gratuitement, sans comprendre, sauter aux conclusions, sans comprendre. Tolérance zéro de mon côté. Je vais tout effacer, comme j'en avais l'intention ce midi, alors que j'étais okay, in my right mind, saint d'esprit, libéré de l'influence de l'alcool, qui te fait prendre des décisions ultimes dérisoires, avec un quelconque espoir d'atteindre, un quelconque objectif.

Je n'écrivais en anglais que parce que j'espérais que tu puisses lire couramment l'anglais, et alors, ils comprendraient que ces messages n'avaient rien à voir avec eux, mais tout avec toi. Je n'ai pas le temps de traduire en français, sous l'influence de l'alcool, après 15 ans à Londres, il n'y a que l'anglais qui coule comme le ruisseau essentiel à tout un village. Mais si tu ne comprends pas l'anglais, à quoi bon t'écrire en anglais ? J'ai des choses à te dire, cher Nicola, mais voilà, à ce point, cela n'a peut-être plus d'importance. Tu vois, tu vois, je ne te parle déjà plus, je parle à tes fans. Big mistake, which requires more thinking.

It is unexpected to say the least, but if I have to first go through your army in order to get to you, I guess I should. Only hope I can stay awake that long, and that my boyfriend will finally go to bed before I fall asleep. And that the parrot will calm down, and the seven cats, and the dog. Have I told you that we have a zoo here in London? To compensate for the fact that by law we cannot have children, baring our tastes and intelligence in life? Mmhp. I am still being ironic, or am I?

This discussion is no longer about me to you, it is now between me, your fans, and you, something unexpected along the way, but perhaps something I can deal with. I will go and read what else they have written about my drunken outbursts, and I will get back to you in a minute.

I think they may be accusing me of self-promotion. It is laughable, since until I wrote that fourth message, I only had one thought in my mind, convince you I was worth a look, and didn't know these forums existed. I know I am worth some attention, but how would you know unless I tell you?

Are you left handed or right handed? Both my boyfriends were left handed, and somehow, I believe this is significant on many levels. They were also both dyslexics, also part of their charm, I admit readily. Are you?

I have not finished yet reading the 200 answers my single entry has generated since yesterday. Je n'ai pas le courage de lire les 200 réponses à mon message de la nuit dernière, alors que j'étais si saoul. I wonder, ai-je le courage, et le coeur, de lire ce qu'ils déblatèrent? Leur jugement me tuait avant même que je ne le lise, le pourquoi aussitôt que j'ai eu la chance d'effacer mon message sur l'heure du midi, je l'ai pris. Mais voilà, ça a pris une vie on its own, et je n'ai plus le courage d'arrêter cette nouvelle vie à mes messages pour toi. Peut-être alors ça va attirer ton attention, Nicola ? C'était after all mon seul but. Never mind tout le reste.

Wake up ! Tes fans ont été surpris par mégarde par moi. Il semblerait que mon message est du jamais vu sur leur forum si propre et ordonné. Comment est-ce possible ? Les plus ardents ont eu le temps d'écrire au-delà de 20,000 messages depuis sa création. As-tu lu quelques-uns de ces messages ? Je l'aurais certes fait moi-même, après avoir compris comment these are such die hard fans. I would... je ne sais plus ce que j'allais dire.

Je ne sais pas non plus si l'histoire de fou que je viens d'entendre, de la part de mon chum, me permet de continuer ici, puisque je suis complètement out of it. Apparently, we have some Jamaïcains smoking dope in our car park, avec un oeil sur notre chien, et notre perroquet, et tout ça ne devrait pas m'inquiéter. D'Hammersmith ? J'ai demandé. De Shepherd Bush in fact, je comprends alors que c'est désespéré.

On vient de perdre 30 minutes, d'ailleurs, à propos d'hier, alors que j'étais déjà saoul, il me demandait ce soir à qui j'écrivais ces messages, qui l'inquiètent grandement, comme si ces messages signifiaient la fin d'un règne, et un renouveau complet pour moi, un nouveau départ pour l'aventure, je ne l'ai pas épargné ces dernières quinze années.

Il me demandait qui était cet homme chauve dans les vidéos d'Indochine que j'écoutais hier, randomly, vraiment, dans tous ces vidéos, à quelque part, il y a un homme chauve, avec deux petites filles qui dansent autour ? Mon Dieu, de quel vidéo parle-t-il ? Et il est jalou, il me demande si c'est à ce chauve que j'écris tous ces messages depuis des jours ? Je lui ai montré, toi, Nicola sirkis, et je lui ai dit que c'était à toi que j'écrivais mes messages. Étrangement, ça semble l'avoir soulagé. Bizarre, d'autant plus qu'il aurait dû alors comprendre que lui et toi, vous vous ressemblez complètement. Vous avez le même âge, la même taille, la même grandeur, tous les deux extrêmement désirables, mais alors, il est aveugle face à toi. Il n'a vu qu'un chauve avec deux petites filles, dans un des fichiers Indochine que j'ai, et Dieu seul sait ce que je visionnais alors, je ne puis le retrouver à cet instant.

Je ne lui dis pas tout, mais presque. Il sait que j'écris à ce mad French man, pour peu importe la raison, que c'est mon obsession actuelle et que je me fous du reste, mais ça n'enregistre pas dans son cerveau, comment je le laisserai en un instant, pour toi et la France. Ces British, une perte absolue. Mais je l'aime, aucun doute, mais c'est quoi que j'aime en lui ? Son corps ? Parce que le reste, l'intelligence, franchement, autant acheter un Nintendo DS Lite, ce que je viens d'ailleurs d'acheter ce dernier weekend. Cela veut tout dire. I am after all an addict of Adventure games on the PC, and now, hopefully, on the Nintendo DS. Anything to escape this reality that I just cannot stand!

Drôle, qu'il soit aveugle face au danger que tu représentes, que de te voir sur le moniteur de mon ordi, il n'a aucun doute que jamais tu pourrais devenir mon ami, et que je serais prêt à tout abandonner demain matin, pour toi. Il n'a aucune idée de l'Aventurier qui sommeille en moi, l'explorateur, alors même que voilà deux ans je l'ai abandonné pour Los Angeles. Peut-être est-il imbécile, after all, il n'a certes aucune intelligence intellectuelle, sinon pratique.

Nicola, je ne peux plus continuer. Il me semble que j'écrive davantage pour tes fans en ce moment que pour toi. Parce que je sais que ce message se retrouvera sur ce forum Indochine. J'espère que c'est juste un message de transition, une misère nécessaire afin de continuer à mettre mes lettres en ligne là où j'aurais une chance que tu liras ces messages. Mais voilà, je ne t'écris plus, je n'écris

même plus quelque chose qui pourrait au moins être intéressant sur mon site éventuellement, tout est perdu.

Mes messages pour toi avaient deux intérêts, l'un que tu me lises, deux, que le tout fasse comme un blog d'intérêt d'un auteur alors qu'il était saoul et qu'il ne savait plus ce qu'il faisait. Who cares, je dois admettre que lorsque je suis saoul, mes écrits sont philosophique, deep, psychologiques, pensés, songés, bref, quand je suis saoul j'écris toujours quelque chose de profond et intéressant, peu importe le destinataire.

Honte, oui, le lendemain, surtout quand ça finit sur un forum public prêt à fustiger l'auteur, quelle honte. Mais je m'en fous, parce que, avant de lire les commentaires, après avoir lu quelques-uns, j'ai relu mes messages à Nicola Sirkis. Je voudrais dire que ça vient du cœur, des tripes, mais voilà, étant saoul, je me demande, d'où ça vient vraiment. Et j'aime ce que j'ai lu de ce que je t'ai écrit, et alors, il me faut absolument passer par-dessus ce qu'ils disent, ne pas arrêter, ne pas répondre, ne pas être influencé, juste continuer, et voir où cela me mènera. Au désastre, sans doute, les forums ne pardonnent jamais. Voilà pourquoi étant l'auteur d'un des plus importants forums littéraires francophones, je n'y lis rien, je n'y écrit rien, ou pratiquement rien. Tout de suite ils sont à l'attaque, tout de suite ils te détruisent, et franchement, je n'ai aucun besoin d'une telle négativité. Voilà pourquoi je ne participe jamais à aucun forum. Et si je suis ici cette nuit, je n'y suis pas vraiment. Je t'écris un message, à toi, Nicola Sirkis, dans l'espoir qu'il t'atteindra. Je ne répondrai à personne d'autres qui m'attaquera ici, I am beyond that, beyond that bullshit.

Je me demande, de ce qu'il reste à discuter, on a night like this. Il y a des choses que je désirais aborder, difficile maintenant de me souvenir, après cette crise. All right then, cette folie a maintenant pris une tournure imprévue, j'étais certain qu'aucun d'entre eux allait porter attention à mes messages à toi en anglais, mais voilà, I have opened a Pandora's box. And I will have to deal with it, somehow. I sincerely hope it will all be worth it, and will, at any rate, attract your attention. Surely you're not that impossible to reach? How much of a stir do I need to create on this forum for you to pay attention to me?

They now say I have alienated tous les membres du forum. Ils s'étripent, apparently, à propos de mes quatre messages pour toi. Je ne sais qu'en penser, et comme je suis saoul, encore ce soir, à cause de cette crise, et Dieu sait comment ce sera l'enfer demain au travail... je ne puis que dire comme réponse : God save the Queen !

Ils parlent d'un "3615 My Life", whatever that is, I have no clue. Moi et ce que l'on appelle le minitel en France, on ne s'est jamais rencontré. Je n'ai qu'une vague idée de ce qu'est un minitel, mais franchement, « 3615 My Life », quel titre fantastique pour un nouveau livre ! I will have to think about that one. But ultimately it will have to mean something else, since it will have to tell something to the world as a whole. Imagination will be required indeed in this case.

French people are so weird, and so funny in some unexpected ways. 3615 My Life, si j'étais Français, j'aurais déjà un livre publié avec un tel titre. C'est suffisamment provoquant. Et même un Québécois peut s'en rendre compte. Là commence un renouveau absolu, de tout. It has to be, it must be, un mal nécessaire. Nul ne peut se limiter à la France, not any longer.

I need to see you live, mais je ne puis venir à Paris, trop cher, passeport périmé, whatever. Lille, c'est là où je dois te rencontrer, l'Eurostar arrête à Lille. Psychologiquement, pour un Britain, Lille is the limit, du monde entier. Lille,

there is nothing beyond Lilles. So romantic, for reasons I won't go into right now. I have a big fan there. However, he is way too young and good looking for me, I would never dare trying to meet him, he would be way too disappointed. I can't afford any of that shite right now. Maintain the fake image of an author, maintain the ideal of one's life. Anonymity of an author is great. I always wanted to see what Lilles looked like, but I'm afraid, je ne vais jamais voir Lilles, de cette vie.

You do have great fans out there, who took my defence against so many gratuitous attacks from those out there who appear not being able to understand what this was all about, against what they thought was unthinkable. That is, me writing a few letters to you. I had not realised that this was such a unique event on that main Indochine forum, that it warranted such a crisis. Well, do pay attention to those ones, I believe they are die hard fans, and will follow you even to the doors of hell. I love them already.

As to the others, who could hate them, they are just as society would expect them to be, as polite society would expect them to be, to react, and so on. They have been programmed that way, tough, they would never admit to it, since who could know how programmed we have been?

Je suis bien trop hors de ma personne normale, pour continuer ce soir. Je suis trop saoul. J'ai détruit des choses dans l'appartement, que même étant en état d'ébriété ordinaire avancé, je n'ai jamais auparavant détruit. Mon partenaire est en panique absolue. C'est un signe clair qu'à partir de maintenant, peu importe ce que j'ajouterais, ce sera dérisoire. Je ne pourrai me défendre contre un tel extrême, et même les 7000 Danses ne pourront me venir en aide. Il y a un risque, gotcha ! Il y a un risque et on s'en fout, gotcha ! J'ai pris un risque, et j'en suis fier, gotcha ! Et il y a quelque chose à propos du mépris, avant les la la la. Let it be a lesson to all of us. I am already too far gone, je suis déjà trop loin, pour m'en faire, cette nuit anyway, demain, who knows, qui sait?

Mon demi vient d'exploser, apparemment je parle en écrivant ici. Il n'en peut plus, et moi non plus. I don't care how good he looks even at 47, in his under cacas, he can fuck off and disappear pour toujours, et bons baisers de partout, pour toujours. Something will have to happen soon, one way or another. Pour un second post, ça me fait grave. Dites-moi, comment je pourrais m'en contre-crisser? Ma relation intime est terminée, ma vie est un enfer, que j'écrive dans n'importe quelle langue qui existe sur cette planète, je n'existe pas. Et quoi ? je suis saoul un soir et j'écris à la seule personne qui m'inspire encore à ne pas me suicider, et vous radoter encore des whatever, à mon propos ? As if I should give a shit ? Comme si ça m'importait ? I am about to commit suicide, you moron ! Non, je ne puis plus m'inquiéter à propos de rien. Une seule personne existe pour moi en ce moment, Nicola Sirkis, and that is all.

Si seulement il n'y aurait aucune conséquence, j'étriperai mon partenaire en ce moment. Ne peut-il pas me laisser tranquille pendant quelques heures pour lire vos attaques et me défendre ? Sans que je n'aie besoin de premièrement le tuer ? Je suis prêt, je suis fou, au cas où vous ne l'auriez pas encore compris. You do not have any idea about who you are truly dealing with here. Why don't you just let it be? Parce que, franchement, au point où j'en suis, I cannot care about anything anymore, sauf ma seule évasion, Indochine.

Et vous noterez que je parle maintenant bien davantage dans la langue de ce forum, bien que, certes demain je le regretterai, et peut-être je ferai disparaître le tout. I am so confused right now, dear me, it wouldn't take much for me to commit suicide. And so, I can assure you, I don't give a shit about anything you say. And yet, here I am answering you, so perhaps I am not so out there. Je vous

aime, alors même que vous me détestez. Try to figure that one out, if you can. I bet you can't, homme de peu de foi.

Good, all of that is now out of me. Dear Nicola, I am back to normal, to before I did put my messages to you online. I am surprised that I survived all these attacks unscathed. I am so sensible, emotional and all, and yet, perhaps I am not. I survived it, and I do not feel this feeling of regrets, remorse, whatever. I survived your fans, and who knows, this maybe the way I will reach you. I sure hope so, after all that. I will admit, your fans are much more disciplined than mine. Mine, by now, they would have annihilated me, which is why I would never write on my own forum. How merciless people can be, it is disheartening. No longer my problem, I survived the initial burst. I will survive now. And my next message to you will be more enlightening. I promise.

Dear me, you have no idea, how difficult it is for me to put this online, at this time, I am so dead, it is like as if I was not alive at all. Mais! Ça sera online cette nuit. This is the most difficult thing I have ever done, put this online, cos I'm so dead... you cannot even imagine. And yet, I have to do it.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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Message 6 à Nicola Sirkis from Roland Michel Tremblay

Right, time to give you my verdict on Alice & June. To be honest it took me a while to get into it, because it was radically different, though in retrospect I guess this is the direction Indochine was going towards to after Paradize.

At first I thought it was heavy metal music of some sort, too hard for my ears, certainly it could be qualified as Industrial Music, a bit like Type-O-Negative, a band I actually like. But from Indochine, I thought, perhaps this one was not for me.

This has all changed however as I found that the songs did stick in my head, and the next day at work, if I had drank too much, some of the songs of Alice & June were the ones stuck in my head as some sort of loop.

So I got back to it, listened to it many more times, and now my final verdict is that it is your best album yet, better than Paradize, and I didn't think this could be possible. It is also possible that I think so now because I am in deep need right now of something hard, and even Muse lately did not satisfy this need. But Alice & June does it nicely, and moreover, in French, which is almost in itself unbelievable.

Truly a great album, in the sense that it is hard, and yet, there is a good balance between hard and soft, which makes the whole long album easy to listen to without tiring too much. And also that it is full of great ideas and music loops, in the end, it is a masterpiece. You have done it again.

Sometimes I wonder where your inspiration comes from, after such a long time, that for most people inspiration would have dried up by now. It is admirable. And those musicians, don't know how you came to meet them and incorporate them into Indochine, but they're good, they're the best.

Alice and June, the song, is a classic, everything about it is that clear, that it could become a signature song. It is the kind of song a new band would come up with at the very beginning of their career, and then, never again come up with such a great song, for unexplainable reason. Just like Paradize is, I could have said the same about that song. No wonder when I discovered that recently, I went halfway mad, that my old band Indochine could have achieved such wonder now and reach me in ways I would never have suspected could be possible from Indochine. No wonder I started to write to you, because somehow, since we are French, I thought, somehow, we're like brothers, you may be reachable.

And it is not only those singles that are great, I have to say, every single song, the whole albums are simply the work of genius, really inspired, and it does inspire me no end. In particular La Nuit des Fées and and most especially Le Manoir. Both classics, highly inspirational, most probably the best songs of Paradize. Isn't that wonderful when the songs which are not to become singles, on an album, can be better than the singles? This is the mark of a great band. Not many are capable of such a feat.

Well, that is all I had to say tonight, sleep well and dream up more great songs. Music is important for me, when I write, and it has become more difficult for me to find these bijoux over the years, because I am too disconnected from everything out there. I'm happy I re-discovered you. And to top it all, God you're cute! And such a great voice. Oh yes, I am in love.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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Message 7 à Nicola Sirkis from Roland Michel Tremblay

Sent 19 December 2007 at 02h17 via :

<http://www.myspace.com/sirkisnicola>

It is one thing to be an author, it is one thing to be published, to put it online on websites, and be read by millions. Yeah, as long as we feel that people are actually reading and that it has some sort of impact, whatever that impact might be.

I have to say however that it is something entirely different when you write something to the people you admire most, and that they might actually be reading it. It adds a new dimension to the work, suddenly the most insignificant sentence or statement becomes just like a line in a signature song, that will be sang for years to come in front of crowds who will be singing it until hopefully the end of times.

Such words then need to be chosen carefully, since they become part of history, of posterity, they enter the collective psyche forever. One misplaced sentence in there, and that's it, the oeuvre d'art is destroyed. And sometimes going back and adding, editing, etc., just destroys it, because then it is no longer part of what it was, its origins, the mood it was written in.

There are songs and texts which can be highly political, and yet, have no impact whatsoever. Be it dry, intellectual, lack of style and imagination, whatever. Listening to your song Marylin, I feel one does not need to speak about politics to be political, or at the very least to be philosophical. The song gets back to basic, first basic emotions of any human being, a cry and a desire to live, and I assume be happier with oneself.

The song is so powerful, it does not need politics to be political. It is loud, strong, explosive. It is more revolutionary, about life and existence, than any political song could ever aspire to be. It is also better targeted, as if suddenly one would feel the need to live, to be happy, and somehow, to feel this strong emotion of being free, then politics is of no more concern. It only becomes this small hurdle to bypass, amongst so many others, in order to reach that point where one can actually live *en core plus fort* and feel elated.

Marylin must be your most political song, even though it has nothing to do with politics. A strike of genius, which obviously can only come from deep down inside, a mind who suddenly wishes to be free and to live forever. What anyone must be intrinsically aspiring to, and this song helps a great deal to focus that goal in anyone's mind.

Ultimately there are things more important than politics, and the history of the world on the political scene. And that is to feel that we are actually alive and can make some sort of difference. And the better when it is loud, powerful, weird and wild, even kinky in your case, and who cares when it can set alight such large crowds, and how else could you achieve such a success? It certainly attracts the required attention. Raw emotions, raw feelings, of such a desire that life could actually be something else, that life could be worth living after all.

As an author, I am well aware of my limitations. I will never set fire to a crowd for example, I will never be able to so instantly set 30,000 people alight, so they would suddenly feel this great need to be alive, to wake up and do something significant and worthwhile. Though, I will admit, that through my Anarchist series, poetry no less, I feel I can get the readers that close to feeling the same, on an individual basis.

So perhaps I have succeeded more than your average other writer out there, but as it is limited to paper, or a computer screen, or hopefully a mobile phone display, extremes are necessary in order to reach out, something only words in

music can actually achieve. And you've got it, beyond any hope. You have succeeded where no literary bastard could ever succeed.

You inspire life. And sometimes I hope I am doing the same, but somehow I feel I might only inspire death. Even if some fan mail I received confirms that I have saved some lives. Probably some gay people ready to commit suicide after suffering all that life has got to offer to such misfit entities, such marginal people.

It can only come from the heart, des tripes, from deep down inside. And in order to put this into words, a miracle is required. And that miracle is embodied into the song and video of Marylin (and perhaps also in Mao Boy).

I hope you don't get the impression that this is a highly intellectual analysis of Marylin, I don't do intellectual analysis of anything, because perhaps I am not French, French are experts at that kind of thing. They end up destroying everything and miss what is actually raw and powerful in anything.

Intellect requires a soul. Or else they are not practical enough, or not intellectual enough, to realise the full impact of anything. Being too cerebral about things that come from the heart, is incompatible. Being too cerebral about art is a waste, because art speaks to the heart before anything else.

I am finishing my fourth Kronenbourg, which is my set limit tonight, because I work tomorrow, in a Crown Court in the London area. Already I can see that I am reaching depression. Is it because I feel my life is going nowhere? That I am somehow stuck in the most boring routine, the most boring loop? That I repeat over and over again every single day? It is so soul destroying, for someone who wished he could have had a life.

Don't get me wrong, I have lived more than anyone else, and yet, it is not enough, it will never be enough for me. I bet you feel the same sometimes, doing the same show for the xth time, having to sing the same songs over and over again in the same places, night after night, year after year. There are routine and loops in everything in life, even when you're living the high life.

I'm not stupid, I know I may never be happy in anything I ever do or achieve, I may never be happy. However, being happy might be in small things, like writing to you tonight. This is out of the ordinary, this is something to look forward to, whenever I can do it, whilst I am in between writing two books. It is only in the details that someone can find happiness and the force to continue in this life. I feel this might explain your own page on myspace.

I am not certain if I have found a reason to exist. It would be simple if it was just to write books and be read, express opinions about everything that is happening out there. I'm afraid it is not that simple. I don't care for anything that is happening out there. I don't care to write books and leave something for posterity. If I did, it would be simple, I would have already accomplished all that I could have hoped to accomplish in this world, no matter how successful I could have become as a result. I used to say that I was beyond all that, but I think it is more serious.

There is nothing that could ever make me happy in this world. I have been suicidal for as long as I can remember, and seriously considering it until I reached 35, at which time I finally realised that I was mortal and there will be an end to it, and how long it will take for this end to come is bearable, as it is unlikely to be more than what I already suffered, and that was sufferable, so far.

I sometimes feel that every single book I write, every single page, every single line, should not have been written, that it was written in borrowed time, as I should have been long dead by now. So everything I write is a bonus, and so it should damn be important and significant, to justify the fact that I am still alive right now to actually write it, since it could easily be the only reason justifying my existence.

And even then, it does not justify it, I am not still alive just to write some more, I feel I have said everything I had to say a long time ago. And yet, every new book I write, somehow, is more significant than the last one, so perhaps my inner logic fails me.

Anyway, I feel that I have enough steam to survive beyond my death, but perhaps I still need to write that great successful book, just one, which will ensure my installation. I guess I do not wish for my life to be that useless, as horrible as it might have been, or felt. I could so easily be forgotten, and at this point, I don't really mind. I just wish to end the nightmare. And why is my life such a nightmare? I can't say. I'm not happy, I suffer, that is all. And that is wrong. As simple as that.

I realise I am an extreme case, and perhaps you are not ready for that. I trust life has been better on you, even though I am aware that it may not be the case. After all, what you do is certainly hard work, not many could do it, and do it so well. At least I am quite lively when I am not drunk all by myself. So I am not always like that. But when I am, dear me, you need all the will power in the world not to end it, and hope for better days that you know will never come.

Oh well, I'm just going to finish watching this file I downloaded somewhere:

Indochine - Video clips (QUALITE EXTRA 672x544 video=2100 Kbps, audio=192 Kbps SATRip Samedi Live W9 28-01-2006).avi

And then I'll go to bed.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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Message 8 à Nicola Sirkis from Roland Michel Tremblay

Sent 28 December 2007 via:

<http://www.myspace.com/sirkisnicola>

My dearest Nicola,

I wonder if you read at least one of my previous letters to you. And if so, which one? Not that it really matters, not one is more important than the other, the overall letters is what is important.

Tonight I have been listening first to Le Baiser, then 7000 Danses, then Alice et June, and now Paradize. A few days ago I listened to Génération Indochine, Danceteria, Un Jour dans notre Vie and Wax. I was getting worried that I might tire of listening to your music, listening to it like this non-stop for months now, it really does worry me, because then I don't know what I would listen to. Fortunately you have so many albums, and so many great albums at that, that I believe I still have many months of hard listening to do before I could get tired of listening to your great voice, your poetry and the great music accompanying it. It has been a while since I discovered such a gold mine of great music, even though, most of it, I already knew about and simply just re-discovered it lately.

I like the fact that your album has got a z in paradise, which is clearly American. Even in Great Britain paradise is spelt the French way, the fruit of 100 years of French occupation. It adds a certain irony to it all, considering Popstitute, the only song I actually do not listen to when listening to Paradize, along with Punker. From the Alice and June album, the songs I bypass are Vibrator and Harry Poppers with Wampas. I even believe that this last song is not from Indochine, and somehow ended on my CD as a joke. Apart from that, every single song is just a masterpiece, and as I said before, even though I didn't think Paradize could be beaten, I now find Alice et June the best Indochine album ever. I'm not sure yet if it is because I listened to Paradize so much more than Alice and June in the last few months. I really love the song Juste Toi et Moi at the moment. I've listened to that a lot, couldn't explain why.

Much has happened to me in the last month. I told you I work in a Crown Court, for over a year now, and I have been unable in my lifetime to keep a job for more than a year before. Now it seems that I have signed a new contract for another year. It is actually the easy way out, this job is no trouble, being on my doorstep, with people so uninspired and simple minded, that nothing is that threatening there. For the first time ever, writing a book about my life, that one called Crown Court Madhouse is actually quite positive, a nice place to work, nice people I wrote. This is a first for me. You can read it here, in my daily sort of blog:

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/madhouse.htm>

I went in there trying to dig out some dirt about them, and denounce it all, and apart from the fact that most of the top managers have been drug addicts at some point or another in their lifetime, I found nothing worth reporting. And even the fact that they were drug addicts is not worthy of writing about, since it seems quite natural these days. Of course, as long as you forget the fact that every single day in that court we send people in prison for possession, but usually it is for with intent to supply. Still, I guess it could look bad, but not that bad in my opinion. Drugs should have been legalised centuries ago, and they were then...

This is precisely what we need to fight against nowadays, not political corruption, not genocides, but our most basic freedom. I don't personally take drug, however we should have that right, and it would solve many other great problems in this society, it would free up the court system, it would permit the government to tax it, and probably get rid of a big chunk of the criminal world.

Other most basic right that I feel we need to fight for are to get rid of most cameras, ensure the government doesn't listen to our phone conversations and emails like this one. This fight, I feel, can no longer be won, not after 9/11 and

the new terrorist laws. Even the European government does not care about our most basic freedom and liberties, or human rights, except in the extreme, of what happens in the third world. Ours don't matter anymore. And it is certainly not serious enough that a civil war will be necessary to get rid of all that has turn our lives a real misery over that last few years. We have now learned to live with it, to become perfect citizens as more and more laws and regulations see the light of day, for our own protection they say, whilst we feel more and more tracked down, punished, and paying a hefty price, each one of us, that we are now all criminals without even knowing it. It is clear that the defence never has accessed to all that CCTV, only the prosecution. And so, whenever someone does something wrong to you, none of that protection will save you, it will only be used against you when you do something wrong yourself. Unless of course it is a rape or a murder, then CCTV will come to your help, but then, only because the prosecution will be on our side, they will be defending you. CCTV is but a threat to any of us, it is there as a money grabbing machine for the governments. Everyone knows it, everyone is powerless to stop it, and we're all victims and criminals now, though none of us truly are.

I am not usually someone who would talk like this, however after 15 years in London, one cannot but see the hell these place has become. That every time I take the car, I get two fines and see policemen just about everywhere, and none of it is necessary for our security or protection. I wonder if Paris has become such a living hell, or just London? I saw no cameras whilst living in Los Angeles, no policemen at every corner, however they had to scan my driving licence for me to buy alcohol. This is as bad, what use they could have for this, certainly not prevent kids from buying alcohol, that would not stop them, however it will certainly be used against you in a court of law for negligence in a car accident, it would prove that you are an alcoholic and may have been drunk at the time, even though it could only be circumstantial evidence. England has become a real Big Brother State, like no other country in this world, and so one cannot simply bypass it and not mention it. It is still not as bad as the world of George Orwell, and yet, somehow, it is worse, because it is real, and it is now, and this should not have happened.

My partner has been angry all day, I'm not exactly sure why. His mother just bought him a used car for Christmas, a Smart Roadster, just the toy he needed to calm him down. A car we obviously could not afford, in the process I lost my only asset, my Renault 5 Monaco, the deluxe version with leather seats, but from 1989. It cost his parents to fix it so much in that last month, and it was still not working, that they decided to buy him a new car, but I lost my car in the process, and now to flee to Richmond Park during a huge fight is impossible, I need to ask permission to take the car, and that permission will not be granted. I have to flee on foot, walk to Osterley Park for a few hours. Just had another fight, all about nothing. I'm 35, and I still have to deal with that kind of bullshit. It is not on.

I can talk about all this whilst listening to La Nuit des Fées. It is strange. It brings me into philosophical mode, and yet, I am winging about the most basic problems of any married couple. I would love for this conversation to take off and talk philosophy and politics instead, however, you are often pinned down to the ground by more pressing matters of matrimonial life, something we could all do without. This is perhaps where the first fight for freedom, these days, needs to be fought.

The second battle ground, yet again, is not at a political level, but on work level, our employers, or our bosses. In my case it is not as complicated as your situation, I do not have band members, managers and agencies, record companies, PR and marketing departments and the overall medias and public to

deal with, I only have about eight managers, all telling me what to do, and all contradicting each other. It is enough to render someone completely bunker.

I did venture far this Christmas in order to try to connect to them. I went to every single work party there was, and tried to remind myself that there is nothing more dangerous than go to a work Christmas party completely drunk. You can so easily start insulting everyone, as the truth about everyone finally comes out of every pore in your little body.

That was before however, nowadays I actually can use these work soirées to my advantage, use them to help my promotion, and I believe I succeeded this year. I don't believe I have insulted anyone apart from a few, but they are unimportant, and I feel that I have secured all my future promotions with the main managers.

Of course, most of it is completely meaningless to me, and ultimately in my case it wouldn't matter much if I had managed, once again, to alienate all my bosses within an hour, as I used to do whilst drunk. If you read the beginning of my blog about it (the link above), and how it all started a year ago, you would understand what I mean, that I never took that job seriously, that I was only there as some sort of spy, ready to denounce everything that goes on in one of the most important criminal court in England. That I found nothing of interest, doesn't really matter now. What matters is that I have written 500 if not 600 of a normal published book, about it all. So it has become a big chunk of my life, of what I will leave to posterity as an author. Just like you would feel about putting out a new album and see it evolved in history, totally out of your control, over the years. Yeah, in your case it is much more serious than in mine, because for you everything is so about commercialism and money, even though I am sure it is not how you would wish it to be. For me, it is only for if ever I become a successful author one day, be it after my death, where suddenly every single word or sentence I will have written will become of the utmost importance in trying to figure out what I am all about. I have studied French literature long enough to understand what an army of students at university level, and professors at that same level, can do to instantly annihilate all that you may have worked so hard for over the years, just by misunderstanding one book, one blog, one paragraph within your oeuvre. And considering that often write whilst completely drunk, and not having the time to re-read myself, I'm fucked. I hope they will see enough contradictions everywhere that they will stop and wonder if whenever I wrote something I was actually completely of my mind or actually very much aware of my position in this universe.

I don't suppose you have that problem. From the time that you write a song, to the time it appears on a CD and perhaps plays on the radio, an army of people must have gone over it, and told you to change this word or that sentence. So the version we get must be completely sanitised and would leave very little for the analyst given the job to psycho-analyse you to state anything of interest. You are not likely to be given the chance to make such a mistake as I could do tonight, by stating something stupid and putting it online within the hour.

I guess I live dangerously, much more than you ever will. Maybe I like it this way. I used to wait at least two years before putting my blogs online, by then I didn't care at all by whatever I might have said then. I consider everyone concerned by such a blog as good as dead, because none of them could have now any influence over my life. I also used to write them all in French, whilst living in an English speaking world. So none of them could actually ever read what I was writing about them.

I now have it all online instantly, in English. One curious mind at work could find it overnight and get me sacked the very next day. I have now accused or denounced all the managers from being drug addicts at some point in their past, and that would be enough for most of them to be sacked, and so if they were to find that out, I am sure they would protect themselves with law suits against me, sack me and try to get me to delete it all. I would obey of course, I would have no choice. I do not seek trouble, especially if they can be so easily avoided by pushing the delete key. However, I am playing with fire right now, I could lose my career instantly, by of course this is not my career and I never really cared about that job anyway in the first place. I don't even know what else I could write about this job right now which would warrant me working there for another year. I feel something will happen soon in my life, as per my destiny, to bring me somewhere else, so I can write another book about my life which will actually be interesting, like when I had this job in Los Angeles last year:

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/corporateamerica.htm>

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/kiddo.htm>

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

Above are the three links to everything I have written within the year that I was in Los Angeles, many drunken nights indeed were necessary for these to come into being, to help in the nightmare I went through. No doubt if any of them were to read this today, they would sue me, even though it is all true, and how I felt at the time, and so they would not have a leg to stand on. Not only that, I was nice to them, well, nicer than I could have been let's say, because I am not completely blind to people actually nice to me and who are trying to help me, and my bosses ultimately, they did try hard to keep me there and happy. Everyone else around just drove me to madness, and many drunken nights indeed. I went through hell, even became agoraphobic, couldn't leave my luxurious flat. I believe you have a song somewhere talking about what I felt then, something about you stating that you do not wish to get out of your room anymore, or something like that.

My year at the Court in England erased that nightmare and neuroses I may have developed in Los Angeles. In fact I wrote a fiction novel, which does not come easy to me, and another political book, which is unexpected for me, but such is the state of the world right now that both these books were necessary, and yet, I could not have written them whilst in Los Angeles:

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/annamaria.htm>

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/destructivism.htm>

I recently got some feedback for my novel Anna Maria, from one important online magazine and publisher. Most of them read the book, which is actually hard to achieve, it means that it went beyond the comité de lecture. Half of them thought they should publish the book, the other half, or even one important one in there, thought that there was not enough action, plot, intrigue, etc. They asked me to rewrite it all, that a major re-write was necessary.

Well, I have written well over thirty books by now, six published, I'm not stupid. The novel Anna Maria is fine as it is, there is no need for a major re-write. I will not be caught dead doing such a thing for a might be publisher, unless I actually signed a contract with them and I knew it was worth it. I politely told them to fuck off. If a second and a third publisher tell me the same thing, I may think again and start re-working it, until then, I know what such comments are worth, nothing. I will not rewrite Anna Maria, it is perfect as it is. Anna Maria is exactly what I had in mind, it is exactly what I wanted to do with it, any more editing would simply destroy it. I prefer to concentrate on my next novel instead.

I'm still thinking about my next project, I'm excited about it, even though I still have no idea about what it will be about. The fact that I am between writing books, is the only reason I am writing to you now. You will note that it is getting closer to being the size of a normal published book these days, I am certainly prolific, if nothing else.

I have confession to make, whenever you I listen to the song *Des Fleurs pour Salinger*, and that you sing the line about *Des Écrits Explosifs*, I always thought of myself, because this is what I have been writing for years, *des écrits explosifs*. And I wonder, always, how truly *explosifs* were Salinger's books for you to state such a thing in one of your songs. I bet it was nothing explosive compared with me.

Nothing that explosive could ever go mainstream in the first place, I am not mainstream, I am raw. And you, just like Salinger I suspect, just like Madonna, are at the limit of being explosive, so you could still go mainstream, and you are, all of you. Be extreme and you will immediately be shut down.

Don't despair, it is as it should be, any more explosive and none of you would have been mainstream and got heard in the first place, and so none of you would have existed. It is harder to be at the limit of being explosive in order to go mainstream as it is to simply be explosive and never go mainstream. And so what you have all achieved is highly respectable and admirable. It is the way to go in order to reach out globally and be heard. It is only with whispers that you can wake up a nation, it has always been my motto, since my first and only girlfriend told me so years ago.

That first and only girlfriend I ever had, is now an insignificant psychologist in the North of Québec, I found her again last week actually, sent her a message, she has not answered back, she might not. Who cares? She was a nightmare to live with anyway, I guess she was too idealistic even for me, and yet, it amounted to nothing concrete. And I thought she was revolutionary, whilst I thought I was non-existent whilst I was with her. Well, I am now very much out there, reaching out, and she is as good as dead. Teaching students about safe sex and the importance of sexuality. Let me stop here to puke for a second.

Ginette she was called. Ginette. I don't believe you would understand the full implications of that name, because I'm sure you are completely ignorant of the best ever French-Canadian band in existence. They are called *Beau Dommage*. If you do not know that name, I tell you, you are indeed ignorant and you need to buy their greatest hits. You need to know at least *Beau Dommage* and *Corbeau*, that came out from Québec throughout the years. This is our making, this is what we're made of, this is what we're all about.

Beau Dommage is to Québec what *Indochine* is to France. And I bet, it is more meaningful to us than you could ever hope to be to France. It is our history. Well, *Beau Dommage* had a song called *Ginette*. « *Ginette, t'as mis d'la brume dans mes lunettes, t'as faite de moé un animal, Ginette ! Fais-moé sauter dans ton cerceau !* » I know, it is sad indeed, and I do not listen to that on my mobile phone MP3 player... don't ask. But you do need to know about *Beau Dommage*, even though, myself, I can't be bothered with so much crap. It was not, after all, my generation, it was the 70s. A decade I cannot stand at any rate, even though I was alive for eight years in that very decade. I wish now that I had not been alive then, but I wouldn't be where I am now if I had been born in the 80s. God knows where I would be then, I feel, certainly not in Europe.

I have an announcement to make, from this second, this conversation à sens unique is now online on my website. I won't provide the link, however it is called On a Drunken Night. Fear not, my dear friend, your name does not appear anywhere. Except on that last letter which I have not yet edited your name out of it. I will tonight or in the next few days, whenever I get a minute. So you won't be associated with such a devious mind as mine.

How interesting, it is now a totally different ball game. What I state here is no longer between you and I, it is actually between me and whoever might end up on my websites, and be attracted by such a title of On a Drunken Night, amongst so many other links. Luck and destiny is required here for them to fall on that very link, since they have so much choice. However, the title, I feel, is attractive enough. It could lead them right here, and lead them away from other links I would prefer them to avoid, like my actual blog and the ones of last year.

I have however mentioned these blogs here, and provided the links, but it doesn't really matter, it is unlikely that they would reach that very page where I provide these links. My generation has no patience, there is no way they would be able to read that far, to this very page, before moving on to another website about perhaps, who knows what, Nintendo? Yeah, that's about the sum of it. I am safe. With a two minute attention span, we're all safe, no one reads beyond the third page before moving on. Thank God! I may then live to see another day.

And for the older generation, I'm not worried, they would not even reach my website, and if they did, they would not even click on one of the links. It is not their attention span that is the problem here, it is just that new technology is just too much for them, they would prefer to die than having to surf a website and read something. Thank God! I may then live to see another day.

Hey, this is celebration time, a new page online, which would be near 100 pages of a normal published book. An unexpected page I might add, I never thought I would be writing to you, and that many pages for a start. I think this is great, different, refreshing, God knows I can no longer stand my actual blog, I'm just repeating myself over there, over and over, like if I was stuck in a time loop. Talking to you, at least, I'm talking about stuff I would never have talked about in a million years. It broadens my horizons. I hope it does broaden your horizon too. I would like to think that I am not talking the same boring stuff than most of your other fans. If so, I might as well shoot myself right now. As an author, you see, I have to be original, or else, what is the point? However I am not worried, the crisis that happened on that forum after I put there my first four letters to you, prove that I am original, that this was something different that they had never seen before, hence, they instantly went into panic mode and freaked out about it. Tout le monde a peur de la différence, du marginal. And yet, I am asking you, what was so different and marginal in my four first letters you? I wonder. They don't need much to jump to the barricades and start shooting down everyone. No they don't. Which is great, I have to say, because I thought it was becoming harder and harder to be different, to be marginal, I thought it had become impossible, that there was nothing new under the sun.

I guess everything is new under the sun for a new generation, because most of them ignore what came one generation before them, and this is just how it should be, so everything can still feel new and clean and revolutionary, when we all know it is old school stuff. But who needs to know? And who needs to shut up about it? Yeah. Let them live, let us live! For us, this is new, this is our generation, it has never been done before, and will never be done again. Let us appreciate the full impact of it, the meaning, the possibilities, we want to live, encore plus fort! Isn't that so? Yes it is so.

Well, to get back to what I was initially trying to tell you, before I became all philosophical on you, this year I took a big risk, I attended all the Christmas parties at work, even though they are all Indians at the court, so in fact I need to get Christ out of it and call these the End of Year celebrations, since for them Christmas is completely meaningless.

I used to go to these parties just to insult all my managers and all the top directors, and one year I reached the summum and insulted the top owner of all the distilleries that ever were in existence in Scotland. The man was already angry at anyone who spoke French, because you see, Campbell Distillers was bought by a French company, just like all the Irish distillers, they were bought by Pernod-Ricard. He hated so much, you wouldn't believe, so I told him what I thought of him, it ended up becoming that I attacked him in the men's toilets in an Irish pub in Dublin. Would you believe? He tried so hard to get me sack, it is actually funny to see him go around all the top bosses, trying to destroy me. I didn't care then, because I was already moving on to another job. I told them the very next day, after he tried so hard to get me sacked on the spot. Poor man. That event ended up being the end of my published book *The Eclecticism* (in French):

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/eclectisme.htm>

Well, all this to state how dangerous it is to attend these functions. You never know when you will be accused of attacking someone in the men's toilets, when in fact, you barely told them something insignificant.

Well, this year, I trust I said bad things, especially against the British people, however it does not really matter, all my bosses are Indians. I have been promoted, in the New Year I will now be IT Assistant to the Court. It doesn't mean more money, in fact it means me going to every single court in the morning to tell people how to turn on their computer before the Judge arrives, so in all it is meaningless, and will prevent me from actually doing my job, paying invoices from counsels and solicitors.

On that point I have sort of been demoted. I will no longer have to deal with these invoices, it is a demotion, however, since it is the hardest job at the court, the one no one wants to do, and that I have been doing it for a whole year, then they feel it is a recompense to get me off of it.

Sad, I actually enjoyed the only challenge this court had to offer me. You see, I have enough experience as a manager, I could run the whole court, however they are unaware of that. If they had been, they would never have hired me in the first place. I told them I was a moron in order to get that job, you have no choice if you wish to become a civil servant, and so far it worked just fine, they don't suspect anything, they still believe I am brainless. And I haven't done anything in that last year to contradict this, there is no doubt that in their mind, I am brainless. Sometimes it makes me wonder, perhaps I am brainless after all, that would explain why I fit in so well.

I only realised how our daily conversations were so far off anything intellectual, the day we got an IT Engineer showing up, a Transvestite from Belgium, who spoke French and was highly intellectual. I spent days finally having interesting conversations before he disappeared for good, not before unfortunately a bitch I work with made an official complaint that I was not allowed to speak French at the court, when all those Indians have been speaking strange dialects for years, and still do. I almost killed the bitch.

If the transsexual shows up again, I will speak French, and I will speak against her, that British bitch colleague of mine, what obviously she is worried about. I miss him, I mean, I miss her greatly, our conversations. Perhaps I am missing out, being a simple British civil servant, after all, if a transsexual from Brussels can actually be the highlight on my life once in a while. I must be in the wrong job. And yet, you do not meet these oddities if you are not out there doing something.

I think I could marry her, for her mind that is. What a great personality she has. I just don't know what I would do with these fake breasts, puke in the sink, I would imagine. Nobody's perfect, certainly not I. I've got a lot to learn in this world, but much less than most of the others surrounding me, I know that, at least, I am at least a bit more open-minded. I would marry her and see where that adventure would bring me. It would certainly be a great book! And I am so desperate for sex right now, I could fuck a dog. So a transsexual from Brussels would be no problem at all. Let my life move on to a higher gear! As long as my transsexual has a dick, and she has, and even then, at this point, I don't even care.

I don't think that even André Gide ever stated something like that, I must be off my mind, it must be the Gin. Better blame all that is wrong with us on alcohol, it is after all the perfect excuse to everything, isn't it? I sure hope so. Despite all your songs, I'm sure this is way beyond your capacity to accept. Don't worry, I guess it is also beyond mine. I am gay, I am not an alien, though sometimes I truly wonder. And who cares anyway? No one, as long as you do not have a name and some sort of credibility out there, which I don't, so I'm still free to say it as it comes. I would marry the bitch from Brussels in a second tonight, fuck the consequences. And I bet you I would be a happy man, much happier than I am now, that's for sure. Fuck the consequences! I am ready for anything this existence will throw at me.

I am listening to Alice and June for the third time tonight, I feel this album is totally off key, filled with distortions, the result is quite weird, and worked just fine, wonderfully in fact. It is also the first album where what you say is often impossible to decipher, as if you wished not to be understood on everything you say. I like that very much, I have to say. This is so new for you. It is so refreshing.

I just wonder what your next album might be after that, just as I am wondering what my next book will be about, in which language, fiction or not. Will we have the motivation to do it? The chance? Yeah, big questions. And yet, we must, somehow, continue. I feel, when it comes to you, how important it is for posterity, for the history of France. In my case, I suppose that it doesn't really matter if I live or die comes the new year. And yet, I feel it important for me to continue, and so, it is doubly crucial for you to do so.

Just don't go mad, we don't need 15 to 20 songs. Well, it is quite nice, 20 new songs, considering that most of them are quite extraordinary, but if this is to stop you from giving us a new album, 9 songs would already be something worth living for. Actually, start with the idea that you will only do 9 songs, to motivate yourself and the others, and then go on to do 15 to 20 great ones. That would be acceptable. And if you can only come up with 9, then we will live with it and be happy, I tell you.

It is always easier for me to write a new book if I feel that I am almost at the end and that it will be finished soon, even though I have just started. You always feel the need to feel that you can see the end of it, or else, where could you find the

courage to continue and finish the damn thing? Especially when achieving these things easily take a whole year of your life? So many drunken nights indeed.

To be honest with you, I don't know how I do it, how I managed to write so many books and actually finish them. I cannot explain it, since each one of them required a miracle to see the light of day. There is only one explanation, I was born that way, with this capacity and ability to write books, just like I believe you were born with this capacity and ability to write great songs and albums, something I admit out right that I feel I couldn't do.

So in a way we are both special in this world, even though your success and my lack of it could easily mean that only you is special in this world. I however do not think like this. Commercial success is something admirable, but it is not everything. You know it, you have come up with great albums in the 90s, and all of them should have rightly gone to the top, and they didn't for some reason. You cannot be failed on this, these albums, these songs, were as great if not better than what you had achieved before.

So I do believe that you understand when I say that success is not essential, as long as you feel that what you have done is truly great, something you can be proud of. I am proud of what I was able to achieve in my life, nothing else matter. I feel I have done better than I thought I could ever do, and that is enough for me, it is the only important criteria. I don't care for the opinion of others, only mine is important, and I think this is how it should be. So I don't feel like I am popstituting myself.

Somehow I feel you think just the same. Which is why you continue to this day. Creating something new out of nothing is your raison d'être, so is mine, until we die.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com>

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Message 9 à Nicola Sirkis from Roland Michel Tremblay

Sent 7 January 2008 at 20h00:

Dear Nicola,

Hi Darlin'! You know how we are, us, gay people, we spend all the money we earn almost instantly, and since we have no children (we can't even marry), and no

family (our parents reject us all as soon as they learn we're gay), and since we're all rich (somehow we're all bright cookies with high salaries), well, we spend a lot. This phenomenon has a name, it is called the Pink Pound. Whole industries are spending a fortune trying to attract the pink pound, or Pink Euro in your case I suppose (was there ever a Pink Franc?). So, today I went shopping, and I feel the need to tell you all about it, just like us gay people always do, we go shopping and we spend hours telling our friends all that we bought. (I am being sarcastic, just in case you have not noticed).

I know you couldn't care less to hear about my shopping spree, you might be a bit more once I tell you what I was shopping for: Indochine DVDs. Highly frustrated from being unable to find anything Indochine being a few miles away from France, I went mad, directly went to amazon.fr and spent for 131.25 Euros of Indochine DVDs. I bought everything, except Live à Hanoi, they had none left and I couldn't buy from a third party, they would have charged me a fortune for delivery across the channel.

After paying, I realised my folie. I had no idea how much a Euro costs these days. For all I knew, I might have spent 300 pounds on you. I almost had a heart attack, and since I am drunk, I knew very well that my heart attack would actually happen tomorrow morning, once I woke up and realise the stupid thing I did whilst I was, once again, drunk. Well, I quickly went to a currency converter website and found out that I spend just a little under 100 pounds on you. Phew! Now I am breathing.

Shit! I forgot to buy your book! I need to go back and add to my order, this is my unique chance to buy your book Mauvaises Nouvelles. Thank God I thought of it. Should I buy the cheap pocket version from J'Ai Lu, or the broché version from JC Lattès, or something like that?

Dear me! There are plenty of books about you on amazon, shit, I have to buy them also. In that case I hope you will forgive me for buying the pocket version of your book, I just can't afford hardback cover, and anyway, it is too difficult to read. Did you know that the only way for me to read a book these days, is by first scanning it, passing it through a OCR software to recognise the text, and then read it on my mobile phone? I can no longer read on paper, I guess this is a generation thing.

Shit, shit, shit, just about every single book about you is a hardback, and hence I only bought expensive hardbacks, and so, I have to buy the hardback version of your book. How sad would it be for me to buy a bunch of books about you, all hardback, but the very one you wrote would be pocket, this is not acceptable, so I bought the hardback. Shit, shit, shit, I am spending another 100 Euros on you tonight, that makes two. I should be shot for being such a victim of my race, the gay race, Pink Pound indeed, spanning a whole industry. Will someone stop me? I won't eat anything for the rest of the month! I know I said we all had high salaries, and I used to, believe me, but I have decided to become a civil servant, working around the corner, in order to have time to write my books, and so I am the poorest cunt alive right now. I'm in trouble. Thank God I was able to stop myself from buying La Partition of Alice & June, what I would have I done with that? I am a writer, not a musician.

Oh God, Dear God, I just know I will live to regret this. 230 Euros, I am beyond wanting to know how much that is in pounds sterling. I just hope I can afford it, the transaction is paid for, for sure, but I certainly will not be going to Tesco this month. I will go to Marks and Spencer instead, I have 65 pounds worth of vouchers. I hope it will buy me more than a few carts of blueberries.

You see? What you make me do? Last time I spent a lot of money on any band, it was the Moody Blues, I went to their record company in the South of England, bought every single CD, VCR tape and DVD I could find, spent 150 pounds I think. You are my record. I never spent that much on anyone in my whole lifetime. I hope it compensates for all that I have downloaded for free about you over the Internet. Well, I just need quality right now, not sub-quality products with such a bad sound, it makes you want to bang your head on the wall. So the morale of this story is, don't worry about all those illegal downloads, if we like it, we will buy it. I almost bought all your CDs as well, for another 100 Euros, and I might eventually, but for now I hope all those DVDs will do the trick.

So, don't you want to know what I have bought? I am so excited! I can't wait to receive it all. I spent a bit more to get it within two days, I just couldn't wait. However I had to ask them to wait until they got everything before sending it, otherwise it would have cost me double the amount I spent for shipping. It may take a while before I receive anything, up to three weeks, I'm just unsure how I will survive the wait. Three weeks! Shit! You would have thought I was halfway across the world, that I was in fact living in Vietnam. This is how long I would expect any DVD bought from France would take to reach me, I live across a fucking river, how long can it take them to ship it to me, being so close, and yet, a different country? That's the problem. Had I been living in the South of France right now, just like I always wanted, I might have received the lot tomorrow morning. Three weeks? I will be dead by then.

Can't you do something about it? Can't you send me your own copies of all these books and DVDs? You are rich, aren't you? Well, I would settle for one thing you could send me, a DVD, a rare one, yeah, send that to me and all that I have just spent will be forgotten. You must get all sort of stuff from your record company, rare stuff, that you don't care about. You have my address. Anyway, here is what I bought tonight, after drinking a whole bottle of Bordeaux:

1 "Indochine : Les Divisions de la joie"
Nicolas Sirkis; DVD; EUR 9,81

1 "Indochine : Indo Live"
Nicolas Sirkis; DVD; EUR 22,58

1 "Indochine : Paradize Show - Edition Collector"
Indochine; DVD; EUR 20,62

1 "Indochine : L'intégrale des clips (inclus un poster + son remasterisé en haute-définition)"
Indochine; DVD; EUR 23,08

1 "Indochine : Indochine et Nicola Sirkis, adorés ou détestés mais toujours là"
Jean-Marc Gosse; DVD; EUR 11,79

1 "Indochine - Alice & June Tour (Edition 3 DVD)"
Indochine; DVD; EUR 19,63

1 "Les mauvaises nouvelles"
Nicola Sirkis; Broché; EUR 10,81

1 "Indochine de A à Z"
Sébastien Bataille; Poche; EUR 5,40

1 "Sur la muraille d'Indochine"
Philippe Crocq; Broché; EUR 14,32

1 "Indochine : Insolence rock"
Sébastien Michaud; Relié; EUR 23,41

1 "L'aventure Indochine"
Christian English; Broché; EUR 16,21

Well, I bet you you just had a small heart attack. I'm sure there is something in that list that you would not want me to watch or read. If you're truly gay, surely one of these books will tell me? Or is your life so straight, so boring, that there is nothing interesting about you beyond the obvious and the fake image?

It just occurred to me, that if I read all those books I could find about you on Amazon, I will become an expert on you. I would imagine that this bibliography is complete, Amazon sells everything about everyone, never mind if it is on backorder or no longer available, it is still there. Short of reading every single article in newspapers and magazines, which I am sure these books are mostly based on, I will be an expert on you.

How does it feel to hear something like that? I know you feel nothing, because I feel nothing, despite the fact that many university students from all around the world have contacted me, saying they have written their PhD on me and my books. It left me blank, I'm not sure why. You would think I would be jumping up and down, celebrating such a state of affair. Is it not the mark of one who has succeeded? I think my pretence prevents me from celebrating. I feel such things are normal for someone who has done as much as I did. I was in fact expecting much more, and I expect much more for the future. So for me, instead of celebrating, it bores me to death, it reminds me that I am not everywhere at once, at the top of my field, just like you are, at the top of your field.

How pretentious one needs to be to feel like this when confronted with such an honour, that someone would take the bother to write their PhD on you? Well, in fact, I just don't want to let it all go to my head. Or else it will most certainly explode. And at the moment, I can't afford my already inflated Ego to blow up. Anyway, I reached that blowing point many times, and yet, I still woke up the next day just as it always was, a miserable existence, where, it seems, everything is still all ahead of me, everything still needs to be done. It is like re-starting from zero every single time. It kills me. I'm sure you are highly familiar with that kind of thing. At the end of the day we are all still human beings, worth almost nothing.

I'm so depressed right now, I'm not sure why. Yes, you do help a great deal, as I am always listening to you to motivate me. My boyfriend is about to arrive from work, I will have to stop writing to you. He is a talking machine, and he talks bullocks most of the time, it could not even interest a fly. And yet, he needs to talk and needs to be listened to, and if he doesn't, he gets the hump, he freaks out, he attacks me verbally all the time, it becomes harassment, verbal abuse, and this is my nightmare. An author needs peace, to be left alone, this is very difficult. He just arrived. He is already panicking because I am still listening to Indochine, and he cannot tell me all about how his boss harassed him today at work. And I couldn't give a fuck about such trivialities. It makes me want to commit suicide.

Well, it is time to go to bed for an hour or two, until he goes to bed, and finally I can write some more, my novel hopefully. So this is goodbye.

By the way, thank you for adding me as a friend on Myspace. I know you have thousands, well, I have one, you...

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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All previous messages to you here (in different formats):

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/onadrunkennight.htm>

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/onadrunkennight.doc>

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/onadrunkennight.pdf>

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/onadrunkennight.lit>

Message 10 à Nicola Sirkis from Roland Michel Tremblay

Sent 10 January 2008 at 2h18:

Dear Nicola,

Dear, dear, dear Nicola. I feel so sorry for you. I read on the Internet what people think of you and your band, and they are damn negative, and crude, and mean, freely, and it is all so completely unjustified. Is it not obvious that they don't know anything about Indochine and never listened to your albums in years? How can they say that you "chantes faux"? You have the loveliest of voices. Shit, if they want to listen to opera, they should buy a Pavarotti album.

Don't you feel people are just parrots in this society? They repeat and adopt the opinions of others so easily, so quickly, and so completely, it is very sad. I tell you, people who can actually form their own opinions and state them are very rare indeed.

Like, it is now very difficult to read any biography about Indochine which does not appear to have simply been stolen from Wikipedia. What? Is Wikipedia going to define the life of a band who has been working for 25 years? Is this what will remain after our death? I hope not. What is written about me in Wikipedia is quite basic, and shitty.

One needs to be made of cement today in order to survive and confront the critics. I'm sure you feel that it was much easier in the 80s. And believe me, it was even easier in the 70s, and probably so much easier in the 60s. Any old crap was considered great and not one person was there at the front to say it was crap, whether it was or not. In those days they were desperate for anything, and anything went. For example, in those days, my friend tells me, publishers were rushing to all universities like Oxford and Cambridge, asked all students to write

books, and they were all instantly published. Today, not one single one of them could get published, even after writing a masterpiece.

Today you really do get an instant feedback from everyone, not just journalists. So you get the great feedback from the die hard fans, but also everyone else who could not care less about anything you do, and they certainly voice it, even without reading or listening to anything you do. And then the parrots take over, and repeat that crap forever, opinions that are not even theirs, since I believe a great percentage of the population is simply incapable to have their own opinions, they just adopt the ones of others, which also explains how it is possible for religion and extremist political parties to still be so popular, when it is so clear they are all about the destruction of just about anything, and most especially slavery of the mind.

And yet, the French people I have met are much more opinionated than most other people from every other country I lived in. More than anyone else they can form their own opinion and voice it quite loudly. The downside is an avalanche of more negativity, since it is quite rare that they will state anything positive about anything. Today I bet Edith Piaf and Georges Brassens would remain unknown if they were coming out today with the very songs that confirmed their success. Certainly Boris Vian, moving from literature to music, would have been crucified.

I have suffered many negative critics myself, so I do have some experience on the subject. Of course it is not on the scale you have to suffer it. I have developed some carapace over time, just like you must have. I am not that bothered. The worst of my critics was an old man who pretended to know all about literature and annihilated me on the spot. I ignored him. A few days later he apologised and admitted never reading more than a few pages of one of my books, I have written over 30 books in my lifetime. How could he destroy me, after reading a few pages, when I have written over 30,000 in so many different styles? At least he had the decency to retract himself, it is not often the case. I am able to ignore them without suffering too much because I have written so much already, and that if they didn't like one book in one writing style, I don't really care, I am not limited to one book in one style. It will take a lot to really reach me and destroy my confidence and conviction in what I do. I imagine it is the same for you.

I am guilty of that myself, criticising people quite harshly without having invested much time in finding out who they are and learning about everything they did. I do try to be more careful now. I remember seeing a play at the university of Ottawa about a French-Canadian author, a play everyone was raving about, I hated it. I found it quite bland, empty, insignificant. Then they asked me to write an article about that very play. I was about to destroy it, and the author, without giving it a second thought. However it is not my style. I went on to read all about that author, everything he has written, everything he had achieved, his meaning within the French-Canadian literature, all the milestones he conquered, and at the end the article I wrote was so dithyrambique, they censored it. Oh well...

It is just as well, because today I feel that none of it mattered, his plays were actually boring. I was already writing then more interesting plays, and to this day none of them even raised an eyebrow, they never went anywhere. Perhaps because of my failure to communicate how I saw all of it, where music and light played an important part, but then, how could they understand this just by reading a play on paper? They couldn't. I have not written one single play since then. I do intend to eventually, when I find the right idea. I can assure you that this time it will be great and will raise eyebrows. I will get inspiration from Robert Lepage, la référence québécoise en théâtre.

I'm sorry, I don't know much about theatre in France, except that I cannot stand Paul Claudel, that I like Ionesco, and that I devoured anything Antonin Artaud related. Except that what I read of Artaud, I seem to have interpreted completely differently from everyone else in France, and even interpreted it differently than Artaud himself. I feel that what we have inherited from Artaud, got lost somewhere. And if we were to read him differently today, we could re-invent theatre in France overnight. *Le Théâtre et son Double* from Artaud is the book to read, I bet it could inspire you a great deal for your concerts, it is a bit like theatre, isn't it? In the English world, this book really had a big impact, still today, but everyone misread it, and hence, they cannot achieve the impact Artaud was seeking. I have it here, I should read it again and see what it could inspire me now. It is quite powerful. It is why my website is called *The Crowned Anarchist*, and for nothing else but Artaud.

Should I tell you what happened to me tonight when I arrived from work? Let's see. It is almost 2 am, I'm working tomorrow, I am already drunk, still finishing my glass of Gin and Tonic. I can't believe I started to drink this disgusting drink because I didn't have the money to buy alcohol and I had those bottle of gin in the flat, and now that I got paid and can buy any alcohol I want, I am actually drinking gin. I developed a taste for it.

I came back from work and my cousin from Québec was waiting at the door. His girlfriend kicked him out, she said: pick up your things and get out! He is leaving tomorrow morning at 9h45 for Canada anyway, from Gatwick. Three times in the last few months she attempted suicide, because he left her to go back to Canada, and came back to marry her, and once back in London, realised marriage was too much, and that she had become really fat as a result of his first departure, and suddenly he freaked out and told her the truth, he was not going to marry her. They have spent a few nightmarish months together recently, and the sad part of this story is that it will not even inspire me a chapter, as common this story is.

My cousin arrived in London three years ago, lived at my place for six months, he was still a virgin at 27, everyone in the family thought he was gay. He had a brush with cocaine in Montreal before coming here, his parents are both highly religious, too much, his mom was une soeur catholique armée jusqu'aux dents, his father, might as well have been a priest, it drove him to insanity.

Just like me, moving to the other side of the Atlantic Ocean will never be enough, at this point leaving the solar system altogether might be the only acceptable solution for him and I, as we will never be far enough from our past to live happily ever after.

He was very honest with his girlfriend, that was his downfall. If he had lied to her, just like every normal other straight guy does, it would have been easier for her to hate him and to forget about him. She is from Cape Town in South Africa, her father used to be extra rich, to the point where he owned his own planes, but he lost everything when the colonies decided to take their destiny into their own hands (to catastrophic consequences, I might add). Zimbabwe. I don't know. Does not sound like a place I would like to live, being gay and all, I do not want to be executed for being gay, you know. Funny, my most anarchist books have been highly popular in Africa, more so than anywhere else in the world. And I have been invited to speak at conferences over there, I declined every time from fears of being shot. If I go to Africa, I will be vocal, I will speak for gay rights, I will be shot.

Funny, I went to speak at a conference at the University of Tulsa in Oklahoma in the United States, in a place I feel is as backward as some places in Africa, and there too I was almost afraid of speaking for gay people. But I did, and I was applauded for it. There was even a bet going on, they were wondering if I would mention it, and I did big time. In that American State, and the ones around it, they successfully banned Harry Potter, that tells it all. Well, overall Tulsa was a lovely aseptic place, I have to say. You could safely have a baby there on any sidewalk, and that child would most certainly go straight to heaven upon his death. It is still not as perfect as Salt Lake City, which I visited two years ago for another conference, but they're getting there. Soon, all Americans will go straight to heaven, and it will include all the Mexicans and the Canadians, they are now all proud Americans. Bush made sure of it.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com>

<http://www.lemarginal.com>

<http://www.crownedanarchist.com>

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All previous messages to you here (in different formats):

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/onadrunkennight.htm>

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/onadrunkennight.doc>

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/onadrunkennight.pdf>

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/onadrunkennight.lit>

Message 11 à Nicola Sirkis de Roland Michel Tremblay

Sent 12 January 2008 at 03h05:

Dear Nicola,

Today has been an Indochine day for me, it was all about you. I had the afternoon off, for Christmas Shopping. I know it is well past Christmas, but at the Court where I work, for something like a whole century, every single employee always had a half day off for Christmas shopping, and this year some bitch somewhere who thinks she's tough, or who wishes to project the right image of a tough bitch, cancelled it, for the first time in a hundred years. The back lash was so huge, I think they sacked her and offered us our half day for Christmas shopping in late January instead. Oh well... it has become my Indochine half day, and it has spilled well into the evening, and now about to spill all over the night.

How mundane do you wish our conversations to be? Today I walked the dog in Thornbury Park, an ugly and forgettable park, if it was not that both the Beatles and the son of John Lennon recorded a video in that park at some point in the last century. I also picked up my prescription for asthma, bought a bottle a wine,

six Corona and six Kronenbourg. I came back home prepared for my Indochine day and night.

How mundane do you wish this conversation to be? I am almost ashamed now to tell you all about me, little me, whilst you are some sort of huge human being exploding all over the generations, making history faster than I can even imagine myself to be part of history. Useless it was for me to feel pity for you after reading a few negative comments over the Internet about your band, after all the live concerts I watched today, you are adored by millions. Even my single email to the singer of the Smashing Pumpkins, now that his band is dead, I'm sure he read. I find it almost unlikely that you would read any of my eleven messages to you so far. Never mind. You don't even speak English anyway, so why should I worry? Of course you have not read any of this, and anyway, it is not the point.

What did I watch today? I started with the bonus DVD of Live at Hanoi. Then the main DVD. It was the first time I actually saw what Vietnam looked like. One of my best friend is Vietnamese, she lives in Aix en Provence, à St. Rémy. I visited her many times in my lifetime, she also visited me in Canada, in Québec, in Jonquièrre. I became friend with her through a magazine, she was in love with A-ha then, me with Depeche Mode. I sent her everything about A-ha in Canadian magazines, and her everything about Depeche Mode from French and German magazines. The second time I visited her, I was with my beautiful boyfriend Bruno. She was with her amazing youngish boyfriend whatever. We went to the beach somewhere in the South of France, drank some Pastis of Marseille, it was all magical. When she visited Jonquièrre in Québec, she slept in my bed. When she left she forgot one pair of underwear. They were very slim, very small, and very lovely. I masturbated a few times smelling them and having them over my face. I am at a lost to explain this, since I am 100% gay, and this has never changed since the very day I was born. I guess she must have been sexy and I must have loved her more than I thought it would be possible for me to love a girl. Her name is Elizabeth Nguyen, Nguyen is the most common last name in Vietnam. My last name is Tremblay, also the most common name in Québec. I suppose we were very common in names, but in personality, I think we certainly went way beyond common. That Vietnamese girl is probably the most extraordinary person I have ever met, they have the only Vietnamese restaurant in Saint-Rémy, a place where Vincent Van Gogh painted his most famous paintings. Funny enough, I am still connected to her somehow, since I live in Isleworth in England, the very place Vincent Van Gogh lived for many years before becoming the great painter that he became. I wonder where she is now, what she is doing, I should try to re-connect. Maybe she can send me articles from magazines about Indochine, since none of it reaches me in London.

I would have by now moved on to another subject, however after watching both DVDs of Live in Hanoi, the memories are flooding in. Every single night that she slept in bed, I woke up with me in her arms, as an excuse she said that she was used to sleeping with her boyfriend. I understood why when I finally met him, he was certainly the best looking guy I have ever seen. And believe it, I was even better looking than him then.

St. Rémy de Provence is also perhaps the loveliest place I have ever visited in my lifetime. The Roman ruins certainly add a lot, but even without them the place is a paradise. And so near Avignon, that I visited with her twice. Avignon is a weird place, with which I could not identify. The roof of every house was of a bright red, made of tiles, that was alien to me at the time. I was wondering then, is this French? If so, then, I am not French, since I have never seen anything like it. You should have seen my reaction when I saw that famous Pont d'Avignon. A bridge which does not even reach the other side, cut right in the middle. Fascinating,

and disturbing all at the same time. The Pont d'Avignon in the arts has always been depicted as some sort of roundish magical bridge, small, which always reached the other side.

I sincerely hoped I wouldn't become disrespectful and disgusting, and I truly apologise for what I am about to state. However, if I do not say it now, it is unlikely I will ever say it. And this is too important a fact about my life for me to simply suppress it. My grandfather is also gay, he has always been called the artist of the family (he has 15 brothers and sisters), great musician, great cook, great painter and at bricolage. He even built and decorated his own house. The first ever porno movies I ever had, were copied from him. These films were either gay, or Vietnamese girls. Do not ask me why, I have no clue. He used to play these porno movies on Christmas day and on New Years day in front of the whole family, laughing himself to death, whilst the rest of the family stood there wide eyes, half scandalised, half, because we do know him, he is mad, although extremely funny.

So when I was freshly out of the womb, the porn I had was gay or straight Vietnamese. One of my cousins eventually stole from me the gay VHS tapes I had, he is now married, with children I believe, and everyone in the family now conveniently forgot that for a while, on his wall, he had as many naked pictures of women as of men. Maybe this is why I so connected with Élizabeth Nguyen, all the straight porn I had ever watched was with Vietnamese girls, with a tight vagina, as my grandfather used to say. I don't really think so, however I was not displeased when I was waking up with her holding me on her arms, I did love her, even in a sexual way, which for me is certainly unheard of. It was certainly my first and final fling for a girl, I must have been 16. In such an idyllic place, as exotic as St. Rémy and Avignon can be, how could I not love her? For me, that Vietnamese modern girl, represented France, my only friend all over France, the only one of my correspondent I actually met, not once, but three times, all before I was actually 20. Think, this is amazing, this was a true and real friendship, even if it was across an ocean.

What else did I watch today? Vidéo Indochine Concert Grand Rex 24.01.04.avi (MCM En Direct). First I didn't think it was Indochine, until I spotted your two teddy bears on one of the speakers. Then I knew it was you. It started with a bunch of girls singing a song I was very familiar with, Muse, followed by Creep of Radiohead, both great songs I love. I think I told you I feel I may have inspired the band Muse, their sci-fi side, and I believe the song Shrinking Universe is for me, as it is about suicide, me, and that Shrinking Universe is both the title of my first sci-fi novel in English and the name of my theoretical physics theory? This is beyond coincidence. Black Holes is the main subject of my English website which is a site about helping sci-fi writers, helping figuring it all out. I was Development Producer and Researcher on a television series called Black Hole High for NBC. Muse is my favourite band now, after Indochine and Depeche Mode. I actually only got to know Muse after I did a search on Shrinking Universe, as I often do, searches on my name and titles of my books, to find out what people say about me. This is how I discovered Muse.

What I particularly liked about that video of yours, at the end, are those three songs you usually never sing, chosen by people over the Internet. Savoure le Rouge is a song I love, thought I would have chosen Un Jour dans Notre Vie instead. Je n'embrasse pas was a real surprise, as this is also one of my favourite songs. And you might not believe it, but I have also a lot to say about Je n'embrasse pas. A nice little story from my past.

I particularly love the song *Je n'embrasse pas* because in 1994 I saw a film of the same title in a cinema in Paris, with my lovely, once again, boyfriend Bruno. I can't find anything on the Internet about that film, perhaps this was not the title? It was the story of a cute straight boy who decided to become a gay prostitute in Paris. He would do anything, except French Kiss his customers. I always assumed the song from *Indochine* was from the soundtrack of that film, I realise now that I may be completely mistaken. Even so, how could it be? The song fit the movie so well. You must have written it for that very film. It certainly contributed in me believing you were gay, even though I know you're not, with your wife and your kids, you're just following the main rules of any good boy band, one of these rules is to never admit to being either gay or straight, guaranteeing you at the very least the gay audience, the pink pound. It certainly worked with me, however, in my case, it would have worked at any rate. *Indochine* has always been for me a special band from even when I was very young, at a time when I didn't even know I was gay. Well I knew, but I would not want to admit it, even to myself.

If you had asked me which song I would personally like to see you sing, I would have told you in no uncertain terms, any song from *7000 Danses*, except *Les Tzars*. Even though that very song must have been the one I listened to the most from you in my youth, since I bought the 45 at the time, before I bought the album.

La Chevauchée dans les Champs de Blé and the video of that song, is probably what I appreciated most about *Indochine* at the time. I remember that the song was number one in Québec for quite a long time, and the video was passing all the time. It was so beautiful, so poetic, for a while I stopped being an adolescent and started appreciating poetry, for the first time. *Une Machine à Rattrapper le Temps* is a fantastic song, the words are just great, and the way you sing them, it is perfection. I can't remember the video, if there was one, the song was even a bit sci-fi. I had never heard such a song before, it was really something new and special. These songs, that poetry, has inspired the first books I have written, being *Verts et Vers les Champs* and *La Révolution*.

The songs on *7000 Danses* are not only my favourites of *Indochine*, they are all my favourite songs of all time. Now, on that album, my favourite song is *Une Maison Perdue*. As to why this is my favourite song from you, I could not say. I think we would have to go back to my enfance to find out, the traumatic state of affair I was going through at the time. Today that song is all of it, resumed in five minutes and fifty-four seconds. It brings me right back there, the nightmare of my adolescence. But that album, that song, was my escape, my evasion, my dreams. It brought me somewhere else, in another universe. *Le refuge d'une passion émue, la dernière image de la lune*. Shit, I am crying now. I must be very sensitive indeed, oh, I guess I could always blame it on the alcohol.

I guess I lost track of you after *Un Jour dans notre Vie*, up until then I was a great fan of yours, and these songs *Un Jour dans notre Vie* and *Savourez le Rouge*, I listened to like a fan on TV in Canada, and in my hyper great stereo system. I remember when I bought *Le Baiser*. That was quite an event. The CD had some special packaging, with some carton around with *Indochine découpé* on it, and the booklet inside was of some special paper I came to love since then.

Without knowing of the album *Wax*, *Satellite* and *Drugstar* were songs I certainly did listen to hardily. So I guess *Danceteria* is the album that marked the end of my love affair with you. And the reason is very simple, I was then living in London, where nothing French ever crosses the Channel, even though it is 30 minutes away on Hover ground. I was already in England when *Wax* came out,

somehow I got hold of Drugstar and Satellite. I'm not sure how. Oh, I know. I had a conference in Paris in 2001, I bought Generation Indochine sur les Champs Élysées, Virgin Megastore, which I listened to death. That's it. So I only got into these songs then. What a shame, because they are such great songs. Well, at least I was still thinking of you in 2001, whilst de passage in Paris, where I used to faire le plein of anything French, CDs and PC adventure games, which you could not find anywhere else in the world but in France. I had a great salary then, I used to visit FNAC and Virgin Megastores and buy just about anything French that I could see, came back to London with an extra suitcase.

Only after my return from Los Angeles two years ago did I suddenly developed the desire to find out about you. 2006 it was. At that time you had already came out with Paradize and Alice et June. I just downloaded anything Indochine somewhere, dropped it all in a folder, and listened to it late at night whilst being very drunk.

Most of the songs were from those two last albums, and I guess that I should have been annoyed at the fact that I could not recognise any of the songs. However, it was so extraordinary, such wonderful songs, I think it never crossed my mind. I just assumed these were songs you did whilst you were out of reach from me, because I was living between London and Los Angeles. I even thought these were actually very old songs from Indochine, at least a decade old, that I had missed somehow. And the more I listened to it, the more I thought, dear me, this is great, this is different, this is even better than whatever Indochine did before. Which in itself is quite an achievement, considering how great everything you did before was such perfection.

This is when I became once again, after 20 years, your number one fan. This is why I am writing to you now, even though it is possible that even if you had stopped after Generation Indochine, I would still be writing to you tonight. At least then I might have reached you. Now, I understand, your last album Live in Hanoi being number one is so many countries, it is unlikely this message will ever reach you. I have to keep telling myself that it does not matter, what is important is that I actually write to you, and that I actually truly enjoy it. This conversation is now well over the length of a normal and small published book. It is a testament of my love for you.

"Et il est si beau!", une jeune fille disait à ta défense sur un site où tout le monde te détruisait systématiquement. C'est la seule phrase dont je me souviens, sans doute parce que je pensais la même chose, bien que la discussion faisait bien 100 pages d'un forum quelconque. Ça faisait suite à ton apparition sur un canal français où apparemment tu as été très... quel est le mot? Merde, je ne me souviens plus. Arrogant. Ils ont même dit que tu étais suffisant. Tu as parlé de Mylène Farmer, je crois. J'ignore qui est Mylène Farmer, et de toute manière, je m'en fous éperdument. Tout ce que je sais est que même sans avoir vu cette émission, je suis tout à fait convaincu que tu avais raison d'être arrogant et suffisant. Même que ton image actuelle le demande.

Te rends-tu compte? Tu es devenu un de ces seuls hommes sur cette planète, qui aussitôt qu'il affirme quelque chose d'extrême, ça fait la première page de tous les journaux. Te rends-tu compte du pouvoir que tu détiens? Il est temps que tu balance de côté ton amour propre, ta sensibilité face à l'aversion et les critiques négatives, et que tu utilises ton pouvoir régulièrement afin de finir sur la première page, tout simplement en affirmant des balivernes quelconques sur n'importe qui, comme Mylène Farmer. Go for it! I'm sure you will have the bénédiction of your PR department. Ça ne peut durer qu'un temps, il faut en

profiter et y aller à fond pendant que ça dure. Bientôt, peu importe ce que tu diras, personne ne sera intéressé.

Pour moi c'est différent. Je ne suis pas une mode qui passe, une dépêche mode, ce que je dis aujourd'hui n'a aucun impact aujourd'hui. Ça ne peut avoir un impact que dans 25 ans au moins, peut-être 50. C'est le temps que ça prend pour un écrivain pour se faire entendre. Et seulement si l'écrivain en question a réussi à conquérir le cœur des universitaires. Alors seulement un écrivain sera encore vivant, naîtra, et seulement alors ce qu'il aura dit signifiera quelque chose. J'en suis fort conscient. Si je que j'écris n'aura aucune signification dans 25 ou 50 ans, je suis hors track, hors sujet, je perds mon temps. Un écrivain ne peut parler que de choses éternelles. Mon cul. Et pourtant, c'est vrai, en un sens. C'est quelque chose qui ne peut se construire qu'underground, après 25 ans. J'ai confiance que j'y suis déjà, que j'ai déjà craqué cette chance. Que je vais peut-être survivre ma mort, car j'en ai déjà fait beaucoup, sur plusieurs décennies.

Pourrais-je mourir aujourd'hui tout à fait ignoré, comme si je n'avais jamais écrit quoi que ce soit ? C'est en fait fort possible, malgré quelques breakthroughs ici et là. Cette idée, certes, comme tu peux le comprendre, me tue, mais pas tant que ça. En fait, je ne crois plus que cela m'inquiète vraiment. Malgré que je sois lu par plusieurs, malgré que peut-être j'ai inspiré des grands, malgré tout, je suis encore inconnu des masses, avec aucun espoir de changer les choses dans l'immédiat, et peut-être jamais. Je continue tout de même, comme si j'avais une mission à accomplir, rapporter les événements de mon temps, comment c'était de mon vivant. Au tout le moins cela aura une valeur sociologique. Et ça restera en ligne sur l'Internet longtemps après ma mort. J'en ferai sûr.

Je suis plus connu que je ne me l'admet. J'ignore pourquoi. Sans doute parce que la reconnaissance que j'escomptais, est celle que tu as. Et qu'en littérature, cela est impossible. Il n'existe qu'un seul Michel Houellebecq par 50 ans, et même celui-là je suis convaincu d'avoir inspiré, au point même où son personnage principal dans Les Éléments (Atomised en anglais/Les Particules Élémentaires) s'appelle Michel, il est gay, son copain s'appelle Bruno, comme le mien alors, sa mère Nicole, comme la mienne, et qu'il part une compagnie de conférence, comme moi. Et j'ai un journal qui s'appelle Les Éléments Urbains, tout à fait une référence aux particules élémentaires en milieu urbain... alors, est-ce beyond the coincidence ? J'ai recensé dans ce roman toutes les références à ma vie, dans les 100 premières pages, j'en ai déjà plus d'une centaine. Avoir inspiré Houellebecq... le seul écrivain français international depuis quelques générations, Jean-Paul Sartre est mort en 1980, ça vaut peut-être la peine d'avoir vécu jusqu'ici. J'aimerais m'en convaincre.

La vérité est, j'existe tout à fait indépendamment de ce monde. Je ne suis qu'un observateur, un témoin. Je rapporte, l'enfer qu'est de vivre en ces temps, en ces lieux, à l'heure où l'on se pensait tant supérieur au passé. Voici l'ère moderne où tout est si merveilleux. Non. J'aurais pu être plus heureux voilà 1000 ans, aujourd'hui cette société n'a su que me conduire au suicide. Mood : distressed. But for real. A miracle is required to save me. Sometimes I wonder, if even you, could be that miracle for me. You are so French, you are so weird, maybe you could be that saviour. Je peux m'identifier avec n'importe qui au Québec, au Canada anglais, en Angleterre, en Irlande, en Cornouailles, en Écosse, en Australie, en Nouvelle-Zélande et aux États-Unis. Mais j'ai peur, de ne pouvoir m'identifier avec toi, avec la France, avec les Français. Vu de l'extérieur, vous apparaissez bizarres, incompréhensibles. Une race différente, qui est la mienne, et avec qui pourtant j'ai perdu la trace. Parfois j'ai peur que la France soit si différente de qui je suis, de qui je suis devenu, j'en pleure. Je me suis senti chez-

moi partout dans le monde, sauf en France. C'est à pleurer, car c'est le seul endroit où j'aurais vraiment voulu être chez-moi.

Je ne puis m'identifier avec la France. Et pourtant, à Londres, je suis chez-moi. It is wrong, every fibre inside of me is telling me so. I do not know who to blame, and I certainly wish to blame someone. It is just... wrong. Et ce qui est encore plus sérieux, est que je switche à l'anglais aussitôt que je suis embarrassé par mes dires. L'infamie est absolue, j'aurais dû naître à St-Pierre et Miquelon, le seul endroit qui prouve hors de tout doute, que la France existe. Ma vie aurait alors été tout à fait différente. J'aurais été un Canadien-Français, mais surtout, j'aurais été Français. Aujourd'hui, j'ignore ce que je suis, je ne suis même plus Canadien-Français... God only knows who I am.

On dirait que je suis en crise d'identité. Nicola, you brought that upon me. Before you, I was quite happy to be British. American. And anything else that this world could bring upon me, be it Vietnamese or Chinese, ou Indochinois. I wrote something about that, like, 15 years ago. What is it ? Ah, extrait d'Un Québécois à Paris et de L'Attente de Paris, tous deux publiés à Paris :

« Néomie, on me l'a répété plusieurs fois, elle-même le dit sans cesse, elle se cherche. La femme de 35 ans aux enfants de 10 et 13 ans, divorcée, qui n'en peut plus d'attendre sa liberté pour vivre, voyager, étudier à Paris peut-être et qui se cherche. Elle n'en peut plus d'attendre, elle a 35 ans, elle doit absolument faire ce qu'elle doit et veut faire, elle a 35 ans et n'a plus de temps à perdre. La limite est atteinte, le gouffre s'en vient, vite-vite-vite ! Il me semble voir là la façon la plus rapide d'atteindre le ravin. Elle se cherche. Que veut dire cette expression ? Elle est en crise d'identité, and so are we, en crise d'identité. Le gros mot. Le Québec se cherche, les Franco-Ontariens se cherchent, la France se cherche, les Etats-Unis se cherchent, se trouvent peut-être aussi, en la multitude. Ceux qui se trouvent, souhaitent détruire ceux qui se cherchent, ce qui n'est pas pour régler le problème de ces derniers. »

Nous sommes tous en crise d'identité. Mais pas moi. Je suis ce que je suis. Un alien, un étranger, de nulle part, sans identité, sans terre natale. Je l'ai accepté voilà plus de 15 ans. Je vais l'assumer. Je ne suis rien, ni personne. Je n'existe pas. Je ne désire pas exister en ce monde. Car ce monde, je n'y puis m'y identifier, ce monde, ne m'appartient pas. Et pourquoi je pense qu'il devrait m'appartenir, est un mystère. Le monde n'appartient à personne, un fait qui semble être oublié par tout et chacun. Le monde n'appartient à personne. S'y identifier d'une quelconque manière, est l'erreur ultime de l'humanité. Le monde n'appartient à personne.

And so, I should be able to go and live wherever I damn want. You have no authority upon the subject. If it is my desire to move to Indochine tomorrow morning, I have that right. Fuck you!

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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Message 12 à Nicola Sirkis de Roland Michel Tremblay

Sent 16 January 2008 at 04h55:

Chère Nicola,

L'avantage d'écrire en français, est que l'on peut définir le genre. Dear Nicola just won't do it tonight.

Cette nuit I have been watching « Indochine - Canal + Concert Privé & Un Flirt Sans Fin - Avril 2006 by DarkWillow.avi ». My bloodstream is going berserk. I'm not sure if it inspires me anything. I stopped watching it after one hour and fourteen minutes. And then I plugged myself directly into Alice and June.

And this is now. Que vais-je maintenant dire ? Que puis-je dire ? I suppose I could speak my emotions, what I feel, though I am uncertain what I feel right now. Why do I feel disturbed by what I just watched? I suppose it hits at many different levels.

Indochine, is my band, my own band, that no one else in the world knows anything about. You cannot do any more underground than that. I realise also that I have been living in my own little closed up bubble universe. I don't know anything about France, the people within that country, how they feel, how they fuck (if they actually do), their taste in music. I am British, it seems, I can only see the world in a British way. Meaning, we are on the top of the world, and nothing else exists.

Never mind about America, they are just old British colonies gone astray, we still have them under tight control. You see, who truly lead the world right now is not George Bush and the mighty USA, it is Britain. Everything happening in the Middle East right now, has nothing to do with America, but all with England. We control the world, and by extension, I control the world, since I am almost British, pending a mere formality. Check it out, when you read history, you realise America is just a puppet of the great British Empire, even today. This is the ultimate conspiracy theory, I am starting rumours now, and waves, and the worst thing is that I actually may be right. I think most American policy in the last century, especially in the last 25 years, have been decided in the United Kingdom. By whom? I don't know. Not the government though, powerful families, perhaps. How else could you explain that the United States, Canada and Britain all have the exact same policies, change of laws, ways to develop their social services and everything else, that in whatever country you live in within those three, it is the same? No difference whatsoever. These three countries are one and the same. Which might explain why when Bryan Mulroney was Prime Minister in Canada, we all felt that Ronald Reagan was our President, and Margaret Thatcher our real Prime Minister. Neither Mulroney or Reagan were able to work

out how to use a microphone, these men were puppets, just like George W. Bush is today, unable to figure out how to use a microphone.

The real brain was Margaret Thatcher, just like today it is Tony Blair and Gordon Brown. Perhaps also puppets, but maybe puppets more involved than any American President has ever been, put aside this capacity to cash in millions of pounds to do what needs to be done in order to remain at the top of the world. Remember, we cannot blame any of them, to history they will be the well paid scapegoats. It is who is behind them government after government that truly matters, and these people are behind and control the United States, Canada and the United Kingdom, and by extension, the world. And somehow, I think they're British, not Americans. So, we are at the top of the world, I am at the top of the world. (I truly hope you can read all the irony in everything I write to you, or else, there is truly no point for me to continue to write.)

Britain has always been at the forefront of everything, be it political, musical, arts, anything else. France is so different from Britain, so different, that it alienates me completely. France is so exotic to me, the way they think, the way they govern, the way they live, their art.

Being British I can only move my head up, look at it from quite high up, and snob it all. They're mad, they don't know better, they're lost, they need us in order to find the right path. As a consequence, there is not one single French band or musician which anyone outside of France could actually listen to and appreciate. For us, higher beings, it is all crap and not worth the money invested in it, if any. If it cannot go global, then why are you wasting time and money? Is it not obvious that any artist in France could only ever interest losers in France, and nowhere else? French people are so weird and lost, only French people could accept any of it. (Bare in mind that I am still being ironic, and yes, I will eventually make a point.)

Viewed from outside, France is totally insignificant, it could easily not exist at all, and it would not make any difference in the world. Succeeding in France at anything, is meaningless. In this day and age of globalisation, if you cannot go global, you don't exist. Celine Dion did it, she went global. I sometimes wish you could too. However, after listening to the bits of English within your songs, I'm afraid to say, you will most certainly fail. It is like your French is deep and profound, your English is surface, only surface dear. Celine Dion is guilty of it too, that most of her French stuff is quality, most of her English stuff is surface dear, only surface dear.

There is no reason why you could not make a full English album, learn to lose this thick French accent, and actually sing meaningful songs, just like the ones you sing in French. One would be tempted to simply translate into English your songs, and that would already be refreshing enough for the English market, but you can't do that. It needs to be new stuff, and yet, inspired by what you have been all about for the last 25 years.

I don't believe anything I am saying here tonight, but I continue to extrapolate to see where it could go. I imagine that many record producers approached you in the past, suggested to you a full English album that could go global, so they could cash in millions of pounds. You probably laughed it off, and rightly so, Indochine is French, not only French, but Indochine symbolises French success, that it can be done within the hexagon, and still make you a rich man, and be exported wherever else they don't actually speak English, and let's see how global you can actually be then.

I'm afraid. You could be tempted to make an English album, and it could be crap, all surface, dear, and only surface dear. This is not what Indochine has been known for. And the backlash in France might very well destroy you entirely. These things however never truly matters as long as the fans follow suit, and if Alice et June had been sang in English, my God, I feel, you would have gone global, and no one would have been able to say anything, except be in awe.

But then, you would no longer be mine, my band, the only one outside of the French world actually enjoying something that no one else can, prevented by the language barrier. For me you are the ultimate underground band, the ultimate alternative band, the one you need to feel you are the only one to fully appreciate, the only one to actually love and admire.

All that to say, you should continue to sing in French. I know it is a pain, because then you are so victimised by the French press, so limited to France, but I feel you would fail in English. And if you ever intend to do an English album, you have to contact me, so I can save your ass. I could have already, in anything you sing in English on your previous albums. Dear me.

Just because you switch language does not mean that you should also lower you IQ or your standards. Words need to be as significant in English as they are in French. And words are your force, despite the great music accompanying them. It is the key of your success in English, to remain true to Indochina's spirit.

L'humilité te sied très mal, chère Nicola. L'humilité me sied très mal, alors même que je n'ai aucune raison d'être prétentieux. Alors je ne suis pas humble. L'humilité, je ne connais pas. Ça sied très mal avec la presse, but fuck them. Il n'y a qu'une seule chose qui compte en fin de compte, l'image que l'on projette pour les fans, les lecteurs assidus, les écouteurs assidus.

Je parle souvent de ce que je vais laisser à l'humanité, la postérité, mon oeuvre. Il est fort possible que je ne laisse absolument rien, au contraire de toi, qui a déjà été la source de plusieurs livres à ton sujet. C'est la réussite absolue, quoi d'autres reste-t-il à faire pour toi? En effet, il n'y a rien de plus à prouver. Il ne reste plus qu'à continuer, à faire mieux, à se parfaire. Mais à devenir more global? What would be the point? Si la réaction était négative, ça te tuerait. Si c'était positif, comme ça l'est en ce moment, well...

Une raison à l'existence. Une raison à continuer. Peu importe les conséquences, positives ou négatives. Écrire, la seule raison à notre existence, l'unique raison de notre existence. Le processus de création, c'est peut-être tout ce qui compte en fait. Et combien ce processus dépend de tout le reste, comment tout ce reste peut influencer le tout, que peut-être je devrais arrêter de t'écrire. Je ne voudrais pas influencer quoi que ce soit. J'aimerais n'être qu'un observateur. Je ne suis qu'un témoin qui rapporte la vie de son temps. Ce que c'est, ce que c'était, que de vivre en ces temps (quelqu'un a-t-il un fusil, pour que je puisse me tirer une balle dans la tête ?).

What I felt tonight, watching that video, that killed me, is that, you are out of reach. And if you are not, you should be. When someone can put out such great stuff as you do, there is truly nothing else to say. The art speaks for itself. Probably exactly what Salinger thought of. When you are successful with the public, I guess there is no point talking to the press. Only if you are struggling, then it becomes a necessity, because then, how would people know you even exist? But if they already know by the millions, then what is the point?

I'm listening to Dark right now. Such a great song. I hope you realise everything I tell you is pure bullocks. I know shit about anything, just like you. I guess the real danger is to listen to anyone else, when you can only truly trust yourself, your instincts, what you feel like then. And forget any sort of PR or marketing speech about people who feel they know better, we all know that they know shit. I guess you wouldn't be where you are now if you didn't already know what to do, so I will shut up. After all, I am still nowhere, so what do I know?

I think you're doing fine. I also think that you are a genius, a genius mind. Your interviews, perfection. Your words, your singing, everything, perfection. I wonder, can you do anything wrong? I have not seen yet anything you did wrong. I suppose it can only come from a honest and true human being. So I guess you have nothing to worry about, you cannot go wrong whatever you do.

I love you. And this I love you, I would say, is more intellectual than physical, even though I'm sure it is a bit of both. If I had achieved what you have achieved, I feel I could die happy right now. This is quite central to my existence, to actually find the right spot for me to die, after which, whatever I may write might have no impact whatsoever and be of no importance. And as long as I feel I have done enough, or done everything I could do, the best way that I could, then dying is fine, even desirable. The problem is that you never know if you have done enough and couldn't do more until you finish your next project. So I always get on with my next project, and see where it can lead me. And then, remains to hope that one night you will not drink too much, to the point where you might feel you have nothing else to contribute, and suddenly decide to end it all. It is a great struggle. Thank god I do not get any feedback whatsoever on any new book I write, I don't have to deal with that shite. Otherwise I would have already committed suicide by now. Though, I have to say, I do have a great capacity in accepting negative critics, though I always feel they missed the point, they do not understand anything about what I was trying to do. Ultimately, they become my motivation, and if I can lose them some more, then great. These books were obviously not written for them in the first place. Many people do actually connect, you know. For you it is in the millions, for me it is in the hundreds, maybe thousands, but I do not think so. Maybe I am too hermetic, too close minded, too different. Living in my own little bubble universe, but I would not have it any other way, so fuck them.

This is the voice of London! The Germans will attack soon! Should we take cover? Or should we walk outside to witness the great feu d'artifice? Drunk, and laughing out loud, I feel, it could be a significant and one of the greatest moments of my existence. Dancing around, whilst bombs are exploding. Of someone who just does not care about anything, who does not feel he is actually alive and experiencing anything. I don't feel life. German bombs might have awakened me, in some bizarre way. I'm bored out of my mind. Anything to get rid of the routine, in my case, is welcome. Bring it on, anything life has got to throw at me! Such misery. Anything. Bring it on!

This is the voice of London! Blur and Oasis, I'm afraid, they're dead. But not you, so go ever more and make history.

On ne peut faire l'histoire qu'une seule fois, mais on peut faire l'histoire du début de notre vie jusqu'à la fin.

This is your voice of London. Le poul d'une nation.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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Message 13 à Nicola Sirkis de Roland Michel Tremblay

Sent 19 January 2008 at 07h16:

Dear Nicola,

Funny, I was going to write dear Dominic. I had that in mind, I almost wrote it.

I'm so fucking depressed. You really can never trust anyone on this planet, no one. Even when you feel it is safe, that the person is not from Hollywood, but from your damn home town. For God's sake! Who can you fucking trust on this planet? No one.

Lies, lies, and more lies, is all that come out of their mouth. Thank god I have now so much experience with liars, I can spot them 5000 miles away, but this one got me going for two days, until I figured it out. And yet, he is from Québec, I feel he is my brother, I was about to work for months for free for him, on some lunatic film script for a television series which I knew from the start had no hope whatsoever, and he got me hooked through lies!

I must be losing it, can't believe he got me going for 48 hours. I believed him, that big wig producer for Radio-Canada, his wonderful project about things from space, and what else. I cannot believe I even believed that crap about the fact that he needed a real scriptwriter with some credibility to write his project for him, because he is recognised as a director, not a scriptwriter.

Even people from Québec have been contaminated by the Hollywood mentality which is about one thing only: exploiting everyone through lies. I can't believe I never suspected the scam, because he was from Québec. Thank God it took me only 48 hours to spot it, I have not wasted much time on him. Thank god!

Is there anyone else on this planet that is still trustworthy? I don't think so. That is it, this is the end for me, I will never, ever again, trust anyone. That this American disease from Los Angeles could have so completely contaminated even people in Montréal, is beyond me. That is it, I cannot and will not ever again trust anyone from the world of cinema or television.

N'ont-ils pas de conscience? D'amour propre? Quoi? Il allait me faire écrire tout son projet pour une série télé, et m'oublier dans un coin noir ensuite, pensant que je n'aurais jamais l'énergie et les ressources de le poursuivre en justice, pendant qu'il encaisserait son argent? Il est malade ou quoi? Ça, ça marche seulement quand on a un grand studio hollywoodien derrière soit, et lui avait Radio-Canada. C'est tellement risible, c'est à pleurer.

Et moi mon problème est que je suis tellement honnête, tellement sensible, c'est à peine si j'arrive à comprendre cette mentalité de gens prêts à n'importe quoi pour prendre avantage d'autrui. La plupart du peuple est comme moi, et quand on est confronté à ces êtres sans vertu, sans morale, nous sommes estomaqués, et alors il est toujours trop tard.

Que des mensonges ne sont sortis de ses messages depuis deux jours, je les ai crus, mais je me suis fait suffisamment fourré par Los Angeles depuis plus de cinq ans, je ne suis plus un con. Et même là, ça m'a pris 48 heures pour comprendre l'infamie, seulement parce qu'il était québécois, et je ne pensais pas qu'un québécois puisse avoir si peu d'éthique qu'il utiliserait les tactiques d'Hollywood.

Alors ils sont partout. C'est généralisé, c'est mondial. Je n'écrirai plus un seul scénario pour la télé ou le cinéma. Je ne vais qu'écrire des romans et de la littérature. Le monde des médias est pourri jusqu'à l'os, je ne veux plus rien à voir avec eux.

J'ignore pourquoi je te dis tout ça ce soir, cette nuit, ce matin en fait. Ce projet que l'on venait de me proposer, c'était la mort de toute communication future entre toi et moi. Ça allait manger tout mon temps libre après le travail, à écrire des scénarios d'une série télévisée pour Radio-Canada, qui certainement n'allait jamais voir le jour, basée sur autant de mensonges. Alors soudainement, de l'avoir compris, je me précipite sur toi, Nicola. Ma seule base réelle en ce monde, et pourtant, pour moi, tu es si virtuel, peut-être même tu n'existes pas. Enfin, ta musique existe, je l'écoute sans cesse, c'est mon ancre pour cette réalité futile. Ou alors, c'est mon ancre vers l'évasion, vers l'irréel. Peut-être que rien n'existe vraiment, finalement.

Je suis enragé! Que l'on puisse me prendre ainsi pour un imbécile, prêt à être encore une fois exploité! Non! Mon temps est bien trop précieux. Stick to your rules, man! Ne travaille que sur tes propres projets, ne développe que tes propres idées, jamais celles des autres. Jamais! Garde tous tes droits, protège tous tes droits. There is not one fucker in this world you can trust. You can only trust yourself, and even then...

You are my only bit of sanity in this world. Tu es ma seule raison d'exister.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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Note: non, Nicola, remets la chanson d'avant sur ta page sur MySpace. La nouvelle chanson va me faire commettre un suicide ou un meurtre. La Nuit des Fées ou Le Manoir serait parfait.

Note : I apologise for not being the cool nobody sending you nice videos and pictures of themselves, if it truly is a representation of themselves. Or nice photos they took of you on stage whilst touring in France. I cannot go to France, I cannot see you live in concert, I will not take a photo of you any time soon. All I have to offer is what I can write, so I am offering it to you, for what it is worth. I love you man!

Wonderful, I can even make myself cry...

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Message 14 à Nicola Sirkis de Roland Michel Tremblay

Sent 22 January 2008 at 2h45:

Dear Nicola,

Here is your voice of London.

I just wanted to re-assure you that I didn't suddenly go mad two days ago, well I did, after the six large counterfeit beers one can buy here in Hounslow, I suspect directly shipped from India, and containing some weird poisons like Ethanol, but I woke up the next day wondering what my crisis was all about. I could not explain it. I went back to the website of the guy who is asking me to collaborate to his television series, and I wonder what made me go mad. Anyway, I now take it easy, I am still on my guard, however I started a long conversation about The Secret and the book of Esther Hicks (better known as Astérix or Hysterics, she after communicates with dead people, or the spirit world, same thing), called Ask and it is Given. This is a reference to the fact that we are the creator of our own universe, and that there is only ourselves that exists in our own bubble universe. Something I discovered myself years ago, all written in my own report called Changing your Future:

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

So at the moment, je m'éclate, meme si peut-être toute cette histoire n'ira pas plus loin. For a while my messages to you concerning that guy will not appear online, just in case he reads it and I destroy in the process a unique chance to work on a television series in Québec. I doubt very much it is worth such precautions, his project is probably going nowhere, and it is unlikely he would actually find that very link amongst hundreds on my websites, but you never know, life is weird and there are many coincidences that still remain unexplained.

I'm watching right now the video Pink Water. Great song, great video, great words, this is another classic from Indochine, far superior to anything you have done before. So classy, so brilliant. How nice must it be to have so much

creativity that you can do whatever you want, and create such classics. Genius. This inspires me much more than The Secret or Esther Hicks. From what you create, I am much more likely to go on and produce a classic myself and become immortal than simply wish myself being a genius and hope to become one the very next day. I guess inspiration is a necessary ingredient for anything in order to create something worthy from scratch. Whatever you could wish for yourself, to suddenly happen overnight, there is still a need for hard work. It will not come overnight out of nothing. Hard thinking, sweating, hard work, and in the end, you can fully appreciate what you have accomplished, be proud of yourself, you have done it, and God only knows where it came from, assuming there is a God, assuming we are not the God of our own universe. Sorry, this may be a line I stated many times, but it is also a line of a song by Muse, from the song Shrinking Universe. I now have to listen to it, but don't worry, I will immediately get back to Indochine afterwards. Though I may listen to Hysteria and Starlight, if you will permit. It is so rare nowadays that I listen to anything else but Indochine, I'm sure you will forgive me. Shrinking Universe is an amazing song, if only I could find out if it was truly written for me. The way he screams, is simply exquisite. Such pain he seems to be suffering. And what could possibly this song be about? Only myself, I feel, can understand. So special, I might as well have created this universe which made possible for me to listen to a song written for myself by one of my heroes. Do you get the hint? Can you be so inspired by me? Oh, I so wish so... and you better suffer, and sound like you suffer, just like in Shrinking Universe. I am joking with you... well, half joking really. You better suffer, let's hear it, just like in the Shrinking Universe! Whilst you ponder on this, and manage to download the song somehow, I will pour myself another Pernod.

Isn't this conversation à sens unique refreshing? Is this not comfy? Oh, it is so reassuring, it is so awe inspiring, that you may be there at the other end actually reading it, and understanding it, it makes my existence all worthwhile, for a while anyway.

I heard you were working on a new album, which might be ready by the year 2009. I have to say, I'm so pleased to hear it. Not only that, you have offered me so much up until now, that waiting until next year won't be a problem. I can wait, as long as this wait will make it all worthwhile, and that what you will bring us, bring me, will make the wait all... worthwhile. You do intend to make it worthwhile, don't you? You better... (I am again being ironic.)

Your mood on Myspace has been distressed for as far as I can remember. I hope your new album somehow will reflect that distressing mood, even though you have in recent years enjoyed so much success and must have become such a rich man. I hope that you do understand that none of your fans truly really cares about that, we're not stupid, we all know that the American Dream is all but a fake, and that no matter in how many millions of Old French Francs you roll in, this is not the way to happiness, and that you can still be as depressed and distressed as one needs to be in order to get the inspiration required to write the best album ever.

Surely your wife does not understand you, surely your children drive you as mad as my parrot and my dog and my seven cats do, they drive me to insanity! Surely you are depressed from such a lack of absolute freedom. And so, surely you can continue on your string of doing better and better and bring us the best album you have ever made? I trust that you can... no pressure! This is a problem you have to deal with, that is a problem I do not have to deal with, thank God. I am as free as a bird on the wire... to do whatever I want, to create whatever I want, be it as crazy as it may be, no one cares. Be it a lesson to you. You are as free as the air as well, go for it, go mad! I could so write your album, it would take me

one night, on a drunken night, just like tonight. That's all. There, I finally justified the title of my correspondence to you. On a drunken night like tonight, I could write you a whole new album, *dépressif à souhait*, it could not fail to be a number one, once again.

I sometimes wonder what you were thinking of when you filmed the video *Troisième Sexe*. I wonder if you know then, that you were making history. In that very video where you were wearing a dress and a blouse, even though you actually looked really cool, despite the fact that this was even more revolutionary then, than your guitarist today wearing some weird leather dress. I wonder, if you knew then that you were making history, and that none of us would ever be able to forget it. Wow, what a moment, this is something. And it is even more so today, that you have no idea even today that this was making history. How proud would I be if I even got a glimpse of that today, through whatever I may have written, I could never have such an impact on just about everything that there is, that existed until then. And I'm sure, all of this came out of such spontaneity, so little calculations about what you were doing, it was just like a big sudden explosion. Let's get out there and screw everyone else, we don't give a shit. It blows me away. It is as if I had written something crazy one night I was very drunk, woke up the next day in sheer horror at what I had done, and yet, incapable of stopping my ultimate mistake. But that this ultimate mistake went on to become history and change the planet. I can only admire such spontaneity, such madness. And I wonder, today, is such mistakes possible? Is such spontaneity possible? I wonder. Still, might be more calculated now, you are still at the forefront of that madness, of that spontaneity, even today. Might be more difficult to make history now, it seems the world has seen it all, yet, no one is like you are in the French world still today, so I guess, you are still making history. It was your attitude, your frustration, your anger we could see, we could feel, that's what made you so cool despite everything else. For all we know, then you were perhaps on drugs, and that would make it even better, as if you were out of your mind, not knowing what you were doing, what better way to make history. But no, I do not feel you ever took drugs, that you were even drunk before a show, and that makes it even better to me. *Ça a été fait à froid*. Then you must have been off your mind, and you must still be to this day. This is admirable. I am in awe before you. I wish I was that far gone *à froid*, that I was so bold *à froid*. Perhaps I am, I know I am, I certainly feel this world could blow up at any moment, and this is perhaps why I admire you so much. You are unique.

You know, I am gay. And yet, when I was a teenager, I still had girlfriends, three to be précised. The last one, I think I only loved, or liked, because she looked like that fat girl in your video *Savourez le Rouge*. She was dancing just like that, I recognised her so much from that image, it may be why I was first attracted to her. What a disaster. I almost caused her to commit suicide when I left her. Just like I almost did for my three girlfriends. I was so good looking then, so cute, I would have committed suicide myself if I had lost myself as a boyfriend, and being so intimate and all, without actually ever a penetration. But I was gay, and I was about to start my life, *ma jeunesse*, at such a late time. That girl eventually married, I met them both one night, he was kind of okay, I could see she was still in love with me, and she was not even hiding it in front of her boyfriend, who eventually became her husband. I felt bad, really bad. Poor guy, he should have dropped her there on the spot, but I guess he loved her. He was willing to accept his fiancée having one last dreamy night holding the hands of her first love, an impossible one. After I broke up with her, we were still friends. We found ourselves on a bench on *La Rivière aux Sables à Jonquière*, dans le nord du Québec. I was astonished when she took out a bottle of whisky from her hand bag and was drinking it as if it was water. At that point, she was ready and willing to end her life. I couldn't understand any of it, because being gay, I still had to

know and learn what love was, I had never been in love, you see, I never thought I would ever be in love. I was in shock.

Well, she survived, she married that cunt of a husband eventually, she, I hope, forgot about me. I certainly never did. I'm still traumatised to this day. That I could have caused so much pain without realising. And did so with at least two others girls who certainly never deserved it. And who seem now to live with feeling that they are still something from their life, even though they are happily married with children. It was to be the love affair of a lifetime, but it didn't quite worked that way. I was gay. I still loved them, spiritually I guess, certainly not physically. Dear God.

If I had known then that I would end up in London with a fucking whinging boyfriend, who seems to hate me as much as he says that he is willing to die for me out of love, I would have married any of them, and I'm sure I would have led such a happier life than anything I have experienced so far... I wonder sometimes.

That is nothing compared with Christiane. Christiane is mon amie d'enfance. We spent every day together for years. She was so in love with me, a love I simply could not understand, she asked me many times to squeeze her in my arms, and though it meant the world to her, it meant nothing to me. She has been in love with me for at least a decade, a decade that I was so depressed myself and so close to suicide, because I thought I would never know what love was all about, because I was gay, and that it seemed to me at the time that I was unique in the world, it apparently made me more irresistible to her.

She is now married, with a man who does not want sex, who seem gay from my point of view, but hey, they have two children, and I cannot deny that as children go, they must be the best two looking kids in the world. Still, I feel something is missing in her life, still today. She is the only girl I ejaculated with, and believe me, I had quite a hard on then. She simply looked at my in the eye when I ejaculated, she said she wanted to remember this moment. I even thought I would marry her, I thought it was my only solution then. How miserable I would have made her life. I think she is miserable now, but at least, I am not responsible for her misery. I hope her children compensate for that misery. I wish her children were mine and hers, not the one of a stranger who does not deserve it, who should not even be in the picture, especially that he is no better than I could have been. Better not think about this too much.

I'm sure you will be pleased to hear that I eventually married a woman. She was French, she was mad, she was punk, she was a lesbian, and yet, managed to become pregnant, expediting our divorce. No, the child was not mine, I never slept with her. Her wedding dress, that I bought with my meagre salary, was of a dark leather read, it opened at the back to let everyone see her ass. An invitation to fuck her. My wedding turned out to be a cocaine party, of which, I was the only one who did not take any. I was anyway so drunk, I guess I was as far gone as any of them. What a nightmare that was. I remained in London as a result, she went back to France to marry a gardener, have another child from him, and live happily ever after somehow, even though I know she was a lesbian, and right now, even though she must have done what she could for her children, she must be living in hell. Good, she was the worst example of a human being I have ever met, and she turned out to be my wife. One of life's deep irony. All of this is now part of my book *L'Éclectisme*, publié à Paris en 2001:

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/eclectisme.htm>

I think you should read that book. I think this is the most profound book I will ever write. It is certainly the only book I have written that made my father proud of having a son for a writer. I cannot think of a better praise, even though out of the six books of mine that have been published, *L'Éclectisme* is by far my biggest flop. It does not matter, for me, it is my greatest and only achievement, as I never thought such a book could ever be published. And now, of all that might remain of me after my death, at the very least that book will survive dans la bibliothèque nationale de France, wherever that is. That is all that matters to me. I cannot ever die now. I will never write another book like that, you need to be in a special place, you see, I cannot see how I will ever find myself in such a place again. It is unique, it is making history, just like *Troisième Sexe*, off your mind, doing something without even noticing, without even being aware you are doing it, and yet, it speaks volume, that is what is called making history, whatever at what scale...

I remember the very day I started that book, I was living in Paris, at La Cité Universitaire de Paris, and going to La Sorbonne every day, even though I already knew it was useless and that I had already failed miserably, whilst I was spending my days in Les Jardins du Luxembourg instead of attending my classes at La Sorbonne. I felt then as if I deserved to die. It must have been the worst time of my life. I also know when I finally finished that book two years later, it was in Dublin, in some cheap pub made up for tourists, with all the clichés you could think of about Ireland. This is the night I insulted the big director overseeing every single Scottish whisky maker Scotland had ever seen. The same director who hated the French for having bought every single alcohol company in Scotland and in Ireland in existence. The Director who hated Pernod-Ricard so much, he let it all out on me, simply because I spoke French, and could not understand a word of what he was saying, being such a thick Scottish accent. He accused me of attacking him in the toilets that night in that pub in Ireland, God, I was so lost, I tell you, still to this day, I am not certain if any of it actually happened. I was even accused of putting my hand on the knee of the nicest girl who was working there. Sexual assault it became, me, a gay man who could not give a shit about women. He worked very hard at destroying me, it all crumbled to dust, because I was gay, and I was already leaving the company within days. He never got the satisfaction to get me sacked, it would only have been a small victory anyway, against Pernod-Ricard, who somehow managed to shatter his dreams of conquering the world, with his Scottish Whisky. I personated everything that was evil within Pernod-Ricard, because I spoke French, and could not understand his Scottish accent. It is laughable. It was however so serious to him then, I think he could easily had died of a heart attack over it. I guess this is a testament to how strong those Scottish bastards truly are. I admire him. He certainly deserved to be the top man for Pernod-Ricard in the United Kingdom. Just a shame such an insignificant person such as me showed to the world just how far he was willing to go to kick the French out of the picture. I was never even French to begin with, even though in all of England, Scotland and Ireland, of the Pernod-Ricard empire, I was the only one who spoke French. And so I became the only target, the easy target, but also, the meaningless target. He covered himself of ridicule, I had the greatest ending for my book. I remember it in such a way, this is history in the making. I am proud of the way I represented the French interests à l'étranger, cos I won big time. I was the nothing French speaking employee who annihilated the whole and extensive career of the very descendant of the whole Clan Campbell, if that means anything to you. French Power! Long life to Pernod-Ricard! The very infect drink I am drinking tonight, as those very last bottles I still have and that I am forced to drink tonight, as I have no money to buy any alcohol, is from that era. Once those bottles are gone, that is it, this is a new chapter in my life. I can't believe I am still somehow connected to this book *L'Éclectisme*. Those bottles, once they are gone, that is it, my past is

gone forever. I will never, ever, again, buy a bottle of Pernod or Ricard, never. No one in their right mind could ever drink that.

The first time I was forced to try a Pastis of Marseille, my Vietnamese or Indochinoise friend from St-Rémy forced it down my throat, in Marseilles. I never thought then that I would play a part in the history of that drink in England. It was disgusting then, it is still now. And yet, I will still take me a few weeks or months to get rid of those two bottles. It has been 15 years, I cannot believe I was never that desperate before and drank those damn bottles. So much happened since then, shit, I had the time to move to Los Angeles forever, but somehow came back for some weird reason that to this day I still cannot comprehend. I really do need to get rid of those bottles...

I'm listening to June right now. Shit, this is really out of this world. And yet, I feel I could have written something like that, if I had to move back home in Chicoutimi. I feel this is what I might have had written then, as some sort of ultimate cry of desperation. I cannot believe Indochine could have sung a song like that. It is just amazing, out of this world. Oh. That is so perfect. This is so out of it. Frankly, this is the best thing you ever did. Nothing can beat that song. I am so proud of you, I wish I could have written that song, and in such a weird way, I feel this is exactly what I would have written, or wished I could have written for you. This is Underground, this is out of this world, it is perfection. I love that song, I don't think I could ever tire of listening to it. I also know that if somehow I had been in Chicoutimi whilst listening to it, living in my father's house with his horrible new wife who hates me, listening to this song would certainly had made me wish to commit suicide. It is how powerful that song is, that it can embody everything there is in this world. A song that deserves all our attention, that can make us do insane things. That song makes us worth living, that it is so powerful, that beyond it, nothing exists, nothing is worth living. It is the ultimate song, it is my song, forever. Where it comes from, I cannot even begin to imagine. But I know it is the culminating point of Indochine, and no one could ever have suspected it would ever come. It is all I live for. June is the perfect song. It is my perfect song. My favourite of all time. Je ne suis qu'une fille qui s'éteint, j'essaye et j'essaye et je n'y arrive pas, je disparais. C'est juste que je ne suis rien. That describes me entirely. And it certainly fucking kill me. Fuck this world! I don't think I have any part to play within it. Je disparais. I don't think I have ever even existed. Fuck it, fuck everything. Je n'y arrive pas, je disparais.

There is no hope for me, I'm so far gone already.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/onadrunkennight.lit>

Message 15 à Nicola Sirkis de Roland Michel Tremblay

Sent 25 January 2008 at 4h05:

Dear Nicola,

Can you believe that fucker who sent me an e-mail? He read six pages I have written in my entire life, out of 30,000, and gave his verdict about who I am, what I write, what I am all about. Online! For thousands who will reach his website to read, at the first search on Google. His critic will become me, all that I am about right now! I know you suffer the same faith, inutile de le denier. Il faut vivre avec, somehow, I don't really care, I really don't give a shit.

This is what he read (and it is in French):

<http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/3615mavie.htm>

And this is what he wrote:

De : Jérôme Ecolan d'Armor [mailto:ecolan@marsans.fr]
Envoyé : 23 January 2008 15:55
À : rm@anarchistecouronne.com
Objet : Aujourd'hui j'ai écrit ça dans mon journal.

Aujourd'hui j'ai écrit ça dans mon journal.

Mais comment fait Roland Michel Tremblay pour écrire autant (et aussi mal) ?
Qu'il soit québécois n'est pas une excuse, Dieu ! que non. La richesse francophone de l'Hiver (pour reprendre la merveilleuse image de Gilles Vigneau) est bien au contraire sans égal et si rafraîchissante pour nous : pauvres francophones ! estampillés du vieux monde.

Je choisis au hasard un extrait de son journal en libre accès sur son site. Et chaque fois je suis estomaqué. Il lui faut une page pour dire ce que j'écrirai avec trois fois moins de mots. Malgré cela, son style - devrai-je évoqué un non-style à tel point il en devient précisément un - à l'emporte pièce, cette manière de façonner à la vitesse d'impactes de mitrailleuse, de dire et s'y perdre jusqu'à ne plus certainement savoir lui-même où il va ni de quoi il parle ni d'où il est parti ; ce style donc, le sien et unique, me fascine. Une telle spontanéité m'émerveille. J'aimerais avoir aussi peu de scrupules à simplifier, dire sans y revenir. R.M. Tremblay écrit comme tout auteur devrait s'efforcer à le faire : sans se relire ou, mieux encore, en faisant croire qu'il ne se relit pas. Vue de l'extérieur son journal est un délicieux constat d'échec. On y croise tout un univers prévertien : le musicien qu'il n'est pas, des collègues encore plus névrotiques que lui, l'enfer, le paradis, une star de cinéma, le peuple anglais, le Canada, un écrivain troublé (lui), un perroquet, du whisky vomi sur un clavier déshabillé de ses touches, quelques pilules en vrac mais en fait inexistantes, une fenêtre d'où il souhaite tout balancer, ses ambitions de gardien de nuit, un chat... quoi d'autre encore ? La vie. Tout simplement la vie d'un jeune auteur prolix convaincu d'un talent dont, semble-t-il, lui seul se reproche les élans.

Je n'attends aucune réponse.
Le plaisir de vous avoir lu me suffit.

Jérôme

Don't you think he needs to be shot ? In the head? I think so. Well, I don't really, to be honest, I really don't give a shit. All I am worried about is that it is 4 am, and I have to go to work tomorrow, and I am drunk, and I won't survive the day. I should be shot for that alone.

There is no hope for me, I'm so far gone already.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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Message 16 et dernier message à Nicola Sirkis de Roland Michel Tremblay

Written on 8 February 2008, sent on 15 February 2008

Dear Nicola,

This is my last message to you. You have to understand, it has nothing to do with you, because I love you, and I always will. Something happened. Something horrible that it seems I cannot get over with. It has destroyed everything. It has destroyed my love affair with you. I hope not.

It seems that I am now still in love with everything you have done before Oli the Sat came into your life. Anything that I am certain he had nothing to do with. Everything you ever done before then, I still love, and can listen to. Anything after, anything after Satellite, I am telling you, it is painful for me to listen to. I am not sure if I can recover, if I will recover.

You don't really have to worry about it. The man is childlike, he is as much in love with you as he ever was, and for that very reason, I guess, he shut me off when I tried to contact him.

In a way, this is quite a result. He shut me off, he rendered me unable to send him any message on his Myspace. So in a way, I created a reaction, I reached him, I reached Indochine somehow, enough that Indochine decided to prevent me from sending them any message. And yet, it has somehow destroyed everything. It rendered me incapable of writing to you anymore, as I feel, I don't know what I feel, certainly it made me feel like I was undesirable, that what I was writing to you was not welcome, perhaps even offensive. I felt guilty, I felt bad, I can no longer write to you.

It has affected me more than I wanted to admit to myself. I tried to convince myself that if Oli de Sat decided to ban me from sending him messages, it was out of loyalty for you, but how could I possibly think that? I felt this was so rude, I could no longer even listen to Indochine. I went back to Love and Rockets, Depeche Mode, The Charlatans, Muse, Nine Inch Nails, anything still bearable that could make me forget Indochine. Somehow it didn't work, it left me with no music to listen to, to be motivated about, to inspire me.

I cannot even tell you to get rid of the man, he is obviously some sort of genius mind, and even though he would be nothing today without you, he can still make out of Indochine something worth listening to. I have to admit, I completely fell into his influence, what he made of Indochine. How could I regret you taking him on board and the influence he might have had on Indochine?

And yet, from my personal experience with him, for me, Indochine might as well be dead now. I can no longer love you, I have been hurt deeply. So much better and intelligent it was for you to accept all incoming communication, never to answer any of them, and yet let us believe you might at some point read it, than actually just shut us down and clearly making it clear that our simple little messages of appreciation to you were so unwelcome and so distressful, that you needed to ban us altogether.

Yes, I got a reaction from Indochine, but it was such a bad one, I can no longer write to you, I can barely listen to you. I am that close to tell you that I hate you. However, I can still, I hope, make a distinction between a member of your band and yourself. I hope... I wonder.

I guess I am sensitive, too sensitive. I don't need much to upset me. I hoped I would get over it in time, this is why I waited before sending you this message, I find that I am unable to. This is why this is my last message to you.

Not that it really matters, accepting all incoming messages as you do, you certainly do not upset anyone, but certainly you do not read anything coming through. So I guess it is time for me to move on. Forget about you, create my own things, built up my own legacy.

I don't know how many books I started writing since I first contacted you, a few are becoming quite real, I can see myself finishing writing some of them. I guess I should concentrate on that. It makes me forget, it makes me stronger. I hadn't realised how sensitive I was. So here we are, my last message to you.

This conversation will still remain online on my website, for this unique reason that I have written to you a whole book, and so much work and energy in my case cannot simply go to waste. Most of it is about me, about how I feel, and so, it deserves to remain online. It is an insight on who I was in that specific period of time, in that specific state of mind. What I was all about, what I was thinking, and so I cannot delete it as I initially intended to.

I suppose this love affair had to end at some point, I would have thought it would have ended after some sort of life changing event within my own existence, or a crisis external to you, but it is as well that it will end like this.

I was listening to Depeche Mode, and I felt happy that they never shut me down in such a way. I have to admit however that I never tried to impose myself into their existence before. If I had tried, who knows, I might have been met by a brick wall. I have actually met one member of the band Depeche Mode in Central London, at a special screening of Depeche Mode 101. I went straight to the guy, told him how much I loved him and everything he does, and he was so nice to me, I keep the most wonderful memory of this most cherished moment. After I told him of my undying love for his band, he turned to my boyfriend and asked: what about you? And confronted by such a blank face, he immediately understood before I even said it out loud: him, he is the one who suffered listening to Depeche Mode for over a decade, just because I was so obsessed with Depeche Mode. We all laughed, it was such a great moment. Especially that my partner actually can identify with songs of Depeche Mode much more that I can myself, because he has been a drug addict, and Depeche Mode's mystery is all about drug abuse, even though somehow I still loved that music all my life, bypassing this little problem that I never touched drugs. And yet, their songs have always been so meaningful to me, I guess over them I built my own "imaginaire".

I wanted to go to Lille to watch your next concert, I wanted to bring along my partner, I'm sure he would have loved it, even though he is British and cannot understand a word of French. It would have been such an adventure. This was a crazy idea. I will never ever see Indochine live now. I feel so bad. I feel so guilty somehow, ashamed with myself, I should never have written to you in the first place. I don't even understand why I did it. I'm truly sorry.

Why you, amongst all the bands I love so much? Only because I thought you were reachable, that you would read what I would send you. Now I don't know. I don't want to know. I am so sorry about this, how this simple little correspondence to you, could have turned into such a shameful nightmare for me, that I might very well delete this book I have written to you, at the very least, until the day I die.

You have to admit, what I have written to you, is not worthy of an author who wishes to transcend history. It is so disgraceful, the little kid in love with a music band, I might as well just die. Lost all credibility after this, and yet, I could not help it, I did it, I put it online, and I still do, because I love you, because I feel Indochine is a significant band, because I feel you are about something, and it is worth considering. That within France, there is only you worth considering.

Please, if you do happen to read this, do not mention it to Oli de Sat. I still think the man is essential to your next album. And if this is my last message to you, perhaps it is because it was the right time after all. I need to move on, I needed something to remind me, I have my whole universe to create, and it must be independent from anything else, even Indochine, even you.

Long life!

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay

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*** fin ***