

# Crown Court Madhouse

**Roland Michel Tremblay**

[www.themarginal.com](http://www.themarginal.com)

[rm@themarginal.com](mailto:rm@themarginal.com)

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Someone who would be following my career as a writer in this day and age might actually become very confused about what I was trying to achieve. Probably because I never tried to achieve anything. Writing for me has always been a sickness I was born with, and whatever job I have, is what I'll be writing about, and it will also go on to influence whatever fiction I may be writing at that time.

So why a book about the UK Crown Courts then? Simple really, I live in England just 2 minutes away from a Crown Court. After my return from Los Angeles, since none of my books or other ever made any money, I still needed to find a job. The equation was very simple, what is the closest place to my home I could work at, no matter the salary as I am under obligations anyway to give everything to my creditors, and which is not a job for a private corporation where I will need to make money and meet sales targets? That left me with only one choice. A Crown Court. So this book is some sort of anomaly, just a coincidence, however it will have to become my passion, as any full time job becomes our sole reason to exist, and so it will take over my life. I might as well write about it.

It is 2h30 am right now, I have my job interview tomorrow morning. I have never put as much energy into getting a job. I first went to the Court without any assurance they had a position available, I had never done that before in my life. You should have seen me explaining to the security guard that I was looking for a job. I thought he would look at me as if I was a lunatic, going into a pub to ask if I could become a waiter. He was nice, he pointed me into the direction of someone who could help. A guy gave me an application form which contained over 60 pages, for a position that pays as much as a garbage man, and for which they would still expect you to have degrees and relevant experience. I was however not discouraged by this, as I had just filled out a similar application form for the same opened position at the local Magistrates' Courts. I had spent five days filling out that form, and yet it was not enough, as at the Crown Court they have developed discrimination into an art form. I also had to spend time filling out a detailed Declaration of Health where I had to describe all my ailments and confirmation that I gave them permission to have my medical file transferred to them. There was also that famous Financial Declaration file, where unfortunately I had to declare that I was almost bankrupted and on some sort of voluntary programme to repay my creditors (IVA). I thought after that they would never call me for an interview, and even without those declarations included for the Magistrates' Courts position, they have not called me for an interview. So tomorrow my interview is far from being luck, it was dedication. I stormed into the Crown Court, I harassed them for a 60 pages application form, I spent 12 hours straight filling it up, and harassed them again the next day for them to study it and call me for an interview. A week later they called, and now tomorrow I will have that so important interview. And I will get the job, or else I wouldn't be writing this now.

I will get the job for simple reasons, I am over qualified for the post, I even had to give them a dumb down version of my CV to get the job. Also because it was not advertised, and yet they needed me (as per destiny), and so how could I not get the job if I am the only candidate? So I will start working there just before Christmas, in time to enjoy plenty of paid holidays.

And yet there is something dirty about me working there, as if a spy was about to infiltrate their state secrets. Because I will be detailing here everything I will hear and see, and ultimately condemn them for their shortcomings and ways around the law, that great United Kingdom Law, that every single American Popstarz behaving badly on airlines and at Heathrow Airport will end up. They usually get away with almost nothing as punishment, and I intend to verify if we are all equals, or if being rich or famous sort of guarantees you some sort of immunity against the law. We all know that anyway, it doesn't really matter, I guess it is more in the details that I will be the judge of those judges and that system. The role will be reverse for once, as it is the simple minded citizen who will be there recording for posterity how one of the main Criminal Court in England is behaving. I can't wait to denounce them all, I would be very surprise if somehow this would not turn out to be true.

Poor them, they don't know, as usual, who it is they're going to hire. As long as I don't have any criminal record, then I am a perfect candidate. We're living in clement times, what I'm going to do now is legal, but I doubt it will be for long as we continue our ascension to the ultimate police state that England has already become. We have more cameras and policemen in pro rata than any other country in the world, one of them knocked on my door today! To tell me to be afraid, very afraid of fake electricity and water readers people stealing the elderly... next time they might even force their way in, who knows, it starts like that. Innocent pretext to invite themselves in, and then, first thing you know, you're accused of being subversive, an anomaly, something undesirable, and you end up at the Crown Court just for having expressed an opinion about the Constitution or the government, and of that, I have plenty. I don't hide to say what I think, but things got so bad in recent years, I finally had to think twice about what I was saying in my books, I considered censoring myself! I didn't, I will live to regret it.

So, let's find out about those serious criminals in England, let's discover who they are, what they have done, what their punishment was, and how this compares to other criminals here and elsewhere in the world. And then I'll pass judgment. I expect this whole enterprise will take me a year of my life, just like my other books about jobs I had. Mostly because after a year I either get sack or it becomes so unbearable that I have to leave, also because by then I have a full book of the problems involved, and then there's nothing left to learn.

So I have spent the evening reviewing questions I could be asked with my partner, this was a review of classics questions you are given at interviews, stupid questions which I'm sure could never help anyone for example to spot either an anarchist like me, or a terrorist. It usually goes like: tell us what the biggest flaw in your personality is: I despise you so much, I wish to kill you all right now, would be the right answer. However I would say something more along the lines of: I am too efficient in my job, it annoys my colleagues until they can no longer stand it and they finally decide to form a mutiny coalition to get me sacked after a while. That answer always pleases them deeply, and it is always so untrue! How they let themselves being fooled like this by the defendants, is beyond my comprehension. They're human I suppose, poor them, we have to forgive them for their human nature, badly placed compassion, etc.

The guy interviewing me tomorrow, apparently, is a jack the lad himself. A Scottish chappy with a huge earring in his ear (comparable to those the Bajorans wear in Deep Space Nine). This is supposed to mean that he his subversive, cool, whatever. It is obviously either a joke or a weapon. A joke because that kind of guy wouldn't be working at a Crown Court. A weapon because he must be projecting a cool personality, on the verge of being a criminal, so he can gain the trust of other criminals ending up at the most powerful criminal court in England unless they decide to appeal. So it is a weapon, making the criminals believe they are safe, gain their confidence, and then they talk and talk and talk, until they're toast. Brilliant! When those criminals will see me, in my suit, my short hair cut, my tie, they'll probably puke all over the place, and insult me badly, because they will see in me the establishment, the respect of high society, everything they despise. Little they will know that I am ever more on their side than the one of authority, of any kind. You don't need to look the part to be the most anti-establishment bastard this world has ever seen. Look is deceptive, I'm on their side, that guy is everything but on their side, despite his hair cut, his attitude and his Star Trek earring. You see, I didn't even had the interview yet, and I have already established something critical about how deceptive that Crown Court is. I won't be fooled by this. I will be so formal at that interview, I will even push it to the limits of being judgmental against him. I will make it clear that I don't feel he is cool, on the contrary, I will show disdain and smugness towards his persona, and this is how I will get the job, because this is what ultimately he is looking for.

How do I know so much about a place that I visited for less than 10 minutes altogether? I have a spy, a Justice of the Peace no less. He has told me everything about everyone already. Not that this is how I will get the job in the end, however I know who I will meet, and I know how to play them at their own game. I will be so pure! It will be disgusting. I am so perfect, they will want to take me under their wings. I will be so brilliant, intelligent, educated, informed, that they will cry for me to accept that job and remain there at least a year (as they will know that I could be Prime Minister one day, so why would I want a job as a simple administrator, earning less than the Polish people cleaning the streets of the borough? Exactly. That is the deception. I should have called that book The Great Deception.

I spent the whole night reading about the justice system in England, all the different courts and the participants, etc. I felt like the Spider Woman, studying the field of her prey before imposing herself into his world, marrying the rich man, killing him and inheriting his fortune after his downfall. Perfect analogy. If you have not seen that film, dig it out now, it is worth it.

I will either be a usher or an administrative officer. I would prefer to be a usher and be in the court room, I might learn more as an administrative officer though, and that is what I ultimately applied for, because this is the application form I had prepared for the Magistrates' Court that I simply copied for the Crown Court. Do you know what a usher is? Never mind, the important thing is that I now know what it is. My only worry, if I was ever going to become a usher, would be to fall asleep right there in front of everyone in the court room. Since I never really sleep, too busy spending the night getting drunk and writing, I will most certainly fall asleep everyday in court. So perhaps it would be better to be an administrative troll. I'll be a drone either way.

Wow! What a chance I could get tomorrow, to study all the worst criminal cases in England in my region for a whole year! And how these cases were dealt with! I will get this job, it is clearly in the path of my destiny, 2 minutes from home, I couldn't ask for better than that. Every single one of my lunch hours will be spent

writing what happened that day, and how the system fail us on a massive scale. It is my new mission in life, it is my sole reason to exist for the next year or so, and if I don't go to bed soon, I might never get the job. It is already 3h30 am, and I'm drunk. I think that being tired and drunk at the interview can only help me. I will at least speak coherently, otherwise my brain is such in overdrive, most people can't even understand what I'm talking about. I speak too fast for most of them, and I'm pretty certain I speak way too fast for anyone working in a Crown Court. Tiredness and alcohol will slow me down, give me time to think, prevent me from thinking too much, and hence my answers will be perfect, exactly what they will expect. And then the spy is in! And this book will get the end it deserves. And now I'm going to play Mah-jong until I fall asleep, as right now I am way too wired to fall asleep. Perhaps I won't sleep at all before the interview, and I am convinced that it would help me. I need to descend to their level, as it has to be said, these clueless people are and will always be below the master criminals of this world. If they suspected how stupid they were compared to us, they would certainly plaid for maximum penalty, and somehow we always convince them that we are purer than pure and they got it all wrong. Never mind. It is more basic than that. All the intelligent people are in the private sector, not the public sector. Anyone who can make any money in this world, from intelligence and ability, is not in the public sector. Because why would you want to work so hard for the same salary as a garbage man? Exactly, it means you are as intelligent as a garbage can, and probably even less, since garbage men these days are the most intelligent Polish people immigrants suffering from so much discrimination that even though they have a PhD, they are forced, once in England, to clean the streets.

So only Judges will be people worth talking to, and I will make it my mission to get close to them, become their confident, develop great friendships. To them I will have to divulge who I really am, so they can respect me to the point of compromising themselves. I would expect them to be all right though, but we'll see. I will certainly be afraid of them, I spent the whole of last year in Los Angeles, calling all the main CEOs on the planet to ask them questions about what perfect conference to produce. These guys in the U.S. have billion of dollars and I wasn't afraid of them, so a handful of British Judges should be child play for me. I'll have them around my fingers in no time. Hey, I'm the administrator, I'm the brain behind the power, that much is clear. Without me, nothing in this world goes round, without me, everything in this world crumbles to dust.

After such a speech from me, I'm sure you expect me to fall flat on my face. I certainly expect it myself, so what's your point? Of course I will, however, if I didn't feel like this right now at the beginning, I wouldn't get into this nightmare. I know I might be proven wrong. I know I will once again go through hell on earth, dear me, I know I will again want to commit suicide. Only need a bitch manager to push me to those limits. But I'll try my best, I'll try to stick to my plan, the reason I will be put there for over a year to observe and report, and hopefully this book will be helpful in the end, to someone at least. I hope.

Should I start my marketing right away? It could interest any criminal suddenly discovering that he or she will have to go through that system, or any barrister or solicitor starting in his or her job, or any politician in charge of re-writing the constitution and developing new amends. Whatever. If in the end this is only one book for myself to remember what I've put myself through, it will be reason enough to write that damn book.

Ok, interview in six hours. I will let you know what happened.

All right, I now went to the interview. As planned I was sick like a dog, I couldn't even answer the questions about the car accident I had yesterday on the phone with the various people who were calling this morning to sort out everything, I was incapable of thinking. It was not however what I first thought it was, being still drunk and tired, both Stephen and I are sick like dogs today, the flu or something, so I was a real zombie at my interview. No matter how much I tried to smile, I think what showed was my long face where they must have had trouble seeing any sign of life in there.

I met two nice persons, it always starts like that at interviews, and you usually discover later on that they are bastards, but in this case I feel they will remain nice people to work with even after I get the job. Their main point was to tell me my salary, £15,000, and then waited. I said, so? They said, well, don't you want to run away out of here now that you know how little you will get? It was difficult to convince them that I was an anomaly of this materialistic and capitalist world, that money for me meant nothing, and that the less I get, the better I feel, which of course is totally untrue. Then they told me what I would be doing, entering data into the computer all day long. And then they waited for my reaction. I had to convince them that I love inputting data into computers all day, that I was aware it was the most soul destroying thing in the world, but as my last 10 years of modified work experience was showing, entering numbers into computers has been the bulk of my tasks for the last 15 years, and so I was totally competent and didn't mind at all. Could they truly believe that?

They said they were terribly short staffed and needed someone ASAP, when I said I could start the very next day, the woman was so pleased, she almost offered me the job on the spot. The other guy said though that I would start Monday if I got the job. They also stated that their computers predated the venue of the Christ on this planet, and I sure could tell that the software I will be using must have been invented in the 60s, and most people stopped using them for good 30 years ago. When I saw the people I would be working with, I immediately realised they were not short on staff, but were suffering from many employees doing nothing all day. In other words, I'll be the one doing the work of everyone else. They could hire 20 more people and I'm sure nothing would get done. The other administrators are either house wives who have never worked in their lives before getting those cushy jobs, and probably never realised they had to do any work once at work, jobs they probably got 20 years ago, and now no one can sack them. The other ones are old Indian men who could never have got anywhere because they would have suffered from discrimination, and probably have no idea how lucky they are that they get paid to do fuck all all day. I suspect these men are full of prejudices, and communication with them will be nearly impossible. If they learn I'm gay, they'll probably declare a war or something.

I made a few discoveries, the building is very old, and inside it does look like a madhouse, a madhouse of bureaucracy. There are papers everywhere in piles and piles over every single desk. I was observing this, thinking, is there any way to find anything in this? How is it possible that none of these papers get lost? Many piles were about to fall off into the bins on the side of every desk, I was convinced that if I were to be tried at that Crown Court, chances are they would lose my papers and no one would be the wiser about what I had done.

Most cases are apparently from the airport, half of them are about illegal drug entry into this country. Others are asylum seekers. All criminal these days are people moving drugs into this country and people moving their body into this country. They all lead to prison.

So I went back home after the interview, confident I would get the job. I was so sick, I went straight to bed. They finally called and offered me the job. I feigned being the happiest man alive, and confirmed I would be there next Monday at 9h30 sharp. I intend to find out if it is true that a job in the public sector, paying absolutely nothing, is the way to happiness and self discovery about oneself. Thank God this job has a double purpose, as I will be writing this book, because I would feel like committing suicide right now. I am in a state of panic, this is more frightening to me, that £15,000 and that madhouse filled with zombies, than it was for me to be shipped to Los Angeles to work in the lion's den. Hopefully it is more due to me being sick than this realisation that I may have made the mistake of my life and career. This is one job I will never be able to include on my CV, or a lot of creative imagination will be required to prove to incredulous interviewers that moving from Management Consultant in the U.S. at high salary, to miserable administrator with no pay at all, was in fact a stroke a genius about one's happiness in life. We'll find out, won't we? My hope in all this, after all, is to still have the same amount of money to myself at the end of the month, and for the next five years give as little as possible to my creditors as per the law of England. If I end up giving them nothing, my goal will be accomplished. No need to work simply to contribute to the billion those banks are already making. I was so certain I would get that job, I feel I made it happen.

3 December 2006

It is now 19h25, the night before I start my new job. I am counting the minutes of freedom left before I go to my prison every day, patiently waiting 17h to run out.

At this time I cannot say which would be the worst madhouse between the court or my flat, as it has become so unbearable around here with the dog constantly barking and being overexcited, the parrot shouting at the top of his lungs all the time and flying in my face every single minute of the day. This would be all right without Stephen in the background constantly talking, whinging, attacking me, real verbal abuse of unfair attacks, all because we have no money left and as a result he cannot sleep at night. Just to show how unfair he is, today he accused me many times of not bringing any money in and of being lazy, when I start work tomorrow, so what more can I do? He also complained many times that I don't do house work. I cook every day, do the dishes all by myself every day, I do the washing every other day, I clean the bed and sofa every week, if not twice when one of the six cats or the dog decide to pee on them, and I vacuum the place twice a week, which requires cleaning the vacuum cleaner four times a week because it clogs up. Considering all the house work I do, compared with him who actually does fuck all, it is hard to take that I could be blamed for this so unjustly. When you're living with some unintelligent and unreasonable person, there is no possible defence, no argument that could help you to prove your innocence, as they have chosen to be blind to the facts, and hearing them does not change their mind in the slightest. Simply because they need a reason to whinge, to complain, to make your life a misery. As they have no reason to do so, they invent some.

In these conditions, I welcome going to work. Not that it will bring me away from him, as we will be working the same hours, and hence I would have been home alone whilst he was at work. I just hope that now that I will be working, he will be happier and no longer blaming me for being a drain on his resources. I'm not expecting a miraculous recovery, until at least I get paid in one month, in the New Year perhaps. I cannot live like this anymore, so either he stops attacking me, or I'll have to leave this place somehow.

When I remember how peaceful and quiet I was in Los Angeles, alone in my little studio, I cannot believe I forgot about the nightmare this British man can be. I apparently only remembered the good times, I can't think of any since I came back. He's back now from walking the dog, I have to prepare myself to return to the bed room where I locked myself most of the last three days.

I am in a panic state because of him, more so because starting a new job is no easy matter when you know nothing of what to expect. I have resigned myself one way or another that it is not allowed in this society to be unemployed, without suffering the wrath of everyone around you. They will endeavour to destroy you mentally as much as they can until you can no longer take it, give up and go back to work. I have also come to the conclusion that no matter the job you have, it will always be like a prison you have to go to for at least 45 hours a week, the lunch hour being part of the stress of that job. As it is a necessary evil, I might as well find an easy job, even one that pays next to nothing. I will see tomorrow if I have chosen wisely or not. That's the big worry here. It is not because a job pays nothing that it is easier, quite the contrary. It all depends on the people you work with and how unreasonable and ready to attack they are. You only need one bitch with some powers over you or capable of backstabbing you at every corner to ruin it for you. And that office could be full of them. We will be over 20 people working in a very closed environment, all sitting over each other, breathing the same rant air, being crazy by the end of the day.

If you want to know exactly what I mean, just read any of the dozen books I have written about my corporate lives in the last 20 years. I go into much detail, I was hoping somehow I had done that enough and would be spared this nightmare again as nothing else can be learnt from this. But unless I have any kind of breakthrough with any of my other books or film script, or anything else, I am condemned to this zombie and uncreative life of working with the living dead.

I was well aware that my time was limited before starting this new job, and I am proud that in the last week I wrote the first fifty pages of my new work of fiction, Anna Maria stories. I would have liked to write much more in the last three days, but Stephen has killed my project, probably without even realising it, since I am to be blamed for his bursts of anger as much as for everything else that has gone bad on this Earth from before Jesus-Christ was even born.

Now he has sort of gone to bed, and I have few hours left before me to write the end of my second short story, but where would I now find the motivation, the inspiration? I feel more like shooting myself in the head than anything else. If ever that book Anna Maria is my way out of these 9 to 5 jobs and nightmarish small minded people making my life impossible, I'll have to say that it was written in such constrained conditions, out of complete desperation, that I would be surprised that I was ever able to finish writing it. It is no longer a question of how I can make it better, how can I emulate the style of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but simply a matter of: can I write a few pages tonight to get closer to the end before the end of times fall upon me?

I am so depressed right now, I don't think I will be able to write. I might instead find a PC game and play until 1 in the morning.

4 December 2006

I don't have much time to write on my lunch hour, I won't even have the time to eat. Unfortunately Stephen was here, and so stress ran very high.

My first morning was all right. I have never seen so many employees who have kept their job for so long. Well, that's not quite true, however most of them have been there many years. Can't be that bad a job then. Hopefully they are paid more than I am.

I will have too older Indian men around me. It is not the fact that they are Indians which I fear will build a gap between us, but more because they are older men, family men, etc. However, it might turn out that they will be very nice people. The younger ones are hype, cool, and I feel we could become friends, even if they are a bit serious. Most of the women which could be the real problems, backstabbing wise, were absent today, so I don't know about that yet.

I didn't do much this morning, but I sat in two court rooms with jury. One case of illegal drugs entry in the country, and a rape case. A kid who was 11 years old at the time, and raped twice a 4 year old girl. Fuck it, I can't write right now, too stressed, the bird is flying everywhere. I'll see if I feel like it tonight.

It is now well passed midnight, and finally I sit down hoping to write a few lines? Stephen has been such a handful tonight, what drug is he on? He is so hyper, just like the dog I would need to run him down the park until he could happily fall asleep, so I can finally work.

Well, it is again not now that I will be writing about my first day at the Crown Court. And anyway, it was such a miserable day, in such an atmosphere of misery, with a bunch of nobody that if they all died today, nobody would give a damn, that I don't really want to talk about it. God, if they ever read this one day, they will certainly get the hump and hate me for it. Of course, it is more that I feel miserable myself that I'm saying that. And I feel that writing another diary book about nothing is really not a wise idea. I was born to write rock and roll songs, just like Oasis, however I am limited to simply writing books with some sort of similar passion, and now I realised that I've been reduced to talk about stupid jobs that pays nothing. Not exactly what I had in mind when I had this crazy idea that a diary about working in a Crown Court would be nice. Duh, wrong!

Tonight I would have liked to work on Anna Maria, for once I was highly motivated for some reason, but I didn't get the chance. I think tomorrow I'll throw a sicky and write all day. Just joking. I may go to bed at 3 am though and finish my second short story, only 14 more pages to write.

The old Indian man is patronising, I can see he has many children, and by default I became one as well. At the end of the day, after I wrote down everything he said, to avoid any mistake in the future, he complained that I wrote a novel! So I said, well, that's the difference between someone who's professional and who cares about what he does, and some loser you pay nothing, to do a half job. And that is the Crown Court for god's sake, people lives are at stake. I spotted no less than 5 mistakes in what he did today. And at least 5 more in the paperwork we received from the Magistrates Court.

How we can still work with those old systems is also a mystery to me. It is so old, the software we use, I bet anyone could hack into this in no time. Anyway, if the British Government does not wish to invest any money in something so important, they must have their reason.

When I started working there, and only had a vague idea of what I would be doing, I was panicking because I thought I would have to do so many things. One thing in particular that I thought was frightening was to put together daily the list



of every case in all 8 courts on a sheet of paper and contacting all these people to make sure they would be there that day. I thought, as I've been used to in conferences, that I would have to do it all by myself, on top of uploading all the info and results of all the cases into the computer. That is what would be expected of me in any job in the commercial world. I learnt that there is a whole department in charge of listing, at least 6 or 7 persons in charge of doing just that, including two bosses. I fell off my chair, none of them must be doing any work!

And for the first time in 15 years, I now have to fill out a time sheet. I have to work exactly 7 hours and 12 minutes a day to fulfil my 36 hours a week. I'm gonna have a lot of fun spending three hours a week filling my time sheet! And better do those 12 minutes, or else, Big Brother we'll have me for breakfast.

I've met the Manager of the whole place today, he personally came to me to welcome me. That is one bastard, I already saw him spitting on the second Indian old man who's been there for years, because he was slow at finishing an urgent task. I hope I won't have him breathing down my neck, because he will see that I won't be like that submissive old man, being kind and innocent in the face of such an affront. I hope I can keep it all inside.

That rape story really freaked me out. When the defendant came in, and I heard he was accused of rape, I really felt weird. That is a universe I had no knowledge of, the criminal world. And there, they face it everyday, dealing with people who look so rough, you know immediately you shouldn't stand in their way, or they will kill you. This roughness was only matched by all those young solicitors who look very effeminate, even though I'm sure they're straight. They all have very thin fingers, they look so weak, you think they would die or just vanish in the smallest wind on their way out of the court. I would not even have sex with them, I would be afraid of breaking their bones.

Which brings me to at least a few people there that are nice to look at, only three in fact, all young and good looking, at least one gay, the Scottish main manager. A bit older though, but definitely gay. I don't think we will be having sex any time soon, and I don't particularly wish it, but I would hope that he would be an ally, at the very least. The second good looking one, very thin, nice built body, very sexy and tight shirts without a t-shirt underneath, I could look at him all day. Desperately straight though. And the little Chinese guy, who knows if he is gay. I don't think so, despite his style in clothes and manners.

Well, I will like them all as co-workers, including the older Indian men (and hopefully the women), as long as they like me. They will either like me, or not at all. Only time will tell. They will only like me if I am loud and if I take a lot of space, joking around and everything, but then this always brings you enemies, or jealous ones fearing from losing their little paradise they had built up for themselves. None of them though seems to have enough personality to feel threatened by my arrival, so we'll see.

A mighty danger might be those ridiculously unintelligent security guards. One in particular is very annoying and always tries to joke around with everyone, when in fact, he is so boring, I could fall asleep in the middle of one of his jokes. And I'm afraid he might get the hump with me. He seems to be either drugged or drunk, and as a consequence, I can't understand anything he says. It is hard enough that those Indian men still haven't learn to speak an English I can understand, after spending something like 50 years in England, and I don't understand half of what they say, but the Scottish manager is also difficult to comprehend. They are obviously a bunch of uneducated people, I haven't been

used to working with people eating their words like that. It is a big contrast with those mighty Americans I was working with in Los Angeles, who were all speaking very loud and clearly and rapidly, but who simply could not shut up!

There is also this annoying journalist who works in the office! She was using all the court's equipment, fax, photocopier, whatever, and all she does is to go from court room to court room, taking notes, and splashing and destroying everyone's reputation in the newspapers the next day. I felt like shooting her on the spot. In my opinion, all these court cases should be private. A career and one's credibility is too easily lost in this world. Only the results should be known publicly.

That poor guy accused of rape, he was not even 18. At 11 he apparently raped a 4 year old girl, twice. It lasted 5 minutes each time. I'm sure he would be found guilty, and his life will now be ruined. For something he was probably not even aware was wrong at the time, he was 11! And the girl, she has been so brainwashed now, the words she used were striking: he raped me! His private parts! Those are not the words of 9 year old, and she was 6 when the tape they played was recorded. It was very suspicious. It looked like acting to me, it didn't look natural. However, her story might be true, it is likely to be true. I will not witness the end of this case, since I'm not allowed on my work hours to go into courts and watch, unless it is on my lunch hour or my day off. I will check though if he loses.

I was also taken aback, that as soon as the jury left, the judge wanted to speed up the process to cram a lot in one day. He said that one way or another, this case would be finished by the end of this week. Well, considering that a young teenager will go to prison for years to come over this, how can we be talking about suppressing testimonies, witnesses prepared statements, etc.? It was all a bit discouraging.

There is also the mystery of at least one woman who was sitting on two juries, in two different court rooms. I haven't dreamt that, is this allowed?

6 December 2006

Today I think I have learnt that a job around the corner in admin, is just like a job in conferences in Central London. It kills me as much, and saps all my energy. I was so dead yesterday, I went to bed on arrival for three hours. And then got up, wrote Anna Maria until 3 or 4 am, then was so dead today at work, that tonight I can't entertain the idea of writing anything apart from this journal. I could go to bed now, however this time around I won't, and hope to go to bed at 10 or 11pm max. I've got to get back to some normality.

There's a gloom and doom about the people I'm working with, that they're underpaid and feel inadequate with their basic education. Especially on the men's side. Women appear, though I couldn't confirm it since I have not spoken to many yet, to accept their status of miserable underpaid bastard more easily. Probably because society does not put as much pressure on women to succeed and to have high salaries. So, my cool young friends there only work in these places for years and years, because most probably they couldn't work anywhere else with no education or experience in anything.

Yesterday there was a meeting with all the employees, a doctor from the hospital came to tell us about tuberculosis and the chances we might catch it since one person of a jury has been identified as a carrier of the disease. I asked two questions, very much in the style of those solicitors that I witnessed in the court rooms. I said: "Am I correct in assuming that you do not believe any of us caught

TB?" To which he answered "correct". And then I asked what the symptoms were anyway, and he told us all about it. I believe they were the most perfect questions to ask and I'm pleased I did. It seems to have got the attention of the big top manager of the place, the one I witnessed two days ago being very rude to my Indian friend beside me. The one who will retire within two years.

So the big manager is very nice to me, and has been since the very beginning. It is nice while it lasts, I'm pretty sure I'll get into trouble soon enough and he will simply forget me. He is very worried about image, he must think there are too many Indians working there, that much is clear, and not only that, they are all of the same subdivision of Indians, not the Muslim one, and so some white blood for him, I feel, is desired, so they fulfil their discrimination requirements of having at least one white person working in the whole crown court, even better if he is not a British White. That also fulfils some discrimination requirements, to have some Other Whites, as I have come to be known as since in England. Other Whites have no particular culture or sense of belonging to anything. If one ever succeeds at anything, it is a fluke, an exception, and will be quickly forgotten. That's why I need to succeed beyond the United Kingdom boundaries. I don't belong to any group, or anything, I don't belong even to my own broken country, as I can no longer call myself a Canadian, being from the French part, and I am no longer recognised anyway as a French-Canadian, or Quebecker, I suspect I never will, writing in English now. It bothers me. I am nicer about it tonight as I was in the past in other parts of my long life diary. It has to be said that I never really believed anything I said about the people from Québec, it was only frustration speaking. Disgust that they could never recognise me, speak about me, or even speak to me. For a long time I felt that if I ever succeeded, I would ignore them, just as they ignored me for so many years. I know I won't, again it was all bollocks. Anyway, right now I don't belong anywhere, I am a lost sheep. And yet, I feel more powerful than any of them in my own mind, I'm sure, so in the end perhaps I don't need to belong, I guess I did everything to escape belonging to anything or anyone. We are very much alone in the march of our destiny, good, more the merit to us when we succeed against all odds, without the help of anyone else. I could have it easy, I tell you. So many people could have recognise my talent to write and help me a great deal, which makes me think that many other writers or artists really got it easy. Where would I be now if someone with some sort of powers would have helped me? Well, for one I would have written totally different books, and so none of my poetry would have existed, and this is what I am the most proud of, this is what I will be remembered for, if ever I make it. However, I can only make it with a novel like Anna Maria, no one crack the market with poetry, no one reads poetry. Anyway, I'm not writing poetry, I call it that because nothing else could describe it. But try to convince a poetry publisher of that, or anyone else for that matter. I guess I'm an oddity. I also believe publishers are afraid of me, none of them seems to have any guts, which might explain why literature is so boring in this day and age. More censorship goes on today than ever before in history, and we call ourselves civilised and futuristic. Well, the future looks bleak indeed.

The Court Manager made a point in bringing me the newsletter of the employees working at the DCA nationally. It was all about that we were the worst paid civil servants in the whole country, with at least £1000 less in salary than anyone else. Also that the Treasury planned more money for the DCA for pay rise, and even then the DCA decided to not give anyone pay rises. Why would he make a point of giving that saying: "here, please read this so you will be aware of any news within the DCA". Was he trying to justify why my salary was so low, or that perhaps I should join the fight since pretty soon it seems we might go on strike? Dear me, he has no idea I don't give a shit about salary, or else I wouldn't be working there. I would be in the city killing myself working for a conference

company and commanding a huge salary figure. I reckon now I could get five times my actual salary as a Management Consultant (£75,000). Maybe I'm dreaming, I could at least have three times my salary quite easily with bonuses, as a Manager or Director or something. I'm pretty sure of that. I could get £45,000 even as a simple conference producer in telecoms, including bonuses. I was supposedly on that in one of my last position in conferences, though I never quite got any bonus at all.

I was reading recently that the city council was now offering better and top notch salaries to attract post graduate people. I bet they discovered that all of their employees had no education to speak of. No wonder it is filled with incompetent losers. Archibald must have been told I was a post-graduate student, and is probably afraid to lose me. He's probably in a hurry to promote me over the head of these people who worked there for ten years and more. Little he knows that I'm not interested. I look forward discovering with this genuine interest will eventually lead, if anywhere.

I think Jaz, the main Indian man who's been training me since the beginning has already stitched me up today. He tried to explain something to me, I was all confused because he is incapable of explaining anything correctly, and after that he went straight in the office of the Scottish guy. Not sure what he could have told him. All I know is that before he went in the office, he told me that anyone who would call would know what a consecutive and a concurrent sentence would be, and also what an effective sentence means. He spent 10 minutes trying to explain to me, and he confused me further than what I would have guessed it meant. I bet in the end I'm right and he's wrong, as usual. So God knows if he went in the manager's office complaining that I were stupid and ignorant, and perhaps I should be sacked, however I'm not worried. The man is so dumb, they must know by now! And if they want to believe him, that's fine by me. Being backstabbed like that though, after three days on the job, is quite a record. I'll have to keep my eye on him, I never thought he would be the backstabbing type.

I'm learning also that the other Indian guy is quite the whinging type. And if somehow I try to get away with no doing the mail in the morning, I bet he will report me within 5 minutes to everyone who would want to hear his complaints. I'm on dangerous grounds, anything I do which could suggest I'm lazy, I'll be in deep trouble. Five minutes late, I'm pretty sure will be known within the whole Crown Court within seconds. Got to watch my back.

He was the one this morning to spot that I was very tired, and yes I drank a few beers yesterday. He immediately said so out loud, and repeated it twice afterwards as people arrived. Another backstabbing in a huge scale, just because I looked tired. He told everyone that I partied all night, bastard. I bet he doesn't even understand how damaging to my precarious situation he can be. Another one I will have to watch.

Here we go, I've been the perfect employee so far, and I have already been stab twice. Way to go! I've seen worse though, however I don't know yet the extent to which they're to go to destroy me after my beginning there. We'll see. Human nature is so predictable, and is the same the world over. Jealousy rates amongst the top five problems, and what they're ready to do as a consequence, has no limit. Unfairness must come second. If they feel in any way that I get a preferential treatment somehow, even if it is only a perception and not quite true, dear me, they will destroy me.

7 December 2006

Usually I plague people at work with so many personal questions that they back off and tell me right on the spot to mind my own business. In the case of my supervisor, the British man, as he is the only real person from England working directly in my department (the one from Scotland is, well, from Scotland), well, in his case he told me his life story without my asking, within an hour this morning.

I will call him Matthew, or Matt. Apparently he is the person to thank for saving the trees in my area, he is the one who fought with a group of his friends to get the place declared a conservative area. In doing so, he prevented the whole of the Crown Court to expand since for that very reason their proposal was rejected by the council. Some people must know he was at the root of this little problem.

He calls himself an eco-warrior and an expert on trees. First thing he asked me in fact was if I had seen the movies Lord of the Rings. Apparently he was consulted about those big trees walking around the forest on which the Hobbits travel. He was also asked information for many other films. Told me his father used to be a cameraman and his mother a hairdresser at Pinewood Studios and worked on just about every film there was, including Star Wars, etc.

For a second there, I thought I was back in Los Angeles, surrounded by so many people are interlinked to the movie and television industry, unable to wait to tell you how good they are and special and filled with potential. The thing is, we're in London, and apart from a few queens who did the choreography of a few unknown films filmed in Greece that I have met in Richmond, no one has any link with television or cinema.

What was even more puzzling to me, was, why was he so desperate to revalorise himself like that? Is he trying to prove to me that he is not the loser I could think he is because he probably has no education to speak of and is a simple minded supervisor earning perhaps £2,000 more than me? Or more worrying than anything else, has he done a search on the Internet under my name and found out all about me? I certainly did not mention anywhere at work or even on my CV my published books or my work in television and films. So where did this come from? I would have a lot explaining to do if ever he found out. He didn't tout for info though, so I guess my secret is safe for now.

He says he is a jack the lad, and if he doesn't grow up, his wife will leave him. It was more like a joke. I bet he doesn't even know what being a jack the lad means, as he certainly looks like the quiet type. Been arrested once for fighting in a fish & chips restaurant, and claims to have been kept in prison only for his own security. I can think of better ways to be secured than going to prison, like perhaps a little trip to France for a while or something. Unless of course he was unlucky enough to have attacked some Mafioso. And then, prison would certainly not be safe either. So that is a blatant lie. He was probably arrested for bodily arm on someone else. Since these never come alone, because somehow by the time the police gets you to the station you, within being aware, usually break a few more laws (just resist for a second, or be drunk, and bang, a second criminal offence is added to your case), then perhaps he has a nicely packed little criminal case against him. Most probably in the Magistrates Court, so no one in the office can check it out. So lying is an option in his case. One phone call to that Magistrates Court could let me know, as I found out recently. I am obliged to tell anyone who calls the office, even anonymously, to give them any information they want about any criminal case or anyone, including accusations, sentences, results, etc. No check is necessary, it is public domain. Takes less than a minute. Frightening!

He asked me today if I had any criminal offence under my belt, I said I was so pure, I had never been arrested in my entire life. He also asked with whom I lived, I think they already suspect I could be gay. I said I lived with a flat mate. They were going to get that private info so easily, I can tell you that for nothing. Then it was the game of finding out exactly where I lived. Stephen had warned me the day before to not let them know, because if you throw a sickie, they will be checking you on their way in and out of work. I had no choice but to tell them, as they were so insistent.

So finally he asked if I knew a certain neighbour in my block who went bunkers and almost killed everyone in the building with grenades, fire weapons and other paraphernalia. Well of course, who could have missed over 100 army soldiers in my back garden throwing fuming cans and using taser guns? In fact, I recorded the whole episode on tape, audio only. So, it turns out that this lunatic is one of his best friends, though by the end of the conversation, he simply said, an old friend with whom he was a scout with when he was young. Yeah!

Well, very embarrassing for him, that by trying to find out embarrassing facts from me, he had to admit to be a good friend with an heroine addict who had hepatitis, whose girlfriend died of AIDS, and in the end wanted to commit suicide by having the police shoot him. Simple miscalculation that, even though taser guns had never been used in the UK before, in this case, for the first time ever, they did. And so he is not dead. In fact, he was out of prison two weeks ago and is now apparently in Reading, which certainly reassured Stephen and I.

The only other personal questions I got were from the Chinese guy, the one who really feels like he did mess up his life and is working in a dead end job. He asked me once where I worked before, and I managed to say that I was not working, I was off work for a while before that job. The very next day he came back to ask again, obviously not satisfied with my cryptic answer. So I said that I worked in admin in conference companies, nothing fancy, nothing extraordinary. Hopefully this convinced him that I am no threat to him and I am not there to supplant him with any possible promotion. I just hope it has not gone around the office that I have a Masters degree, though I feel this is exactly what happened, which would explain why the big top manager of the place is interested in me. Big deal! What's wrong with these people? Everywhere I worked I was surrounded with people with diplomas, more often PhDs as a matter of fact. I never felt threatened by it. I'm not sure what's going on in their mind about it, it is something I never experienced myself, to feel inadequate and threatened by the experience or education of others. Might be difficult for me to understand them and prevent their attacks which will surely come eventually. At the moment I can only lay low and convince them that I am a loser. Fuck! How could it be any other way? Who would accept a job at £15,000 a year if it was not the case? Are we not supposed to be ambitious and want to succeed at any cost, never stopping until we get to the top and that we are as rich as Directors or Managing Directors are supposed to be? I hope that even the word conference does not light up any light bulb in his mind, it did in Québec back home, and there sure is no reason for it, it is far from being glamorous. Can you imagine if he knew that I was in Los Angeles? My career at the Crown Court would be over instantly, as I would have an army of miserable people trying to get me out for whatever reason.

I may tell them more about me in time, I guess this cannot be helped, when all day people ask you questions. However I don't intend for them to know all about it within my first week. I know nothing could be gained from it, perhaps just an Ego trip, and that is meaningless because it all depends upon the people you compare yourself with. Some garbage man supervisor can feel quite proud to be the supervisor, when in fact, he is still a garbage man.

I am failure myself, I know that. I failed at everything. There's nothing really about me that I can be proud of. The way things are going, I will die and they will be able to say about me that I wrote the longest blog ever, and that's about it. Nothing to write home about. Unless of course, as I am planning, my next novel will revolutionise everything, my dear Anna Maria and her colleague the Duke of Connaught, from Richmond Park. In fact, I live much more in that fictional universe at the moment than in that reality. Must be a good sign. But how many times have I started a book thinking that this one would be the one, that overnight I could expect a huge best-seller and enough money to write full time? It never happened. So I can dream. For now I am but a garbage man, and not even a supervisor at that.

10 December 2006

Sunday 15h. I'm finally sitting at my computer after watching the Biography channel all afternoon. First the Dr. Atkins war with the rest of the nutritionists industry, then the Coca-Cola war with Pepsi. It convinced me to go on Atkins diet again eventually, and not to drink Coke or Pepsi ever again. I've been drinking water anyway for many years now and I'm glad of this decision.

Now that this is out of the way, let's do an assessment of my first week at the Crown Court. It ended well, with everyone asking me if everything was all right, and the fact that this is Sunday and I'm not having any panic attack at the idea of going back tomorrow morning is a good sign. Hopefully it will last. The Scottish guy is going to Miami for two weeks, my boss, and so that's it for that. I don't mind him being around, so it is not celebration time.

I made only one significant mistake in my first week, I was a bit too anal about the details. I insisted way too much to my Indian mentor to tell me exactly how everything should be done, worried that their carefully designed system of organising files and folders and data was respected in its entirety with me. I didn't want to repeat the same mistakes over and over again in my work, because I would have been told to do something wrongly in the first place. Even the big Manager heard of this and came to me on Friday to tell me to calm down about this and simply go with the flow. All right then, I'll be making many mistakes in days to come and they can find that out in time and correct them as they go along. I won't be asking so many questions from now on, quantity is better than quality, as it has always been the case in any of my previous jobs, a Crown Court not being the exception.

I haven't yet spoke about one disgruntled bitch there who I'm sure has been working there for over 20 years. She's OK so far, bitch is too hard a word to describe her at this time, and I'm sure we won't have problems her and I. But she's got an annoying voice, a bit like those Americans in the Los Angeles office at my last job, but slightly different. More like an older annoying woman, the type you get on the phone when calling any government agency, and who will do anything in order not to be helpful and eventually gives you a reason to buy a gun and start shooting at anything that moves.

It turns out that Lillian is the anti-French spokesperson amongst the zombies I'm working with. She's also the only British woman in my office. I was astonished by the racist comments she shouted out in the office: "I hate French people, they are all pigs!" Can you imagine if I had gone into this office that day and said the same thing about Indian people? "I hate Pakis, they're all pigs!" Not only would have I been suspended and sacked on the spot, I would also have a criminal record now. And so I can see that discrimination and racism within a Crown Court

in England is acceptable when it comes to the French, as I have not seen anyone be offended by those comments like I did. She said much more against the French, but I can't remember now.

Her sole argument was that she went to France with her kids, and whilst waiting in line to buy an ice cream, a French guy apparently pushed her kid out of the way to go and buy an ice cream. So I said this could have happened anywhere in the world, even in Britain. I asked her if perhaps she was not generalising and judge a whole country and race upon the action of one person. Her answer was that: "they're pigs!" So I gathered it was useless to argue with her. And as I don't intend to be mixed up in a racist war in my second week at work, I intend to avoid the topic together, hoping that her racism will remain inside of her own mind for the time being.

Note that I was quick to point out that I was Canadian, and not French. And believe me, it is not the first time in my career that I found myself apologising for how rude the French people are and to distinguish myself from them in that fashion. However sometimes I can be rude myself, and when this arises, I'm also quick to point out that: "Oh well, I'm French, what do you expect? It is in a culture thing and it means nothing." Go figure.

The only Brits on my office is at war with his wife, she claims he has to grow up or else she will divorce him. They have been married for a year and a half, and I suspect it was for her to remain in the country as she is Australian. So we can wonder about how much she truly loved him in the first place and if this marriage will last other than for her to remain in the UK.

Many times now the Brit said that he needs to grow up, repeating the words of his wife. And when I asked him what it is that he needed to grow up about, the only example he could provide (I guess if it is a heroine addiction problem he wouldn't tell), is that he went for pints of beer down the pub with the Chinese guy a few times without telling her. That one time his mobile phone was off, and she freaked out, went to all the pubs around, found him and hit him in the face. Who needs to grow up then? And stop freaking out when her husband is not home right on time without calling first to ask permission to go down the pub?

I think the Indian guy who is in charge of showing me the drill likes me more and more. The fact that I never had any trouble with the law, that I love Indian food, and perhaps many other details like me saying in the office that he was my mentor, seems to have earned me a soft spot in his heart. Not sure if it will last though, we'll see next week.

At least, one of the main positive thing about this miserable job, is that it has wiped my ass into working on that novel Anna Maria. I finished the second story this Friday night, drinking the vodka and orange juice of Stephen, and fortunately, despite drinking a sizable sample of them, he didn't notice. By the time he goes to bed, usually, he's so drunk, he cannot remember if he drank it or not. I hope tonight to start my third short story and finish it early next week.

Leonardo called from Los Angeles, being so positive about that other novel we're writing together called Structure, unfortunately he seems to be writing it more in his own mind than on the computer, and hence we're not advancing at all and I wonder if we will ever finish it. I sent him my short stories and invited him to write more himself, so we together we could finish a whole book faster and produce that best-seller that I have been hoping for all my life. Just hope our different style won't clash too much, and that he will be able to write at least one short story before the world's end.



I'll be having 11 days off over Christmas, hopefully paid as this is the public sector. I will be paid only on the last day of the month, and so will have the poorest Christmas period of all time. Thankfully I don't intend to give anyone a gift, so I should be all right. I never had any money to give anyone gifts, so I gave that up years ago and no one seems to mind, they just learnt in time to not give me gifts either. All sorted.

I almost made a mistake at 17h on Friday at work. Received a phone call, it had been someone trying to reach me all this week, and so this time I answered it in the office. I shouted back out loud: "you are Catherine from BT?" So afterwards I was able to say that I was trying to sort out my broadband connection. It was in fact Catherine from the BBC, and I am invited for an interview from Development Producer for radio drama on 5<sup>th</sup> January. I wish I could say I'll get that job, but the competition must be stiff, with thousands others in the country with more and credible experience all willing to move to London to get that job. There are also two huge tasks to perform, one she sent by email (that I have not received), and the second will come as a CD-Rom next week. It will be difficult to get the time off to go for the interview, but I have to somehow. So doctor appointment on 5 January for me. We'll give the old BBC another go, for the third time. This time though, it is right on the money. The first time it was for a training job in technical stuff. Boring. The second was to maintain and write on one of their websites, PR pre-packaged marketing gimmick, boring. Twice I was not exactly qualified I would have to say. Third time lucky, I think I'll do a pitch for my Anna Maria stories at the same time, as they would be great for radio drama things. I think I need to do something special for this interview, as if my whole career depended on it. Maybe I should arrive dressed as in Victorian times, or in a Sherlock Holmes outfit. I would look pretty ridiculous and embarrassed, at least they would know I have a personality and some imagination. Or else, this is another BBC job which will pass me by, and I'm not sure how many of these I can go through before abandoning that idea for good. Radio Drama, this is how Michel Tremblay, the great writer of Montreal, started. With a boring play radio called Train or something. Maybe this is how I will start myself. The difference is that he probably has written little before that, I have written a whole library myself, and yet, my career hasn't even begun.

11 December 2006

This morning I was plagued again with questions from the British guy, he asked me if I was a trekker. Which I had to say I was. He then went on to ask if I had written my own little Star Trek stories, which I have not but I told him I wrote others. It is now clear that he has read my website, I doubt my Pocket PC alone could have suggested that to him. It is one thing to deduct from it that I could be a trekker, quite another to guess that I wrote sci-fi stories. So I guess all my secrets are out. Not sure where that leaves me.

The Chinese guy asked me again, what sort of sports I liked. What is it to him? He is Chinese for god's sake, it is not like he would be interested in British sports? He mentioned that he liked Cricket, like if I believe this, there's no cricket team in China as far as I know. Did he really think I was going to confirm that I was gay by stating that I was not into any sports? Because this is where this question is leading. So not only the Brit read my website, but the Chinese guy as well, and they're both on it to try to get me to talk more about it, which I'm not willing to at this time. Eventually I guess they will confront me with the real questions more directly and I won't lie.

The old Indian man sort of invited me for a beer on Friday, which I sort of agreed though I have absolutely no money. So I guess I'll tell him we'll go for one, he will pay, and in the new year we'll go again and I will pay. Could be interesting to hear his story. He really annoyed me this morning, with that other woman from the other office who will be leaving soon. They are both lazy workers who wish to get away with doing as little as possible. Which is fine by me, as it is also my own rule. The problem is when people are trying to do as little as possible by making the new employee to work like a slave and do everything for them. That's not acceptable. That woman is patronising and I'm glad she'll be gone soon. They were both pressing me to answer every single phone call today, the problem is that I am unable to answer any of the questions people ask of me, as I haven't been properly trained either on the computer and about all the codes and their meanings. But now, every time the phone rings, I feel guilt for not answering, and none of them picks it up. The phone can ring over 20 times before finally the callers give up or that they answer it. I guess you can't expect too much from any of those civil servants, they're not paid enough to do their job properly, or even, to do their job at all. Something tells me that even if we were to double their salaries, it wouldn't change much. If I were supervisor there, God help me, I would be merciless and these people would have targets to achieve and they would be answering the phone and they would be working. They don't need more staff, they only need the ones already working there to do their job, even at 50% of their capacity would be enough, as at the moment I would guess they're working at 20% of their capacity.

I usually feel bad if I have another interview and might perhaps leave my job, but if they get on my nerve any more than that, I guess I won't feel any regrets at all.

In the meantime I am pleased to report that I have written more than half of the third story for Anna Maria, and the fourth one should be easy as the film script is completely written. It will be a job of trimming it down considerably and incorporating Anna Maria and the Duke of Connaught within the story. I intended this forth story to not be part of Anna Maria's novel, but since a big block buster just came out with the exact same title, *Déjà vu*, with Denzel Washington, I doubt anyone in their right mind would want to invest in producing that film script. So it will be part of Anna Maria.

Funny I had many months of freedom where I could have written every single day, but didn't write anything. And within a week of working in a dead end job, I have written almost 100 pages of a novel. I wish I could explain it, other than in my freedom, it was vacations from everything, work and writing. Just complete blank in my mind of doing nothing. And now I am filled with adrenaline and ready to go mad working at the court and writing books. I went to bed at 3 am last night, working on my book, the British as well went to bed at that time, but he drank many beers, took two sleeping tablets and fell asleep on the sofa. A very unproductive indeed, and today he is a zombie at work not doing anything. I am fresh, simply because I didn't drink anything, which is good.

I guess I made a big mistake today. The Brit asked me if I had ever taken drugs. And I admitted having had one joint 20 years ago, and one ecstasy 15 years ago. You should have seen their faces, it was like I had just told them that I was a heroine addict. When I asked him if he had ever taken drugs, he said no, when it is so clear to me that he is probably a drug addict himself. Once again I have proven that I would never do a great politician as I cannot lie when asked a direct question. I guess I should learn my lesson and do like everybody else, lie through my teeth until they fall off. Anyway, I told them they were free to sack me if they were unhappy that I had once taken a Class A drug 15 years ago. I'm glad I'm

not going to be hypocrite about this. Never mind that all my books are on my website and I state it all in there, so it's not like I have the choice. They can find out for themselves, if they have the courage to read it all, which I doubt they would.

12 December 2006

I am so discouraged with myself, it is unbelievable. I went to bed at 2 am last night, it has been two nights in a row that I worked on that book Anna Maria. It is great that I have well over 100 pages now, but I am so tired at work, I snapped a few times today and this is just not acceptable.

The very second I arrived, the old Indian guy said: "You're two minutes late." I don't respond well that that kind of pettiness, and I answered back quite rudely: "So, you are counting the minutes I'm working here now?" I was too tired to think, fortunately, or else I would have ripped into him much more than that. It was enough however to make him feel bad and he said I was taking the job too seriously, and that he was only joking. I said, I know.

However, these mind games are more damaging than simply joking around. They do put pressure on you and the very next day you panic, you rush everything, in order to be on time. I don't want that shite. I arrive when I arrive and I leave when I leave. I don't need colleagues to check up on me in that fashion.

Not only they have to be treated like children with these stupid little rules and timesheets calculating to the minute how long they remained in the office, but on top of it every single weak link small minded person I am working with makes it they long time ambition in life to make sure it is all respected to the letter, when they should be fighting against that bullshit.

And then I snapped again, this time with the boss right behind me, the woman with whom I had the interview. I whinged: "How long will it take me to find 84 folders?" Considering that there are live and dead folders, and they're not kept at the same place, that by date they are kept in 5 different rooms across the building, that there are four types of files which are not kept in the same place, and that on top of it, the files are not likely to be where they should be because they could also be on anyone's desk or in three other locations where they are waiting to have something done to them, I reckon finding 84 folders could take me forever, and yet, not find half of them. And yet, this is my job, I should accept it and shut up! Who cares if they want me to clean the toilets, I have to say: yes sir, and do it. I dare I snap like this. I should be shot for this.

I freaked out also many times at the Indian man, he has every reason now to speak in my back and backstab me at the first opportunity. And no doubt I was the main topic of conversation as soon as I left the office. I won't last very long there, I know that now. Especially if I barely sleep at night. I've got to sort myself out. And oh, not be two minutes late anymore, as everyone is a spy, and they would love nothing more than catching me off guard, reporting to the bosses that I've been two minutes late every day this week. Doesn't matter much if you do those two minutes at the end of the day, all that counts is your time of arrival. This afternoon, I better be a sheep or I'll have to punish myself. No more writing late at night, let's go to bed.

It doesn't help either that there's nothing left to eat in the flat for months now, and though I always managed to find something already pass date at the back of the cupboard, for the last three days there is really nothing left. I'm not that bothered because I need to lose weight, but I think it has an impact on my mood.

I'll end up killing someone. Class of case 1, a Marey Case all to myself, which will be kept for years in the archives of the Crown Court. What the heck, I'll just have to burn the place down, they have one record only of any case, all on paper. If it went on fire, all would be lost and forgotten. I can't think of a better amnesty.

13 December 2006

An hour ago I had a huge fight with Stephen, I almost destroyed everything in the flat and now I am alone once again in Osterley Park. I went for a walk by the artificial lake, and now I am in the car waiting another three hours before going back, hoping he will by then have drunk and drugged himself to death and retire to the bedroom.

The man is so irresponsible, and so dumb, and so incapable of learning from his own mistakes, that I am at my wits end. Today he drove like a madman, as usual, so bad it is that a plain clothed man ran after his van and even banged on it so he would stop. When Stephen didn't stop, the man called 999, and so all police cars in Britain have been told to arrest him.

A few phone calls with the police, solicitors and his boss later, he was back home bright and early ready to drink himself to death to forget that once again he will lose his driving licence and his job. It must be the sixth time in the last two years that police stopped him for dangerous driving, we went to court last year to plead his case so he could still remain on the road, and see the results. He has not learnt anything, he is right back to going to court, when only two months ago he was stopped again and he got away with it by crying that he would lose his licence and his job.

So what do you think he did when he came home? He let it all out on me, as if it was me who was acting irresponsibly. I buried myself into a computer game in order to avoid discussion and verbal attacks and verbal abuse, but it didn't work. Before long I had to retreat to the bedroom, where three times he came back to abuse and harass me. I had no other choice to get out, not before, unfortunately, throwing on the floor everything that was on the counter and hitting the parrot with my bag by mistake on my out

What I cannot understand is that it is so clear that he is the one starting all these fights. The drunker he is, the more virulent it becomes. It is also clear that it takes me a long time before responding back and letting it degenerate into a fight, even leaving the room before getting to that point. Despite all this, he still continues to blame me for this and cannot even admit or realise that I have nothing to do with any of those fights, that all by myself I would never start one, never looking for one and have done everything to avoid them

It is puzzling to me that he doesn't realise this, and does not feel guilt afterwards and come to apologise. He is so convinced it is all my fault, that even when he is nice, he forgave me for my bad behaviour. It is beyond the joke. At least if someone could regret and apologise, there is hope that one day it will stop. But when you are being blamed for something you're not responsible for, even when the person is no longer drunk, then you are in a position where the situation will never be resolved and there is no hope.

When I left Los Angeles, I never asked myself what would be worse. Remaining in L.A. in the job from hell, or go back to England to this boyfriend from hell. If I had asked myself that question, I would still be in Los Angeles today. I simply cannot understand how I forgot about this, about all those times when I had to go and walk in Osterley Park all by myself for hours until the monster calmed

down. And what makes it so terribly wrong, is that I have not eaten for days, I don't even have a penny to buy myself a coffee. If I could to the hotel tonight, I would have. I could move out of there tonight without having to go back to Canada, I would. And I would never look back, there would not have been any forgiveness possible. A drunkard and drug addict cannot be reasoned with, at some point, after 12 years, you've got to put your foot down and let go. Get out of it and never come back. I cannot sincerely see when I could be in a situation to leave, I have nowhere to go, I have no resources, And somehow shelter places for beaten women, in my case, just won't do. Thankfully he is not beating me up, though in that case it would have been over much faster, I would have had no choice then.

All I ask is that he sees that he pushes me to those limits and that he makes an effort to either control his temper or avoid me altogether when he feels like fighting and blaming me for everything that is wrong in his whole life. He just sent me a message, instead of apologising for having kicked me out of the flat when I have a book to write and work tomorrow morning at the Crown Court, and the washing to finish, he attacked me some more, saying that the least I could do when he is in deep shit would be to be more loving. How can be I be loving hen I live in fear of him exploding at any moment and that anything else is of little consequence to me in that sort of extreme situation.

This whole situation has made me so weary of relationship, it will be years before I ever get into another one. As soon as I can, I will go and live alone for a very long time.

He sent me another message, why should I read it? It is certainly not an apology. Just as I thought, more insults. I tried to understand his point of view, I tried to see if somehow I was responsible and causing these fights. I looked at what I could change, but I realise now that it's not me. Blaming me for not doing enough to clean the flat when I'm the only one doing all the cleaning on a daily basis says it all. You cannot reach anything else but check mate with that sort of mate. It is hopeless. I really didn't that shite right now in my life!

I still have two hours to burn, should I sleep or read some Sherlock Holmes?

15 December 2006

Finally the end of my second week, and I'm dead tired. I sort of bickered with the old Indian man today at work and I have realised that I need to back off and just concentrate on my job. Right after he invited me for a pint of beer tonight and Stephen feels I shouldn't go, or go for one only. My supervisor would be coming too, and I'm just too afraid the purpose of this is to get to know me better, and hence to get me to admit I'm gay. I don't know yet what I'll do.

What happened since I last talked? Well, I may have been interested in this union business at the beginning, but I warned off once no one wanted to talk about it. I have discovered since that it is all burning inside them and they are all into union business over their head. The Indian girl in listing claims she will be part of an action to not do more than she's supposed to do or more hours than she's supposed to.

Finally I am back home, it is now 1h25 am. I didn't go for a drink, even though I could have learnt a lot from two of my colleagues, and I would now have a lot to say about them. It is just that finally it was not worth it, if all that was at the cost of knowing all there was to know about me. It was a case of if I should blow up my cover or not, and alcohol would have made it all too easy for them to do so.

In the end, I know their life is so not worth it, as they appeared so insignificant to me in the first place, it was better that I come home.

I went to Tesco instead, bought myself a bottle of Porto, and revised short story number 3 of my Anna Maria novel. It now has a psychedelic twist about her being France, which I'm not sure if I will keep, I'll have to read it again once not under the influence of alcohol. Right now, still under the influence, I'm proud of it. I may be writing in English since no French publisher was able to sell any of my books, I still don't turn my back on France and Québec, they are what define me. Anna Maria was now some French person in a previous incarnation, and that was just genius. She has played a big role in the Cathars and their downfall, or their success in a parallel universe. Total genius. I look forward writing that short story, perhaps the last one of the book.

By the way, I may have hit the parrot with my bag two days ago, tonight I almost got killed in order to save the dog. Stephen told me she needed a pee, so I got her out. I decided to walk down Naseby Close, un cul de sac, and then a car appeared out of nowhere going very fast. As Bubba was right in the middle of the street, I had no choice but to myself move right into the middle of the street, hoping that I would be more visible than the dog to the driver. I had my hand in front of me, and I yelled STOP! I guess I was successful, the driver stopped, and waited for me to put the collar over the dog, so we could go back home.

I never thought I would be risking my life like that for the dog, I never liked her that much in the first place, even if her beauty and cuteness is growing on me, and has been since my return from Los Angeles. The real question is, would have I risked my life like this if I had not been drunk on Porto tonight? I sincerely don't know. I feel I might not have, the car stopped less than three feet from us after all. I now wished I had been killed, but that's my actual state of mind, and another story.

And now that I am back in the flat, I got carried away revising the third short story of Anna Maria, which has a negative twist against French-Canadians, the very people who ignored for so long my talent as a writer and to which I hold a grudge. It wake Stephen up. He freaked out again. Funny that I was listening to the exact song I was listening to the day we took an ecstasy, the very one that made me realise I was in love with him. It is a song by the Nine Inch Nails called Hurt, on the Downward Spiral album. Is it the Full Circle then? I am realising tonight that we got back to a the very point where I realised that perhaps I never liked him in the first place, but stupid drugs convinced me otherwise 12 years ago?

The Full Circle was the name of a famous club around Heathrow Airport before my time, a club where many famous people went to, went on to do great things, and then seemed to have simply vanished from the face of this earth. And yet, there is not a month going by without having Stephen mention his damn Full Circle club. So perhaps we have closed the full Circle and it is now time for me to move on? Will it have such a significant meaning to me and my hell of a life here in London? I get it, my Seven Dials story in Anna Maria will have that Full Circle subtitle in it, and somehow it will be about that. Somehow. The Full Circle. I can feel the inspiration coming.

20 December 2006

Today was my first official brooding day at work. I arrived this morning and the old Indian man was in full swing about his whinging, and he crossed the line with his familiarity and his personal attacks. As the Chinese and the Brit woman joined

in, and the attacks become more and more personal, I shut down and did my work, answering every single phone call the department got this morning. Familiarity brings contempt, and so perhaps I myself crossed the line at the same time they did, and so I need to get back to some anonymity as I cannot bare being at war when there's no need to. The other Indian man sort of backstabbed the Brit girl this morning, and she said: "Right, we're now at war." And as the Chinese guy invented things I had not said about the Indian guy, I also stating: "Those are lies, and we're now at war." So, diplomacy is gone, and so I need to keep quiet without them thinking that I am brooding. Not an easy matter.

This is my third week, and I am already on edge, can't stand it anymore. If I didn't have hope for that job interview in January with the BBC, and if I hadn't written so much on my Anna Maria novel, I would feel so depressed and miserable now, I couldn't even start to describe it. This is a heartless job, again because the people I'm working with can't be trusted and would backstab me at any time. Very difficult in those conditions to remain happy and perky, as they called me on Monday morning. Misery likes company, and so, we'll all be miserable from now on.

I'm in such a state right now, I could work on my novel at lunch time, something I never do. Tonight I need to finish the fourth short story, there will be seven now, and so it will definitely be finished by the end of the month, it has to. And I need to ship it to agents and publishers before going back to work. Not sure how I will achieve this, as I don't have the printer and I will only get paid at the end of the month. This is not a book that will sit on my website for years to come, all my hopes sit on this novel, and so it needs to go to everyone before I start working again in January. After all, it is perhaps not for the publishers that I will rush to finish this, but for the BBC itself, as it would be perfect for Radio Drama, the job I'm going for. Somehow destiny needs to work in this case, as I'm not getting anywhere fast and I'm tired of this.

Christmas lunch on Friday, I truly wonder why we are celebrating it since three quarter of the company is Indian and none of them celebrate Christmas. I'm surprised the Manager, an Indian, gave me a card saying Happy Christmas, as the word Christ appears on the card, and I would have thought, as they do on TV now, that it would be Happy X-Mas from now on, as to get Christ out of Christmas in order to make it more acceptable to everyone of all faiths. Never mind, I don't even believe in Christ or God myself. Let's keep the time off on the pretext of the New Year celebrations, let's get rid of Christmas altogether. It's fine by me. Time to go back!

21 December 2006

Everything was much better at work after I wrote those few lines. It might have something to do with the Brit woman being on holiday. The first class whinger was still there, but by ignoring him more and more, I found that he leaves me alone. And when he was not there, I was able to enjoy my day and joke around with my colleagues. They might also be cheerful because tomorrow is our last day in the office before Christmas, and there's the lunch at 12.

I'm very much into my novel right now, and especially the second short story about how my characters can predict the future, the lifestyle of people and how they may react in certain situations based on the analysis of many personalities and characters of people. Well, you would never guess how successfully I demonstrated my abilities today at work, I feel like I am upon a great discovery and a little Sherlock Holmes is born, if I may say so myself.

I told my Manager that he looked just like my cousin now working in London. I asked if he would like him to work there, since I'm sure he would make better money than his job in conferences for the first company I ever worked for in that field. I mentioned that my cousin looked exactly like him, and from that I could guess many things from his own life. And so it began.

I said that his wife was fat and he was pressured into marriage. How in the world could I have guessed this right? Especially when he is so tall, so thin, and so good looking that he could get any girlfriend he wishes and marry anyone he liked. I was right, though, just like Sherlock Holmes, I was very insensitive. It was funnier anyhow. So I asked him why both of them, looking so identical, would have the same taste and have fat girlfriends from outside the country, so immigrants, pressuring them into marriage? In his case, for her to remain in the country, for my cousin, so he can remain in the country? I suggested that they both like fat women, however he said it was because they were stupid. So I guess they didn't want to end up with fat wives, but somehow did. And so I understand now that it is because they're weak at the heart of their soul. They allowed themselves to be manipulated by these fat women, and they did not have the will to say no! I deserve better and I will go and find something better. These men can only be unhappy for the rest of their lives, and it is very sad indeed. I may be living with an unreasonable alcoholic and drug addict, at least he is thin and good looking, even though there's not much sex to be expected there. He's nice to look at and he can be nice most of the time. Sad as well I guess, but there's hope in my case.

22 December 2006

We had a Christmas dinner today, with all the Judges, all white older men, and the other half of the table being mostly Indians and Pakistanis, with a token Chinese, a token British male, a token British woman, and now a token French-Canadian out of place element, the unsuspected spy who wanted to know more about the Crown Court and what underlay the structure.

I admit that this book is going nowhere, neither my investigation. In the admin office, I don't hear much about what's going on in the courts. The Judges appeared to me to be filthy rich, travelling constantly to all corners of the world, all with some sort of nice personalities, great intelligence and understanding, and a capacity to lower themselves to the level of the underpaid weak links of the organisation. Many of them appeared to like their status of being hard judges in court making rough decisions. Today two of them were boasting that they refused many bail applications of people still not proven guilty, in prison, who would have liked to be out of there for Christmas. And the Senior Manager in the background stating out loud that every time a judge today rejected a bail application, they cheered. I freaked out a bit at that, and asked out loud: Why would they cheer at that? Stopping short of saying: When we're dealing with the freedom of citizens who could very well be innocent and often are declared not guilty in courts? She answered because every application is a lot of bureaucracy, and so every clerk and ushers in the building today cheered for every single person who would spend Christmas and the New Year in prison. She herself said as a joke that there were not after justice, but the least work possible for the Crown Court, which reflected my earlier observation in the court room of the Judge trying to speed up a case in order to free everyone involved, at the expense perhaps of proving someone innocent and saving them from 20 years imprisonment or other consequences.

I met the main Judge yesterday, nice chap, also strong image of being rough in his judgments, especially if he is in a bad mood. Now, that's another great



problem, if your own fate depends on the mood of one person. Happy day, not guilty, got up the wrong side of the bed, 20 years. Could this system be any more subjective? And that's not all, different judge, same possible different outcomes. Your own safety and future should not depend on what judge you get, in which court and on the mood of the Judge. I guess this is certainly an identified problem, and I'm sure judges are very much aware of all this, and must be taking it into consideration when they passed their judgement. I can only hope that they do their job as expected, for what we pay them for. Being objective and free from any personal or outside influence.

Every time a custom officer or other prosecutor calls to find out the results of a case, and that I have to tell them that the jury decided the defendant was not guilty, I can feel the disappointment in their tone, almost as if they would have liked them to be guilty and go to prison for years, this, despite having proven in court that they were not guilty. I don't like it, I don't care if those prosecutors believe or know that these people are guilty or not. I have come across enough cases where all witnesses were policemen, to easily guess that this is all entrapment, and that Britain is certainly a police state, even if no one is yet aware. One case of selling cannabis or having cannabis, I can't remember now, also had a charge for handling stolen goods, and the stolen item was a police jacket. Now, please, that case should be rejected out right by a judge, as it is clear the police is desperate to entrap its people. How else would a citizen end up handling the so-called stolen chief of police jacket?

Most cases I process are drug related, because of the big international airport being nearby. And so I feel that if the police were to stop being so overzealous over those drug charges, we could instantly unclog the justice system and save a huge amount of money in court resources and legal aid. Stopping short of legalising drugs, we could at least be much more lenient and look the other way more often for cases which appear relatively insignificant, and yet will end up costing thousands of pounds to the tax payers in the end.

I have also noticed that 100% of the cases I have processed in my first two weeks were all benefiting from legal aid, which means all these people earn less than £21,000 a year between them and their partner. So, all criminals are poor. Anyone with a joint salary with their other half of over £21,000 a year, appears to stand clear of higher criminal courts. So we know the threshold, if every couple in the country was guaranteed over £21,000 a year, we could witness a dramatic drop in criminal activity and save enough money to provide those couples with £21,000 a year. Processing each criminal through the police and legal system, including prison if necessary, must cost in the end much more than providing every couple with that minimum amount of money every year. Of course, I have done no research about this, I have no statistics at hand, but I suggest this here and I will let people debate the question. It is clear that the poorer people are, the more they will go on doing criminal deeds, and in the end, sink the budget allocated to the legal system.

I like it when solicitors call and try to get favours, push a case, try to get an early trial or hearing, whatever. It annoys everyone else in the office, and we rarely do anything to help them, but it shows that these solicitors are not just vultures, even though, they are. They certainly stand to profit here from all these cases, they often learn they will represent a prisoner the night before the hearing, and so, how can they defend the defendants in those conditions? Do they even talk to them? Sometimes, definitely not.

Yesterday I had the strangest call from a solicitor desperate to get a case moved from the morning to the afternoon, because his client was into voodoo and must

have threatened his solicitor in doing a great job in his case. The lawyer was panicking because he couldn't make it in the morning, and if he was not present to defend his case, he could be the victim of voodoo tactics on the part of his client. What a good idea! I didn't know we could easily influence the legal system this way. So if I ever get arrested, I'll threaten everyone involved in my case that I will voodoo them to kingdom come if they don't get me out of here presto. The solicitor, obviously an intelligent man, did a huge research upon the subject to find out if he should give this any credence. And he came up with the conclusion that he better do a good job for his defendant and be present on the day. Not sure if he showed up today, I hope so for his sake.

I have dreams! Dreams of finally succeeding as an author, and I worked all night on Anna Maria, once again. I hope to finish that damn fourth short story, whilst being discouraged by how long it is and how I can shrink it to my universe of short stories.

I'm listening to Muse right now, great motivation, lot's of energy, especially that I feel I might have inspired them, well, right down my alley in any case. If I ever find out that my website inspired them, I will for sure feel that even then I had a great impact on this world, without any published books in English, without even being known. Could it all be coincidences? How many times have I come across stuff which was just so much what I wrote and that has been on my website for years? In at least one of those instances I must have been some sort of inspiration? Could it really be coincidences? I'm reasonable, I would certainly admit to myself that I had nothing to do with it if it could be so. It is just not possible, it is like they wanted to let me know where it came from, a clear message to say: thank you, we've read you, you inspired us, and these are all the elements which will convince you that you're part of this. And so my head is now as large as can be expected. My motivation knows no boundaries. Being stuck today in the crown court is the lowest point I could ever reach, even though I'm hiding these feelings of mine behind the idea that I'm getting inspiration from it somehow, writing a damn blog about it, a blog that I'm not even bothered putting online, since I cannot imagine anyone being interested in that crap, if I'm not interested myself to begin with.

Anna Maria will explode on the literary markets, it will be finally me, there on the spotlight. I can already imagine the success and the consequences. The interviews all around the planet down to the ones in Québec, where I come from and where they ignored me all my life! Bastards! I'll show them! I'll be a bloody success worldwide, because I never stopped, I continued dreaming, I lived the life I wanted. I went to Paris, to London, to New York, and of all places, Los Angeles. I've been around, I've seen for myself, I'm no longer of any nation, I'm from Earth, and God knows how I wished I was elsewhere in the universe but here, whatever here is, it'll never be good enough for me. I've got high expectations, high standards, I'm not from Mars, I'm from beyond! My parents were Gods, and I am their son ready to conquer the universe! I know no boundaries, I will explode everywhere soon, never felt so sure of it. Just watch me go!

This is how I feel tonight, after drinking a whole bottle of wine. I want to go back and look at those judges in the eye, the same ones who thought they were such higher beings and snubbed me as if I was a piece of crap, when I have all this potential inside of me ready to detonate in their face! Not that they would care, but I'll feel better about it, because I'm worth it, more than they will ever be. I don't think they're fit to be judges, I feel I'm the only one on this planet fit to judge anyone. I feel I have a unique understanding of this universe and its mechanisms, and I'll judge this planet for them. I'll destroy that insignificant planet for them, as per my judgment. No hope for humanity, I cannot see

anything worthwhile anywhere, anyone who should be saved. Except perhaps Tina.

Tina is an Indian woman who lives right in front of the Crown Court. She's a Saint. If I could aspire to be anyone on this planet, it would be her. I cannot even tell you why, or how, I came to this conclusion. She's perfect. I don't think she would ever hurt a fly, she's understanding, she would sacrifice herself for anyone. She's also suffering her colleagues without saying anything, bending and agreeing, sacrificing everything for an easy life and to keep them happy. God, she is sweet. I could marry her right now. And something is telling me that I would be the happiest man alive, even though I'm gay. She is what I aspire to be.

Of course, it helps that she likes me, for a start. It is hard to explain why she would, no one else seems to particularly like me in that court. She's pure, there's no two ways about, I can't explain it. I'm sure she can only do good in this world, She could be compared to Mother Teresa. There are not that many people like that on this planet, I certainly do not count myself as one of them. Which is why I am so attracted to them, want to learn more, try to understand what make's them who they are, why they are saints, and what's really boiling inside if anything. I will concentrate on her from now on, I will get to know her, I want to learn from her everything there is to learn. I feel that through her I will get a glimpse of what perfection is, what God could possibly be all about. Getting closer to the truth, of understanding this universe. This is what this woman represents to me, and I won't let it go. I can't remember when it was last time I have met such a specimen of perfection... let me think, can't remember. So she's it, she's everything, I will get to know her better, she will become my friend. And I don't want this relationship to be like a mother and son one, as it seems that she has taken me under her protection. It is true that she'll always be my master, as she should by definition be the master of everyone else on this planet by her purity as a saint, but I need to go beyond, I need to know, I need to find out, I need to learn everything there is to learn about her. And it has nothing to do with her life and whatever happened there. It is the complexities of her mind, how she thinks, how she can be such a saint, accept everything peacefully, how everything is getting processed in her brain. That's what I need to find out. No easy task.

It is amazing that she has taken an interest in me, I have no explanation for that. I'm certainly not someone worthy of that kind of attention from someone like her. Do I need saving and is it written on my forehead? God knows. She's my Anna Maria, that Indian woman. And yet, she's purer than my Anna so far. I'll find out all about her, and model my Anna in future stories based on her personality. Sad I've realised this only tonight, as I won't be back in the office for 11 days now. What a waste of time! I could have invited her to the pub today! However, I would need to admit to her I'm gay before doing so, as she will definitely think I have some ulterior motive. I don't even know if she's married! I only know she's living with her sister, as she presented her to me today. Her sister afterwards was outside dumping an old computer, and the Chinese guy had to go to help with that. It was surreal, didn't make any sense, but I won't go there right now. It is more bits and bobs about the life of a saint dealing with stupidities of life, when their overall role is definitely to save this world somehow, make it more bearable. God, it is so nice to meet sane people in this world once in a while! I never met any in so many years...

Could I just knock on her door and say that I need to go down the pub with her? To talk? Just to talk. Talk about nothing in particular, until it clicks in my mind that I got what I wanted? Could I really do that? No. I'll have to wait until the New Year, and then I might be quickly gone, with a brand new job at the BBC, if everything goes to plan. The fact that I've written so much already about that

job, that miserable job, indicates to me that I'll be stuck there for many more months, so I can write more about the Crown Courts universe. I don't give a shit, I don't want to write this book. That's a project I would gladly give up, if it is to be right in the middle of the BBC universe, and that is more important to one's destiny than anything else. I need to concentrate here, make it happen somehow. Before February, I'll be working for the BBC no matter what, there's no other choice. I don't care about this book, blog, or whatever. I'll gladly delete it, bury it in my lost files, I need to, BBC means everything to me. I'll be working for the BBC in 2007, nothing else would make any sense. I didn't come back from Los Angeles for nothing else.

Every morning on my way to work I'm thinking about Los Angeles. I see the trees, the canyons, Mulholland Drive, Santa Barbara, Laguna Beach. London is getting more and more unbearable when it had to be trade for this miserable job at the Crown Court. I'm sorry, you can't get back to that after all that I have experienced in the last year. And as I said before, every single year that came, in my case, was better than the previous one. So what the hell could come up in the next year who could top Los Angeles, I'm asking? Especially in Isleworth? Come on! Nothing. Nothing! And yet, this new year will be better than the previous one, it is written in my destiny, it is in my genes, it is my personality, me all over, all the ones with the same chromosomes. And yet, I know no known personality with similar aptitudes as mine, who looks like me. Will I be the first, I will, believe me. People of my race, the ones who share almost the same chromosome combination as me, whether they're Chinese or Black, doesn't matter, they're me in order versions, they have potential, they have tenacity, they should succeed. They may fail in the end, but I won't. Somehow my name will go down in history, and it will be for something I could be proud of. Don't care if I'm dead before it happens, better if it happens while I'm still alive, but I'll change humanity somehow, I'll be more powerful than any American President this planet has known. Because these are my standards, this is why I'm alive, and I will accomplish my destiny. All that I have written so far suffice amply. I would not need write another word. And yet, I can feel that it was just the beginning, since I could not feel any impact so far, and I'm still alive. So everything remains to be done, and now I have chosen a very innocent way to reach my goals. Anna Maria. Who could suspect? And how insidious of me, to use that medium to get any sort of message across, my way of thinking, my ideals and everything, than through such innocent little stories? Just the beginning. The first book will be a tease. Much more is to come in the other tomes. I'll change the world, I'll leave my mark, one way or another. There's no other option in my mind. I may be deluded, but it is simply a need I got from the day I was born. I just follow the path, the destiny, I cannot deviate, I need to look at this world, analyse it, report, invent something better, report again, and die happy in the feeling that I've accomplished something worthwhile for my fellow humans. Nothing less would mean a useless existence, just another one of those miscreants. And then, my life would have been wasted, not worth living. This is just not acceptable. I don't even think I could have accomplished the goals I have set myself by being Prime Minister, I think they can only be achieved by being a renown writer, and so I have a lot of work to do, and lot's of thinking, and somehow talent to spit it back in some entertainment medium without being moralist. No easy task, I'm telling you, and yet, I'll achieve it, cos I have no choice. This is my purpose in life and I won't shy from it no matter what. And now my next mission is to become a friend of that Indian woman and learn everything I can, because if there is one person on this planet that we could all learn something from, it is her. And I will endeavour to learn everything from her for you, and report back to you on everything I learn, and perhaps this world would be a better place for everyone else, and for generations to come.

I'm quite aware that some people will read this and believe that I'm totally delusional. I would even agree with them once I'm no longer drunk. But I'm drunk now, and that's what I truly believe. So fuck you all. You won't save yourself, you won't save the world, let me try, and I might just succeed, or at least help getting us closer to that goal of making this world bearable to everyone. I'm not asking for much, I just want happiness for everyone on this planet, that's all. Or else, let's just annihilate this world as it would be a pointless world to live in.

Oh, I know where I met another perfect being. My cat Murmy. She's perfection, honour to her race. She's also a saint, and so in love with me, and me with her. So gentle, she's the only thing alive who made me cry so many times before, just for being her. She's the only thing I could think about when I was in Los Angeles, she's probably responsible for my return to London. And yet, she never said a word, she doesn't even meow. Every night she comes and sleeps in my arms. She's fragile, weak, sick, and yet, she's a god and she could save the world somehow. She's an example of perfection to others, and yet others are just blind to her. They take her for granted, just like Tina in that Crown Court. They don't realise what they've got. They don't learn anything from her, when I would value her opinion over the one of any judge any day. Compassion, understanding, hard working, never any complaint, just love, unconditional love emanating from every pore, just like my Murmy, just like a Saint. Compared to them, I am a worm unworthy of their attention, I am nothing, I deserve death. And so, I will at the very least learn from them, whatever it is that I can learn, and hopefully as a result I'll be a better human being worthy of existence. I will only think of this world worthy of existence the day we're all like that Tina or my Murmy.

Now you understand my apocalypse views of this world and why I feel none of us deserve to be alive. We've got a lot to learn, most of all me, and until I reach their level of love and perfection, I don't deserve to be alive, and neither you.

3 January 2007

Gosh, where am I now? I've got difficulty in telling. The fact that for the last weeks I didn't write anything, despite being off work for over 12 days, is quite something. I was working like a madman in order to get that job at the BBC. I've done everything to prove to them that I was special, had a lot of potential, and seriously, if I don't get it, then there's something wrong with the BBC and I will never in my lifetime work there. Because then it would mean that it is just impossible to work for the BBC despite all the glory and glories you could ever imagine to get a job there. To be honest, I made myself sick over that interview, I read everything related to Radio Drama, including dozens of website pages and a book by Yuri Rasovsky. I read everything about the First World War to give some ideas to BBC Radio 3 about what to do next year, and everything about Black Wednesday, if that tells you anything, a radio play about British politics and economy, which I care nothing about, in order to comment that play at the interview on Friday. I feel like committing suicide right now, after all that crap that I have ingurgitated for that interview, so I better get the job, otherwise I will definitely shoot myself. Especially after the two miserable days I had at work following the New Year. My God, that old Indian guy, I will kill him, I know that now. Not that it is that unbearable or that I feel threatened by him, but I never ever met such a whiner trying to do so little, and try to get me to do his job for him. There's a limit to my patience, and even though I'm quite new at the Crown Court, I'm telling you, I'm that close to jump into the Manager's office and tell him all, how that old man is trying to get away with murder, whilst I'm the one suffering from all his work I inherited in the last few days. It is obvious the man has not done anything in months, it would take me years now to finally achieve

what he should have been doing in the last few months. And that would be acceptable to me if he didn't make such a song and dance about how he can now do nothing while I work myself to death doing what he should have done. I have dream of strangling him on the spot, murder him in his sleep, or as he is diabetic, give him the ultimate chocolate which will annihilate his existence. That's what I'm thinking about all day long. One more month in that crazy place, and I will kill him, I'm sure of that. Better get that job at the BBC, or there will be blood on the dance floor.

How can someone work so hard for a damn interview, and still miss it? No way, I'll get that job. I'm so certain of it, I have never be so certain in my entire life. I've been prepared, I had four BBC interviews from hell before, I know exactly what to expect, and I tried to prevent it as much as I could. They got from me an extra introductory letter along with my essay about the First World War, and my latest novel filled with short stories who have been writing on the basis that it could be easily turned into radio drama. I feel like there's no one in the world at the moment who knows as much as I do about radio plays and how they're made, and the First World War, as I do. If someone else gets the job, well, that someone else must be quite something, must already have an established name more ringing than mine, or whatever else I could think of, the only other explanation would be that he would be British, whilst I'm only some lost immigrant incapable of speaking White, or WASP. And if it is the last remaining obstacle, then so be it, I wouldn't want to work for an organisation discriminating like that. They need to fill their quotas of aliens, that means Black people and Indians, not French-Canadians, and I cannot fight against that. I'm still white, unfortunately. I'm not recognised as being discriminated against. I could state clearly that I'm gay, but that is also not being discriminated against, as I suspect everyone working at the BBC is gay, or are they?

Anna Maria is the best thing I have ever written in my entire writing career. Anna Maria is the best thing that has been written this year alone in the entire England. If they pass beside it, I still have something to gall upon. The unexpected success of it at one publisher in town. That's how I see it. The outcome will be explosive one way or another. I don't care to get that job or not. At the moment that disheartening job gives me the chance and time to write that damn novel, and so one way or another I'll soon be somewhere more worthwhile than a Crown Court, admin, civil servant, miserable, etc. The whole Manage of the place drives a Renault Clio, that tells it all. Better commit suicide than reaching the top and still be unable to buy anything more than a Renault Clio. Never saw anything more uninspiring in my entire life. No wonder the man is such a lunatic about union business. He wants a bigger car, no doubt. Come on, a successful Indian driving anything else than a Mercedes? That's already hard to digest. But a Renault Clio whilst being the top Manager of a whole Crown Court? What sort of society is this which would permit such a crime? He saw me looking at him, leaving with his Renault Clio, and that was it, our entire relationship was altered forever and ever. I know now, I know his desperation. He knows I know I can never expect more than a Renault 5 even at the top, and so there's absolutely nothing for me to gain in remaining in that position. It's not like one day I could become a Judge. And God knows I came close to follow that path, studying Law at the University of Ottawa, and thank God I dropped that dead there and there at the time. I will succeed in the path I have chosen, one way or another even if I have to die in the process. I don't care! Life is not worth living otherwise, and so I'll get that damn BBC job on Friday, as nothing else will do. It is destiny for you. And I know my destiny better than anything else. I have not returned from Los Angeles and freaking out about it every second of the day in that miserable admin job every day for nothing. There must be a reason for it, and though a whole novel about England would already be enough, I fell that my destiny is crying for more. So I

can see it clearly that coming back from Los Angeles was not a mistake, but was the best move I could have ever made. I'll get that job, I'm certain of it as much as I was certain I would get that miserable job as a civil servant exactly one month ago. That's how fast my life is moving and events are happening, in my mere existence. I have no time to think, that novel should have been finished by now, and if it is not, it is because of that damn job interview with the BBC. Once that is out of the way, I will finish my masterpiece, even though I virtually had not time to even think about it or write it, and yet, it will be a reality faster than I can realise it, and it will change my entire existence. That's all, that is all, and that is all. Just watch me go.

I'm so happy now, cos' of course I'm drunk, very drunk on red wine. Just saw my boyfriend watching Doctor Who, special episode for the New Year, and he looked so perfect, so British, with the most perfect and British episode of the telly, whilst I'm listening to Suzanne Vega, and reviewing my short stories I sent to the BBC... I couldn't imagine a more perfect moment. Stephen looks as weird as one of the characters in Torchwood, never thought I could have at home what was so desirable on TV. Mr. Barnsworth is there in my monitor picking all his feathers one by one, just like I would imagine he would do inside the Anna Maria short story I am reviewing right now. Parrots are so affectionate, so impressive, so un-British, they make you want to move to the Amazonian jungle for a few days and observe them in their natural habitat. Must be an extraordinary thing which obviously I will never witness. But having that parrot in the flat, is a reminder that there are things going on outside our universe, somewhere else on the planet. Barnsworth doesn't seem to mind missing all that, wanting to be on me every second of the day. He seems to have truly developed a liking to me, even though I certainly do not deserve it. It is unconditional love. He was born in the UK after all, not in the jungle. So he is more British than I will ever be.

I'm so happy, because I have hope, faith in something more than my actual miserable existence. This Friday will be my liberation. Until then, life is a game, nothing more. I am on a fluffy cloud, and it will be a hard way down if I fail to secure that job at the BBC. It will be darkness, reaching rock bottom on a massive scale. I cannot imagine it will happen, and yet I know it would be the exact thing I would need to finish that Anna Maria book of mind within days. I would be then highly motivated. I would prove the BBC wrong, in not choosing me. Because then Anna Maria would then be the best thing ever to hit the British market since Harry Potter, nothing less. IF they hire me, not sure what will happen with Anna Maria. I would still finish it, and hopefully before I start working for the great BBC, but it could be less motivating. And yet, it will be finished soon one way or another, whatever is happening in my life. It is a necessity, the most important thing I have ever done. I need to clear my head, and concentrate. I don't care, never mind all those others in the UK who succeeded before me, they were not me, they didn't succeed as I will. I will be the new Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, everyone will know of my existence and the existence of Anna Maria. Nothing else will do. It is all, or nothing. I may need to write the second tome before this happens, but it will happen. This is me, my life, my existence, my future, my destiny. There is no other choice, it will happen. I will make it happen.

And there again you have it, after such of speech about undeniable assurance of success, I just had the biggest row you can imagine with Stephen. That even though I spent £1000 on us this month, I'm already minus £40 in my account, which means £70 of charges because that damn British Telecom Bill bounced back, and now that I went under, it is another £35 charge, and so I need to put £110 in there as quickly as possible, or there will be another £35 charge at some point. And so I cannot help Stephen with his car insurance, neither on paying Sky

TV. We're in deep shit once again, even though we're both working full time, and that I haven't even yet started to repay my creditors, which I will do next month.

We're so skint all the time, there's no way out. He better find a better job, or I better make so much more money out of Anna Maria, that not only I will repay my £75,000 debt, but also have enough to buy us a huge house in the countryside, like Devon or Cornwall, I don't care, as long as it is still in the United Kingdom but away from Isleworth. Oh shit, any more money than that and I'm moving back to Los Angeles, and I don't give a shit if he follows me or not. I don't give a shit anymore about anything. I'll move right back to Woodland Hills, but on top of that damn mountain this time. Oh no, somewhere in the canyons would be better, between Topanga Canyon and Malibu Beach, just as Leonardo dreamt it in his premonition dream. That's what I damn need after all this extra work I imposed on myself in the last 20 years. And when I think I could have simply watched TV instead, all my life, just like Stephen, what a waste...

Because I have a tendency, standing in front of Anna Maria, to feel that anything I wrote before is meaningless and worthless. And yet, if I had not written it, I would never have been able to come up so easily with Anna Maria, which will make my success. So it was wasted, and yet, essential. As bizarre as it can be, I just have to accept it. Anna Maria will come out and it will be like none of the 25 or 30 other books I have written before, it's like they didn't mean anything, including the six published previous ones. That's great, wonderful, to be able to say so. Because the chances that I would ever have been able to accept such a statement is so slim, it required an Anna Maria, perfection, the perfect idea that could sustain me, my existence, and just about any friend and family member I ever had. And I came up with that idea, that's all that count. And now it will make my fortune, and I know it, I'm certain of it, as I never was before. So thank God I came back to London and left Los Angeles behind. Now it better happen for real.

I haven't slept for days, I was a zombie at work for the last two days, and yet, it is not tonight that I will be going to bed. Fuck that job at the Crown Court, I don't give a shit if they sack me. Come on then! Sack me! It is the least of my worries. I've gone through so much, I really don't care. It's not like in Los Angeles, where I was paid so much more than anyone and I had to prove myself, for what I'm paid now, never mind if they think I'm a slum because I drank myself to death the night before. That story could do a nice radio drama at least, if I cared writing it, which I don't. Even life in that Crown Court would do a nice hour on BBC Radio 4. And it would certainly be more interesting than all that crap out there. No one can accuse me of having a boring life, at the very least. And I found myself defending that crazy existence to my mom last week on the phone. Never mind. I'm dumbing you down.

Suicide is such an attracting thing when you feel that the path ahead of you is an impossible one, such an easy way out, and yet, I have to go through this, I have to make Anna Maria my biggest success ever and save me from these useless jobs forever. I have to, somehow. I have to.

Thank God, being from elsewhere, I can see the poetry here in England, unlike all those miserable British I meet all day, who think so little of their country, I feel they would not mind seeing it destroyed by Osama Bin Laden or their own government. I see the romantic side of it, at the very least, and that will save me, required for my sanity, as I wouldn't want to be anywhere else. But I'm growing impatient for something huge to happen, or else I'll turn as negative as those Britishers are. It is after all contagious. When you live somewhere where no one in their sanity would chose to live, why the fuck would you want to live there for? Fiction. Anna Maria will change my state of mind, or else, I'm out of here. I'll



return to Los Angeles, this time as an illegal immigrant. Millions of Mexicans succeed at this game every year, I'm no worse than them. If they can achieve that feat, I can too. I didn't come back to suffer like hell, something will happen, or else, I'll have to admit it was a mistake and get out of here. Friday is the critical day. BBC, here I come, or else, it's over, bye bye Europe forever. I'll succeed somewhere else. I wonder how China looks like... and if I decide to go there, God almighty, I'll end up there one way or another, as nothing ever stopped me, and nothing will ever stop me. China is the last stop before I reach Space. After that, I'm out of the solar system. One way or another. As this will become my destiny, as perhaps it always was. You will never meet more deluded than I, and yet, everything I ever wanted I got, so go laugh somewhere else. In my reality, anything's possible. I'm barely drunk, so fuck you! We obviously don't live in the same universe... mine is out of this world. I wonder about the Germans. After two world wars, surely they feel they are living exactly where they need to? Nowhere else do they speak German anyway, so... Germany is such a beautiful country, and the people I met there were so nice, hard to imagine that these are the people who wanted to conquer the world twice over. Must have been a fad of their leaders. And I always so wanted to speak German, even though there never was any good reason for it. Maybe that's where I need to go and live. In the Bavarian Mountains, by one of Ludwig's castles. I know the place, even though I have forgotten tonight what's it called. Maybe that's where I'll end up. My Anna Maria will turn out to be a German woman, I could easily adapt it. Could I write it in German though? I'm afraid, that like in England, it will take me 12 years before I'm comfortable enough with the weird language, to write in thy language. I couldn't wait that long. Maybe I should revert to French, it would be poetic justice, after all that Germany imposed on France. That poor France who's been the first attacked every time, and the Americans to this day calling them cowards every time they can. Bastards. Perhaps if they had lived so close to the powerful enemy, they would think differently. No chance. They have nothing in their history which is comparable. They only need to show up at the very end of the World Wars to claim they won it for everyone, forgetting that many years had gone by where their President simply stated cowardly: "America is too proud to go to war." Read your history, those are historic words from an American President, so they could avoid going to war for many more years until they had no choice. Shame on you, and I don't care saying so, cos I have nothing to gain from making friends in America. So I will speak my mind. Shame on you for calling the French people cowards without having read anything about history. Shame on you. Anyway, after George W. Bush, America has lost all its credibility, and even in America they must know that. So I guess, perhaps, they will forgive me.

Oh, I so wish I could listen to the Moody Blues all night, write Anna Maria, and claim I'm sick tomorrow. I think I will. I won't, but God knows I want. The menial jobbies I have to do are so simple, I could do them whilst drugged to full capacity. And hence, useless to be sick. I think I will test my limits, once again. I think I'll be sick tomorrow. And take the whole day to work and write till I drop dead. Wouldn't it be worth it, to finish the fifth short story? Only history could tell...

5 January 2007

Well, I guess that now I know exactly where my limits are, they are fencing me in an 1 meter square around my chair. I feel so bad right now, it has been one of my worst day, and not even because of the job interview in Central London at the BBC, but because of my day off yesterday. My manager virtually accused me of lying, he clearly stated that if I were sick again anytime soon I would not become permanent, that I have been there only 5 weeks and yet I have already missed a

lot more work than many others, and even suggested that if I were sick it might have had something to do with drinking alcohol and not going to bed at night, asked me if he needed to tell me how to behave. One last thing, at this interview after returning to work after a sick day, he said that my excuse was not good enough and that next time it wouldn't do.

It is clear that all his game was simple mind games to get us all in lines, it is also quite clear that he barely had a leg to stand on, one sick day in five weeks? My first one? When I could actually be real sick, and when I actually was? Whatever the reason, he had no right to say all those things he said. That's the Scottish guy, and now I know he's a freak, and the cosy job I thought I had, is nothing like a cosy job. I had been the blue eye boy for more than a month, I was the model employee, and so I thought everything was fine. I saw the older Indian man called in the office a few times, and even then I didn't suspect that they were chewing up his ears. I guess I just found out that there's nothing like an easy job around the corner, no matter your salary, your nightmare always depend upon one thing, how bastard his your direct line manager, and once again I've got the one from hell.

What's ridiculous, is that I know all of his game was unjustified, all his threats were overboard, he accused me of lying, he said he didn't believe me, he threatened me like if I was a bad element of his team, just because I was sick one day. He acted very unprofessionally, and yet, I was so shaken by the whole experience, I couldn't breathe tonight, I was in some sort of bubble, I was almost suicidal. What saved me is that it is so blatantly obvious that he was wrong and it was a mind game, that this was all a game. Can you imagine next time around though, when I will feel like I have really taken the piss and he will slash into me with his basic psychology of high school, he will destroy me, because I am a sensitive person who always worries about what he does, say, etc. I understand now that this place is not for me, and that if I don't get the job at the BBC, I will have to leave eventually.

The worse is that he could have said that after missing one day, I had already missed more work than many others in the building. They are never there! All of them. They've all been sick for many days if not weeks recently. The fat British woman alone, because she was sick for two weeks, something like 200 accused spent their Christmas and New Year in prison and are still there to this day, when they could have perhaps got a bail out of there. Now, did that bitch go through hell as a result? O way, it was clear that she was sick. She still is, and perhaps even mentally.

Tonight I'm fed up, I'm dead tired, it is the culmination of so much work going into one job interview, days and nights reading, studying, writing, getting ready for that famous 40 minutes in the office of two of the most important women at Radio Drama at the BBC, and god, I feel I gave it my best shot ever. I don't think I could have done it better. I certainly did say stupid things, and this cannot be helped, and I probably showed my ignorance here and there, it couldn't be helped, but I feel I could not have done before. Which is sad that being sick yesterday destroyed all that, which should have been a celebration of this success.

And no I feel so defeated, so low, I have lost all my confidence. I keep thinking now that I was only the first one to be interviewed, and according to the cute little boy from Manchester who got me in and out, they will interview another 9 at least. One of them is bound to make a better impression and have unending knowledge about everything, and a credit list or CV as long as my dick multiply by 100 squared. And then he or she will be chosen, and I will be left to rot on

that Crown Court forever and ever, suffering the Scottish Tyrant who seems all too happy to make all our lives a real misery when there's no need to. Especially when I work so damn hard, always answer the phone, I was already picking up that phone after my first week, and the girl from the other office noticed that, mentioned it, how quickly I picked up everything.

I have fire in my eyes right now, I have unhappy and depression written all over my face. I just hope that by tomorrow I will have forgotten those two traumatic events in my life today, including the job interview. If I don't get the job, I think I will never again apply at the BBC. It would mean that I would never get a job there, and I'm certainly going through another month of working full time just to prepare myself like this for an interview. All my hoped would then be that damn novel I will need to finish and get published somehow, and this is what from now on that I will concentrate on. All my hopes and my long sought freedom will come from those few lines written about Anna Maria, and if not, I sure hope that faith in a better world will be enough to my survival in this world.

I feel better now. Hours have passed, I'm drunk, I can see more clearly. The only I should always see, in this world. And to be honest, when I remember what happened today at that interview, I feel like I was outside this world, outside of myself. I was not the one speaking, as if I was drunk then, and I was definitely not. Sincerely, I feel now, that I see clearly, that no one else will beat me to it, I cannot see how. I will get that job. How really cannot see anyone else having worked so hard at it, with the right credentials, capable of impressing them as much as I was able to in my short time with them. I do not see it. I can already see me telling my bosses at the Crown Court that I have to leave, and their reaction to that. I will be working for the BBC within two months, I know it, I will get to know all these people, I will excel at my job. My god, could they even get to produce Anna Maria? I know they received it, I know they may have read 10 pages of it, and that would have been enough hook them. Anyone better than me, and they would be afraid that guy or that bitch might leave them soon after for better pasture. I'm the best candidate. I was also the first one. Not sure how many they will see. It is a top notch high position according to the kid from Manchester who got me there and back. I will get it. Being the first, they will realise that no one can beat me to their petty answer they were looking for to test me. And of course, they've got it all wrong. It is not through those petty answers that they could get an idea about the potential of the person in front of them. And yet this is the game, and I've played it so well, I will get that job.

What a building! Right in the middle of the Strand, right in the middle of Aldwich. The kind of architecture that it seems today we have lost all knowledge of and could never repeat again. The nicest offices I have ever seen. I don't care travelling all the way to Central London everyday to work there, no I don't. Underground station Holborn, right on my line, the Piccadilly Line, that's my name written all over it. And my god, I will make everything better, I know so. That's such the perfect job for me, it has my name written all over it. There is no way I won't get it. Who cares about a Crown Court, and the petty policies of their managers? No one. If I have to stay in that job just to describe that crap, I might as well commit suicide right now, as not only it does not interest me, it won't interest anyone else on the planet. I even thought yesterday about how I could at least turn my experience into a radio play, or include it in a story about Anna Maria, I'm sorry, nothing came to mind. It is so depressing and ordinary, everything cries out in my destiny that this was just to calm everyone down around me, I needed a job whilst waiting two months for the BBC to finally hire me. My destiny is too great and important to be wasted on stupidities and petty people worried about low mind games and unions. Beurk... I just puked all over the place. Could I at least write an interesting radio play about all that crap and

these losers, without making it like *The Office* which has been so successful in the UK and the US alike? I hope so, so all this will not be wasted, apart from those few pages I have written so far. There are interesting characters there, there's no two ways about it, they are perfect for a play, no doubt, well. It might inspire me something at some point after all. I hope so. They are from such different backgrounds, all of them. And such distinctive voices, all of them. I would not need much imagination to come up with something extraordinary about all of it. The fat British woman is the one I would hire first, she's so annoying, she's so entranced with the civil servant job and what it all means, she's so perfect, I could kiss her.

I was even thinking that perhaps we should hire them all to record their voices to the play I could write, as they are so distinctive and perfect. Maybe it will inspire me something after all, but not now, not on what I'm working on at this time. We'll see.

I'm pleased the Scottish Boy showed his real colours today, I had no idea of the extent of his personality, which is so intrinsic to the miserable life he's got and make everyone suffer from as a consequence. His voice is so distinctive as well, I heard the exact same one on the last computer game I played, an old Scottish sailor telling stories no one wanted to hear anything about. *The Longest Journey*, if you're that interested in finding out. Best graphic adventure game in years to come out of this world. It is my life to live in those adventure games, my only escape, as I find TV does not suffice to make me forget how horrible this world is, and everyone within it. Without those games, I would not hesitate to state that they all need to be shot, so we could hope for some sort of peace in this world, some peace and happiness.

What am I doing? What am I to this world? Sometimes I really think I just deserve to die, never wake up the next day, I certainly wouldn't be missed, and I don't give a shit. I can't stand this world, I can't stand the people in it, I can't stand anything. The virtual worlds I'm creating in parallel, in order to escape, do not suffice. It does not compensate, it does not save me. I had enough. I'm tired. I'm fucking tired of this pointless existence. If I don't get that job at the BBC, I might just as well commit suicide. I had enough. I don't want to have anything to do with this pointless and insignificant world. I've gone through enough already, there's no point in continuing. I had enough.

If all that I have to hope for is that miserable job at the Crown Court, and finishing that Anna Maria novel, hoping to get it published, then I might as well abandon now. Getting that published is an impossibility, it won't happen. And if somehow it happens, it won't sell anything, and I'll be back to square one. I don't understand why I cling to these stupidities to motivate me to continue to be alive. It makes no sense. I know it won't go anywhere, what the fuck am I doing?

The only great memories I have remaining from my miserable existence, are all the ones connected with Leonardo whilst I was in Los Angeles. Everywhere we've been together and everything he told me. And at the time I found him so annoying, and so painful to go with him anywhere, I cannot explain why this amounts to all my best memories of recent years. Why couldn't I appreciate it then? Why did I had to wait until I found myself in dead end jobs, stuck with miserable people? Oh, now I understand. What was I thinking? Please someone shoot me!!! Come on, if being right in the middle of everything, at the heart of Los Angeles, could not move me at all, then there must be something wrong with me which cannot be cured. There's no hope for me. I will forever remain un-phased by anything humanity could surmise to try to motive me to exist.

Funny, I just thought of something. Of all that I have written in recent years about all the places I worked at, I always felt bad at the idea of putting it all online for the world to read. Because these people, I cared for them, and they cared for me. And right now, that crown court, I wouldn't give a shit printing all over the world how little I care about any of them. It is obvious that none of them gives a shit about me, and I certainly could not care less for any of their feeling. I guess that tells it all. I would have never thought so, but now I realise it. The only people I really care about in that mad court house, are two Indians, who I feel and I fear suffered most terribly at the hands to these losers. I feel so bad for them, I'm crying right now. I don't understand how they go through life like this, how they can accept all that shit from everyone, when at heart they are such nice people, the only human beings I have met in a while. If I ever get rich one day, I'll rescue them from their nightmare, and perhaps they will witness some sort of humanity to recompense them before they die.

Some souls are really lost, part of the game, and there's really nothing I could do to save them, they wouldn't want it anyway. There are true genuine souls in this world struggling to survive, and despite everything, they are still nice and genuine. I admire them very much because they are years if not centuries ahead of me and what I would ever be able to accept and achieve. You can only spot them by mingling with the animals and savages of this world, I could never spot them all, save them all. I can't save any of them, I can't save myself. It makes you wonder and hope that there is a God somewhere which will recompense them at the end, because I fear I can't, and it kills me. Genuine people are rare. Shame on the people who can't even realise they have them on their payroll and learn to cherish them. It is so obvious to me, they must be really blind indeed. Shit, am I now going to thank life for giving me the opportunity to meet such people? They must exist everywhere, I've met them everywhere. Pure souls. Like I will never be myself.

I'm trying to convince myself right now that it was a good thing if I took one day off work, so I could finally get the pulse of the nightmare place I'm working in. I may have destroyed my image of the blue eye boy who's perfect, but at least I now know what I'm dealing with, which is no different, and maybe worse, then everywhere else I have worked in recent years. Just a bunch of human beings incapable of appreciating life and make it better for human kind. They're all on a mission to make it as bad as they can for all of us, make this existence the worst experience one can endure, and they're highly successful at it. They were born suckers, I hope they die suckers and get what they deserve. I'm no longer the blue eye boy, I will either become the black eye boy that I am anyway, or I'll be out of there before it turns nasty. I don't give a shit about any of them, I will destroy them all in the end. That is what they deserve, and that's what I need to do, denounce them all, identify them, reduce them to nothingness, which they are at any rate. And I hope they will recognise themselves for what they are. Small minded bastards who have a lot to learn about life, and how to make it better even in the details. No hope, I'm afraid, they will never learn.

8 January 2007, 2 am

It is amazing how a little pep talk with your Line Manager can throw you into existential crisis and bring back to you all the horrible memories of Los Angeles when I had to deal with that sort of crap on a daily basis. I liked that Scottish guy, we started on a good foot, and one day off sick destroyed it all. I was unable to do anything this weekend, I wanted to finish the fifth Anna Maria short story, but all I could do was to remain in a state of panic, throw myself into Celebrity Big Brother and organise my files on my computer. All things which does not

require thinking. I would never watch Big Brother, but after the week I had, it all essential that I forgot who I was and all that I had done wrong.

So many little come back to me now, like my direct Manager, the British one, telling me that he walked in front of my apartment and saw all the bottles of wine there were for recycling. I can't believe it! Not only he check up on me like this, when most of those bottles had nothing to do with me and it is after all right after the New Year and people have been celebrating, but on top of it he told the Scottish guy about it, which brought about the accusation that I was drinking too much, didn't sleep and hence, I faked a day off and deserved to be sacked. I don't care that it is true, they have no way to know, so what if they were wrong? Throwing accusations like this, is no proper management.

There are dozens of other details of my return after work meeting which tells me blatantly that the Brit Manager took a long knife and inserted it in my back very deeply, and turned it a few times. What? Coming from an obvious drug addict and alcoholic who confesses himself everyday that he drank until 4 in the morning and is a zombie at work all day long? Unbelievable!

And now I go to work in six hours, I have been in a panic state all day. Once again I will have to play those childish games of playing the mute at work, so I can at least provide nothing for them to attack me on, to backstab me about later. I am trying to convince myself that I am jumping to conclusions, that surely this place is not going to be as bad as it was in Los Angeles, I simply cannot believe it. It's the same everywhere, I can expect the same bullshit, and if I get the job at the BBC, I'm sure I'll get it too served on a plate.

There is no point for me to write another journal about this, I've said it all in all my previous journals in all the jobs I ever had. I don't want to go through it again, I don't want to write about it again. I really need a way out, freedom, at least enjoy going to work everyday, like I did for the first month I worked at the Crown Court.

There is also that I am less than careful and I do attack people as jokes all the time. I can't prevent it, I can't stop myself, and hence I make many enemies, and they don't wait very long before declaring a war. I absolutely need to learn to be hypocrite and shut my big mouth if I get the job at the BBC. I have no excuse this time, it is the last job I'll ever get, I cannot jump like this forever from job to job hoping it is better elsewhere, it never is. Living in Los Angeles was a dream for me, and yet, so many problems at work made me return to London. I certainly will not endure that crap for a job in a Crown Court, there's nothing to motivate me to remain there. At least at the BBC, if people spit on me, I will be working at the BBC, and it should be a creative job instead of one designed to bore me to death. I'm going to try tomorrow going at work as if nothing happened, see if I can continue the way I did forgetting how nasty the Scottish guy has been, to the extent that I could not suffer hearing Scottish people on TV this weekend. I'll give them another chance before I shut up completely like a clam and do my job all day without a word, just like a robot would. He made a storm within an ashtray, I guess I don't have to react just yet to such pettiness, as I don't feel justified just yet, as I feel he was unfair. I'll try to work harder, I will try to be more than nice and not say anything negative about anything, and I might just save my ass. After all, I have to be realistic, it is unlikely that I will get the job at the BBC. It may sound like I am contradicting myself from my last entry, however tonight I am sober, so the truth comes out. God knows if I will get it, I just know that if I am convinced that I won't, I won't get it. So I better get all the confidence in the world.

I should not forget that I knew what I was doing, I was testing them, my boundaries, and now I know exactly what to expect and the sort of Nazi hierarchy at place in the Crown Court. Can't fight against that, I'm afraid, they will always win, you will always either be sacked or have to leave eventually so you can still remain sane. The question is, how long will they last, how long will I last?

8 January 2007, 8 am

I didn't sleep all night, thinking about work. Now they will definitely think I'm taking the piss by not going to bed anymore. And so when my manager asks me today what time I went to bed, I will have to say bright and early (you bastard). And perhaps add: and no, those bottles you saw this morning outside my building for recycling, are not mine. And maybe I should ask him right after if he got his dose of methadone this morning?

10 January 2007

I don't really feel like writing tonight, however I better mention what happened today, since it is a crisis in the making. I don't know how the subject of nuts came into the conversation, but we talked about chocolate, and that sometimes they contain nuts, and that I'm allergic to nuts, that was before Christmas. The subject came up again today and the young British girl could not prevent herself from shouting in the whole office that I didn't eat nuts except the ones of (mumbling)... as X said. I couldn't hear the rest, or her exact words, however it was clear she meant the nuts of another man, his balls. She also made it clear that she was reporting what my Line Manager had said in my back. It is not surprising that he would do such a joke about me, since it is not the first time I hear him make such a joke. The top Manager, the Scottish man, is gay. Once his big girly laugh came out of his office and my Line Manager said that once again someone had tickled his balls, to explain the girly laugh.

It is not so much a joke about the fact that I am gay that surprised me, what sent me into shock is that the bastard somehow guessed it, and told the whole office about his speculations, making jokes in my back. And that is my Line Manager. I was so stunned by the implications, I remained silent against my will. He immediately told her: Am I glad you're leaving at the end of the month. And upon seeing how silent I became, she turned around and asked me: I hope I did not offend you with my joke. I answered: most of the time, what you say goes right over my head, I don't understand most of what you say. I was trying there to pretend that I had not heard her, which would have made it easier on me. But then the older Indian man came back to talk about those chocolates, and I sort of freaked out saying, Please, can we talk about something else? So she turned around to me and said: so I have offended you then (how perceptive of her). I said no, and tried to talk about any other subjects after a long and traumatising 5 minutes of total silence. I wished I had laughed it off, as it stands, the only way I could have been offended by the whole thing, was if I was in fact gay. So it was like admitting it. And now they all walk in the office embarrassed, wanting to melt with the floor or the folders which populate our office. I certainly don't want to get any of them into trouble, for such a stupid joke, however I wouldn't be surprised now if I would be called in the office soon to be asked if I want to make a formal complaint against them, by the Scottish boy who is himself gay, though there's no confirmation of this except his mannerism and jokes from his under link. I'm sure he will take the matter seriously, just as any racist comment in that office full of Indians would be a guaranteed gross misconduct and you would find yourself out the door. Of course, this is the politically correctness world gone mad which you would find in a Crown Court environment. Without it however it could quickly degenerate in a situation like what Stephen has been going through in the

car and delivery industries for the past five years. Where he has been abused verbally to such an extent by crowds of employees, I really cannot understand why he has done nothing about it, I supposed it would have lead to an impasse where whether any of them had been sacked, he could never have worked there again. If you are responsible for either a crisis or if because of you someone gets laid off, you can be assured that your future within that organisation is over and everyone will hate you. In this day and age, I guess the solution is to work where such political correctness gone mad is in place, and then we can be surprised like I was when suddenly someone is willing to discriminate openly. It is also possible that she never thought I was gay, and so the joke could only be funny since I would not have felt threatened. As my Line Manager is pretty certain I am, since he put two and two together and knows I live with a man in a one bedroom flat, it was unthinkable that she could stitch him and backstab him the way she did. She does it all day long, backstabbing us all, how can he trust her that way? I bet he has not learnt his lesson yet. He can't help it, he is the traditional common British man who seems to be from ancient times, ancient values, with some appearance of having evolved and be open minded. In fact, soon I predict we will get back to a whole bunch of people thinking just like he does and discrimination against gays will not only be legal, it will once again be encouraged. Not hard to envision this, half of America is still highly homophobic and signs show that it is getting worse, not better. And just look at what is happening with the Arabs and Muslims, it is now virtually all right to be openly racist against these people and discriminate against them. Every time the Prime Minister and other politicians speak right now, it is almost an invitation to hatred so we will keep supporting their wars and other agendas. It clear that both in England and in America, being racist against French people is also acceptable and encouraged. You can read it everywhere, you can hear it everywhere, and there is never any outcry or consequence. All this because French people saw through all the terrorism min game and propaganda and they denounced it, instant enemy of the State. In the United States right now, it is even common to be racist against Canadians because they opposed the war with Iraq. We're getting there, a society more racist and more homophobic as ever seen before, with the means to get rid of all of us without anyone knowing about it. After all, the Second World War is only 60 years old, these type of mentalities are still here alive and kicking, and are due for a come back anytime soon. Rights are never acquired or given, they are lent for a certain amount of time where once again they have to be taken away from you, and we have reached that stage right now as a consequence of the terrorist laws. Being openly gay will once again be tantamount to suicide, and hence I'll be one of the first victim of the New Era we just entered. And it start with innocent homophobic stitch in your back at work, in a Crown Court no less, an establishment dedicated to the respect of the law. And I sure hope somehow they can stop the madness, or else... we're due for another long fight.

12 January 2007

Friday, finally, I'm back home, hoping to some escape from the hell of a week I had. Stephen is back from work however, in quite a state, all because we have no money to finish the month. All bills are paid however, I made sure of that, but now how are we to feed ourselves, and the zoo? We have no more cat food or dog food. Enough grains for the bird, hopefully enough food for the fish, he got rats tonight for the snakes. No more salad for the tortoises. It is one thing for us to starve, it is another for the animals. It is just not acceptable. Human being can die anywhere anytime, and this is not a crime. But animals? There's no excuse, class 1 offence, sent for trials automatically, they have to come first.

We won't go out tonight, with money we would have, perhaps it is a blessing in disguise. I felt like going out tonight, and yet, my universe is here alone at night



completely drunk, with enough cigarettes or tobacco to last me the night. In my phantasmagorical world I created. Nothing can beat that. Unless of course you're in Ealing, meeting Lindsay Lohan like we did last time we were there. That is worth anything there is in this world. She must have been filming here in Ealing Studios, all night she was interested in me, because I told her I was a writer. My cousin has still got to recover from this experience. Maybe I should call him tonight. I don't know his number. Can I find it? I wonder.

I couldn't find it, my mom told me he was leaving in the next few days to go back to Canada. He decided not to marry his fat girlfriend, his first ever girlfriend, and now God knows what awaits him in Canada. I hope he won't have to regret it, I know I would, what a big mistake that is. I would not hesitate one second to marry a fat bitch if it meant for me to remain in England.

After hearing Stephen complaining however, I think I might be ready to go back to Canada. He's tired of being skink. He cannot stop complaining, thank god tonight I'm plugged in into my music, I can't hear anything. I hope it is satisfying for him to complain to the walls, hopefully he thinks I can hear him, thank God I can't. It is only 21h30, will he fall asleep anytime soon? I won't kill him, even though these are the thoughts I have right now. Unfortunately he is not suicidal. He might eventually die of an overdose, I can't see it happening however since he is now on methadone, provided by the State. He won't die, I'll die hearing him complaining. I've got to find a way out, get out of his life, get him out of mine, somehow, whilst staying in the UK, in London, somehow. I can't stand him, he can't stand me, coming back to London might turn out to be the biggest mistake of my life, unless some money fall from the sky soon. The lack of money is drinking him completely insane, while I don't give a shit. Money has always been the last of my concern. As long as I had a computer and I had the time to write, that's all I ever needed.

It has been such a hard week, I truly wonder how I survived it. Five days at work, in a dead end job, with colleagues talking in your back and planning your downfall, and management playing mind games to drive you completely off the wall, is way too much for any sane human being. Not only the Scottish cunt made sure he annihilate my quality of life last week by playing hard with me, he has attended only two days this week, and for the whole time of those two days, he has been in his office for only 30 minutes altogether. So he can go and screw himself, I have lost all respect for him. He can bet that at the first opportunity, I'll do anything I can to destroy the him. I will never protect him, I will never do him a favour, I will never do anymore than what needs to be done for me to stay out of trouble and get paid at the end. I have absolutely no loyalty, I would just love to tell him that I found another job at within days of him treating me so badly, well, I would love nothing better to see him stuck at the bottom of a well. How do you do this? How can you go from being the most friendly boss which your employees would like to get to know better, worked so damn hard for over a month out of loyalty, to wishing you dead. It certainly must be the worst management skills I have ever seen in my entire life. It is obvious that the guy doesn't have a clue about motivating his troops. Had we been in Iraq, we would have all committed suicide by now and Iraq would have won. I would have felt much better shooting my superior than the enemy, as the enemy in my eyes would be clearly defined, it would be the one playing with my mind, making me lose my sanity for three days over a trifle.

I have no more time to waste with anyone in my life. I don't give a shit about anyone anymore, or any crap. If someone turns around after I took one day off and tell me: take one more day off and you will be sacked, I only wish to tell them to fuck off and that I quit, on the spot. Might sound extreme, but I had

enough. It is like Big Brother, how little details after a while is all they need to finally start crying and leave the house, when they knew damn well that it is what they could expect and they prepared themselves psychologically before going in. It tells you a lot about human nature. We're all terribly fragile, sensitive, and we don't need much to feel deeply hurt, start crying, whether we are male or female, they all cried so far. Three left on their own accord within 10 days. And yet, when you look at it from the viewers point of view, it was nothing! How dare they be so weak, cry for nothing, and leave so readily at the first little crisis? What are we missing here? What does it mean? It means that details are all that is required, and that little mind games are far more powerful than anyone could have thought. Before we get closer to any sort of happiness or world where people are happy to be alive, we would need to be so gentle with everyone, I don't think we would ever be able to reach that point, as first we would need to understand it, and we don't seem to have the capacity to understand what other feels, and we are way to ready to laugh at them, or destroy them for their weakness. When it is our turn, we sure are no surprise to find that no one is willing to help or understand, quite the contrary. And so we have no choice but to suffer in silence in our bubble universe. And yet, it is all universal, we are all weak, we are all easily shaken or hurt, we all hate this hierarchy at work and these mind games, these management fads and other. We all hate some people, colleagues, and yet we spend more time with them than with our own family. We are we obliging ourselves to do things we don't want to do, with people we can barely stand? It is beyond me. What is also surprising, is how willingly everyone seems eager to make it worse and impossible to breathe and be happy at work. I don't understand. And yet, I'm sure they too suffer and would love to have an easier existence. It is puzzling. I can't stand any of them anymore. Today I didn't say a word, I didn't answer the phone once, I didn't go to the counter when people rang. I did my job. None of them had done anything to upset me, however the was electricity in the air this morning as it was Friday, and both the Brit girl and the old Indian man were on the rampage to hurt each other and it was coming my way. So I had to retire in my bubble to prevent a crisis. I created one by doing what I did, however I didn't explode or shouted at any of them, thank god. I would not have needed much, I tell you. I couldn't have controlled myself. I almost lost it when one of the usher or clerk moaned and moaned about a few things I did wrong, God, I needed all the self controlled in the world not to turn around and tell him that he could fuck off and go back to his own office. He put all those folders in order he said, my God, none of them are in order! That is why in the end I gave up and I put one file over the most likely pile where I felt it belonged to. You would have thought it was the end of the world. And I couldn't stop thinking that those losers who can't even put in order 200 files, would be back within a week to blame me for having put it all in disarray, when they never were in order to begin with! My God! How incompetent can they be? I had enough as well with the old Indian Man who does fuck all all day, dumped all his work on me as quickly as he could, and now I get blamed for his total inaction for the past year or so. Three crisis erupted from the clerk's office this week, all with me very much at the centre of the crisis, when I had absolutely nothing to do with any of their complaints. For a second there, I thought the might powerful Indian woman in there had a vendetta against me, now I think it is that the older Indian man has been so careless and inactive in his job that she's probably right to be in a panic state. I worked so hard since I started, I feel I have done much in a month and a half than he did in the last year. So much so that today the big top Manager sent a big thank you email to my Line Manager to thank him for all the great work that has been achieved. When the old Indian man asked what about, it turned out that it was all that he had dumped in my laps. And so he said candidly that all the credit was to him and I had nothing to do with it, of course he was sort of joking, but at the moment I can no longer stand him or his twisted sense of humour, I hate the man. My Line Manager followed suit saying that he

was too happy to take the compliment for himself, and would certainly not credit any of his staff. And so it turns out that I worked so damn hard, enough that the top Manager noticed, someone who knows nothing about what is going on in the General Office, and none of them, including probably the Scottish man, will know that it is all down to me. And that's nothing, I answered every single phone call and the phone rings every two minutes. None of them answer the phone. There are ten people in the office at any given time, and none of them answer the phone! If I had not answered the phone at all, I could have triple the amount of work I did, and so I could have been a miracle worker. As it stands, doing a third of what I could really do, I still managed to shine beyond any hope, and yet they will most certainly find a way to get me out that door, one way or another, within weeks, hopefully within days.

The only persons who have a brain in that place, are the nice Indian woman, the Irish woman and the Chinese guy. Only the Chinese guy is not in a position of power. It takes him two hours to get to work in the morning, two hours to go back home. He definitely is the one who should get promoted eventually, over the nice Indian man who is now my friend, and whom I regret to say, I have helped to get eventually promoted. I said in the office that after 8 years working there he should be promoted over clerks who had been there six months, he said he tried four times because one person or two hated him. And now the older Clerk of all, who just retired but who will still be coming two days a week, virtually the only British clerk in there, heard us, and came in and said his name as if she was about to say something and said: never mind. I realised then my mistake, she went out and talked, and the other nice Indian woman as well perhaps, and now the nice Indian man will be the boss for a week at the beginning of February, and perhaps eventually of the whole General Office, as this is how it starts. Two are wrong with this picture. First he is incompetent, I have to admit. Second, the Chinese is so obviously the brightest bulb in the place, and knowledgeable of everything, you would be crazy not to promote him. Finally, I made powerful enemies, and most of my problems started since that very day. I don't even know who my enemies are, but I feel it might be the Scottish man and the other Indian Manager of the Clerks office, the very people who hired me. I guess they regret now, just like I do. Who could have thought that with one stupid little sentence, said when I thought that no one was around, could have so drastic a consequence on my career and the one of another Indian man? He will get promoted, I will eventually get sacked.

Good for him, he has five kids, he is far from retiring, has lived in Russia for some 20 years or something, and is from Pakistan instead of India. Which makes me wonder if perhaps I got myself into the middle of a personal racist war between the Indians and the Pakistanis in the office, and since the Pakistani is so nice to me, and the Indian one such a bastard, I got myself on the wrong side of the war. I personally cannot make the distinction, I couldn't tell them apart, so it's not like if I care about this, whoever is nice to me, I'm nice back, whoever gives me shit cannot hope that I will sit back and ask for more. War is war, and I will fight back one way or another. As for the nice Indian woman I like so much, I think she's Indian, but I couldn't be certain, and I'm not going to ask.

That's it, I know now, I understand. I can't believe it took me so long to get it. My best friend is Pakistani, and not Indian, and now I am the enemy. I'm sure that's it. I couldn't explain why suddenly I was under such fire after working so damn hard. Pure racism by association. Amazing. This is a first ever. And yet, the man is sort of being promoted, or certainly being groomed to be. As if my innocent sentence suddenly made it clear that they were racist, and I'm talking about the other Indians, not the British, who I'm sure, cannot see a difference between Indians and Pakistanis. Well, I did say in my CV that I was against any sort of

discrimination, so in the end if I get sacked because they are racists and I obliged them to stop discriminating, then I guess it would have been worth it. And if ever I start my own conference company, I'll come back and hire that Chinese guy.

Sometimes it can be so difficult at work, when I think about how miserable a job this is, and how at home I am being treated so badly by Stephen. I look out the window and cannot imagine that I gave up Los Angeles, the reasons are now far from my mind, and once again only the good memories remain. I miss it terribly, I cannot understand what went wrong, why I left which such a smile on my face, just to come back so defeated. I can so easily see my life once again working in Los Angeles, or even in Westminster, and elsewhere. I have never keen on routine, and I'm glad I never really got to suffer that long before moving on and changing just about everything in my life at a moment's notice. Though I can't help but imagine what life could have been if I had remained longer in those positions, and perhaps I am missing something huge about where I could be now. I can't even imagine it.

I'm the first one to say that I will never regret any of my decision, that things happen for a reason, and so far I never had to doubt that, and I fear that I might have to eventually admit that leaving Los Angeles was a terrible mistake. Perhaps this is why I worked so hard on my novel which is entirely British based, I could never have written that in Los Angeles. Also that I want that BBC job so badly, as this is something else I could not and would not have got in Los Angeles, and it would be quite something to get it, certainly the equivalent to working in TV in L.A. Even better, BBC Radio Three and Four, this is like, the top, intellectual, intelligent stuff, what more could you want? Right down my alley. So I cannot say yet that I regret coming back, since I have no idea what life has in store for me. It could turn out that it was the wisest decision of my entire career, and yet if it turns out that I will be another five or ten years without anything significant happening in my life, then I will have to think that perhaps in California things could have turned out differently. However, I have never been keen on thinking like that. If you're good, if you have talent, it does not really matter where you are, it will happen. That is what I always thought, but perhaps I'm wrong. In the UK, you need talent to succeed. In L.A., you don't. Which means, you have more chance over there. If you have talent, then you double your chance. Right? Who knows. And perhaps I have no talent after all anyway. Perhaps I should just accept my miserable little existence of Civil Servant at my local court and shut up for good. If Anna Maria fails, then that's it, I'm afraid I will never write another book again, and I will have to accept my total failure. I guess I had a nice ride so far anyway, enough to impress the gallery for the rest of my life if I ever go back to Canada. However it is not my style to boast about all that. No one at work know that I have books published, that I lived in Los Angeles, that I worked in television, and the worst thing is that I don't even feel like telling them, I don't give a fuck about anything anymore. Most of them I would mind finding them under a lorry somewhere, crushed to death. I wouldn't mind at all, only because I'm sure they wouldn't mind finding me under a double deck bus in the first place. Aren't human interactions just lovely?

15 January 2007

I didn't get the BBC job in Radio-Drama. I guess my accomplishments are not as great as I thought, or that more successful people would have killed to get that same job. After all that I have done for this interview, I can barely believe I didn't get it. I have no idea on what count I failed, or if I didn't at all and someone more impressive came along. All I know is that it has changed my whole perspective on life and my actual situation.

Coming back from Los Angeles now is not so wonderful, if all I have to justify this is Anna Maria, perhaps it will be enough, but my God, I will only get to know it in years to come, if ever that book gets published. In the meantime, I should now be highly motivated in finishing it, as it is certainly my only way out of the Mad Court House. And now I'm stuck there forever with no hope in a better life ever. Reason enough to commit suicide, I know that much.

I am so gutted, all my energy has just got snatched away. I don't think I will ever work for the BBC in my lifetime, and so now I think I won't even try. I feel like hating the BBC for this, that might motivate me to succeed in other ways, not sure. I'm so tired of trying, so tired of working so hard, I really feel like giving up right now.

20 January 2006

Five days have passed since I got to know that I didn't get the job at the BBC, and this week at the Crown Court, it has been very depressing indeed. Nothing happened, they told me at the end of the week how quiet I have been, it was my bid to avoid any trouble by being too familiar and inviting contempt. I have thrown myself into Celebrity Big Brother in order to forget my life, I have not written anything, and my motivation has never been so low. I don't want to be reminded that great projects are being created out there and that there is no way for me to be part of any of them. I feel I have a creative mind, an unusual one, and yet, society has never been able to recognise it and to help me develop it further, to the point where I am wondering if finally I have that creative at all and if all my projects could look completely uninspired. I know it is not true, and yet, I cannot stop wondering. I can't live an uninspired and routine life like my colleagues at work. I'm glad they have children and feel that this is their legacy, at least they've got something. I don't have that, I will never have that. My children are my books, and yet, they don't grow, they don't interact with anyone, they might as well be in a cemetery, dead, without ever seeing the light of day. Rejection is a hard thing, and yet, that's the story of my life.

So this week at work I was a zombie, I was reduced to nothing, and this job was my existence, for a very long time to come. I don't feel like getting another job, I know it would be worse, especially if I have to take the tube or the train to get there. It seems I have failed to find a job where I wouldn't have, like in Big Brother, to suffer and suffocate in a room smaller than my apartment, filled to the brim with a bunch of backstabbers waiting and hoping secretly that I will fall flat on my face. There is nothing I can do to escape that nightmare.

I felt small this week, insignificant, a low rate human being, a third class citizen. It was total despair, that it could very well be what the rest of my existence will be all about. I'm not sure I could accept this, I know this is not good enough. I'm all for that I need to make it happen, I have to work hard and achieve great things all on my own, and that if I have the talent, it cannot fail to happen, however I no longer think that way. I feel it is clear that I will need help along the way, I will need someone or some people to give me a chance to get it out all there, and I am well aware that a miracle would be required for this to happen, and by miracle I mean that it is highly unlikely to ever happen.

Something tells me that there is no way I could work in that Crown Court for a decade like many of my colleagues, and still be, 10 years later, at the exact same point. I'm not certain how long I could bear this before shooting myself in the head. So many things I could be doing right now across the world, so many places and countries I could visit, so many interesting people I could meet, so many books I could read and so many books I could write. This is what has been

denied to me with this full time job around the corner. I am missing out on life, on what I feel I should be living and learning, and instead all that I have been given is pettiness and patronising people who treat me like if I was shit not even worth considering.

23 January 2007

I have fallen in the routine of going to work everyday, and as the weekend passes so quickly, I feel I'm working all the time. I must have a lot of free time, however Celebrity Big Brother is eating it all up. One week left, thank god, this damn programme is so addictive. I bet mentioning it at my interview at the BBC cost my new career in Radio Drama. Or perhaps it was that I was going to see a play in Richmond with Billie Piper in it, only because she is in Doctor Who, and I couldn't tell them the title of the play. Mentioning Shameless certainly takes the cake, I wouldn't have hired myself if I heard all that in one interview. This is what I am afraid to find out when I contact them to get feedback on why I was turned down. That your whole career could go down the drain because of such details or petty things. Oh well, if nothing else about me impressed them, then I guess I didn't deserve working there.

There are only four persons in the building at the Crown Court that I don't like. The one I immediately identified as the most dangerous, she's returning to another Crown Court for good at the end of this week. The second most dangerous one is the old Indian man who is constantly on the attack, whinging all the time, and backstab someone at least once every hour. Thankfully he is so sick, being 63 years old, he spends as much time in hospitals as in the office. Many times now we have come close to have big arguments, and the only thing I have on my side, is that he already has a reputation of getting into trouble. I am not privy to with whom he has had trouble with, I hope it is not of me that he talks when he says: it has been one hour without getting into any argument, I am getting better. It is very embarrassing, because as soon as he arrives, I shut up, and it is obvious. I also ignore most of what he says, all his attacks and digs, thankfully he gets the message and does not insist. I also will go out of my way to ask the other Pakistani, Chinese or anyone else any question before going to him. What is awkward here is that I inherited all his work, and so he is the one I should really be asking the questions to, as often he is the only one to know the answers. I just know that eventually I will have a full blown fight in the office with that guy, and I am afraid about the consequences, which leads to the third most hated and dangerous person in the office, the Scottish big top manager.

It's a shame really, one full month of liking the man, thinking he could become a friend, and all I needed to find out about his true nature and the sort of management we are being subjected to, was for me to take one day off. And now I cannot look at him in the eye, I cannot speak him anymore, he really gets on my nerves, and I would more often than usual answer the phone as soon as he comes out of his cavern to talk to everyone with his over the top voice which scream: I'm gay! And again I find out that having gay colleagues is far from making anything easier, they're all like impetuous children who must have it their own way, they are also emotional, control freaks, independent, stuck up, proud, and prone to reject anyone who is not in their opinion either cool, in, beautiful, etc. And so, I must rate very low on their list. There's no hope with the Scottish guy, but he certainly frighten me off to death, as I am unlikely to take another day off work unless I'm dying and that I have showed them that I'm dying by dragging myself to work and coming back home after.

The fourth and last most annoying and dangerous person for me at the Court, is a usher, and hence he is not even working in my department. Again, it is an old

man, British, White, and miserable. He seems to have gathered a lot of hatefulness about the world in his existence, no wonder they put him on finding files all day, and replacing them in the dead rooms day after day. They don't want to see him in his office. The problem is that after him, I am the person who is most likely to have to find files and pile them up in every corner until they can be processed, and since I have no time to process them, all I do all day is classifying the sheets of the files I need to find, and then try to find the files. So he hates me, because I make his life painful. Anytime there is something wrong about anything, up he goes in the office of all the Managers and moan until they have to get back to me and freak out at me. He has backstabbed many times now, to the point that I no longer acknowledge his existence. Today he accused me of having lost the keys to one of the dead room, last week it was that I was responsible for mixing up all the files on the shelves when the person responsible for that mess was the old Indian man. And myriad of other things. Today he even started to attack me out loud when I was speaking with the girls, the two temps we hired for two months, whom I'm in charge of training. I ignored him, pretended I didn't hear and went back to my desk. I hope he gets the message. Avoiding these people is all I can do at the moment if I want to avoid confrontations and fights.

Ignoring them is made easier by the fact that I'm always so tired, that everything anyone says comes to me is if I was in a dream, or from very far away. I can easily shut myself up in my cocoon and do my job.

It is also the first time that I am in the public sector, and all they can talk about is working conditions, low salaries, no money, and strikes. There is one at the end of the month, but as I am casual and not in the union, I cannot take part in any strike. The Scottish guy said that when he started there was a 10 weeks strike, and he was the only one who went to work everyday. Well, I'm certainly going to try to avoid this, I need to get into the union as quickly as possible, because I won't be alone in that hell hole doing everything whilst everyone is comfy at home enjoying the strike. They appear to have many strikes a year, with little results. And who cares anyway? No one. It does not affect anyone within the government whether we do our job or not, it only angers everyone else in the public, including all those defendants who as a consequence will spend many more days if not weeks in prison as a consequence.

Funny how in the private sector, going on strike is something we would never have considered, as we would have been sacked the next day. It is very unfair that all civil servants can have that weapon against their employer, whilst everyone else suffer in silence or move on. At least, they're usually better paid.

I also miss having intelligent people around me, I mean with PhDs, knowledge, culture, etc. I had never worked somewhere before where everyone is just a complete slum, and their mind certainly never worked harder than watching TV all day. I never told them yet that I am a published author, and something tells me that it wouldn't impress them anyway, they could end up hating me for it. I better keep quiet until I am permanent. About that, I have now to apply again and fill out all the forms, for the job I already have. I will be in competition with everyone else in the country who has a daughter, like the woman who called yesterday, who wishes to work at the Crown Court. I would like to think that it is a mere formality and that I will get the job, but I don't know, I could very well not get it, and then it would become impossible to continue to work there. The interview is a board, and I don't know who is that board, if they know me, and hence, if they don't like me, I might not get it. Considering that I have applied for a similar position at two other Magistrates' Courts and never even got an interview, I might not actually be successful at getting the job I already have. I'm not alone in that weird predicament. The HR department in Westminster seems

so incompetent, they managed to sack the Chinese guy, and now he has to reapply for his job even though he has been working there two years. He has to fill out the forms, and my God, he is up for a surprise, it took me a week originally to fill out those forms. The bundle had 90 pages altogether. It is irony that the most undesirable jobs on the market can become impossible to apply to since you need to write them a novel to even get an interview, which usually you never get. But once you get the job, if you wish, you can doss around all day, and there's nothing anyone can do about it. I chose to work like mad, and hopefully they will notice. I think they did, but somehow, I feel they will chose to remain blind to it. The two older Indian men are doing nothing all day, that much I know. I have been hired to do their job, whilst they daydream as much as they can get away it.

Maybe the Chinese guy is actually applying for a bigger post, my God, if he moves to another department or other court, we're fucked. He's the only one who knows what to do, what he's doing, and who seems to have access to everything. Lose him, and we might as well shut down the Crown Court.

24 January 2007

As predicted the day before, today I had some sort of a row with public danger number 4, the usher. He moaned and moaned against me today like he never did before. He was instructed to find a few files for Standard Fees by one of the clerks, files that I am supposed to find myself but never had the time since I have something like 6000 Graduated Fees waiting for me on my desk, and for each of them I have to find the files. He found a few, and it gave them the chance to freak out and tell everyone in Listing, the General Office, the Clerk's office and the Usher's room, that I was incompetent. He even found a file on my own desk, would you believe? When I had only 5 files on my desk. That was his crowning achievement of the day. I came back from lunch and the bitch who leaves at the end of the week, public danger number 1, who was too delighted in rubbing it in, and telling me after lunch out loud that I was in deep shit. I said, let me guess, the usher has stitched me up. I wasn't happy about it, and I went on to say that he didn't like me, that I had my fill of him, and I slashed into him. I should regret it, but I don't. I no longer care. I need however to survive until the end of the week, after that she will be gone, I will be off for training the two first days of the next week, and then the strike hits us. A lot of water will have passed under the bridge by then.

In the meantime, Stephen is being bullied at work on a daily basis, and comes back home in such fowl moods, that I'm the one suffering the consequences, as he bullies me in return.

25 January 2007

Today I assisted at my first Official Union Business Meeting. I have learnt a few things, that I'm in the wrong job, the wrong type of English Courts, and the wrong location altogether. Thankfully in my case salary is inconsequent, so I don't really care if we are the first paid civil servants in the country, and the worst paid civil servants in all the different type of courts as the Magistrates Courts get a good thousand pound per year than us and a collection of advantages we don't have because they went on strike a lot in the previous year, and our building is so old and falling in disrepair, many of the courts are like freezers and there's nothing we can do about it. It does look like I can join the union and have a day off on 31<sup>st</sup> January, however maybe this is not the right time, perhaps I should show up at work as usual and impress the Managers, as well as proving to them that I am no threat by not joining the union. Going to the



meeting today was already a step too far, but I needed some content for this damn diary about life in the Mad House. The thing is, there isn't much more to say. The union representative we have is the top Manager of the place, and hence, it is totally useless since we will never dare complain to him. We can't even suss him out, as if he wants us to go and strike or not. I think it is clear that he doesn't want us to strike, and you can see the problem, since he is our representative. So I guess union business at our Crown Court ends with him and now I can understand why we are the worst paid civil servants in the whole country. I almost pop the question today, how incompetent this union must be if communication broke down with the government and they were unable to get us at least what the Magistrates Courts were able to get for themselves, and still be the top worst paid people in England. Another irony is that my salary is so low, I can't afford to join the union, it would be all I need to bankrupt myself. I am not even talking about the unpaid days of strike, I'm only referring at the costs to join a useless union which has shown how ineffective they are. I believe they're only weapon is strike, and yet, no one in the government will blink twice about it, especially when I can already predict that almost no one will go on strike on Wednesday, mostly because no one can afford losing the money.

The old Indian man who is so annoying to me during the day, has proven to be one of the most dedicated fighter of the union, and unafraid of the big bosses. He pointed out many things which no one else would have ever said in front of the bosses, and even said that we needed another representative who is not the top Manager. When we got out, I said: My God, you are fearless, the top Manager must hate you. He rebuked me and answered: He does not hate me, he hates you, even your Line Manager hates you. I have to say, I wasn't ready for such a poor taste answer. I couldn't believe the top Manager had an opinion about me, so I didn't really care about that. But that my Line Manager could hate me, I feel it might be true, as they go for beers on Friday nights, and he must have heard many things. Once again hard work my be totally useless, and might not count in such an environment. Because he could he hate me when I have been working my ass off for him? I guess I could have gone for a beer, but then I would have to admit I'm gay, because it is the first question that will pop up, especially since I know that in my back my Line Manager has been telling everyone already that he suspected that I was a queer. It did hurt me that my Manager could hate me, I told the nice Indian woman, and she told me not to worry about it. And in the end, that's what I did, I removed the thought off my mind, especially that the old Indian man might have simply said lies to be spiteful.

I did say one thing in that meeting today, and I sort of regret it. In all of this, if we go on strike for two weeks, many people in prison will remain there not for two more weeks, but perhaps a few more months, as the backlog becomes so great, no one can get rid of it. And all those people who have not even yet been proven guilty will rot in prison for what could only be perceived by them as forever. No one in that meeting gave a shit about it, they don't either on the day to day job. If doing something means someone out of prison, they don't care, they still won't do it for another few days at least, if not weeks.

26 January 2007

Last day of the bitch from the other Crown Court today. New guy starts on Monday, and we lost our temp, she will be replaced on Monday by another zombie, I won't be there to train them, since I'll be on training the first two days of next week. And when I come back, I'm not sure yet if I can be part of the strike or not, I have sent my application to be in the union tonight only. £8 a month is a bit much, but I will not find myself the only sucker in the office whilst

everyone else is at home during strike time. I may have mortgage my future there by joining the union before I'm even permanent, but who cares.

No more alcohol in the house, I had to go fishing in my old bottles of Scottish whiskey, wondering once again if it can still be good after 10 years, when it has already been aged 10 years before. Still going well, I have to say, shame it is such a disgusting drink. But hey, if Scottish whiskey had not been so undrinkable, I wouldn't have it for times of emergency, like tonight.

Celebrity Big Brother is coming to an end this Sunday, and it's about time, since I barely wrote anything since it started. I still need to read again tonight my fifth short story, which brings it to 200 pages. I would hope to find the inspiration to write the sixth one this weekend, the one happening in Sidmouth. Once that one is finished, I will feel I have achieved something, as I'm not too sure about the seventh one, The Box on the Seven Dials. It is a story which has been with me for a very long time, since my come back to London in 1995. I have many versions now in French and English, it almost became a book in French, but I never had the courage to finish it. Probably a good thing, since there could only be one version now, the one incorporating the Duke of Connaught and Anna Maria. Having so much material about a story is not a good thing, it makes the writing process ten times longer, as it becomes a process of adaptation. Maybe I should write it from scratch and come up with better stuff. Soon I'll be able to send that book to my good Scottish friend's agent, and hope for the best, but I'm not expecting anything from her. Neither from any other agents which I will be sending it to in the coming weeks. I know very well that you can have the best book you have ever written, and yet be unable to get people to read it or to appreciate it. I guess it will end up on my website, and then, let's see if I will have the courage to write tome II.

Let's speak about one of the celebrity in Big Brother, Ian "H", who for a while was a huge pop star as part of Steps. I wouldn't be surprised if you have never heard of him by the time you read this, as I would imagine that 20 years would have passed by then, in all likelihood I'll be dead by then as I don't intend to live forever. I never really liked Steps or pop music, however I was in Cannes for a Congress a few years ago, and in one of the hotel a company threw a party, Steps was one of the band singing. I have to admit that I was quite impressed, I never understood this madness for boy bands or such, even though Depeche Mode had been so qualified in the early 80's, but at least they were not manufactured like Steps has been. What was impressive was the energy of those five kids dancing and singing, it was really powerful. I filmed the show, put it on my website, and was almost arrested the next day, and nearly got me fired from my job. I was that close to have my website shut down for good by some lawyers and agents. So Steps in my case is sort of personal, since I nearly ruined my career over it. Well, time has passed, and now Ian admitted to being gay. Can't believe he waited that long for saying so, he came out just before going into the house. I remember thinking at the time that he must have been gay, as he was so damn good on stage, I don't think I ever seen one of those boy/girl member of one of those bands move was so perfectly, as if it was natural. That's talent. Talent which would never have gone anywhere without those manufactured bands. I wonder how many of him there are in the country which will sulk for the rest of their lives. And then, I'm wondering if I will ever myself get anywhere with my writing. I may never be discovered after all. And the worst part of this story is that you never actually really know if you are worth discovering at all, and so all the rejection could very well be entirely justified. Another depressing thought, this lack of confidence, the same one that made Edmond Rostand say, the night on the opening of Cyrano de Bergerac, that he was so sorry for the actors for the biggest flop of their career, when it went on to be a triumph. Then again, you

need to write that masterpiece in the first place. Which brings an interesting question, what is a masterpiece when it comes to writing books? Which book could be considered a masterpiece? At the moment I can only think of Anna Karenina of Tolstoy. I read many so-called masterpieces in my lifetime, most were quite interesting, but nothing I would call a masterpiece. I'm quite annoyed by the hoo-hah concerning Albert Camus, his books bored me to death. And yet, when we look at Anna Karenina, it is but a love story like thousands others, so why this book, why that story, why that author? Is it all prefabricated masterpieces decided by convention behind backdoors, sometimes for the wrong reasons? I know very well that all the books in Québec that won just about every big awards in the last 40 years, have all been about politics sometimes barely hidden behind a useless love story. There is nothing in Québec's literature which I like, and can even bare reading. They have sank any great author we may have had, because it was perhaps not exactly or about politics or Québec as a nation. I on the other hand, was never inspired by any of this, I always saw much more globally for that, seeing us as the human race, and no local patriotism would have inspired me anything. And if one day I become a known author, I hope they won't say that Canadian author, or even French-Canadian author, as I have nothing to do with Canada and I don't want to have anything to do with it. All I saw there was rejection, and so, they should not be able to claim me back if ever I succeed as one of them. I never was, I never will be. I was never a separatist, I like my country the way it is, I'm proud of being Canadian, but sometimes I really cannot stand the image they project. Even the one of such perfection and rightfulness. A lot of those English Canadians are so conservative, it makes me want to puke everywhere. In fact, I think I will dedicate my next short story in Sidmouth to them. I'll keep them in mind while writing about those rightful citizens of Sidmouth who wants to get a purified world through castration of everybody until no one can breathe or live. I guess one day I will delete that last part, let's hope I'll die before I can do so, and at that time I won't care for what I said and the impact it could have. At the moment, nothing I say has any impact whatsoever, and so I'm free to write whatever I want.

Tonight I've spoken as if I was about to die. As far as I know I don't have any threatening disease, but I think this job at the Crown Court, and the prospect that this was my new career, has sort of brought back in me the idea that I was mortal and that I would one day die. As if I could not imagine any sort of great future for myself and that I would still be there in 20 years. If I knew that for certain, I would seriously consider suicide right now. How do these people I met there worked there for 20 years, and still live to talk about it, is a mystery to me. They must be the most un-ambitious people I have met, as the money is shit, and the place is like a prison. I meet a few criminals everyday, they come to the counter asking why they're not listed, and then I go on to the computer, see that they have robbed people, hit them, two inches from killing them, and then they come to court to ask me questions. I see in the cold light of day those bastards who make everyone's life such a misery on the outside. I'm trying not to judge, I'm as nice as I can possibly be, understanding and all, but inside I feel really weird. Sometimes I feel the only way to make this world right is to bomb it to kingdom come. I've said many things like that in the past, speeches of doom and gloom, you can rest assured that I never truly believed any of it. I am well aware that I was the first one to cry when the twin towers in Ney York fell down, however, I also have to add, that I was also the first one disgusted by how this has been use to manipulate everyone into our ultimate downfall which will certainly lead directly to a worldwide Civil War. And if no one acts upon it, I guess I'll have to be a t the forefront of it all, assuming I just don't simply fall asleep on my keyboard, as I always felt quite detached from everything happening around me. I always felt like an outsider, probably helped by the fact that I was gay and rejected from early on. I was never part of anything, and so all that remained for

me to do was to observe and pass judgment. I'm quite impassionate at times, I can see corruption destroy a country, and yet, I don't really care, because I see it more from the point of view of history, not like in the present moment. And being one without a country or nationality, in London, then I certainly could not care less about what is happening in the US, in Canada, in France or the rest of the world, I cannot even identify with what is happening in Great Britain. I feel I have a unique point of view, hopefully objective, but I'm not so sure about that, as I'm not certain if an objective point of view exists at all in this world. It is already so rare to find people with their own opinions, this planet is filled with parrots, and I feel that my own macaw Mr. Barnsworth is more intelligent than most of them.

What interests me most in Big Brother, is how it reflects the life on the outside much more closely than anyone could think. There are cameras everywhere, we are watched all the time, there is an audience for everything I do or say wherever I am in England. All my words are carefully registered in their minds, and if I step the line, there will be a log of everything I have done and said and it will be used to incriminate me. Racist comments and bullying is a common occurrence, some are better than others at doing it totally legally and without being able to be proven to be doing so, and yet, on TV it explodes and creates an international incident and crisis. My actual Line Manager is a bum, an alcoholic, probably a drug addict, has made some racist comments, even in my back said stuff about my own sexuality and so is guilty of discrimination. And yet, he is the best Manager I ever had. When people go to him to backstab me, he never mentions it to me, he corrects the mistake, I don't even hear of it. How cool is that? I know managers who would have made a big fuss over anything, multiplying meetings, endless talks, until we all cracked and declared an outright war. And how perfect do we need to be as employees when your own boss is a loser? He is a perfect example of someone who got in a higher position just because he was able to remain in a position long enough that he was the only choice left. He knows nothing about what we do, he couldn't help or train anyone, how cool is that? And so he has no ideas of grandeur, he doesn't see himself as perfection, as god overlooking his sheep. Someone so imperfect could not expect perfection from us. Someone like that would never be scheming late at night about new ways to destroy humanity or trying hard to make it much worse for all of us. If anything, there is something to be said about getting rid of all those management books, rules and regulations, and promote no non-sense people who you would never in your right mind, in the first place, promoted. I would like to see him as a Prime Minister, and suddenly I feel that we would all be safe forever. Because what he is worried about is to get out of there at 5, before if he can. To save £7 a month, he never joined the union. But when there is a strike, he joins in, and cancels his subscriptions a week later, so he can go on strike. He makes more mistakes than I have ever known a manager to make, and yet, he admits it, and he doesn't care. He told a right bitch at a Magistrates Court to fuck off, I nearly did the same two days before, as these bitches hang up the phone on us when we need their help, whilst we have to break our back to help them, and yet, as it turns out, the only reason we need their help, is because they haven't done their job in the first place by sending us all the information relevant to all cases. That bitch made such a fuss, she immediately contacted the Top Manager of our Crown Court, trying as best as she could to get my Line Manager to be sacked. I supported him all the way, I told everyone that I almost did the same two days before, and if I could shoot the bitch, I would. And now that Magistrates Court, is on our black list. So if you're a small criminal in that area, it might be preferable for the time being to move in the neighbouring borough, because we are most likely going to lose your papers, and ultimately that might be a good thing for you, who knows. You might also rot in a prison for a few more months, because I'm certainly not motivated to deal with any cases coming from that Magistrates Court. And you see how stupidly and easily a lot of innocent people out there can become unfortunate

victims of human pettiness. And this is like that all across the board. Mind the judge you get, the first one will put you in prison for 20 years, the second one for 10, and the third one will let you walk free. How subjective and unfair is that justice system, I'm asking you? In those conditions I could only trust a computer, and I don't care if that logical machine decides one day to eradicate us all, it would mean that we damn deserve it.

About that Old Indian man at work, enemy public number one in so many ways, and my biggest danger, there is something I have to admit, I like him, I like him a lot. He has many detestable qualities about him, and he could be the one to bring my downfall in the Crown Court, and yet he is like a puppy, a desperate one, and in some ways, he is likable. Next Wednesday I will have some money, hopefully, so I can actually afford a beer on Friday night, and then I'll go with him and learn whatever it is I could learn from him. The first time it stroke me, was at the Christmas do, he looked distinguished, like someone, unlike the others who look miserable and seem to belong in such terrible positions. He has style, class, and is actually quite funny. In fact, he reminds me of my grand father, and my grand father is gay, so he could be too. I thought I had met him before, I couldn't remember where, but I think it is the gay pub of my home town, the only one. My God, if he turns out to be gay, married with the same woman for 40 years, reminding us every hour, what a scandal! I would have the biggest weapon against him ever. Of course, I would never use it, I'm not like that. I look forward learning more from him and his three children, one of them in Swindon, where Stephen goes every day to deliver things with his van. Dear me, I could easily turn all this into a novel, a masterpiece, mind you, I would probably die out of disgust before the end.

I received an email a few days ago about a film crew who just finished doing a movie called Journey to Calcutta. This is the first project I rejected, and this is also the first project I ever came close to that actually went somewhere. The movie is done. How do I feel now? I felt bad a few days ago, now I don't care. I wouldn't have wanted to be part of a film called Journey to Calcutta, I don't care if it rips all the awards. It is not me, I never went to India. I could have wasted two years on this, and on nothing else, how would I feel today whilst it bombs everywhere? We all follow a carefully calculated path, mine is leading me somewhere, there is no mistake, because there cannot be any mistake. Whatever happens, whatever I will write, will become me, who I am, and hence, starting to second guessing myself can lead nowhere, because then it wouldn't be me I would be talking about, it would be someone else in a different timeline. Where I am now is all that exist, what I will be as a consequence, is all there is, and I cannot be but proud of it, of all my achievements and accomplishments, never mind if they don't go anywhere, we are what we are, and we have to learn to live with it. So fuck Journey to Calcutta. My name will be associated with something entirely different, and even though I have no name or credibility to speak of, I know what I don't want to be and I know what I don't want to do, and I should respect that until the day I die.

27 January 2007

Isn't it annoying, that every time I start a new project, someone else thought of it as well. Sometimes it makes me think they got the idea from me as I put it on my website, and sometimes I feel it goes beyond the coincidence. However there are too many coincidences, and hence, there are just that, coincidences. I had already written four short stories buy the time I found out about the series called Spooks by the BBC, featuring an agent of MI5, and another one from the CIA, a blond woman, and there you are, you have my Duke of Connaught and Anna Maria. How annoying is that? Oh, and it is big budget, it is well researched, no

doubt by a team of at least 300 people, and so it looks more than professional, whilst I have to write the whole thing by myself, and do my own research in parallel of a full time job as an underpaid civil servant.

Thankfully they stick to MI5, they bring the old terrorists out of the closet, IRA, the Russian Maffia, the Muslims, etc. So it is nothing like what I'm doing, and yet, my main character is the Director General of MI5. I was wondering about that, maybe he should be the head of Scotland Yard, or even nothing at all, as it would not make any difference to my book in the end. He could work for the department of agriculture, and it would not make much difference. And I have been wondering if it was wise to have there the top man of MI5. when I presented my story to the BBC, I thought it was a bit childish to have there a James Bond type of guy, and they must have thought, oh look, that kid is copying our own programmes, Spooks. Now, the question is, do I stop or continue, Stop, Stop, ou, Encore, Encore, to paraphrase an old song of Plastic Bertrand. Well, I guess I will continue for now, it is a bit late in the day to change all that, though I'll think about it. Perhaps he should be the head of New Scotland Yard instead, but then, the big Sherlock Holmes beacon will shine. Maybe I got into terrorism a bit too much now to step back, I don't know. I guess I'll discuss that with my future publisher, if I ever find one. I reckon it would take me less than one night to switch from MI5 to anything else. I'm used to making that kind of change on massive scale in record time.

I just watched an impressive episode of Spooks where they simulated a terrorist attack, however the guys at MI5 didn't know it was a test, they thought it was real. Best episode I've seen so far. And yet, I question myself, I wouldn't have written anything like it, because it would have been boring on paper. And if it is boring on paper, I'm sorry, I cannot go ahead. TV makes it look so much better, they could get us to swallow just about anything, and it would still be interesting. One great sentence since the beginning, I must have seen at least 8 episodes now, something like: "governing over a country without people, must be a politicians dream." It was a great sentence, because in the end, this Big Brother state, or radical regimes like Hitler or Staline, becomes a bit useless, because if you kill all your citizens, what is it that you have power over in the end? Nothing, and it is all meaningless. And I have been wondering about that, this thirst for power, which makes no sense to me. And it is only after listening to a documentary that I kind of understood, some people really want power, they crave it, and they don't mind killing half the population to get there, as long as there are still a few people you can have power over, and no one else who has power over you, then it is all worth it.

And actually, whilst I'm on the subject, I thought Spooks at the beginning existed as some sort of tool against the actual governments which tend to be a bit more fascist than usual. And now, I'm pretty convinced it is a tool of propaganda to work with the government to frighten everyone. I have a clear subtext in my book against the government, I even make my Duke of Connaught an un-likable anti-hero in order to denounce what the government is all about. I am careful though to keep it short and not bang anyone on the head, because if it becomes obvious, I might turn off my readers. In no way should I become a moralist, like they did recently in some episodes of Stargate SG1. In one of the recent episodes, Colonel Carter found herself in a parallel universe where the President has become a bit more extreme than George W. Bush. And then Carter goes on national television to remind us that we, the people, are in charge of our destiny and can get rid of an administration if we really want to. Great episode, and I need to watch it again. But it is way too obvious. In my last short story I talk about the civil servants, and what the government is doing about it, and how terrible it is. At the end of the day, no one reading the story could tell on which

side I really am. Do I feel civil servants are incompetent or not? Is the government treating them badly or not? I don't know, I have no opinion on the subject. And yet, I just brought up the issue, I'm not taking sides. If my character says something, it is not me saying it, it is him or her, carefully integrated into who they really are and capable of thinking or doing. That's the whole irony of it, and that's how I like it. There is a danger though that the readers might not like the Duke of Connaught, and could be a terrible mistake from me. Why do I do it, when I could so easily have baddies instead speaking those words? Well, my characters are flawed, and that's the way I have written them. I intend for them to learn as they go along and learn from their mistakes, just like normal people, just like the people in the government seems to think at the moment. So it's real, this is not the world of Walt Disney. If people cannot stand an anti-hero as their hero, then maybe they should go and read something else.

I have serious thinking to do about tome II of Anna Maria. I'm wondering which is best, keep the same characters, same locations, same job titles, and continue, or find a totally different line, something new, new characters and locations and plots, same principle though, seven short stories all linked together in one continuous novel. You see, if Anna Maria fails, because of the clairvoyant's idea, and the MI5 idea, then I must have something else to fall back on. If either one picks up, then I'll concentrate on that instead of the other.

The thing is, if I think of a great idea which has nothing to do with paranormal, then it is a bit superfluous. I could have two different sort of main story lines and then write in the one more appropriate. Like the sixth short story for example, it does not really require the powers of Anna Maria, and I thought I would create bad weather and render her incapable of reading anyone. At the same time, it is too perfect to be anywhere else than in the Anna Maria universe, because it is the town of the Duke of Connaught, as he is high up in the government, people come to him for help, etc. I will see.

29 January 2007, 00h13

I just watched the end of Big Brother, and I feel electrified. I'm also very drunk, on pure whisky from Scotland, hey, it only takes two days to get use to it, and start drinking it straight. As Stephen spend many minutes explaining to me, in order to save our orange juice and our bottled water. Better drink it straight, and that's where I am now. Training for the next two days, downtown London, Westminster once again, DCA headquarters. According to my Line Manager, this is a propaganda training session, and I need not retain anything that will be said there. Charming. And so tonight I drank half a bottle of whisky, and God help me tomorrow for not falling asleep during their wonderful and pathetic training session. Without Big Brother, I would have finished my novel by now. But without Big Brother, I might have committed suicide this month, as my job is the most boring I ever had in my entire career. Without any sort of escape from this reality, I would be dead now. And finishing a novel, can hardly count towards giving me hope and save me from this nightmare that life is. I've come to the conclusion that this book will not save me from this horrendous existence, that it will hardly be noticed, if published at all. Maybe I should end it here, right here, right now, tonight. There's no hope for me, and whatever success I might encounter in the long term is certainly not worth it. Right, one glass of Scottish Whisky too many, how can I proceed? How can I kill myself here tonight. I expressly made sure that there would be no knife in the house which could do the job. There isn't enough pills here to do the job either. I don't have a car, it has been lost with the insurance company for the last two months. There is perhaps a bottle of methadone in the house, I wonder if drinking the whole thing would kill

me? There is also, supposedly, a gun, somewhere, but I never found it in 12 years, so I guess this is out of the question. Methadone it is, then. Let me check if there is a full bottle. Yes there is, a big one. Funny, at my lowest in Los Angeles, there was still a way out, coming back to England. In England, for the last decade, there was always a way out, my return to Canada. Today Canada no longer exists in my mind, that's no way out. Back in London and being miserable, I guess there's only one solution, that famous bottle of methadone. And there's no other day better than Sunday for that, because by the end of the week that bottle will be emptied, to be replenish next Saturday by Stephen who desperately needs it to survive. Well, his salvation will soon become the end of my existence. Because as soon as I lose faith in Anna Maria, then there is no more reason for me to exist. And tonight I have reached rock bottom, I sincerely don't believe that this is the book that will save me. I have way too much experience at this, every single book I have ever written has been a disaster. I simply cannot imagine Anna Maria saving my soul, I'm dreaming. I've got to be realistic here, even Harry Potter would never have seen the light of day if someone at Bloomsbury did not decided to take a risk, on a book which has been refused by every single publisher in England. And this is how thin the frontier is between total and utter failure, and complete success, which will make the author richer than the Queen herself. Luck, in the end, this is all there is. And I'm not lucky, I can tell you that much.

Well, tonight there are only two avenues for me. I am prepared to kill myself, drinking a whole big bottle of methadone, or, put what I have of Anna Maria online on my website, and hope for the best. This is a shit idea. I'm ready to die. Putting Anna Maria online will have no impact whatsoever, at least for a few years, until I see all my ideas, once again, all over the TV, without anyone contacting me to work on it, all stolen, from the first idea to the last one, because no one out there seem capable to have one single original idea. Shame, shame on all of them, for stealing so blindly, me, of all people, who never got anything from all the work I have ever done, all that imagination gone to waste. Now you can understand why I feel this world needs to be eradicated from this universe. It all become clear, isn't it? I'm out of my mind, yes I am, what do you expect, Scottish Whisky. Time to die, it was a horrible existence, no thanks for the nightmare that was. You deserve to die as much as I. Goodbye, Adieu! Forever. That's it, the end, The End. Where is the rest of that bottle of whisky? Should I pour a little bit of Methadone in it, at least, to find out what I'm missing? Stephen told me that even a few drops would have quite an impact on me. I've got nothing to lose anymore. I have nothing to lose.

If I decide to end it tonight, perhaps you would like to know the drug that has brought it in. The Edradour, Est. 1825. The smallest distillery in Scotland, Single Highland Malt Scotch Whisky. Glenforres-Glenlivet Distillery Co. Ltd. Edradour Distillery, Pitlochry, Scotland. That is the culprit, this is the liquor which will bring my downfall. Right now, I feel, this is the best whisky in the world, and you will note that I'm not using the term Whiskey, which in that world, is quite essential. Whiskey is from Ireland, whisky is Scottish. And right now, Scotland is all that I have left. I've been there thrice, briefly, and I have been in Ireland once, briefly. Right, I have to decide, which one do I love best? I can't decide. I think I will have to vote for Scotland, as the place I would like to end up, and die. As north as it is possible to be, I don't mind snow and the cold, I'm sure they need someone speaking French out there, I should move there tomorrow morning. I would, if I were my only master, but since I am not, then perhaps I will just kill myself instead. And this is my last words to humanity: Fuck you! Fuck you all! May you kill each other greatly, and the universe will never have to ever listen to any of you ever again. I am an anarchist after all, the worst kind, as I have no agenda, no idea, no wish to save the world. I am for the complete and utter



destruction of humanity, and find out if the universe will still exist after that. As I don't it will. Because this reality is a human invention, it does not exist on its own right. I could have invented it myself, so someone else did. And I have to tell him, or her, or it, that it sucks big time. I could have come up with something much better, and now, as a result, I will end it, I will kill myself. I don't care, I don't give a shit. I come from the last place on earth anyone in their right mind, would want to come from. I have achieved nothing of any real significance, and yet, I don't give a shit. The miserable existence I have been suffering since the day I was born, was not worth any of that shite. None of it! Nothing! No! Eat it! Swallow it! Puke afterwards, I don't care! This is all bullshit, all of it! You are nothing, I am nothing, we're all nothing, we all need to die, we all need to disappear. We have never existed. We are a disease, we are but bugs that no one in this universe will even have a thought about. We are a mistake of nature, and if not, than we are worse than parasites, and most probably we are undesirable, just like how we think about body lice. That's what we are in this universe, on this planet. A good spray or shampoo would take good care of us, annihilating all of us, as at this point, we are about to kill our host, the Earth. And the Earth deserves better. Poor soul, that in all the solar system, is the only planet who suffered from a bug infestation, and will eventually die as a consequence.

And after this great debate about life and death, Aristotle and Plato, Homer and Virgil, here's reality for you, tomorrow I start a two day training brainwashing session about how great are Crown Courts in this country, and how we should behave in whatever circumstances. Just give me a gun, and I'll show you how the crown should behave. Lucky if I am still alive tomorrow morning.

30 January 2007

For the last two days I have been going to Westminster for a training session, just like in the old days. I'm glad I don't have to take the train anymore, it seems more packed than ever before, and I almost had a heart attack when the ticket master asked me for £9 for a travel card. £9? This is double the amount of what it was 10 years ago. Same thing for the Evening Standard, it used to be 25p., now it is 50p. Many other things appear now to have doubled, like the congestion charge for example which was £5 a day, it is now £8 and will be £10 in a month's time. So, in effect, since my arrival in England, you could almost say that everything has doubled in price, in one decade. This means an inflation of 100%, or 10% a year. I have certainly not seen any increase like that in any salary, and so the people of England are becoming poorer by the day. Now I have two excellent reasons not to work in Central London, first I hate taking the train and be squeezed to death everyday, second, I simply cannot afford it.

Funny how the DCA, Department for Constitutional Affairs, is trying hard to convince us they are helping the civil servants so much, through a myriad of networks and other helpful sub-organisation within the department. Well, I think these have been created out of necessity by employees, because civil servants working for the DCA must be the poorest people in the country. And those are not children out of school waiting to become lawyers or doctors, most of these employees are older people, middle-aged, without the brain to find something better or for whom money is not important and they feel this might be a less stressful life, which could not be further from the truth. I will join anyway the Rainbow Network, the gay organisation within the organisation, and we'll see what's happening there.

Tomorrow is strike day, not sure what to do about it. I'll go tomorrow morning as usual, see what's happening, and then go and do the grocery, I have not eaten anything consistent for at least a month now.

I often think of Los Angeles, remember great memories, feel bad I'm here, especially that it is on TV every day on all channels, but there were too many bad memories as well and I have accepted that I could no longer continue that career in that horrible company. And so I miss Los Angeles, but there's nothing I can do about it. I had to come back.

I miss an excellent Italian restaurant in the San Fernando Valley, the canyons, Santa Barbara, all the places Leonardo brought me to, I also miss the sun, it is very grim at the moment in London, miserable and all. I also miss the palm trees, it was really like living in a video game, a graphic adventure, as this is the only place really where I used to see palm trees. Even programmes on TV seem to hide the vegetation, so it seems that we could be anywhere else in the United States, I think they are aware that Palm Trees are far from representing most of the American States.

I hope I won't get into trouble because of the strike tomorrow, it could be what will lose me my job in the end. At the same time, if I am to have that job for many years to come, I may as well try to make it less miserable by striking, we are really underpaid. Funny, I just happened to see the offices of my union on my way to Waterloo, just after Clapham Junction. Must mean something, it is a sign. I guess it says that I will be all right.

The day is now over, I am on my way back home. Nice group of people, half of them black, the other half oldish and uneducated, most of them are certainly not racist, and racism is what we talked about all day today. We didn't talk about gays at all, probably because no one who was gay at that meeting would have admitted it in the first place. It is something to be openly gay at work, it is another to shout it on all the roofs and amongst strangers.

I spoke a lot, as usual, and the training woman asked me at lunch which court I was working at. And I said: why, am I in trouble? And she quite bluntly answered: Do you want to be in trouble? And damn right she could get me into trouble, she is part of human resources, I could easily have her there at my interview. Her and her colleague made it clear that to make sure there is no discrimination, I do not have more chance than any of the other candidates in getting the job I already have, and so now I am really afraid that I might not even get the interview. I didn't for the two other magistrates courts I applied at. So I will do my time, but ultimately I should be planning for my next move, it is clear I won't be working at the court very long. Most especially because my actual managers have no say in who gets the job.

I also learnt that if I pass the picket line tomorrow, I have to go to work. I have been told to simply not show up, because if you pay to be in a union, and if the union is fighting for your rights, then you should morally support your union and do what it is telling you to do, or else, your money is wasted because they will remain powerless. Those wise words were uttered by Tony, a charming black guy who was at the meeting, certainly the brightest mind I have met in the whole court system in England since I started. He is also a span 6, I am span 3, which means he is quite high up in the hierarchy, and I am virtually at the bottom, as I have not met any span 1 before, and span 2 or 3 is the same thing. Surprised the guy would work for the DCA, when he obviously could earn a fortune on the outside, in the private sector. Before that he worked for a job centre, so he must carefully choose to work in the public sector, perhaps he is very intelligent after all, he knows the private sector is hell and unsustainable. And he's got the solution, by being ambitious, he is now quite high up within the DCA, and probably earns £40,000, more than I ever got in England.

Something amazing happened at that microcosm representing the whole of DCA around the region. It is that many of the people there physically looked like others working at my Crown Court. Others had the exact same problems I had, like having only one pen, always losing it, and get myself into trouble by asking for a new pen and having to sort of go through this mental exercise of: what, you have lost your pen again, what have you done with it?

Or temps who don't do anything, it seems quite common, and a myriad of other situations with our managers. I even had my own double there, a white man who tried very hard to get a job at the Court, only succeeded in becoming casual, is also an AO, Administrative Officer, and has now to go through another full scale interview with the board, to get the job he already has. He faces the same as me, and this simply prolongs our probation, because it will be six months plus all the time we would have worked as casual. So it may be another year before I am permanent and safe. Up until then, they can get rid of me quite easily and I have absolutely no rights, which makes paying the union a stupid idea.

My man also had to go through the same problems as me, learning what to say to all those enquiries on the phone and at the counter, no training whatsoever, having to learn this Crest software which is older than any of us and which is so complicated, that it is not possible to get to learn it without a professional trainer, has no one else has got the patience to teach us. He told me of situation which were identical to mine, and so you can see how even though we believe we are unique, we are far from being unique. It explains why statistics can be so accurate, we are all the same and living the exact same experiences. And I feel this thought is depressing. Finding out about this during a meeting about diversity is quite ironic, as there is no diversity in this world. I bet there were a few gay in the closet there and I'm sure they're all going through the same stuff as me. A few must also be AOs.

I am now back home, I received a message from a certain Anna in France who said she wanted to speak to me and she wants me to call her back. Is this finally the phone call I have waited for all my life which will deliver me from my salve's life? She said that she wanted to speak to me because of my knowledge of London, so ultimately I guess not, however, a phone call is much more serious than a letter or an email which ultimately I might never receive, since spam is very good these days in preventing me from reading important emails. I will call her in a few minutes, and find out.

31 January 2007

I don't understand how I was ushered in the office so quickly when I was so determined to go on strike. Got up, spoke to Stephen, who called his mom who was my reference to get the job, went to the office to see what was happening, had a word with the top manager, and he simply pushed me in without even listening to what I had to say, as if he thought I was trying to get in despite the people on strike. So I spent the whole day there with little staff, and I was the only one answering the phone. It has been a real nightmare. I wish now I had stay in bed.

At least I had the opportunity to get to know the newbie, who took the place I wanted in the office, and I need to find out tomorrow if there is a reason if I didn't get to sit where the girl who left used to sit. Perhaps I already have plenty of enemies in there, and I don't even realise it. I am also the hardest working one, and that I am sure of. And again, this is not good reason enough to keep me there, I think they will try hard to get rid of me, all that because I said once one

sentence in the defence of a Pakistani there, who turns out to be the only Muslim in the whole building, amongst a whole bunch of Indian Sikhs who appear to have taken power of the Crown Court.

The Muslim guy told me today how much he suffers from racism and how they have been ostracising him for many years now. And since the British Government has declared war on the Muslim countries, being racist against them right now is almost the new policy of the DCA. Great training yesterday about equality and diversity, and the very next day I come back to a bloodbath of racism from virtually all the Managers in the Crown Court. And of course, ignorant as I am, not understanding the distinctions between Indians, Pakistanis, Sikhs and Muslims, I only saw one human being being picked on for no apparent reason, and I went to save him, however what is going to happen is that I will sink and will be kicked out in no time, whilst he'll probably still be there in years to come.

I can only come to the conclusion that the only way to survive in this world is to always shut your mouth and do your job, because if you do not shut your mouth, no matter how hard you work, they will get rid of you.

Which brings me to the three newbies, one has been there for three weeks now, but she's so stupid that she knows as much as the two others who started on Monday. They are extremely slow motion, they are doing nothing all day, and they don't show any sort of potential or energy which could indicate that once they pick up the job, they will be motivated and faster. It is so exasperating, I felt many times like kicking them in the butt today to get them into gear, because what they don't do, I have to do. However, this display of extreme incompetence will help me no end, because beside these morons, surely they will realise how good I am at my job. If only, I know now they will choose to be blind.

I have also learnt today that officially the Scottish guy is gay and has a long time partner. He is also openly gay at work, but of course, openly gay means he mentioned it once years ago, and since then it has been a taboo subject that has never been talked about again. And so I feel I will need to declare myself gay rapidly in order to get back in favours with the Scottish guy, because right now he is most certainly trying to get rid of me, I also feel that it is unlikely that he will still want to save me once he learns that I'm gay as you cannot expect sympathy or help from other gay people, they don't feel that way from my experience, they won't help you just because you're gay, quite the contrary, often you will be seen as a threat.

I have also been told that they hate my Line Manager, the one I was praising yesterday or the day before, that he should be Prime Minister because he was the only great Manager I ever had in my entire life. They probably hate him for the very reason I believe he is the greatest manager ever. They must have tried to get rid of him, but I guess after so many years it is not easy. Maybe they just learnt to live with him. Or there is much more going on which I am unaware of, and I might find out more on Friday when I'm going for a beer with them.

So, all in all, I prevented leaving them a bad taste by not showing today, and I got some brownie points for helping in a time of crisis, and I learnt a lot more about what's going on there. When I left, the Muslim said that he would drop me off home, and I declined because I said I really lived around the corner, now I regret as it is obvious he wanted to tell me more about what he is going through. He is writing down everything they do against him and I guess once he is really stuck in his corner, with nowhere else to go, he will make his stand and who knows, perhaps destroy them all. I hope so for him, as for me, perhaps it is good if I declined, because if they see me plotting with him, I will definitely never

become permanent, and what help will I be to him then? I'm not ready yet to go on crusade to save the Muslim of the office, but I can see that one day I might have to, because if he ever needs a witness in any tribunal, I will certainly not let him down, and I don't care losing my job over justice and rights, as I hate bullies, and I hate racism. And in this day and age, how dare they act like that? Especially in a Crown Court environment?

2 February 2007

Tonight was my big night out with people from work. I was supposed to hear all the gossips, who hate who and why, and the side I should fall under to insure my future or annihilate it forever. Unfortunately, I could barely hear anyone down that Thai Pub, and hence I sort of heard them bitch all night about everyone, but I still have no clue about whom they were bitching about.

All I know is that I thought this was a rough pub, and as a gay guy myself, I was quite frighten when I got in. First person I saw was the Manager bitch who hired me, I was quite embarrassed to sit next to her, but not as much as her. It seems she can get friendly with all the gays in the place, but as I am still in the closet, that door is shut to me. I was explicitly told by my mother in law to not tell anyone that I was gay no later than yesterday, she was my reference to get the job there, you see, so I had to respect that. In the meantime, everything is crumbling down to dust around me, and I feel that it would be much safer for me to tell them all that I'm gay. It would instantly get me the favour of the two main managers there, the first one being gay, the second one being a fag hag. And now I think the Chinese guy must also be gay, the bitch white trash woman from another court who's left now, but was there tonight, hinted at it, and he told her to shut up. So I guess that is it then. And I thought the Chintok was straight, because even though he still retains some sort of self respect, being from Hong Kong, slim and well dressed and all, he still comes to work with dirty shirts and un-popped zits. That says it all, how could he be gay then? So I don't know what to think about him, except that he is good friend with the Indian Manager, and that could only be achievable if you were gay, like the Scottish guy.

I tried, I tried so hard, to get them on my side, it was an utter failure. Even after everyone had left, I remain with the old Indian man, trying to sympathise with him, telling him he was my role model, and he really is since he is not afraid of anything or anyone, but I failed. I guess it might have something to do with the fact that I ignore him all day at work, because he is an old fart, and has no patience, and this could easily become ugly. I realise now that I have the same problem with the other Pakistani guy, he has no patience at all when training me, and it takes all my energy to remain calm under pressure. What's wrong with them, I have all the patience in the world when comes the time to train the newbies, I actually enjoy it, and I do understand that they will have forgotten everything I told them 5 minutes later, because this is all human beings are, we are useless at everything. Except me, of course, because I write a novel every time anyone teach me something, so I never forget, and then I become a master at what I do. It explains why the newbies are totally useless, and that you need to tell them what to do every five minutes, without losing patience. And apparently I'm the only one there capable of understanding this. For God's sake, the two Indian guys lose patience with me when I don't know something I was never told about, can you imagine how they would react if they had to remind me something they had already trained me about? And yet, the newbies never even took notes when they were trained, and as a result, they're so lost about the most basic thing, and yet, those bastards don't seem to mind about them and that for some reason. I'm the best employee they ever got, in perhaps five decades, and yet, they lose patience with me. I was expecting fireworks about

the newbies and their total lack of understanding, and yet, they are fine just as they are. Fuck off then, I don't give a shit about these fucking people. They can all die in hell as far as I'm concerned.

At least one person has noticed how great I am, the top manager of the place, would you believe. Perhaps because he is the only one without any sort of prejudice to start up with. He made sure today that my application forms for me to become permanent were sent, as today was the deadline, and without him, my forms would never have been sent to London. Not sure if it is because the Scottish Queen didn't want to send them, or if he is too incompetent to send them in the first place, but without the top manager, I know I would no longer be working there within a month. That's how serious this is. And all they would have got then, is a bunch of newbies who don't care about the job, doss around all day, and yet, they may still be there in a decade, and may even be manager by then, because everyone else around them would have moved on.

I'm so uptight right now, I could write 20 of my un-famous poems which have only one purpose, to annihilate humanity as revenge for the hell I suffer on a daily basis, in any work environment I have ever come across. 20, that would be a record. I hate them, I hate them all. They are far from being as bitchy against me as they were when I was in Los Angeles, but they're the same kind and they all deserve to be shot. And if I was any more instable, I would go there on Monday morning and shoot them all, because this is all I feel they deserve. And then, I would hope the planet would turn better on its axis, but it is an illusion, as everywhere I ever worked it was the same story. It is a problem with human nature, the bad gene is at their core, and there's nothing we will ever be able to do against it. But hey, this is the same gene which will bring the revolution, the civil war once the government goes too far, and we are reaching that point right now, and the explosion will be huge, I tell you. I won't be part of it, but it will be huge.

All I care about right now, is that I have been able to download a full adventure of Nancy Drew, the next best thing after Sherlock Holmes, even though she's so cheesy, I could die. But that's what I need right now, anything to help me escape reality, to help me escape them all. I don't want to have anything to do with humanity, I want to get rich and isolate myself forever. I don't want to ever again have to deal with anyone. I want to be shield from this nightmare. If I am not going to commit suicide to spare me this life, I should at the very least be able to prevent any more interactions with anyone. Everyone's a bitch on this planet. And I can't stand bitches.

Everyone's a bitch. Even my Muslim hero was ready to bitch around like no one else. He did a good job of it already, and I prevented him from going further, from getting me on his side, from telling me who the devil was. I don't care, I don't give a shit, I'm way beyond all that crap. I want a world where everyone's happy, where everyone talks kindness and love about everyone else. I hate pettiness and gossips and all, but I will never find peace anywhere, because none of them wants it. It is war that they seek, and it is war that they find. They only destruction after them, and I don't want any part in it. I won't go for another drink, I won't listen again to bitchiness, I will shut my big mouth and do my job. That's what I'll do. Go home, drink myself to death, and forget it all.

5 February 2007

Last night I finished my sixth short story for Anna Maria, I went to bed at 3 am. Sunday is always a good day, because I'm always in such a panic state because

of work the next day, it is highly motivating. And yet, I needed all the inspiration in the world yesterday to get into it.

I knew the next day I could easily snap at work, and that I would have to be doubly careful about my temper, but they really did everything they could to get me into such a state! I had a row with the Scottish Queen, who instead of helping me did everything he could to put the blame on my Line Manager. He gave up, as simple as that, on my application forms I had to fill to become permanent, and vaguely told me that there would be another opportunity at a later date.

How was I supposed to react? Was it not a clear attempt to undermine my career within the DCA? When he went out of his way to help the Chinese guy to get an extension until Wednesday to give his application form for the same position I am going for, because the Chinese guy could not even be bothered to fill out one form!

I filled those 90 pages forms to get interviews at two other Magistrates' Courts. I fill them again to get the casual position at Isleworth. I filled them again when the bitch in Marylebone Road sent me the wrong internal forms. And I filled them again when my Line Manager supposedly sent me the correct External ones. And what? They are still the wrong forms! I could have killed someone just at the idea that I would have to fill these damn forms again! But wait, it was even worse, they screwed up, and yet, they would not give me an extension like they did for the Chinese guy.

I was so angry, I freaked out completely in the office of the Scottish guy. I told him that if this was an attempt to get rid of me, it was working perfectly. And tot eh bitch in London I said: why should I be penalised for your own incompetence? And she was trying to get me to gobble that it was in all fairness that I had to fill the right forms and that since I had missed the deadline, I had to forget about it.

In front of such unfairness, favouritism, clear backstabbing, how should I have reacted? Just walked out the door, forget all the consequences, that's the only answer in front of such an assault. I took my calm, well, I calmed down eventually, the Top Manager sort of intervene from what I gathered, and only because I blatantly accused the Scottish guy to make sure I wouldn't become permanent. He must have been afraid I would officially complain, and then he acted.

The Scottish must also be aware that he had the forms in his email inbox for a whole week before he decided to send them to Human Resources. I reminded my Line Manager the day before the deadline to make sure they would be sent. And on the day, only the new intervention of the Top Manager, who called me aside to ask me if my forms had been sent, that finally the Scottish was ordered to send them. And then, he printed only one form out of three. And the last one, he was omitting the last two pages. The most important ones about if I had any criminal record and permission to check. That could have been enough for my application to be rejected. He must have seen then that it was the wrong application forms, and yet, he didn't say anything. And now it all bounced back as a total fiasco.

I like the way he tried to put the blame on me, after he spectacularly backstabbed his other manager. He accused of me of not telling them that I was casual, which explained why in the first place they sent me the internal forms. But I was ready for that one, I had sent an email where it was explicitly stated, and yet the woman in HR sent me the wrong forms. Only the next day, after I sweated on these forms, did she said it was incorrect, I needed to apply externally. The Scottish guy also said that I was merely like a member of the

public doing a bit of work for them, I had no status, which was why I had to fill out the external forms. And said that it was my responsibility to contact HR, get the forms, and send them to them. Not his, that he was in fact being helpful by sending them for me. Well, I contacted HR, they sent me the wrong forms, they told me to contact another number, my Line Manager stopped me and sent me his own wrong forms instead, and so I was left in the dark about where to send those forms.

I can't even tell where incompetence and backstabbing begin or end. I guess it is the fruit of both things. I cannot understand how two managers who worked in the same office for over 8 years and 15 years could not understand which form to use. I cannot understand either how two departments of HR, who their sole purpose is to send the correct application forms and recruit people, all year long, could be so lost at sending the right forms to one of their own employee. And once the whole disaster came to light, I cannot believe how quickly all of them were quick in blaming each other or myself for their own blunder, and how inflexible they were at finding a solution or helping me.

This tells you a lot about the Department of Constitutional Affairs and Crown Courts in England. I felt like a criminal who was awaiting his judgement and sentence, and that because none of them could be bothered to send me the right form, I'll be going to prison for 20 years. Really frightening, I sincerely hope I will never have to deal with the justice system, as I would be guaranteed unfairness and major screw ups.

And now I have until Thursday to fill these fucking forms again, and we all know it is totally useless. First there is only one position available, the Chinese guy will get it. Second, after my speech to just about every single employee of the Human Resources departments in London, and after my burst into my Manager's office, there is only one possibility about my future in this organisation, down the drain.

Shit, I could have finished my novel this week, instead, I'll be wasting my time for another three days. And tonight I'm too tired, after the day I had, I need an early night. And what kills me most, is that this story is far from over. When my Line Manager will be back from holiday next week, they will use this as proof of his incompetence in order to try to get rid of him. And yet, they are all accomplices in this disaster, and equally all responsible. If anything, if one of their own Line Managers doesn't know which forms to give out, when his own name is there in the ad for people to contact in needs of information, well it is their own fault. They should train them better, or take that responsibility away from them.

The DCA is in great need of establishing clear procedures and to train their staff about it. Because the DCA is an inflexible organisation at the top, and yet, no one knows anything about anything, and so, no one can respect any of its very rigid procedural system. It is one thing to ask the Moon from its staff, it is another to give them the means in order to make sure they can deliver. Or else, you're flying blind and you're inviting disaster.

7 February 2007

I have finally finished filling the last application forms. I sent them to the woman in Marylebone, and I spoke to her today to make sure they were the right forms. She was in a bad mood, and told me that anyway I was unlikely to get the position, since there are at least 1,000 people applying for this miserable position in the Crown Court around the corner. Plus, I have alienated everyone in both HR departments of the DCA. And my Scottish Manager hates me now, I successfully



alienated him and his new replacement, the woman in Listing who is moving to become our boss soon.

So I am really discouraged tonight, and I guess there is only one thing I should do, laugh about it, I have no future at the Department of Constitutional Affairs, and so there's no point fighting anymore. I'll go to the interview if I get one, and I will simply put it at the back of my mind. They could potentially keep me there for a year as a casual, and so I accept that this will be my deadline before I need to find a new job. It is quite possible that the end of my contract will come at the end of this month, or in three months time, but I'll have to deal with this when it happens. I'm sure none of them will make any effort to keep me there, my attitude is so bad now, I can't even stand myself. So I guess they have alienated me too. I'm the one who works the hardest in there, but we all know that this counts for nothing. I'm sure they are much happier with Charles, who is always late, leaves 30 minutes before his time, and do nothing all day. At least, he never says anything. He is a casual too, I wouldn't be surprised if he becomes permanent before I do.

I didn't lie anymore on my CV, well, I still gave them the wrong job titles I had in the past, and I haven't told them about my career in television, but I said I had six published books and in my examples I sort of made it clear that I was responsible for these conferences. No need to dumb down my CV, they feel that only someone with the highest qualifications deserves the job, even though it is one of the crapiest you can find on the market. They pay only £14,900 a year, and yet you would think I was applying for a job that pays £70,000 a year. The guy in the pub that I have met, who used to work there, moved to a solicitor's firm, and tripled his salary. If I was not on an IVA programme towards reimbursing my creditors for my debts, I would never even consider this job. Which reminds me that I have another form to fill tonight about that, and I'm getting really tired about the bureaucracy of this world. And I haven't even gone around to fill out my application form to become a British Citizen, which is another one of my priorities. I need to write to my solicitor about that.

9 February 2007

This was the week from hell, and it all ended up on Friday with the news that I had to declare bankruptcy! Anna Maria, simply put, has bankrupted me. Because that novel is made up of all the great ideas I had over the years for films and television series, and when I took at least three years off in the last few years to write, that is what I was working on. So now there is only one solution to my problem, Anna Maria bankrupted me? It now needs to make me one of the richest on the planet. A successful series of books on the subject would help, but selling the rights to a television series is my real goal. Leonardo the psychic man has already foreseen that John Cleese would be my Duke of Connaught, but please! I don't care for Cleese. Of course I wouldn't say no. I just fear that the whole sensual chemistry between Anna and Arthur might go out the window, but you never know until you see it on the screen. I should be depressed right now, especially that all I have done in the last few says was to download PC games about Nancy Drew, but I'm listening to Depeche Mode Remixes right now, and there's nothing Depeche Mode cannot cure in my case. It puts everything back into perspective, it helps me escape this reality. I should be electrified enough to write the last short story of Anna Maria tonight, The Box, even though there could be an eighth one now, Kill the Prime Minister. Not sure yet, I'll have to come up with a much better story, and that one should come before The Box. So that's the one I should write tonight. We'll see.

The fat British woman with the most annoying voice on the planet is moving from the List Office to the General Office. And we're losing the Chinese Guy who decided that his life wasn't stressful enough. Apparently the List Office is the worst, but I don't believe it. Only one person in the list office really works, the others just pretend. I don't foresee clashing with her, but it could happen. She inherited the Legal Aid transfers, and I believe it was just too much for her. She thinks she can start anew in the General Office, what a fool! After her firsts NTT files, NG and T forms, and countless Grad Fees, she will scream to go back to the List office. I have over 15,000 grad fees on my desk, waiting to be paid, Junior Advocates who charge a fortune for virtually doing nothing, and it sickens me to death.

At the beginning of the week I was thinking that we needed to move the Scottish Man to the list office by force if necessary, because he is a right bastard, and only wishes to prevent anything from happening. IF he can refuse anything, like for example Legal Aid, he will. He won't only if he cannot find a reason, and by a reason I mean anything, like bird shit on the form would do. He is the king of bureaucracy, because we all know that in the end, even if he can pause it for three months, these people will get Legal Aid. At the end of the week however, I think like he does. I want to say NO to everyone, because I'm tired of it, of seeing how this whole charade has gone too far, and that the most single little act, which is not a crime in the end, ends up clogging up the whole system and costing the taxpayers billions of pounds every year.

A poor man was fucked today on the phone, could not get a job at the airport because of his criminal record. Death threat it read on his file. And all he did was probably tell a fucker I will kill you where you stand, probably something he heard on Star Trek, right from the mouth of a Klingon, and he never believed it for a minute, neither the victim I'm sure, and then this case had gone to the Crown Court, via the Magistrate's Court, and is now going into the Court of Appeals. At least half a million pound will have been spent on that petty case at the end of it, destroying a few lives in the process. No more great career at the airport, that's for sure! You're fucked mate, you shouldn't have been watching Star Trek. For that matter, I have made so many death threats myself in all those books I have written, I am ready for the Old Bailey. My case will certainly cost the taxpayers a million pounds. Because it will definitely reach the Supreme Court, if there is still such a thing. Bomb letters. I've read about those yesterday. It inspires me already.

There you are, It is now 1h31 am on a Friday night in February, Letter Bombs inspired me two pages of the now official seventh short story of Anna Maria, about Kill that Prime Minister. I guess I have to get dirty. However I'm trashed. Completely drunk on Port, and I only wrote two pages, which translates into 5 pages in published terms. I hope I can continue that story tomorrow, and finish it sometime this week. I still have the mega last story to write, God knows when I will write that one now. I'm not even sure yet of what will happen in the one I'm writing now. I guess I'll find out as I write it, just like I did for the Sidmouth one. Turned out okay, but I can't stop thinking it would have turned out better if I had planned it a bit more. But sitting down here one night and writing a whole short story about Anna Maria, is what I hope to be able to achieve in the future, and that means improvising as I go along. I want it to be like if I could sit down here tonight, and come up with a great single for the charts. Five minutes, that's all, one night required to come up with a success. That's what Anna Maria will be about in the future, the subsequent tomes. I just came up with a big fight between Anna and the Duke, and I feel great, because that's what's happening in my life on a daily basis, with Stephen, and it seems normal to me that Anna and Arthur would have the same problems. The Duke is Stephen now, anyway, and I

guess I am Anna, even though Anna is Leonardo in Los Angeles. So who am I in there? The narrator I guess, since both characters are my lover and secret lover.

12 February 2007

I've been sick like a dog all weekend, and yet I managed to write the seventh short story about the Library from the future. And suddenly I couldn't sleep because I was too sick, and could write anymore because I couldn't concentrate, so I read about what happened to the celebrities who were in Big Brother. I was shocked, so shocked in fact that I believe I have no more choice now but to censure myself all around. They are all being investigated by the British Police, and if I can believe the alarmist newspapers, something like five of them are facing racist charges and could go to prison up to seven years. Even Dirk Benedict is being investigated for saying that the Indians were taking over England. And Jermaine Jackson, for reporting the words of another about the girls being White Trash. What does that tells me? That I have a few of my poems who could quickly get me into prison, and that the new character I have just introduced in Anna Maria, my Indian superwoman, who hates the Duke of Connaught, might become suddenly white, just like Michael Jackson. Because if I have my hero fighting an Indian, then it will be misconstrued as racism. If she's white, it will simply be a personality clash. I could also turn all their fights into a one way argument, the Indian protective of Anna, attacking the Duke, and he ignores her. Big decision, but I need to make it quick. The thing is, I need some multiculturalism, and the Scottish boy won't do, because he is still white. On that topic, I wanted my anti-hero to be anti Devolution, and almost show that he wants to keep Ireland at any cost. Surely there are some almighty powerful people within the British government who thinks like that, or else the problems in Ireland would have been solved decades ago. And so it would be logical that my Duke would be of that sort. But now, no way, I'll delete all that, I guess in the end I will have to turn him into a nice teddy bear, or I'll risk alienating everyone.

19 February 2007

Tomorrow at work will mark a new era for my little adventure in the Crown Court. They know I'm gay, two of them so far, and I take it that it will take less than a minute tomorrow morning to go all around the 8 criminal courts.

I went for a beer again last Friday, the first time with my Line Manager, I thought it was important to get the gossip from him, and my gosh, I certainly got that. The price to pay was to answer their first question which was burning their lips: are you gay! How could have I denied it? My best friend on my application form didn't fool anyone, the one bedroom flat I'm living in with my best friend didn't fool anyone, and apparently I've been giving myself away in the office, acting like a queen on some occasions. Denying it any further would have been stupid, but a grey area came up, I did marry to remain here, and if I get real enemies in there, they have a first class weapon against me. I know I can justify this quite easily, 15 years ago in England immigration laws for gays were simply from the dark ages, but would I ever even get the chance to explain myself when they come to export me back to Canada? In those days applying successfully for a visa whilst living with your partner was a ten years process for which we all knew the answer would be no in the end, and for ten years you and your partner was stuck in the country because they had your passport. Unacceptable, impossible, they were asking me to break the law, and I sure did. Perhaps one and the only illegal thing I have ever did, and yes, it will haunt me forever. The fact that all the laws have changed since then in my favour, proves that I was right to break the law, because it was an unjust and unfair law. And you cannot ask from any citizen to respect laws that are unfair and unjust. This is my argument to justify not

respecting the laws when it comes to Terrorist Acts and so forth. God, I'm really asking to go to prison, am I?

So, for the price I paid, I got to know that my Line Manager has a serious addiction to Cocaine, and one day was forced to admit it to the Scottish Guy and the other Indian Manager from the Clerks. Since then they appear to have done nothing against him, might have something to do with the fact that the Scottish Boy had a serious addiction with hash and marihuana, and even was the drug provider to my Line Manager. He apparently stopped now for health reasons, but somehow I don't believe it, and cocaine must also be a little problem my Manager is dealing with. My Line Manager tried to convince me that he had been clean for a long time, and when he stated six weeks, both the Chinese Guy and I burst into laughing, and for a second there I thought we would never stop. The famous day we were on strike, my Line Manager was lying dead somewhere, drugged to full capacity on cocaine. He took so much of it in the last few years, he said he has or had a hole in between his two nostrils. Heek! This is monster stuff, quite an horror story.

I never had a manager before who would admit so openly to be a hard drug addict. I asked him why he told me, and he said he trusted me. I wonder why, I certainly never gave him any hint that I could be trusted. Simply put, everyone knows, and it is useless to deny it, just like my big secret now in the open.

It is hard to remember everything from that night, I drank so much, I puked for half an hour upon my return. Just like two weeks ago when I went out with them. I guess I'm not supporting alcohol as well as I used to. Since my return to England, it has been a night here and there, but rarely more than once a week, or even once every two weeks. A few pints make me puke all over the place now. I remember thought that aids was mentioned, something like my boyfriend had aids, and I remember denying it feebly, when I should have overacted about that, and shouted that neither my boyfriend nor I had aids. If anything, aids now appears to be related to hard drugs only, and not HIV, and so my Line Manager is much more at risk than I ever was. I should have turned the table on him and asked him if he had aids, and when was the last time he had a check up.

Well, now I understand what he means when he talks about his wonderful fat and ugly wife, and how he needs to grow up to save his marriage, a marriage that he would gladly cancel if he could, and he was not shy either on telling me that he would never be faithful to her, and good for him, as he is very good looking, and she forced him into that wedding, first because she's fat and will never get another chance, second because she's Australian and needed a visa, turning this marriage into a prison sentence. There should be laws against that (I said to myself, with irony).

I'm not really worried about going back to work as a gay man, if anything they should have known on day one. It might cost me the friendship of a few people there, including my Muslim friend, my only ally so far in that court. Let's see how this little detail, the one that I'm homosexual, will affect him. I'll tell you afterwards how great it is to be Muslim or not, or how modern he is. I won't fail to ask him what he will do if one of his six kids turns out to be gay, I need to know, and I need to guide him. If the population is at least 10% gay, then 5 kids might very well have given him one. 50% chances that it is so. Might be the end of the world for him, one lost one amongst the pack, and most likely the one to be the most successful of them all, either as a consequence of the hell he will bring upon himself or herself, or simply because gay people seem to be more intelligent and clued up in this world. This is a verifiable fact, so please, do your research.

Why have I not told them I was gay until now? Good question. I supposed I sort of played a game with them. I told them nothing about me, I had to play it down because I was way too qualified for this job, even though I know now that I will never be qualified enough, out of the 1000 who applied for my job. Apparently the Top Manager of the place said that my CV, the one of the Chinese guy and another girl who used to work there were the best CVs they have received. And so this confirmed what I thought, I'm too qualified, and this is why I never got any answers from all those types of job I applied for in the past. Anyway, if I was not going to tell them anything about me, then the gay thing was also out of the question. Also because my mother in law ordered me not to say anything, and she works there one day a week, and was my referee to get that job there, even though they have not contacted her. So even the Court forego contacting your references, interesting. Who knows, I could be some sort of anarchist planning the downfall of the whole Justice system in England, by, I don't know, writing a book upon the subject from my own experience? You wouldn't want that kind of anarchist in your ranks, would you? Anyway, none of my referees would have warned them about that unlikely possibility, or else, they wouldn't be on my list of referees, stuuupid.

Wonderful, both my Managers are drug addicts, both of them even have drugs with the intent to supply, and did to employees of the Crown Court. Because my Line Manager has admitted having sold drugs to the new recruit we have, Charles, the cute and not so pure British kid working for us now. I've got them over a barrel. Not sure what I could do with that kind of information, except for telling it here in this book. Everyday we are dealing with drug addicts as defendants in our courts, most of them with the intent to supply, and the ones processing them, and sending them to prison for years to come, are guilty of the exact same crime. So I guess you're only off the hook for as long as you don't get caught. And that the problem is so generalised, that the hypocrite system we're living in sends to prison people for crimes they are themselves guilty of. And it becomes a game of cat and mouse in order to avoid being caught. You might as well legalise the damn thing then, since it is obvious that everyone is guilty of it, drugs, and so we could save billions of pounds and unclog the justice and prison systems overnight by legalising it. However, it is not my duty to speak about legalising drug, I'm only concerned as far as my own boyfriend is an addict, so I am indirectly concerned. I will wait for my boyfriend to be arrested and going to prison to freak out about it, for now, it is a game of cat and mouse.

22 February 2007

I am literally sinking under the grad fees. I have now seven huge binders on my desk of claims to pay, for which I will have to find the folders, check if they have already been paid, and if not enter them into the computer. Each file now has something like 25 claims on them, and I need to sort all this out for each of them. Every time I sit down to deal with one, the phone starts ringing and no one in the office answers it. There is always someone either in the clerk's office or the Chinese guy preventing me from entering anymore claims, because they don't have the time to deal with them and they don't want piles and piles of folders on their desk. This is a war I'm losing. And now, today, the very man who was responsible for the claims and did nothing about them for months, getting us where we are now, had the audacity of stating I was incompetent and that the situation had never been that bad. The old Indian guy, I could have strangled him today.

There is one woman in the City who calls me every two days to ask me about a few claims, and she always asks for one in particular, and every time I try to be

helpful and the answer I get is that there are discrepancies and that we're dealing with it. It was obvious this was not going to do for long, and today she called, and every single claim she mentioned I was able to find the file for once, and see that she was right. There were a bunch of claims that were 3, 4 and 5 months old. I was only able to find the files because I order the files to be audited, over the head of my Line Manager who explicitly said no because he thought it was a waste of time. So many people are looking for files everyday that they cannot find, so many hours were being wasted, I took it upon me to get organised. Now I can always find a file instantly, and that is what I call a sudden improvement. Especially that today I found so many old claims. Of course it didn't go well with that woman, especially when she asked again for that full of discrepancies file that we were supposedly dealing with, which I'm sure, we were not. She had enough, she freaked out and called the top manager of the court. The cascade effect was instant, many crisis meetings were organised, and now everyone feels that grad fees are a priority. And in all of this, I obviously take the blame, because I'm in charge of Grad Fees, which is ridiculous when you think about it. I know next to nothing about grad fees, I can't make any decision about any of them, they never pass because they are filled with errors, and I cannot find out why they don't pass or how to correct it. Finally, when a claim is rejected, discontinued or cancelled, which is all the time, no one takes the bother to tell the counsels, and no one takes the bother to write down in the fill why. And so, I feel so powerless! Between trying to help the counsels, the solicitors, get rid of these grad fees for which I can do nothing, and can't even enter them into the computer because no one had the time to process any of them. And then when the shit hits the fan, they all point at me: well, you're in charge of grad fees, what have you been doing? Which can only bring one emotion in my heart, a desire to kill. So I didn't have a good day today.

On top of it, it has been a few days since I worked on Anna Maria. I have been bogged down on downloading stuff and making space on my numerous hard drives. I am really not proud with myself. Tonight I should get back to it, read what I have written so far for the seventh short story and continue it. I know I can't finish it tonight, which is no great motivation, and I'm not sure where it will go. Initially it was called Kill that President, and that seem acceptable. But now it is called Kill that Prime Minister, and England is such a police State and rapidly becoming a Nazi State, that I decided to change the title. Which now makes me want to change the whole story. I also cannot alienate the good people from England, as they will be my readers, and I'm sure they won't like hearing that their Prime Minister is corrupt, even though it is of course all fiction. I don't know shit about the actual Prime Minister, all I know is that he sleeps with the American President and together they have started a few questionable wars. Big deal, God knows what they know that I don't, assuming this is not just for petrol that these wars are being fought. And yet, I have no data either way, and I'm certainly not going to talk about that directly. Fiction is fiction and should remain entertainment. And should not look outdated by the time it is published, if ever, in about a hundred years after I'm long dead.

I am filled with energy tonight. I am drinking my second extra large can of beer, I remember all those nights in Los Angeles in my little studio, where I used to drink myself to death, watch videos and write all night long, just to be a zombie the next day at work. I miss that, and I never thought I would, as it did seem like a nightmare at the time.

Spoke with my great Scottish author friend recently, I gave her the name of Shirley before, she hates it, so not sure how to call her now. She has kind of discouraged me, I think she wrote two novels and half a biography since I last spoke to her. She's like a writing machine, and she's the most literary person and

author I have ever met, she writes like a student from Oxford, as she was. She also has an agent, the very one I intend to contact once I finish Anna Maria. Considering that despite having an agent, none of her books have been published, when I know for sure they are top notch literary stuff, is even more discouraging. With my half bake English, as a second language, what chance do I have? This is an issue I have been putting at the back of my mind for quite a while. What if my English is inadequate? Shirley says not to worry, an editor will take care of it, and rewrite my book. But get an agent or a publisher to accept such a book before that editing has been done, and the only person I know who could edit it, is Shirley. And I guess she's not prepared to do so unless I pay her, like I did for her to translate my Anarchist. And I have no more money, and not to be expected until I get publish and become famous. So it is a catch 22, and I may still be wasting my time. No wonder I have put that at the back of my mind. I suppose I could always translate Anna Maria into French. But even though it will take me three months to write the book, translating it might take me two years. It is worse than starting from scratch. And so I don't think this is a solution. Also that the target market is so obviously Great Britain, I cannot imagine that French people would be interested in these British stories.

I'm listening to Muse right now, and that is powerful stuff. I wished my books could have the same impact on anyone reading them. I wish I could produce that kind of stuff. Violent, heavy, exploding in your face. Something you could turn to maximum and get transported by. My poetry is the only thing I have which can be as violent and powerful, and yet, you would need to listen to Muse to appreciate it. I did on Sunday, I was almost singing my words. I was dead the next day at work, going to bed at 4 am, but it was worth it. This is how je m'éclate, and God knows I need to m'éclater.

It is only 19h27, I have already drank two beers, I feel the night will be a long one indeed, and yet, I'm not sure in which area I will be creative tonight, as I know and feel like I will be. I need to. Perhaps I should start a new poetry book, somehow I was quite certain that three poetry books ago I would never write another one, and felt for sure that the last one was to be my last one. I cannot read the future you see, I have no idea if any of it will ever be popular one day, and so I felt it was useless to continue to write them. It is the first time for a long time that I am not writing inspired work, and so I feel a bit lost, cos it is a need to write that kind of stuff after all. And so I think I should start a new book tonight.

I'm now listening to Diana Ross, perhaps I feel closer to death than I initially assumed. I need new music, anything, I can't go any longer listening to the same old crap. What could that new book be about? Usually it should have the same name than the diary that goes with it, but in this case, how could poetry about a Crown Court could be any good? Especially about my last one about Los Angeles, which I thought I could never ever beat in terms of being cool and interesting.

Is it time to talk about my theories that the context, the characters make no difference, it is all I the content? And how fascinating and gripping the story is? Right, a Crown Court. How gripping could that be? Even this present book, this present blog, I feel, should be deleted. I never even once thought, oh, I need to write that book. It was more like when the need was arising.

Right, so what should I do now? Amazing that it is in a few minutes that the decision to start a new book arises, that at that very moment in time you could decide to go for it and start it, and then usually you finish it. But if you don't start it at that specific moment in time, that is a book that will never see the light of day. And God only knows how successful that book could ever be, after you're

dead off course. And so, I guess these are no criteria to decide a book or not, you can only rely on your own motivation and inspiration. That book I would start wouldn't be the greatest thing ever, could never top any of the other ones I have written before, and so now I know why I never made a conscious decision to start it before.

There you are, I won't be started a new book tonight for three reasons. First I talked with Madjid, over the Net, a good friend of mine with whom I may once more one day work on some 3D animated stuff. And so I have lost my train of thought. Second my computer has gone into slow motion, I would need to re-start it and since I'm already downloading a lot, I don't want to restart it. And third, I'm too drunk, and I'm about to eat a vegetarian Shepherd's Pie. Amazing how a few details can alter the course of history. Fourth, the parrot is out of control and I now have the Murmy (my favourite cat), sleeping on my keyboard. That is all I need to stop motivating me. Perhaps I could have an early night tonight and have a normal Friday tomorrow at work instead of the hectic day I had today where I lost patience so many times, it is getting ridiculous. I'm no longer in the mood for listening to music. No longer in the mood to write. Maybe I should watch a film, it is only 21h56 after all. Maybe I should play a Nancy Drew adventure game, but that would require re-starting the computer, something I don't want to do. Gosh, maybe I should go to sleep.

3 March 2007

There were many things I wanted to write here in the last few days and weeks. I wish I could remember now, I guess it was all bollocks if I can't remember now, but that's the thing, it wasn't, and yet, I can't remember, so screw that.

All I can remember now from that job from hell, is that I kind of enjoy it, how sad. I have thousands of invoices to process, I can only enter about 30 a day, and that's it. I find that satisfying, for some weird reason. It took only two complaints coming almost on the same day, to the top Manager, and now everyone is putting pressure on me to enter these grad fees into the system, and somehow it has put so much stress on me, I've been more stressed out in that job than I have ever been.

The only other thing I can remember is that many times in the morning, walking to work, I was thinking about Los Angeles, my life there, my great missed opportunity. Reviewing your past on a daily basis, because your present is unbearable, can only mean one thing, you're old and ready to die, and can only find comfort by remembering the past, since you're incapable of making the present a time worth living. Well, I'm sorry, but that's not me. The present will be exciting and worth living, and it is just a question of time until I get to that point. I'm still young, I can still look great if I go on a never ending diet, so what am I waiting for? Finishing that damn Anna Maria novel for one. I thought I was going to write that sort of thing until I die, I cha changed my mind. I'll finish that book, and there will be another short story now to make it to nine, but after that I need to come up with something totally new and exciting, perhaps same sort of format, I don't know. I need to get into thinking mode asap. If Anna Maria doesn't go anywhere, then I need to get onto something else that will. I am not going to be a writer only recognised once he is dead, and perhaps not even then. Things will happen soon, now, or else I'll blow up this place. Like my ex-neighbour ready to get the whole place down, with a few grenades, and missed his shot. He is free now, somewhere in Reading with mommy and daddy. Perhaps he didn't have a good enough reason to do it, I'm afraid, I do. I have no grenades though, perhaps I should ask my Line Manager for some, he was best friend with that neighbour who went bunker, surely he could get me a few grenades? I'm



only joking, because I'm bored out of my mind. And even that no longer amuses me. Don't I like to pretend that I am the little anarchist, when I'm so far from that concept, it is ridiculous. And yet, I bet I'll have to suffer for it one day, as if I have written it, then it must mean that I mean it. That alone makes me want to blow up this place. Which of course, I mean not to. This is literature for god's sake, get a grip.

This weekend I need to end that stupid short story about books from the future, get on with another if possible, I know it is not, let's concentrate on finishing the one then, at the very least. I would have already, but my stupid internal hard disk is almost dead, and that rescue mission took me the best part of the weekend.

To be honest, I no longer think tonight that Los Angeles was a missed opportunity. What did I have? But a few film script ideas? That's not good enough. An Anna Maria novel finished, that something worth being in Los Angeles for, that's something I can sell. And even then, being about England and all, and pro-Queen, and pro-Government, then I guess it is in England that it needs to be sold. But it doesn't work like that in London. You never meet anyone of significance here, the people working in films, God knows where they hide. In L.A., you do seem to meet them at every corner. So much so, that I believe that I have more chance in L.A. to get Anna Maria produced, than here in the United Kingdom. Never mind if in the end the whole team working on it will be British.

I guess I just understood something quite important. It is nothing to be expecting to get somewhere, be in the right place and all, and hope to be there at the right time. You still need something to show, and so far Anna Maria is the only thing I have in English, and the only thing worth anything. It is all hard work, and you need to do it before you even think of going there. And Anna Maria isn't enough, I'm afraid. I need at least two more of those concept ideas before going back to Los Angeles. Because I will be returning, I will die there. Well, I don't know. Until I succeed beyond any doubt at least, and then I'll move back somewhere in England in the countryside, and perhaps also the South of France, writing everyday until the day I die. That's the only life for me, I'll work on making it come true. And I'm sure that wasting my time writing about my boring daily life in a half broken British Crown Court will get me anywhere near the accomplishments of my dreams.

At the same time, this is so relative, subjective, and insignificant, because I don't crave that crap that much. It is yet another way out for me, any of them will do apparently, to lead me to the freedom of writing all day, researching, reading, writing. And now, it seems, my way out is the most extravagant of all, succeeding in Hollywood in order to finally have the life of peace I always wanted. It's got to be, because I thought getting published would finally bring me the freedom I craved, in order to write all day, and it didn't, after six published books. I received ridiculous amount of money for these published books, and so now the only way out is Los Angeles, where the money is. I'd like to say that I'm prostituting myself in order to finally write philosophy, but I guess I caught myself unaware, I like Anna Maria, I like that sort of books. Not sure if I could read it a hundred times without getting tired of it, which was my previous standard, and for which only a few of my books qualified for that, but at least it is something I can be proud of having been able to write. And it could make me rich, so great!

The books I have written which I have read many times, and could read many more times, are all my poetry, and my first two books, The Revolution and Towards the Green Fields. And those last two ones, I haven't read for years. And

my first poetry book, I find it hard to read now. Only because I read them so many times. I wrote many books I couldn't read more than three times, including these damn diaries. So, it must mean something if I have written things I could read again and again until the end of times. And yet, none of those books could end up being on TV or in Cinema, so I guess there is something to be said about literature, it still means something, it can still be a medium in its own right which can really bring someone somewhere else where music and films would fail. In a way, I'm very pleased I have written those books. Very few authors, no matter how successful they have been, could say they have written something highly inspired, and that they could read it a hundred times and still find great things about them after all that time. Writing a novel or a film script is boring, it is demanding, and you might be proud by the result, in the end, you don't want to hear about it ever again once you finish writing it. And that will be the faith of Anna Maria. I don't even want to correct it before it gets published. I have written it, and that's it. Reading it again would be too much to ask from me. I will if someone pays me to do so. I won't do it for pleasure. So basically I just admitted to be writing crap, and yet, it is my best chance yet to make money and free myself for reality, so I can finally write, I suppose, philosophy and theoretical physics and poetry, and other inspired work.

In a way, these books were very experimental, stuff no one else anywhere else throughout history has ever written. Maybe that's why I thought I would such a celebrated author from the very beginning, I was convinced I had written one of the greatest books ever written after I finished writing Towards the Green Fields, and even more so after The Revolution. The Eclectism (published I might add by some sort of miracle or twist of fate), brought me the same satisfaction. And yet, no one responded, perhaps no one even ever read them. They have been on my website for more than ten years, and yet, no one ever spoke about them in the many emails I received. And so I have to come to the conclusion that I could very well die without anyone ever reading them until the end of time. And I thought that one success would change all that, but after learning about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and the fact that anything else he has written apart from Sherlock Holmes is completely forgotten, and was never known, I now understand that these books will never go anywhere. I'm glad that they brought me so much, at the very least. And for me, from now on, the perfect reader, would be the one who know these books by heart, and will come to me one day telling me how they connected with those books. I'm not kidding myself, I might very well die before this day ever come. All right, maybe not know them by heart, but at the very least with a line that says that they connected with those obscure work of art.

I connected so much with those books, I cannot believe no one else could connect with them. I have written enough books in my life to know when something is special, and when something is not. I never changed my mind despite so many years, and so many books written, and so I must be right, these books are special. And for all I care, I can only be proud for having written those books, and if I get rich one day, that's what I'll do, write books I, myself, can only like, like reading till the end of time. Special books, inspired books. They don't come often, not sure of the ingredients or how to go about writing them, I just know I could read them forever and never tire of reading them. I need to get back to that, never mind the commercial side of this, the chance to getting published and all that crap. Inspired books are all that counts, I need to write another one. So out of this world, that no one could ever understand it but me. Maybe that's the problem, perhaps that's why these books only speak to me. Maybe that's what I'll write after Anna Maria. Got to get back to inspire books, something that means something to me. Screw the commercial and publishing world. I bet I won't even find a publisher for Anna Maria. And I admit freely now, tonight, that I will never top that ever again. That's my best attempt for a commercial book, and if it fails,

all hopes of ever be an author will fail with it. And then I guess I will be free to write forever whatever I fell like writing, as long as I have a miserable job at a Crown Court to support my miserable existence. I always felt anyway that I was writing for a different audience, the next generation after my death. Now I'm more realistic, I'm writing for myself, no one will ever read these books I have written, and somehow, it is acceptable, I don't care either way. I'll write what I feel like writing, and that's it. It's good therapy, that's perhaps more important than anything else. That I can sit here one night, be completely drunk and read my poetry until 6 am, that's a buzz that very few people can afford, it has no price tag attached to it, it is the one thing I have that kept me alive all those years, at the very least I have that.

As to why these books were so good, I was 18-19 or something when I wrote them. There's no better age. At that time I still didn't accept the social contract, in fact I still knew nothing about it, all I knew is that I needed to reject it forcefully. After that it's too late. Society gets its big grip on you and you are no longer free to think for yourself. They tried for many years before that, but until you enter the normal working life of everyday and need to take your own responsibility, you can still, and you usually do, reject everything. As this world had got it so wrong, it is the most obvious thing for any teenager. And yet, at that point, you either become a delinquent or you accept the social contract. And if somehow you reject it, you're fucked. Everyone will come on you with a ton of bricks, until you finally get the message and accept the social contract. I guess I just pretended to accept the social contract, so I spared myself the ton of bricks, and yet, I'm still a rebel, as I could never accept this world, this reality. It is clear to me that none of it makes any sense, and no logic could ever prove otherwise. I could start with the social hierarchy, the way this world is organised, but I'll quickly jumped to Planet Earth floating in the nothingness, orbiting the Sun, and the rest of the universe, which makes absolutely no sense at all, and must be hiding some higher sort of truth that we may never be privy to. That alone has been my main argument for wishing to die, because someone is playing a trick on me, and life is therefore not worth it, I won't be a rat in a lab-rat. But then, the social organisation around me, the hypocrisy of it all, that everyone's playing a game and lying through their teeth, and that everyone knows it, and yet, no one is doing anything about it, is even worse, double reason to commit suicide. And then this heartless existence where I have to work all the hours God sends for so little money that I can't even afford bread and eggs, is tripling the reasons I need to commit suicide. Topple that with an ardent desire to become an author, and that has been denied for 20 years to me, then I have four essential reasons to commit suicide.

In fact, it is a miracle if I have achieved so much despite so little means to achieve any of it. Sheer determination and motivation to see what was beyond the hill permitted all this, determination. You have to be damn determined to get anywhere in life, and if you are determined enough, and no one will stop you, because you will wipe them out of your way on your way there. And so, if any of us will ever get an answer about what this universe is all about, it will be me, no one else, because I seem to be the only one to be so determined and with that puzzling look on my face before all that unbelievable and unlikely reality. Seems more like a computer programme than anything else, written by an ignorant spotty kid in some other universe than an almighty God, to be honest, and yet, we've tried to make sense of it all, us fools! And that's The Revolution, that's what I was writing about then, at 18, I already knew. Unlike others I haven't forgotten, because I have written it down. In the most incomprehensible book perhaps, but I guess at the time it was the only way I had available to express it. And the third part of this books was inspired by the Cosmogony of the Rosicrucian, so I guess they must know something about it, about this world, how it makes no sense. They came up with their own way of seeing the world, but

that I also reject. I reject everything, all philosophies, all religions, all sciences, anything anyone ever wrote in order to explain this world. No one has the answer, and I'm afraid, that perhaps, no one could. If that is not a good reason to commit suicide, I wonder what would be. If I'm still alive today, I guess it is because I can handle it, I can live without understanding anything, and I can also easily forget about the great questions of existence whilst I go to work at the Crown Court almost everyday doing some useless admin work about the judgements of low-life criminals who probably think the same way as I do about this world. No ethic, no morality is necessary, this is all conventions. This is the jungle, you get what you want when you want, you fight for what you need, you survive. Because at this point, your basic instincts are all you can trust. Just don't get caught, so I won't have to process your case. I had enough.

We call teenagers innocent, on the contrary, I believe we are all innocents, and they are clued up, they know there's something wrong, they act accordingly, it is puzzling to us, we are the fools for being unable to understand them, and to have forgotten our own teenage years. I was far from being innocent then, I'm still no innocent now, but I certainly am more now than I was then, cos I have been brainwashed over many years against my will, and at that time I categorically refused to be brainwashed. I lasted as long as I could, without going to prison, and then I simply gave up. I thought that perhaps through my books I could still be an anarchist, a literary one I might want to add, and I hope I have succeeded at that. I guess all I have succeeded at, was to convince everyone I was an anarchist when I never really was. I might have closed many doors because of it, good, I don't care. These people must be ultimately be the ones I am fighting for, not against, because the poor souls are simply brainwashed and blind, it's not their fault. And perhaps it is still possible to save them, to make them understand that something is horribly wrong with this world, even though I couldn't even begin to explain what or where to begin. I guess we're all doomed! I suppose that deep down this is what Jean-Jacques Rousseau was trying to say. Obviously he couldn't say it in such simpler terms, but I can, since I have no reputation, credibility or career to worry about.

And when I look in the mirror, I don't like what I see. Another damn good reason to commit suicide. With so many excellent reasons, it is a miracle that I'm still alive. I can't explain it, I came close so many times. And yet, if you do hear that I have committed suicide one day, double check, it could be murder. I haven't said much in my short career, and though sometimes I feel I have not said enough, for others I have already said too much.

I have some time to waste tonight, and so I searched the Internet. At the very least I would like to be more famous than my grandfather Michel Tremblay, the most successful author Québec has ever known. It should be easy, because he doesn't appear to have been to be that international, even though he has been translated in 26 languages and is played worldwide (his plays). I bet I can top that easily.

Isn't it extraordinary that a minute before I thought I would die without ever being read, and now I feel I can surpass the greatest writer my nation haws ever produced? Well, such pretence goes a long way to motivate me to write another book, so I guess I should keep it on my side. There's nothing pleasurable about writing a book, it is painful, so better find motivations where you can.

And now I can go to bed and sleep soundly, because I found in between many references about me on the net something quite special, on the website of a small publisher in France no less, which unfortunately bears no translation. I guess this describes me perfectly, when I'm drunk:

« L'Anarchiste Couronné. Au royaume des agités du cyber-bocal, le Québécois Roland Michel Tremblay est roi. Une christ de plume, une calice d'énergie auto-productive, un tabernacle de sens du réseau ! »

"The Crowned Anarchist. In the Kingdom of the agitated of the cyber-fish bowl, the Quebecker Roland Michel Tremblay is king. A Christ of a writing hand, a fucking auto-productive energy, a fucking sense of the network!"

Now I can die.

22 March 2007

It's been 20 days since I last wrote here, this is how long it took me to recover all my data after the crash crisis of the millennium. I never before lost everything on three different hard drives all on the same day, including of course a backup of everything I had. I have successfully recovered, I believe, 100% of my data via disaster recovery software, however I have learnt something I thought I knew, one backup is never enough, those twin towers can always both fall within the same hour. You need a third one, preferably kept far away from the first two. I have also learnt that no matter what you do to delete your files and reformat your drives, data can always be recovered. That's a frightening thought.

I'm back in business, with two new 500 GB hard disks, and everything else to re-install, but I'm downloading again and I receive my emails. Just one month gone down the drain to get back to this point. Didn't write anything else in any of my books since the big crash. As usual, this was to be expected, it is March after all. March has always been my worst nightmare, terrible things always happened to me in March, and until April is over, I'm not safe.

Everything is breaking down, the car, the phone, the satellite dish, the digibox, the dvd recorder, the computers, everything. As if from the point of view of destiny, to have the most miserable salary ever was not enough, I also need to lose everything else I possess, knowing very well that I don't have the money to replace any of it, or even fix the damn things.

Mr. Barnsworth alone is responsible for a lot of my breakdowns, eating everything away with his powerful beak as if this was fun. It also takes him less than 1 second to fly somewhere and eat a cable with terrible consequences, I'm surprised the damn bird has not been electrocuted yet. He destroyed one of my external hard drive at least and the days of my only working DVD-CD recorder are counted.

What destroyed the TV, the DVD Recorder and the Satellite system and its box, must be cat pee. I went at the back of the TV tonight, I almost had a heart attack. And Stephen wanted another cat for Christmas.

What destroyed the phone, and perhaps my other hard disks, internal and external, I believe could be MI5 or some government agencies spying on me. For the last few months there have been weird trucks outside parked right in front of our door, they are there every morning, and since then our phone makes strange noises and my computer suffers weird glitches. Stephen thought, I'm sure, they might have been for him, I know they're for me. I have read some of my poems recently and thought, dear me, they must think I'm a terrorist ready to blow myself up near a government building. The thought sounds ridiculous, but I would be worried in their place, even though for me this is simply art, I don't think half of what I write. Most of it was written anyway before the terrorist attacks started.

Sounded innocent then, could bring my downfall now. As I will never act upon any of it, and as they might not want to take the chance, God knows on what else they could get me on. Doesn't help that I work in a Crown Court, criminals everywhere, no terrorists though, those ones end up at the Old Bailey, and Paddington Prison. I only deal with Wormwood Scrubs, and that's a name for a prison I like so much, it will definitely inspire me something at some point.

At the court I am now permanent. I guess George helped me a lot, coming after me and being so incompetent, the sun is now shining out of my ass. It is easy when someone could easily be a CEO or a Managing Director, and yet remains at the bottom of the food chain, that way you can be a miracle worker, and no one is the wiser. Not being ambitious at all has its advantages, if you're bright enough to never reach the level you should really be at. Because once you reach that point, you yet again become incompetent and you're in trouble, they don't like you and you will soon be looking for a way out.

I have also dealt with my financial problems, my creditors, my lawyers, etc. And now there is only one thing which I really need to look into, my British Citizenship. Tomorrow I will get the ball rolling, I need to sort this out before the month is out, because after that everything changes, and it will be nearly impossible for me to become a citizen after 15 years in this country. I first have to pass that test proving I can speak English and know something about Great Britain. I don't mind so much as I believe that most of what I will need to read to prepare me for this test will inspire me a great deal for my book Anna Maria. It is in the most basic things that you find inspiration, that you realise how crazy this world is, and how ridiculous the whole organisation of society is intrinsically wrong. I look forward to reading that stuff, let's see how they see themselves, or how they want us to perceive them, we all know it is crap. Wanting an ideal society, and claiming we are, is far from reality, the one you experience everyday at work and when you go out and meet people.

Somehow tonight I am happy, not sure why. I have three days off, I'm finally back to normal, listening to music, writing again, feel on top of my game, having climb over so many obstacles this month alone. If I can climb that mountain tomorrow about the citizenship, I'll be one step closer. I didn't want to involve my solicitors, but I think I will. I want to expedite this, I want to make sure I get it. Somehow when you have a solicitor, it works every time. Try to do it yourself and you will most certainly fall flat on your face. It will mean another bill of a thousand pound, but if I can pay it monthly over 10 months, I think it is worth it. I will contact them tomorrow.

I have been back from Los Angeles for nearly 10 months now, but I have failed to go to Central London for most of this time. This week alone I had to go for an interview near Baker Street, and on Wednesday I had a training at the DCA HQ right in Westminster. That sums up just about my life for the last three years. I went to sit on a bench by the Thames, by the Big Ben, just to reminisce about the life I had, the life I abandoned to pursue my dreams to Los Angeles. Powerful place. When I sat there and felt the urge of energy going through me, no wonder anything I wished then came true, it is such a powerful place to be everyday. This is like Clapham Junction, Westminster is where the lives of everyone on this planet converge in London. Better than a well, go there, make your wish, and it cannot fail to happen.

Which brings me to my regrets for having left Los Angeles. I think of it every day, it is getting tiresome. I want that life back, I enjoyed to be alone and making my own decisions, writing the night away with no one to drive me crazy, buying Mexican food on the corner and drinking myself to death nearly every night. It

was a great time. Driving around the place, the same places I see everyday on TV, because everything on TV is filmed in Los Angeles, and that's a killer if you lived there, enjoyed the place, and regret having left it before anything significant happened. At least going back to London was something better than going back home in Canada. In London I still feel like I am in a permanent state of being on holiday. That means that one day I will have to go back home, live there, get a job and hit the real reality. The game here is to never reach that point, always find a way to remain on holiday by living everywhere else but where you were born. Shame really, Canada is probably not such a bad place to live if you were not born there, but for me it is the most depressing place on the planet. Living in Afghanistan for me would be to be on holiday.

My plan is so simple, it is almost disgusting. I'm gonna be rich out of Anna Maria or the next book I'll write, and then I'll travel everywhere and write all day long. Such a simple plan, how can it fail? Just about every single television series and films on TV have stolen my ideas, it means there is something to it, surely I should be the one cashing in? I've been considering lately censoring myself much further, meaning deleting my websites. Maybe I'm paranoid, delusional, and no one is stealing my ideas, but coincidences are too wild, and why take the chance, especially if I intend to present something fresh, new, revolutionary? I did it because I thought they would hire me out if it, they simply steal and run away with it. There is a full blown film called Déjà Vu out there, with Denzel Washington, I cannot believe this is not coming straight out of my website. The last episode of Medium had parallel universes written all over it, and I am at the point of I feel the need to delete my short stories because others have copied me, but got it out there before me. They always modify just enough that I could not sue anyone, and yet, it prevents me from putting my own stuff out there. Hollywood seems incapable of thinking by itself, and so they steal everything they can and get away with it. Who could, in their right mind, sue them and succeed? No one. And when they go further, when they make it clear they have stolen from me, by using my name and other references about my life and the people in my life, then I'm flattered, it means they didn't want to hide it, they wanted to send me a message that they were inspired by me, and then, why would I want to sue? I'm proud, it makes me feel powerful, even though none of them will ever contact me, bastards. Who needs them anyway? Not me, that's for sure. I follow one destiny, and it is leading me somewhere, I know, despite the appearance. You'll see.

And now I think I drank enough to be really depressed, enough to no longer believe in myself. I might as well just die, because I'll never go anywhere, and being permanent now in this Crown Court is just one more proof that I'm not getting anywhere any time soon. Shit.

28 March 2007

Today I'm going to speak about the Indian woman in charge of the Clerks. She's a bitch, however she only indirectly affect me. She likes to multiply the bureaucracy, and if you cross her, she will get you. She's been there too long, she creates problems where there are none, and she successfully today doubled my workload. It was an innocent conversation, she asked me to find the link files to all the grad fees I do. The problem is, we cannot even find the files to which the grad fees refer to in the first place, and now to pay one grad fee, I need to find two or three files, which renders my job impossible to do. Not only it will double the number of files in the shelves, but they are likely to remain there for a few more months as a result. We are already under, we pay the junior advocates three months late, and now it will be five or six months late, because all by myself I cannot cope. I don't really mind about this, because in the end I just do

my hours and get out. But after realising that she was asking me to double my workload, I wanted to make sure that my Manager knew about it. So I got them both there with me to discuss the situation and to make certain they wanted me to do this, because in the six months I have been there, we never had to do this, and they never did before, so why now? It was also important to me that my Line Managers knew it would now take me twice longer to do my job, and so that they shouldn't be surprised when the grad fees become once again out of control. The bitch didn't like it, being put on the spot like that, within one minute after our simple discussion about what to do and how to proceed, she was on the phone with my Line Manager, freaking out about me. I have been told now to avoid her for the rest of the day. It has put me in a bad mood, but to be honest, I don't really care that much. Put in perspective, this is nothing compared with what I had to suffer in my previous jobs. And so, I've realised that this job is very cushy, almost free of any troubles and confrontations. I will go to her today and apologise for whatever it is she felt bad about, that she felt the need to contact my Line Manager to get me into trouble. What is brilliant, is that my Line Manager does not give a shit, and almost didn't tell me she stitched me up. It goes no further with him. Great management skills. He defuses the whole situation but simply not making a fuss about it. He's the reason why this job is so great.

My manager should get a medal for his skills, a book should be written about it. I told him he was the best manager I ever had in my lifetime. Yet, he is despised for it, the management believes he is useless and apparently they have been trying to get rid of him for a while. This is sad, and I am powerless to do anything about it, except protect him as much as I can, and that, I certainly do. He is the first manager I ever had who has my unconditional loyalty, I am unlikely to let him down, as I don't believe he would let me down. This is quite refreshing for me to be saying those things, to have suffered such a big backstabbing, and yet, within 10 minutes of panicking, I am peaceful again and will go in after lunch not bothered by the whole thing. It is revolutionary. It is though what I thought I could expect from a job in the public sector, this is why for many years now I wanted to work as a civil servant. No pressure, less backstabbing, real happiness. I'm coming to terms with the nightmare the work place is, so I guess I should cling to this job, even though it pays next to nothing. Money is nothing, having a job is everything, otherwise everyone around you, your family, makes a big fuss about it and blame you for the misery of the whole humanity.

27 April 2007

It has been a month since I write in here, for a moment there I thought I would close the book, because nothing happens apart from the routine, and the crashing of three out of four hard drives on the same day two months ago brought my whole life to a halt. I only restarted last night writing Anna Maria, 10 pages, and this why I am so tired today and told the old Indian man to shut up at work. My whole life in ruins because of a lack of sleep, no more patience for anything, everything annoys me to death.

Very simple sentence, shut up, we hear it everyday on TV, without any consequence, but there, said in an office environment, in the cold light of day, in real life, it had quite an impact. No one spoke for five minutes, and I bet it is not the end of it.

My life is also come crashing down because I can't afford to become a British Citizen. I've done the stupid immigration test, I passed, cost me 36 pounds, and now they want 700 for the application. Becoming a citizen is now a luxury that only lawyers and doctors can afford. I don't know what I'm going to do, I can't



even pay the 700 pounds to fix my car and it is already at the garage. Taxing it, the MOT and the insurance will add another 500 pounds to the bill. I simply cannot afford to live anymore, and both Stephen and I are working our tits off like two madmen. It is still not enough. We are 1000 pounds short every month, we do not go out, we never eat in restaurants, last time we went to see a play, must have been 6 years ago.

I'm not sure how I will survive the afternoon, at least the old man has the rest of the day off. He's never there anyway, and now he has inherited the cashier's job, and no one gets paid, I can't process any grad fees, I have a mountain of files to go through, thousands of grad fees for which I need to find files that remains inexistent, and every time I try to enter a claim on the computer, everything beeps, it is plagued with mistakes which prevents to do my job, and I have to go see the monster Chief Clerk in order to figure out what to do. She is a master of multiplication of bureaucracy, I spend more time sending back claims to advocates and solicitors, than simply paying them, and they keep sending them back to me the very next day, and I keep sending them back again, and they come back again. The reasons are futile, unjustified, and I am totally on their side. I am powerless to stop this childish behaviour of the Chief Clerk. It's time she moves on, she's been there 15 years, that's enough!

God I'm tired.

1 May 2007

Tonight I'm in the mood to talk. Funny that now extraordinary circumstances are necessary for me to start writing, like tomorrow we're on strike. So tonight I can drink myself to death and write. Even then, I had to tell myself that I wouldn't do anything else, I was quite prepared to go to another abandonware website and download just about every single adventure game there ever was which have now gone into the public domain. God knows when I will have the time to play these games, at work last week I joked that I was downloading all that for when I will retire, in 35 years. I never do half a job, I will die trying to do 200% of it. I guess I need to cure myself from that, but not this year. I will have every single adventure game there is on this planet, and I will one day find the time to play them all.

I remember a time when I was programming my own graphic adventures, designing the images, writing the content, programming the whole thing to build a story. I must have done at least 4 or 5, the last one quite impressive and comparable if not ten times better than most of the shit I'm downloading right now. And that was done at a time when we we're programming in basic, and the best of us all were programming in binary language. What I would have done to be able to do the same, and I would have if the new generation of computers had not it the market. Once I switched my Tandy Radio Shack CoCo2 computer form an Atari ST with some sort of early windows desktop, that was it, I never programmed again, I'm surprised I continue writing at all, because I could have easily let go of that as well at the time.

I don't know what happened. It was not the same after that, writing in basic did not seem that easy on an Atari ST, and it was even less on Windows 3.1 once I bought my first portable PC when I was 18 years old. It was black and white then, my God, I sound like my grandfather, when he tells us he bought the first TV of the whole village, and that it was black and white. He also bought the first colour TV, just like I bought the first ever computers on the market as they were becoming available, and I certainly bought the first colour one of the whole town when it came out.

I'm 34 years old now, and I'm working with that kid at work who's barely 21. He was born with a PC and other game consoles. I had in my time a Leisure Vision, then an Atari 2600, then some other console I can't remember. I'm not even certain if this kid knows these consoles ever existed, I believe he thinks xbox and play stations are the first generation of game consoles. Or he believes that anything that came before that was simple crap and not worth considering. However I had so much fun with these early computers and consoles, and as much as I try to connect with the actual ones, I can't. All the games are boring, and are about military strategy and first person shooter. We had none of that in my days, or at least it was on a much simpler scale and hence playable and fun. Today there's no fun in most of these games, they have become way too complicated and uninteresting. And it is not that I'm becoming old, I'm still very much playing actual adventure games, though at the moment they have a tendency to jump into action adventure style, and then I lose interest. If I have to use a vast array of weapons and kill up to 10,000 soldiers, monsters or dragons, I disconnect, booooring.

I've been worried about that kid at work, because he shows me how old I've become, and how young he is. That we are so far apart, that I seem to lose touch with what's new. But that is not true, I have all the latest gadgets, I buy them as they come out. They seem to think that iPod is the newest invention around, they think these MP3 players came out last year, I had the first ever MP3 player something like eight years ago, the iPod has nothing revolutionary about it except the memory capacity.

I don't know, I feel like I'm getting older, I'm jealous to be honest. I wish I was born at a time when personal computers really existed at the time I was born. That's what I really feel bad about, that I had to wait a decade of my life before I finally got my first ever computer, even though I had a game console when I was 7. But the computer was what was going to change my life, that's what I should have had when I was 4 years old bored out of my mind because there was nothing to do except playing those old 33 tours records that today I can't even stand that they ever existed. I wanted to be born with a computer plugged into my brain, and by the time that technology exists, I'll be dead.

However I had to try to convince myself that everything happened as it should have, instead of things happened as they have been able to happen considering how limited we were at the end of the 70's and early 80's. I would have never learnt basic, never programmed all those little software I did for fun, never created my own graphic adventures which I have now lost. True, but who cares, I cannot imagine myself starting to write in basic again anytime soon, or any other language, though this week I've been considering it. But which one? Today there are dozens of different computer languages, most people working at creating adventures probably don't even have to program anything. I don't even know where to start. When I was young, there was only one thing, basic. I had to learn it, I had fun with it, today it is like I'm being flooded and I wouldn't even know where to start, or if I wouldn't be wasted my time learning something that next year will be totally useless. Anyway, at the time I was able to create adventures as good as the professionals. Today I couldn't even come close. Doing a game today is more like how Hollywood makes films, it costs millions, it requires a team of 300 people. And God only knows what these people do.

I am jealous because I would have liked to be born when computers were already old hat, at the same time, I had an experience that none of those kids will ever have. When your computer is a command prompt, you have no choice but working in codes, and hence to start programming is very natural. When you

have windows, you have the chance to never see a code in your life, and in certain ways it has its advantages. God the nightmare it was to programme HTML pages at the very beginning, as once again I was one of the first on the Internet and building web pages. There was a time when my websites were reaching number one on every single search engine, on any search people were doing, because by then the commercial world had not taken over the Internet, and I seemed to be the only one out there with more than just a list of products, I had pages and pages of content, I was King of the Internet, every one of my friends found me as soon as they got connected. Today they would have a hard time finding my website doing a search on my name. I need to re-submit my pages again to all search engines, I haven't done it for years, it might explain why I am being buried.

Why did I have to think about all that recently? Because of a damn kid who used to like Street Fighter as the first ever new generation game on the streets, which marked the beginning of the end, of all these boring games that came out after Ms Pac Man was finally dead, but was never replaced with something much better? More fun? Today I can't stand Ms Pac Man, and yet, I played it a lot in Los Angeles last year, while waiting for my pizzas to be ready on a Friday night after work. I was expecting something else to replace it which would have been perhaps as simple but fun, not more complicated, all those resources, but with the incapacity to make it interesting. Is it just a lack of imagination? For a second there I thought that the advent of games on mobile phones might have brought us back the simplicity required for a game to be fun, and yet, I can see that it is the imagination which is our problem. Simple games, running on low processing speeds and lack of memory capacity, and yet, the best thing to do is to bring back the fun games of the past, Nebulus for example. A weird little animal trying to reach the top of a tower, going through tunnels to reach the other side of the tower, trying to avoid flying balls. Must have spent hours playing that. Dungeon Master was the best game ever, and that is fantasy and all, killing mummy and monsters, and knights, with your sword and fire balls, and yet, there has never been any other game on the market after Dungeon Master which was fun. And Dungeon Master was one of the first games on Atari ST at the time, when personal computers were even less powerful than today's mobile phones.

At least adventures went wild, they became much better, the Atlantis series have been my long time favourites, with a bunch of Sierras and Cryo's games, and the Longest Journey, Dreamfall and the House of Tales games from Germany. Without those games I would have committed suicide a long time ago. They are why I was able to escape reality, forget that I even exist, lose myself in a credible virtual reality, and simply make me dream. I'm sometimes afraid that in 10 years time it will be plugged into our brain directly, and again I will feel bad because that wouldn't have existed by the time I was born. However, it is perhaps possible that I will be disappointed, and that none of that high technology will be able to bring me somewhere else like those badly 3D graphics were 10 years ago. I agree, computer screens are limited, let's get rid of them, keyboards, what a bore, let's get rid of them, especially that mouse. But then, will it bring me out of this world? Will it give me that sensation, emotion, I felt the very first time I watched all the episodes of Star Trek the Next Generation on TV a decade ago? It was powerful despite its very limited resources, TV screens are really past date. And yet, it changed my life, just like those adventures. Funny I never mentioned them before in all my books, and yet they are such an important part of my life. That if I had the means, I wouldn't be writing books, I would be creating adventure games. Today it is simply not possible, or else it would have to be for fun, and for free over the net. I might get on with it, I found some software recently just for that, creating adventures. I have to investigate. I don't want this

to become a waste of time, time which could be better use right now to write new books.

Even books nowadays, I feel it is almost past date. Before the Internet, writing a book was quite something, you were an author, it was respectable, whether you were published or not. Today you can quickly just be another blogger. Millions are writing, publishers are churning new books as if it was the end of humanity and that they needed to do something to save the human race. Unfortunately, most of it is unreadable, boring me to death, none of the new authors are Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

What's wrong with me? I'm bored out of my mind. All this technology that I eat for breakfast is not enough, I need more, I need a few next generations to happen instantly, and even then, I think I will become bored so quickly. I want the ultimate experience, the one which will free me from my reality completely. The virtual world which will be so convincing, that it will take over my existence, stop time somehow via relativity, and give me the chance to live in there for eternity in a world of wonders where I will be the happiest. One way or another, I will free myself from this boring reality, if it is not suicide, it better be a convincing virtual existence. Does not even need to be about sex, I know better. I know that walking around in a virtual reconstruction of the old city of Atlantis is a sexual experience. Because when I wank, at the summum of my orgasm, images and memories of when I play these games resurface to my mind, as if being in these virtual worlds were the only pleasurable things I have ever experienced in this life. People who don't find evasion or escape through these games, have a TV, but I can assure you, I never thought of TV or even a television series when I had an orgasm, though I remember sometime thinking about Star Trek the next gen, and it is the only series which have brought me that kind of pleasure, because it is the only credible television series capable of make you believe you are no longer on this small and ugly planet which is Earth. I have never experienced that kind of excitement about any other series, and I watched them all. I hope my Anna Maria will be able to bring people somewhere else, and I wonder how great it can become after three books. Whilst I am debating right now if I should move on after the first book, create a totally new universe, or build on that one. Hard decision. The book won't get published, won't become a television series, and hence, I might find myself thinking I have failed and need to create something else. When in fact it is simply a lack of good contacts, and maybe I should carry on. Create my own Sherlock Holmes legacy. But is it? Anna Maria? Or could I think something even better. There lay the answer. If I can, then I should go for it. If I can't, then I have it and should write a second book. There are so many things left to explore, so many ideas in there just screaming to be exploited, I could lose myself in there for decades to come. Shame I can't find the time to finish it, when I'm so close to the end. Again I'm sitting here tonight wondering how I was able to find the motivation and determination and time to write so much so quickly, when now it is becoming impossible to write ten pages. When there is nothing motivating you to write fiction, it is hard to find the energy. Something almost magical needs to happen to get you on the road and simply do it. When you know it will never go anywhere and that you're just wasting your time. And then again, not writing it is a bigger waste of time, because then, what the fuck do you do instead but watch TV or play games? Escaping reality is important, true. Helping others escaping it seems to have been mission in life. I have some experience at that, I had many people contacting me, telling me I changed their lives, because of books I have written. But it is not enough, I always felt I needed to become global, influence people on a massive scale, and in the end, I don't even get a buzz out of it, so why go through so much pain? Simple desire to escape my reality, once again. It is the

way I feel I will get my freedom, at least do something worthwhile that I enjoy doing, instead of crappy jobs where what I do is meaningless and is killing me.

If I ever have a lot of success one day, my recompense will be the freedom to isolate myself completely from everyone else. I will live in my own little isolated universe alone, and that will be paradise. No news, no radio, no magazines or newspapers, no emails, but lots of technology, that I know. My medieval castle perhaps will not fly in space like the enterprise, but inside it will very much look like an enterprise. Perhaps it is why I'm downloading all those adventures right now, 800 to be precise, when I know that I can only play a few a year. Totally wasted, I spent more time downloading and burning CDs than I will ever have the chance to experience these universes. It's a gamble, maybe I will never play any of them, maybe I'll be spending years playing them with more free time I ever dreamt of. You never know, and you cannot predict which adventure you will want to experience one day, so I'll get them all, and one day I'll advise. It's like everything else anyway, I need to know everything that exists about something if one day I will be doing the same. And if I become rich one day, that's what I'll do, create adventure games, even though there's not much money in it. Escapism is the most important thing, and you will note that I'm not talking about simple entertainment, I'm talking about something that saves lives, just like it saved mine. It is like going to see Depeche Mode in concert in Wembley, it is an adventure, not just another night out. Something to remember forever, an experience. Even that the kid at work cannot comprehend. He believes Depeche Mode has been dead for years, when their last album last year was number one in America, and every stadium was packed in California whilst in England we don't hear of Depeche Mode anymore. Of course, Wembley is full, packed with oldies like me. But Depeche Mode in the U.S., it is not for the granddads, it is a new generation capable of appreciating great music. It is sad when the media can make you or break you, and that great stuff in some countries will never see the light of day.

Perhaps it is time that I accept that this kid at work and me, we have nothing in common, we have very different tastes, and just move on, don't give it a second thought. For god's sake, his favourite music is beatboxes, whatever that is. Beats done with your mouth, I can't think of nothing more exasperating and uninspired. He loves raves, and he is some amateur of drugs, like Ecstasy and hash. I don't understand why I see myself in him. He is thin, skinny, beautiful, soft, intelligent, intellectual, some sort of genius, just like I was at his age. We are perfect replica. I was also going out every night at that age and a zombie at work the rest of the week. He developed it into an art form, something I never did, but we're the same. That's what is troubling. I'm the only one at work able to see his potential, how intelligent he is. I feel he could become much more than I ever was, if somehow everything falls into place in his life. I also need to consider that people like me, there might be thousands, and yet only one out of thousands will ever break out. I'm not even sure if I will ever break out of it all myself. I sure work hard towards it, I certainly made every possible decisions to ensure I will escape this way of life, and if I haven't been successful so far, I certainly believe that I am getting there. And Los Angeles last year was one more step towards it. I thought the results would be more extravagant, it is perhaps that I cannot yet see those results. Maybe it just happened to bring me back my faith. I have to admit, getting back in England with that stupid whinger of a boyfriend is doing my head in. I am now looking at any opportunity to leave him, anything will do. I need to free myself from my boyfriend before anything else. That was actually the main reason why I wanted to leave the country, and Los Angeles was the perfect opportunity, the only one, as leaving this life for Boston would have been a no-no. Even New York could not have convinced me to move to America. I simply forgot once in Los Angeles the reason I went there, it was to get rid of the

nightmare that my life had become with Stephen. And somehow now I'm back right to square one, and I'm tired of it. I really need to get out of this relationship. I used to think that it would get better once we have no more stress in our lives, but let's face it, we're condemned to work in these miserable jobs every day, so stress will never disappear. In the meantime he is making my existence a living hell, and I just don't know what to do anymore. I am at the point where I'm hoping he will die of an overdose of these drugs he is taking, to free myself, when I could just walk out this door and never come back. Life doesn't work that way. Where would I go? What would become of me? As miserable as I was in Los Angeles perhaps? His death would solve all my problems, my indecision, etc. At the same time, it would probably kill me, because I love the bastard. So what am I supposed to do? His chameleon died two days ago, and since then we have not been on speaking terms. He seems to blame me for the death of the chameleon, like he blames me if the dog barks in the middle of the night, and also blames me when the parrot get out of control and wakes up the whole of London. In fact, we have not been on speaking terms since my return from Los Angeles. And before we were so not on speaking terms, I couldn't wait to get out of England altogether. This relationship has been over many years ago, and yet I am still stuck here. Maybe it is time that I look for another place to live, alone. I'm just not sure I could afford it, maybe I should try. My friend Sheila would take me, I know that. Would need to find a job around North London though. I don't think I would make the move. My friend in Sidmouth might take me, and even offer me a job in his computer shop. It wouldn't be lower than my actual salary, that's for sure. Don't know if I could move to Sidmouth just like that. Perhaps I am waiting after destiny to make the decision for me. Like Los Angeles, it is something I didn't have to decide, it was offered to me on a platter, not taking the opportunity would have been impossible in my case.

There is little left to motivate me in this world. There never was much to motivate me in fact. I always thought that death was much more desirable than life. I don't know why, I can't explain it. I'm drunk again, and every single time I'm drunk, I reach that same conclusion, whether I'm in Toronto, in Paris, in New York, in Los Angeles or in London. I always felt as well that when I was drunk, I could finally really understand myself, get the real me, finally stop being blinded by everything else. I just get right to the bottom of my neurosis, I see clearly. It seems that I have only one real dream, the one to die. I felt like that even when I was in love, and I haven't been in love for over a decade now, which probably makes it worse. At least I am not in depression about it, it seems that to have been in love cures you from wanting so desperately to be in love again. Same thing for sex. When you reach a point in your life where you had a lot of sex, you can finally move on and sex is no longer that most basic need you have which blinds you to everything else that exists. Sex is not an end in itself. Love is not an end in itself. There is something else which needs to be satisfied, and I'm not sure what that is, perhaps freedom to do whatever you want, whenever you want. Then again, I have a feeling that it might not be enough. Until I find out, death will be on my mind.

The worst thing is that I couldn't possibly hoped for a better life than the one I have right now. I'm proud of everything I have achieved, everything I have done. I have to admit, it is much more than I ever thought I could achieve when I was still 18 years old lost in my village in the North Pole. And yet, it is not enough, I am not happy, I have not found either happiness or peace. I wish to be peaceful at the very least, that I could not even achieve, when it is perhaps just a state of mind, it is psychological. Anyone can be peaceful and happy, if they wish to. Perhaps I thought it was dependent on some events or some situations or events in one's life. Obviously it is not. Being rich right now, or a huge public figure

wouldn't change anything to my state of mind, it wouldn't make me happier or satisfied with this existence. I suppose that is a hard lesson to learn, and being able to learn it without even having ever tasted fame and richness is a good thing. It will be one less thing to achieve for which I would have learnt that this was not the answer to all my problems. Freedom I guess is everything, it always comes back to that, even though I'm not certain of the definition I would give it. I would recognise it, I know that, it would bring me happiness and peacefulness, that I know. So how do I find freedom? How do I reach it? If it is just a state of the mind state of affair, surely I should be able to reach freedom in my sleep? Or is it something I will never find, because it is so intangible, just an intellectual concept, that none of it will ever be reached? Dear me, that would explain a lot of things. *Toute ma vie J'ai couru après des chimères*, that could easily be the last thing I will state on my dead bed.

Something the kid at work said last week, he was wondering if he should go to Brighton to rejoin his friends who decided to leave him for death on a Friday afternoon and go without him, as he was still at work, ready to go with his bag pack. I asked me if he should take a train after work. My Manager said no, that his friends were not worthy of him if they had left him for dead. I said go, you don't know what it is that will happen that could finally make some contribution to your existence, enough to become a few fascinating paragraphs in a book. And then he turned around to me and said: I will go because I read on your website somewhere that you never regretted any of the decisions you made. I was stunned. Yes, I remember writing that, about the fact that I moved to Paris at 19, London at 20, New York at 21, Brussels at 22 and Los Angeles a decade later. But I couldn't find the book or the page on my website where I said so. I couldn't find in the thousands of pages I have written where it is that I have said that. It worried me that the kid had read a lot of my writings, *états d'âme*, and other emotional and suicidal stuff I might have written. Did he just stumbled upon that line while vaguely surfing on my website, or did he sit there one late night reading everything for hours and hours? I still have to ask him that question. It is one thing to be honest when you write, it is another when your colleague at work is privy to your most personal thoughts. Strangers are ok, I will never meet them, and if I'm lucky, I will never hear or read their personal critics. But your colleague? That's something else.

15 May 2007

Was supposed to sleep a bit tonight, but Stephen prevented me. So I thought, would go to bed early so not to be a zombie at work tomorrow, and now at midnight I had two glasses of wine, I'm listening to old 80's oldies MP3, and sleeping time nowhere in sight.

For the last two days I've been catching up on some reading, about every negative article and books written about Scientology, I downloaded everything I could find, I never do half a job. And every single piece of writing Ron Hubbard ever wrote, including what they sell for thousand of pounds. I may one day flick through that. The only problem about scientology, is that it always bring you back to the stars supporting it, and so tonight I've been reading about John Travolta and Tom Cruise, and hence South Park banned episode where Tom Cruise and Travolta are gays in the closet, protected by sham marriages organised by Scientology. Whatever.

Somehow this whole thing energised me, that Tom Cruise and John Travolta could one day come out of the closet, that I could eventually meet them, and who knows, perhaps sleep with them... all right, I'm getting carried away. This is more Gay Power out there, and I'm in awe. Unfortunately I guess it won't help me,

closeted gays and openly ones are not exactly coming out of the woodwork in order to help other desperate gay people. Will just have to hope that my Anna Maria will reach stardom all on its own. I never doubt it for a moment, and yet, I'm in deep doubts right now. Is it all down to connections in the end? Or never giving up? I never gave up writing, I never stopped, writing more and more, and at some point there must be a breakthrough, I've got to insure my pension, cos the way it's going, I'll have to commit suicide before reaching 65, because then there will be no pension and no government help anywhere in the world. I can see it, everyone can see it, no one cares. So I have to do something to insure my old years, if somehow I don't kill myself before reaching them, or die of that Essential Thrombocytemia, this overproduction of platelets that my body decided one day to do, for no reason apparently. Very rare in people in their early thirties, and here we are, another one with an unknown sickness, will be original foer my obituaries: Died of an obscure disease, just like million others who al seem to die from mysterious illnesses. How many of them are there? Millions. The weak will perish, and I guess I'm just too weak. Let's face it, I was already diseased, being gay, but that at least is not obscure or rare, though at one time it was because everyone was in the closet, just like it seems to be the fashion in the celebrity world right now.

Problem about that book is that last weekend I sort of drank too much, and launched into multiple attacks about everything. Anna is now a closeted Jewish woman, Arthur is a closeted Catholic, and hates religion a bit too much, ready to exterminate millions in order to eliminate it, within some sort of tyrannical monarchy. Oh well, will need to edit the whole thing (delete the whole thing) and hope I will not have to annihilate everything. I guess I cannot really talk about religion, too many people are way too fanatical about their own religion, I would alienate the whole planet, and I guess this is the last thing I need for my mass market commercial product Anna Maria. Anna Maria is the first book I have ever written which I consider a pure product, instead of literature. There's a difference, and that's what my mom has been telling me for years, think big, think money, think product, and so I gave in. I enjoyed it though, it was not painful to write the book, so that's a first. Each idea for each story was considered by me to be exceptional, however when you're in the thick of writing them, you just lose all perspective. For now I have no idea of the value of any idea, originality and impact it could have. Two persons read them all, Leonardo in Los Angeles, my other friend in Sidmouth. They both really reacted favourably, but God knows if bad stuff could have reached them the same way, as they are my friends. Yeah, so I'm a bit distressed by all my hard work on Anna Maria this weekend which I feel might have been wasted time. I already have my 28 pages, but fearing that I would delete it or that it would be censored, I had already told myself that I would write a few more pages. Now I dare not look back. It is the first short story that I went overboard and deleted stuff, I have already changed the whole thing and got rid of the first opening I previously did. This book will never be finished, and yet I'm so near the end, I have to finish it within a month. Then I can blame not contacting the tax people both in England and in the U.S. on Anna Maria, the same about not applying for my British Citizenship. What a waste, I should have done all that by now.

Listening to old hits from the 80's, makes me wonder. Bands that have been highly successful but today are all but dead, along with all their songs and albums, except that one or two classic songs they were able to come up with in a moment of insanity. Something so spontaneous, so extraordinary, where everything seems to have come up together at the very last minute, and there you are, a song that will never die. Most of them happened by mistake, and were never repeated afterwards, I mean one great classic song, most people have only one or two under their belt, if they're lucky, if they were genius enough to



achieve that in the first place, if their song is still played in every decade since it came out. Take on Me of A-ha is one of them, still the most played song in Europe every year over the radio, and yet I can't stand the song now. Not the best example, but it is sort of number one in that field.

And there I am, wondering if I can achieve such a classic, but in books. And if I will only have one shot at this. I'm worried, because if Anna Maria is successful, I'm not sure I can do it again, or do something better or more successful. And yet, it was all innocent, all done instantly with all the spontaneity in the world, no pressure whatsoever, no one told me to sit down and write a line, and there was no monetary motivation, I never really considered that I was doing it for money. Hey, with my history, I never made any money from writing anything, or almost. This is certainly not my motivation, as deep down I know very well this book will not go anywhere, even though I hope it will be my breakthrough. There is something so pure and innocent about it all, something that will never exist again. I tend to forget that if this is a success, it will be down to one thing only, the amount of great ideas that are parts of the short stories, and these came to me over a period of many years, and a publisher following the success of Anna Maria will want another one within six months. Writing it is nothing, thinking and creating it will be something else. I'm already thinking about ways of gathering inspiration, and it is all bollocks, because I never needed anything in order to get inspiration or finding great ideas. I guess I'll just have to trust that I'm good at what I do, and that my resources and imagination are unlimited and unbound. And then again, if Anna Maria goes nowhere, then all this is for nothing and I might as well give up, because I really don't know what else I could write which could be better. Not true, I was thinking about it today actually. The most simple and horrible love story filled with painful events, ordinary stuff, the kind of story which would bring me to the brink of suicide if I had to read it for a particular course, yawn, yawn! That would have to be my last attempt.

Well, I already know that I would fail. After watching a film about Truman Capote. The book that turned him into the most respected and best selling American author was *In Cold Blood*. And when you look at the content of the story, there is really nothing about it that would make me wish to rush to read it, in fact, I started reading it yesterday and it sent me off the wall. The only reason Truman Capote was successful with that book, was not the content, or the story, or even that it was new to write a non-fiction novel (though that must have helped), it was his writing style. And then, at that point, he could have written a book called *In Cold Winter*, about two escargots being crushed on the pavement, for 300 pages, and people and critics would still have gone wild. And there and then, I know I will always fail as a writer, because I cannot write in the style of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, my favourite, not in English anyway. And I cannot do it in French either, because if you're from Québec instead of France, you're already handicapped. Worse, I don't like that most appreciated and talked about writing style neither in French or English, and I don't want to write in that style. I won't even attempt it, though eventually I plan a pastiche of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, however I feel I will never be good enough to do so, not in a second language. So what's left for me? In fact, there is only one place I could fit in in the history of literature, that is *The Nouveau Roman* published at Éditions de Minuit in Paris. This is the only movement which could give any credibility to anything I have written so far, to legitimise it and claim that what I'm doing is literature, probably because there is firm rule, it is all disconnected and there is no Gallimard writing style in sight in any of these books. What you could not classify in the 60s or 70s, it was basically *du Nouveau Roman*. What I have been writing before Anna Maria, was unclassified. Closer perhaps to the collection de *L'Imaginaire* at Gallimard, and if ever I'm published in that collection, then I'll know I'm a real author. High ambitions, my only ambition, and yet I now write in English and will, or don't

intend at the moment to revert back to French. I may have to if I wish to write again in my special writing style that I developed for my early books, and I would like to get back to that, and it can probably only be done in French. These books are *Towards the Green Fields*, *The Revolution* and *The Eclectism*. I feel it was new, never done before, quite an accomplishment. However I lacked the connection to drive these books anywhere, and so they can only be known now if I ever reach success with other books like *Anna Maria*, and then again, like with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, anything else I would have written which does not bear the stamp of *Anna Maria* or *Sherlock Holmes* on it, will be forgotten or put aside as inexistent.

There is no reason to deny this now, I'm obsessed with reaching success, being recognised, I'm consumed by it, it is eating me alive, and it always did, since the first short story I wrote at 10 years old, since the first graphic adventure I programmed in basic when I was also 10. At that point I started having ideas of grandeur that I was some sort of genius who would achieve great things in his life, and I never looked back, or I did look back every other day. To remind myself, of where it all started, and where it was going, and where it would all lead. And yet, you will not find a word about this in everything I have written in French, even in the most biographical books I ever wrote. I will vaguely touch the subject, but never go into an in-depth analysis like I'm doing right now. I learn very early that a whinging mediocre writer crying over his lack of success was to be avoided at any cost, and yet I could have written whole books about it, because it has been the only thing on my mind for the last 25 years. There is only one reason I let myself go now, in this book, in English, when I know I shouldn't, because in English it is like a new beginning, but it is because when you have been writing for 25 years and have over 25 and more books under your belt, it is like you already have a lifetime or career done upon the subject, and so I better start talking about these things soon, because I could very be at the end of my writing career. I could die, or I could decide to stop writing altogether. I've always been writing what I wanted anyway, including *Anna Maria*, to bring together all these ideas I came up with for potential feature film scripts. I will have no more ideas to cover after that in any sort of *Anna Maria's* style book. Either it is a success and I will have to start from scratch to write another, or I take it easy and wait until I feel like writing something totally different, either in French or in English. I have no doubt it will be completely different and new, something I never did before, and I look forward to it. I just hope I'm finished with these pseudo-poetry books which I thought for a long time would bring me fame, I know now that the titles alone frighten any publisher in sight. No one have been able to appreciate these books. They were useful in order for me to vent my hate and pressure, but ultimately they could not go anywhere on their own, and I intend to have an easier life from now on, so no more of that crap. Even though, and I cannot deny this, whenever I am drunk, feeling energised listening to great music, I always go back to these books and read them until I fall asleep in the early morning. They will certainly stand as my favourite books, and in the end, that is all that counts, and so I should not discount writing another. It is never a waste of time, because every single one of those poetry books have always been written in parallel of writing something concrete, or at least, another book, as I have always been writing at least two books in parallel, sometimes three.

When I look back, I don't know where I found the energy, the motivation. I could never have done it on demand, no matter how much money someone could offer me. This is a life in writing, and it was done as if it was the most natural thing for me in the world. It might turn out to be worth nothing, it is a big worry for me, and yet, I was compelled to do it. Sometimes I am frightened that it is something that I will never be able to repeat or carry on. That one day I will just run dry

with nothing else to say, like it happens so often at work that suddenly I shut up for days and just do my work, something meaningless and repetitive. Because then I find the environment hostile, not permitting any sort of talk, deviation, or freedom. I might then just shut up, when everything you say is used to incriminate you, that everything single word you say is used against you in some sort of ongoing trial. I've reached that point now at the Crown Court, I am now a stirrer, at least I am not a backstabber, but I feel I am, even though it is nothing compared with everything I suffered everywhere else in the other jobs I had. I have met real backstabbers in my time, I have to say that where I work now, there are none. Just a few gossip people, mostly and mainly the managers, probably because they are a bit more intelligent than the rest, who are so simple minded, backstabbing would not even enter their mind. Nice people, shame they've got no brain whatsoever, which explains why they are civil servants, living a pitiful existence serving others for a pittance. Today I told myself that I had to stop talking about them about all the places I visited and everything that happened to me in my life, because I strongly feel that they will perceive me as a pathological liar, a delusional, who thinks he is better than he really is. And yet I have tone myself down so many times, it took me months before I told them anything about me just to prevent that. And yet, I am coming to the conclusion tonight that despite all my wildest claims, none of them expressed jealousy and hate towards me, simply because they are too small minded for that sort of thing, which is really refreshing, I have to say. In Los Angeles, just mentioning that I had six books published was already too much, you should have seen the hell I put myself into just by stating that fact. In Los Angeles, it don't matter if you are a published author, if every other person does not know your name, then you're nothing and you are not allowed to even mention anything, it could be seen as boasting when you have no reason to, because you are obviously a failure if no one knows you. In the Crown Court, telling them about my published books is like telling them that I went for a walk in Osterley Park, it goes right over their heads, it does not light up any lights in their brain, it means nothing. Which again made me wish for a society where a writer would be recognised for something, it is not easy after all to write a book, and not many people can achieve it, even if most of the ones who do have the detestable habit to get published in the first round and reaching some success which I feel is not deserved, for me who struggled for such a long time without ever getting anywhere. In France, actually, in Paris, is the only place where an author is respected, admired, celebrated. Nowhere else have I got the status I had in Paris. I was someone even though at the time I had barely written 10 books and none were published. Celebrated as someone with great potential who would achieve great things, an artist I was in Paris, a pariah in London, a nobody in Canada, and an undesirable, annoying pretentious monster in Los Angeles. I guess I will eventually have to live in Paris, if I can ask for my British Citizenship eventually, or else, I'll never be able to live in Paris, ever, unless it was illegally, and I will if ever I can live out of my writings. Only Paris now makes me sick when I live there, sick in a good way, as if I was really somewhere worthy of my attention, somewhere where I was always meant to live. And yet, if I became rich tomorrow morning, I would probably move to the South of France, not Paris. And I would never feel like I am lost, because they speak my language, it would be a totally different story in Spain or Italy, eventually I would want out. I might though enjoy Germany, especially Bavaria. Such a special place, and German people are so nice, hard to believe they are depicted so badly in just about every other Hollywood film, the reality is the German are the greatest people I have met in my life, the most interesting.

Now I think I babbled enough for one night, telling things whilst being drunk, which the next day I might no longer think, and would have a hard time to convince a jury that despite saying those things once, I never really believed any of it. And that is becoming a real problem with the media and websites like

Wikipedia. If once you said something, you're fucked, because it becomes then your core being, everything you believe in, and you will never be able to shake it off. Telling your true thoughts will be seen as a PR exercise, a lie. Sometimes I love you all, sometimes I hate you all. Sometimes I write you love letters, other times it is mostly hate and destruction. Which is the real me then? I am a being of love? Or a being of hate? I bet you will only remember the latter, and yet I am both. Sometimes I love you, but sometimes I hate you. It depends on a lot of things, and right now, just thinking about this, I hate you all. I find it hard to love you. But I'm trying, and tomorrow morning I might just love you again, when I'm peaceful again and without any alcohol in my blood. Thank God I'm not completely drunk, or else what I would be telling you all right now, is that I wish you could all burn in hell and a bomb should annihilate all of you as soon as possible. Never mind, tonight I love you all and I wish you all to live a long life and to prosper, and to multiply to the stars. I must really feel close to death for talking such nonsense, I really don't give a shit about you, I just hate you all though I can't explain why. Most criminal in England must feel the same when they rob you of your money, when they hit you in the face in the street for no reason, they are filled with what fills my vein, hate, for no reason, no apparent reason that is. But when you read these lines, perhaps you can guess the real reasons, the frustration, the real reasons. I know them, I won't admit to them, certainly not in a court of law. Which reminds me a letter I read today from a defendant from Africa, who was caught smuggling cocaine in the country. His letter was obviously dictated by professional counsels, or even solicitors, because if I was not more clued up, I would have cried. Instead it revolted me, that such bullshit could be used to try to soften me and the Judge towards the sentence. A rocambollesque story about something like 25 children between the defendant and his brother and sister, a failed business, some Mafiosi on his back, a desperate act for man only wishing to feed his children and his dying sister who somehow is dying of AIDS, like if cares anyway in the first place, if he actually saw her in the last 20 years. I was revolted, that a criminal would use these cheap emotional tricks to get to me, had I been a judge, he would have got twice the sentence of anyone else, because he was stupid enough to listen to unimaginative counsels who thought they could get us on emotions and pity. There's no such thing in a court of law, bastard, and you should know better. I would have been much more clement with some sort of philosophical justification as to why that loser decided to make a few thousand pounds by importing drugs into the country, and were to bring me quotations from Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Machiavelli and Hobbes. If he had done so in my own court, he would have walked free. His dying sister, from HIV, mentioned three times in three paragraphs, which I'm sure had nothing to do with the crime in the first place, guarantees him 20 years in prison and recommendation for deportation back to Nigeria after. Thank God I'm not a judge, because I've become a master of reading between the lines, understanding beyond the discourse, and not being duped by bullshit. I'm sure judges are not kittens either, emotional crap probably does not reach them at all. And if there is something I have learnt from working in this Crown Court, is that the Jury is not filled with imbeciles (in London anyway, I'm sure in Los Angeles it is a totally different story). You cannot hope to deceive the jury, they are clued up, they see through you, they will not fall for your bullshit. If you raped that bitch, and you were alone with the bitch when you raped her, you will most likely walk free from a lack of evidence. And if you are an overzealous policeman trying to frame your victim on a smaller crime that what you already know is just the tip of the iceberg, you can forget it, the jury will see through all your lies and the defendant will walk free. I have to say, working at a Crown Court has inspired me, as long as the whole justice system is independent from any political party or corruption, then you are most likely to gain justice. If there is no proof, there is no proof, and you walk free. And if overzealous policemen planted evidence, tricked you in any way (which they do

even in England, and it is flagrant), then you should walk free, no matter your crimes. Framing and entrapment by the authority is a worst crime on my book than any other crime, be it murder. I came across a case where the charge was handling stolen goods, the good in question was the jacket of the chief of police. Now how could this be without entrapment? The defendant walked free, and I'm pleased for it, even though it is clear the man is one of the biggest crooks around. I have little tolerance for abuse of power, and since I started working at the Court, I have to admit, I'm always on the side of the defendants, protecting their rights, making sure it does not look worse than it actually is, and hoping that if there is no proof, they walk free. I feel it would be so easy to rehabilitate most of them, just give them a worthy salary, for whatever they may do or not, who cares, crimes is something that could easily be eradicated in any society. Some of them do it by pleasure, or because they never knew anything else, but most of them do it by necessity, society drives them to it, and persecute them more in courts, when in fact, they're responsible for it happening in the first place. I trust my Judges, I feel they're more intelligent than most, they can see through you, manipulators of all sort. Then again, I'm drunk, and tomorrow I could wake up thinking completely the opposite.

21 May 2007

Tonight has been the most exhausting night for a long time. We've had police cars and other policemen all around the building and in the garden, playing with electronic gadgets, taking photos and perhaps listening to our conversations. Stephen arrived tonight without the van, because he suspected something like that could happen, he thought that because he had a drink today, his employer set the police on him, sent them to our home, and so the police were waiting for a white van to arrive, which never arrived. So for a while we were quite in a panic state, and you can understand that we argue and fought all night.

The thing is, if Stephen is truly that great criminal mind that he believes he is, he has done many stupid things all night. He went outside to snoop over the police something like 30 times, he kept all the curtains wide opened, all the lights of the flat were lit at high capacity, our flat became a spotlight for the whole neighbourhood. He kept most of the windows opened, so the police could hear us fight, etc. It was madness, he was practically giving himself up!

I am now at a complete loss as to understand this kind of mentality for which he assures me he what should have been done under the circumstances. I was actually wondering this week how the police, for whom we have way too many proofs are totally useless and disorganised, could have arrested all those criminals we process at the Crown Court. Simple, the police is useless, they certainly never truly investigated any crime, the people they catch are always the same ones, they come back year after year in the justice system, they are the ones who basically give themselves up, because they are small time criminals with absolutely no brain, who most probably always rob people in the exact same spot, or at the very least, the same area around where they live. When is it last time someone robbed your house and the police caught the guy? Never. Have I remained in Los Angeles, and decided to investigate the two morons who stole my TV and DVD Recorder right under my nose, I would have caught them, for the simple reason that I would have done the smallest effort to catch them. Very simple. Another ad on the same website I put it, the same morons would have fallen for it and came to be caught.

Anyway, I know now that the criminals who get caught are the brainless ones and that they seem to want to get caught, as if they don't really care. They are cocky

little bastards, like Stephen, and whenever a police car is going around, they go snoop around it until the police decide to arrest them.

As the night evolved, it became clear that the police was not here for Stephen. There were now too many of them, with full armour and guns, and so it was way too serious for a simple employee who might or might not stopped down the pub for a beer. I guess it was only a coincidence if Stephen tonight felt the need to park the van a few roads away, in all his paranoia.

So if it was not for Stephen, for who then the full swat team had been called here tonight? What could be serious enough anyway? Terrorists come immediately to mind. So, do we have a terrorist living next door? Of course not. So, came the realisation that perhaps they were here for me, because of my few little poems which could suggest I was a terrorist. So you can imagine the kind of night I had, living in this police state where the freedom of speech, or even just freedom, has been eliminated at the same time it was gone all over America, the very day two planes crashed on those stupid towers in New York.

This story is not over yet, the swat team is still outside waiting patiently for something, we don't know what. However we feel now that it is more likely that they are here for our next door neighbour, who is an ex-convict who went to prison for an uncontrollable temper and actual bodily harm. He must have been arrested, must have been able to get a bail, and now the police must be here to make sure he will not retaliate against the bitch who gave him up to the police.

In the process of the night, the tension caused by the presence of so many police, has almost brought my relationship to a state of war and on the path of destruction. Stephen is also very short tempered, very short fuse, and goes on the attack in a split second. He would never hit me, but his verbal attacks and abuse are probably worse, because they make me lose it completely, and I almost destroyed the whole flat and be myself charged with actual bodily harm, just like our neighbour. It is so easy to get to that point, when you're living with people completely off their mind through alcohol and drugs.

So, we might never know why the police is here, or they might storm our flat any minute now. It certainly does not help my sense of paranoia, my convictions that England has become the worst police state in the world, and that living here now has become intolerable. Perhaps outside of London people can still breathe, but within the M25 boundaries, there's no hope. I just had a police man in the garden shining a flashlight inside my flat, I guess they will move on any second now. Stephen went to them to ask them what was the problem, and obviously they didn't say anything, they told him not to worry. How can we? Is there anyone left on this planet who has not done a single stupid little illegal thing who could feel completely safe when your roads and your garden is being constantly invaded by the police? When is it last time you or your kid downloaded a song over the Internet? Shit, if they wanted me, I would be an easy target. And what worries me the most, is that the new terror laws has given full unlimited powers to the police, and no more rights whatsoever to the accused. I'm not sure now, if I were to be arrested, if I would be given a lawyer, and if I would be given the chance of a trial.

Just got another big argument with Stephen, who still insists to keep all the doors opened so the smoke can get out, and as if this was not enough, all the lights on too, so the police can have the greatest peak in our flat, and gather as much evidence as possible against us. He must have the tiniest brain of all criminals, I am amazed he was never caught in his small time scheme 30 years ago, another proof of how incompetent police really is.

Well, the state of alert is over for us, a police woman just told Stephen, who went out again to snoop around, that an incident has been reported at number G. G is not the flat next door, and so we can only surmise that it is the fluffy girl again who went mad and destroyed everything in her flat. As she is also a sex addict, perhaps she invited the wrong type of guy for the evening, who knows. Now the police will be here all night, and we feel so wonderfully safe now, after going through the five stages of death, culminating with panic attacks and all. Great world this place has become after 20 useless, allegedly got five planes to crash years ago. This place is now unliveable, so I guess terror really does work, it has changed our lives completely and now there is really no more good reason to live.

31 May 2007

Oh dear, for some reason I feel a bit lost tonight. It's been the hardest week at work so far, even though it is only a three day week and only two have past. Yesterday the Old Indian Man really got on my nerves. Bitching, backstabbing, checking on me at every minute, ordering me around when the bosses are not around, as if I needed that, considering that I work with 8 persons exactly in the General Office, three of them are already my Managers. Funny enough, none of them order me around, which was why this job was so perfect. They all let me live, do what I want, and I repay them back by doing my job and working hard. If only that old man would leave me alone or got sicker and decided to retire early. I think he is 64 anyway, and certainly doss around at work, doing nothing all day. In fact, our problem together is that if I work hard, he has to work hard too. Because I enter all the claims in the computer, and when he has to do a payment run, every single claim I entered, whether they have failed or not, he needs to pay them. As he is the King of wanting to do nothing, going sick home all the time, taking half day holiday virtually every week, and always at the doctor, he simply cannot cope. And then the grad fees and the standard fees and the files just pile up just about everywhere, we're four months late paying everyone, and then I spend the day apologising to those angry counsels who want their money.

It is so typical, that even in paradise, in the perfect job, the dream job, I still have a fucking bitch on my back to make my life a misery. Otherwise, without his bitchiness, I would like the man, we had a few beers together and he was nice, full of weird experience from when he lived in Africa, I would enjoy learning from him. We've clashed too many times now, he hates me, today he called the dead room where we keep all the old files, asking me to bring him a file, just so to check if I was actually there working. That was what made me decide to write tonight. I thought that if at least I have to suffer a hell of a two days because of him, I might as well do something productive or creative out of it. I'm not telling every little other bitchiness he did this week alone, I'm too tired and it is too sad. He reported me to my Line Manager, but my Line Manager being the best I ever had in my life, said nothing to me, pretended the old man never spoke to him about anything. My ass.

Funny also that the 21 year old kid, who does fuck all all day, still has his job after now four months, and the old Indian man appears to have fallen in love with the kid. So perhaps people who work hard are a threat in this Mad Crown House. I'm definitely a threat to the old man. And yet, I never speak to him, I avoid him at any cost, I'm trying to be as diplomatic as can be, I never bitch about him, I never denounced him, I let him live. So why can't he do the same? What is so offensive about me that he feels the need to corner me, to entrap me, to eventually get me sack? What is the purpose of it? The only thing he stands to gain, is that he will have to work a little bit less if someone else inherits the grad fees. Perhaps it should be my course of action, I should go to my Managers and

tell them that I want a change at work, I don't want to enter the claims into the computer anymore. Let the girl from the List Office who just moved in the General Office to take over the worst job there is in the General Office, which I inherited for the simple reason that the Old Indian Man could not get rid of all his work quick enough, that he gave it all to me when I started, including the National Taxing Things that the kid has now got and cannot cope with, when at the time I had that and the grad fees, and I managed just fine.

In fact, this is brilliant idea, I should get rid of the grad fees and that's it, I will no longer have any link with the old man. The problem is, I love doing the grad fees, it is the only challenging job there is in the General Office. It is a monster, it is complicated beyond belief, no one understands them, including the Top Clerk who's been working there 15 years. Just organising all the files after finding them all, is quite an art that I have mastered. As soon as someone else's takes over, this wonderful system I developed will most certainly go out the window. It will certainly show how good at was at it, no one else in that office could cope with what I'm doing. When I inherited the Grad Fees and the NTT, there was such a backlog of at least 8 months, there were so many complaints, it was clear the old man did nothing for months. And somehow he came back to blame me for all this mess a few weeks after I started these impossible mammoth tasks.

I love doing grad fees, however the intelligent course of action is to cut myself off from having to deal with the old man, and the chief clerk, who is also some sort of monster who frightens everyone. The thing is, we all need to go and speak to her daily, but no one wants to do it, and so things pile up on our desks in the hope they will disappear without us having to speak to her. The beautiful Spanish girl from Tenerife will not go and speak to her, she told me she couldn't bare the thought.

I need to make my move, and I need to make it quick. It is decided then, I will get rid of the grad fees, and then I will simply make new files all day, and also I suppose learn to do Post-Trials. Then I will have a minimum of interaction with everyone else, it will be a more peaceful job. And let's face it, that's the only reason I'm still working there after all, I deserve an easy life after the nightmare of the last decade.

On the Anna Maria front, I worked very hard last weekend. Finished the most complicated and time consuming short story and started the last one with a brilliant introduction. If I were to work very hard this weekend, I could finish the novel, and it will be well over 300 pages. I should be proud, but the idea of reading it again a few times to correct it, and what I will do with it once it is finished, is worrying me. The last think I feel like doing is print a copy, pay to get it photocopied, and post the damn things. I also know it is the most disheartening part of writing a book, the rejection until the very last dear John letter, when you understand that this book will not even get published. Well, anyway my website needed such a novel in the English section, I didn't have any thing that was publishable to speak of in English, and there you are, no more excuse, I could be a bloody success overnight. However, I feel that as I am getting closer to the end of Anna Maria, I'm becoming pessimistic. I feel the book will not find a publisher or an agent, and it will be another one of those excruciating full year writing a book that will never go anywhere, will never be read. And eventually I will reach that part of not having anything to write anymore, and wondering what I should write next, or do next. The only reason I can suffer a job that pays nothing, well below me, is because I convinced myself that I only took it in order to write a book, which I couldn't do if I had to commute to Central London, I would be too dead. And so I will find myself in a situation where I will feel lost, just like I feel now. Do I write a second Anna Maria book? Do I write something totally different



and new? Another English novel, a French one perhaps? I don't even want to think about the fact that perhaps my English is not good enough and writing that brick of 300 pages was a big waste of time. I could always translate it, modify the locations and job titles to match something in Québec City and try to get it published in Canada. But then, why not simply write a new book in French based in Québec? That's an idea. No sci-fi though, it doesn't get published in Québec. I don't think I will ever crack the French market in France, not only I'm not writing in the expected form, I don't want to either. So if my English is not good enough, and Anna Maria doesn't go anywhere, I feel it might be the right time to write a French-Canadian novel, inspired by the greatest successes of Anne Hébert, and then see what happens. A simple love story which will never go anywhere might just do the trick. I could also write a new play, inspired by Michel Tremblay, be clever about it, it might just work. I'll have to give it some thought. In the meantime, I have a novel to finish, and it would be a shame not to finish it, considering that I am entering the last mile. I have to work on it this weekend. As long as I work on it, I don't mind if I don't finish it this weekend.

And now, before I get too depressed, I think I should go to bed.

3 June 2007

I didn't intend to write in this book today, I had already after all worked on Anna Maria, The Eclectism II and started a whole new book called The Book of Dreams, and suddenly the neighbours had a barbecue, that is, the ex-convict next door. Brought in his best friend, also an ex-convict, and finally the neighbour at the end came out for a beer, also an ex-convict. So I had there four people who did prison or, in the case of Stephen, have gone through the whole justice system a few times. The saddest part were their girlfriends, innocent bystanders (including me), living in fear that their boyfriend will end up in prison again any day now. For my next door neighbour, as soon as today apparently, as the neighbour upstairs has been shooting all afternoon for them to turn the music down, we know now that it is a question of time before the one next door go up and carve a new face to the one upstairs. It might still happen tonight, the evening is young.

In fact, it might happen now, and Stephen just came in to let me know he is preparing his own exit, within ten minutes, or else, he might come back with a black eye. Our next door neighbour has a temper as long as a 10 centimetres ruler. Apparently he is already getting annoyed by the two guys in the last flat. He's calling his girlfriend a fat cow in front of everyone, anything now at anytime can spark that fuse, and so Stephen is preparing his way out. Something I successfully done 10 minutes ago.

Out of eight people, three have been grave diggers, including Stephen. That tells it all. It has become a ring between truants, who's the one who's been in court the most, who's been in prison the longest, who's done the worst crime, etc. It is obvious that the guy at the end is a pussy cat, quite intelligent and clued up, he is nothing like a criminal, I don't care how many times he had a splif going through the customs from Amsterdam, and how many times he has been caught drink and driving, and perhaps that is the problem here.

Stephen just came in to tell me that the back windows of the next door neighbour are now completely broken. Never mind, it is only the sixth time in the last decade that these windows have been shattered, the spectacle is already started, and no one could tell exactly why. Short fuse, anything will do.

Well, I told the guy that I wouldn't mind sitting with him one night to discuss his experience throughout the justice system, he knows I'm working at the Crown Court and that I'm writing a book. I had to admit that I had already written over 200 pages, and yet, nothing significant happened, and I still have to

learn anything crunchy about it all. So tonight was not the night to discuss it, however I did get one important bit of information. Corruption within the police and the Judges of any Court, including mostly the Old Bailey, is running high. His father, a right criminal, went to the Old Bailey four times now, and yet, he walked free four times. Apparently it is normal to bribe the police and Judges, and it works every time. So I guess that all those Hollywood stars going to Court and getting off so easy, has nothing to do with how much money they've got, and how great their solicitor is, but how much money they are willing to put on the table to walk free, and it seems, it works most of the time.

I knew it, I was hoping I would come across some scandal whilst I was working at the Crown Court, I guess these never get out. I had to speak with criminals to find out, to understand, and it seems that right now, I am living in the criminal world, as all my neighbours are truants, except the one upstairs, he is the perfect victim to get the others back to the hole.

I also learnt a bit about prisons. How they are a walk in the park where you can watch TV, read novels, and in my case, I could write books to my hearts content. Good, I wouldn't want to hear otherwise, however it is certainly not a deterrent. The next door guy wouldn't mind going back, and he is tough enough to avoid all the bullocks from other inmates. One try to have sex with him the very first day, I had a hard time explaining to him that the man was probably not gay, he just had been there too long. Of course, all they all know we're gay. Sounds like Wormwood Scrubs prison isn't so bad after all. Whilst I always imagined it to be a nightmare place. Highdown Prison in Reigate/Banstead in Surrey appears to be the worst one. Feltham being an easy one as well.

I suppose it all depends on how likely you are to be a victim of bullies, which I most certainly would be, when the neighbour, no one would give it a try, they might lose sleep over it. So it is all relative to who you are, and I have a whole collection of bullies who made my life a miserable one when I was young, and even when I was older in the work place. I sometimes think that it is written on my forehead: I am a victim, I am weak, please kill me! However I no longer feel like that now that I am in my thirties. I sometimes think that I have more rage accumulated inside of me than any of them, and that none of them would want to be around the day it will all come out in one huge burst. How easily I could myself become a convict, is simply amazing. Which means, it could happen to any of us, at any time. And so, let's continue to hope for prisons where you can still breathe and pursue some sort of hobbies and learning process. We are all human beings after all, and that we have to incarcerate our neighbours now and then, should not mean that we are about to turn them into animals, though I agree, sometimes, that's all they actually are, including Stephen. And it is damn hard for me, who is a bit more intellectual, to have to live with them. Because these animals cannot understand anything about the any intellectual idea or the desire to write a book. It is all meaningless and a big waste of time. And they have almost convinced me of it, I now agree that this world needs less intellectuals, and more animals. That's the way to go. Just build more prisons, as we are all about to end up there one way or another soon, England having become the police state that it is now.

Tension is running high at the moment, and it is contagious. Stephen and I are at the brink of war, he brought back some meat for the zoo we have, and taking a Tupperware bowl out of the cupboard, I crashed a big bottle of Surgical Spirit on the floor. What that bottle was there for, and who put it there, is a mystery, I just know it had been there for years, and it has now left an indelible smell all over the tiny flat we've been living in for the so many years. Of course, with the zoo, we can't open any windows.

I'm getting tired of it, tired of Stephen, of the nightmare of living with him. All day long, every single sentence that comes out of his mouth is a personal attack on me, completely unjustified. I'm so desperate, I'm thinking of leaving the country without asking for my citizenship before hand. These things take too

long, they cost too much, they are too complicated, in the end they will always succeed, I will never become a British Citizen, I will never retire either in England or in France, I will die in Canada where I was born, just as they wanted all along. I am tired of this existence.

12 June 2007

Today has been a bad day, and unfortunately it is not over, I could cause myself more damage. This morning ended with me shouting across the office to the Old Indian Man that telling the Chief Clerk she needed to sign these claims was his job, not mine. I then disappeared for 30 minutes, and then went to lunch. I have no idea what to expect this afternoon, I've already reviewed in my mind my options: going back to conferences, finding a job that pays even less than what I'm already earning, where no stress and no bitches are a guarantee, not a simple wish, because I have enough experience now that as soon as you work with a whole office, it will always be a nightmare, even when there is only one lazy bastard bitching around.

I foresaw it, I knew it was about to happen, I requested specifically 12 days ago to be taken off the horrible task of Grad Fees that no one wants, and for 12 days I am still stuck in it deep, there has been a bunch of major complaints from counsels reaching the very top of my Court, and even further to the directional director, I have now declared a war on the old lazy Indian Man, and I cannot see how I would be taken off the grad fees any time soon. It is a wonderful world.

The logical choice to take over the claims, has been prevented from doing so because my Manager is too weak to make a decision. He wants a meeting about the grad fees and how we will proceed to pay them within 20 days, when right now it takes us 4 months to process them. Now the woman is going on holiday for a full week, we may have that meeting the week after her return, and that meeting will not solve anything, if it even gets me off the damn thing. So I'm stuck, and alienated, and ready to kill.

I'm completely de-motivated, I don't want to go back this afternoon, especially after my three bursts this morning, the last one quite grandiose and dramatic. I'm in deep shit.

My problem is that I've been used to get things done, and so if it was all up to me, within a week I would have got rid of all the grad fees, no matter that there are thousands of them. However it all depends on the cashier, the Old Indian Man, who as soon as he sees 20 files on his desk, goes into panic mode and stop all the machines. And then, it all depends on the Clerks, who also freak out as soon as they see 20 files on their middle table, they can take over a week to come and sign the claims so they can be paid. I simply cannot do my job, and unfortunately I'm on the front line when the shit hits the fan, I'm the one being blame for being so late, my name is the one going right through the top Manager and the Regional Director. I'm the incompetent one here, despite the fact that I work like three administrators.

The frustrating situation has been more stressful on me than I initially thought. I wish I was like my colleagues and say: as long as I can justify myself, I don't give a fuck, I will sit back, relax, do fuck all, go to lunch, take the rest of the week off. I wish I could be so complacent and irresponsible. I'm not, it angers me, I want to take the whip, and start beating them up so they will do their job. And if they still don't want to do it then, pick up my phaser and simply vaporise them out of existence. That's what I would be like if I was the Manager of the General Office. The newbie, the kid, that one, is the main problem there. By doing all day, but stare at the ceiling or his computer screen, he has insured that he will not inherit the grad fees, and prevents someone more competent from being hired. And so that bad apple should have been eliminated a long time ago, I have a feeling he will be in that job for many years to come. And the Old Indian

Man has taken over a job too big for him, it is clear he should never have been made the cashier, he is not up to it. His philosophy is quite clear, he wants to do fuck all day, and he tells everyone so almost on a daily basis. And the Manager of course does nothing important, managing people does not get the job done. He is most famous for putting in the bin most of the post and faxes we receive, and now we are plagued with phone calls about these things that they sent years ago, that we never answered, and then they have to send it again, it is being binned again, and so every single phone call comes from someone completely out of his or her mind, because we don't pay them or even give them the courtesy of telling them that we have binned their letters. I am at my wits end.

I am now back from work for the evening. Dear me, what a day, but I certainly shake up the place, the email I sent to the Manager had the same impact as when the Top Manager gets a complaint and freak out at everyone. Once again I will be free to enter grad fees into the system for a while, until it clogs up again. Hopefully by then I will no longer be in charge.

Unfortunately, as I exploded again in the office at the Old Indian Man, as he was constantly trying to see what I was writing on my computer whilst writing these emails, I had no choice but backstab him real hard. For six months now he has been backstabbing me, and not once have I told one manager about it. Today it is writing in an email. I found it was the only way I could justify getting out of the grad fees soon, rather than next month. Also that the Old Man pushed me too hard at the very last second. I was not going to say anything about him, I had already deleted my backstabbing, but him still peering at my computer screen for five times, made me lose all my inhibition. I yelled: what? What do you want? You are not my Manager, mind your own business, leave me alone and everything will be fine! His answer did it: If you have a problem, tell it to the Manager. I shouted back: don't worry, I will! So I did, fucker.

I was called into the office after that, remained there for over 45 minutes. And then it was the turn to the Old Indian Man, where most likely he had his chance to stitch me up real good. As it was ongoing, I guess I don't really care at this point.

At the end of the day, the Scottish Manager wanted to bring the DX with me where we have to put it every night on the other side of the building. This conversation I have to say was illuminating. The only way I thought of to finally tell him I was gay was indirectly, stating that I was wondering if the Old Man had a problem with him, quickly back pedalling to assure him I didn't think it was the case at all. It gave him the chance to tell me he was also gay, and how he thought, like I do, that the top man at the head of all the courts was also gay. As a result I have now joined the Rainbow Network and will be attending a gay meeting in Central London at the end of the month. Not sure where I will find the money to go, but I'll figure out a way then.

When I left tonight, I think the whole of the Clerks office was doing grad fees. A new system has been implemented to avoid preventing me from entering grad fees. And the Old Indian Man was sorry indeed for the way he has been treating me and the casual way he does his job. He certainly will get his revenge, and more bloody baths are to be expected now that it is an opened war, however he left me no choice. If I had no complain against him, they would only have his side of the story, bashing over their head again and again how bad I am, and ultimately my big bursts in the office would confirm all that he had told them. Now I'm in a position to say: stop there, I'm not the problem here, he is.

All in all, it was an exhausting day. I should go sleep for an hour or two before Stephen arrives. He told me on the phone he also had a hard day, but he has one every day. For me at least, it is the exception to have such a nightmarish day. I just hope tomorrow will go more smoothly. I really need a holiday!

20 June 2007

I am so tired, I just recovered from having the flu. All Saturday, Sunday and Monday I spent in bed, and then, could not sleep anymore for most of Tuesday and especially during the night. I was supposed to go back to work today, but as I couldn't sleep as I was wheezing because of asthma, I wrote all night instead. Now I am completely drained, because I wrote all Tuesday as well, despite my headache. Unfortunately, I wasn't finishing my novel, I was working the Eclectism 2, which now has taken over my brain. I wrote between 45 and 50 pages of a normal book since last Friday, pretty good when considering that I had a bad flu and slept for three days out of five. The problem with The Eclectism 2 is that it is not commercial in nature, it would never be published, it may never even find a reader. And yet, I feel the need to write it, and I feel better for writing it. I already have 140 pages, maybe more. I wrote 25 pages back in April, then forgot all about it, and picked it up again 18 days ago and wrote 115 pages since. It is truly impressive, remarkable, I'm very pleased with myself, because this is not just a journal like this actual book you are reading. A journal, I can churn out 1000 pages in six months. But a real book, novel or not, it is not that easy, it does not come so naturally. And what is nice, is that I used to be afraid of running out of ideas, of suddenly be hit by the blank page syndrome and run dry. This year alone I will write more books than last year, and last year was a record. But this year I have a novel in English, something commercial, but I don't want to think too much about that, because if it fails, and it cannot fail to fail, I will be so disappointed.

The real question is, is it quantity or quality that I am looking for? Bad question. Should I write less books, but concentrate on one only, making sure it would be perfect? Not really, I need to be in the mood, I am not always in the mood to write fiction. And if I had to try to produce a novel which is more high quality than what I have already done, I wouldn't know where to start, I may no longer be interested in writing then.

The other big question, and that one is quite important, or will become important one day if I become able to live out of my writings: Is it possible that having a full time job is where most of my inspiration and motivation to write comes from? Would have I still written so many books if I had not been constantly working full time in parallel? Even if that were true, no longer having to go to work would be such a blessing, I wouldn't care if suddenly I was a bit less motivated to write. Fiction anyway does not require that much input from the outside world, and I have accumulated enough experiences and memories now for a lifetime. I could quiet easily isolate myself alone on an island and I would still be writing about all this in 100 years time.

I think the book of dreams, I will abandon it. I started all motivated and all, but that books require time, time to sleep and dream, time to write it all down, and I don't have any time left. The idea is good though, I will put it on hold until I have more time.

And this present book has now over 200 pages (though you might not find that if you read it one day, because then the version you would read would be an edited version where most of the crap, like the few paragraphs I have just written, will have disappeared). However, 200 pages is significant when it comes to a journal. It means I am way on my way to the bottom of the ocean with my job, I had enough trouble that I wrote what could be considered a book, and so I have enough and I can move on to something else. It usually takes between 8 months to a year, so I guess I'm not quite there yet. Though, we never know, perhaps that will be the job I always wanted and in which I will remain in for years to come. I could also become a clerk and finally sit in court instead of the admin office. That would be like a new job, and it would be a great one. Imagine, sitting in court all day listening and writing down the main lines of all those criminal trials. I might even start to write crime books, something I never had any interest in so far, unless they were pastiche of Sherlock Holmes.

I used to hope for something nice or different to happen at work every day in my previous jobs, as I was so bored out of my mind, and the day were so long, and so much bitchiness would happen, I always needed something more to keep me going. This time around, I have not done that often. Once only did I go to work and said to myself, something nice needs to happen today or I will lose it. There is also something else that only happened once, and it happened last week. When you start a new job, at some point will come a time where suddenly all the days are so similar, you can no longer distinguish your different working days, the routine has finally arrived. And then, going to work in the morning for one more time, becomes so painful, that routine, I often used to think it was reason enough to commit suicide. Well, in this job it only happened once, and it was not even that frightening, in the sense that suicide would never have occurred. I just felt irritation at the idea that I was falling into a routine and it was getting tedious. But then I immediately got the flu, and five days later I will only work two days, and then next week perhaps I will not feel so much the routine as I would have without the flu to change my mind a bit. So the job is not bad at all, however I will have my return to work interview tomorrow and everything I said tonight about this job could suddenly turn very sour and sound more like a bunch of lies I stated whilst under the influence of paracetamol and other feverish flu.

1 July 2007

Speaking of days at work where something suddenly happens to make it more exciting, two things happened last Friday. First they found some unexploded bombs in Central London in cars, they were so crude, I believe these are not government sponsored terrorists like the previous ones, this must be a copy cat incapable to actually make a bomb. Anyway, it was enough to electrify the day. But then, something more unthinkable happened. A defendant who was declared guilty of beating his child, or trying to kill her anyway, decided to commit suicide in the court room by gobbling up paracetamol. I'm not certain if you are familiar with this drug, but it is the equivalent of aspirins. The man died on his way back to prison, probably Wormwood Scrubs. As a joke I said, so, the police killed a defendant in the cells, interesting, I knew this was a police state. Everyone laughed. I laughed a bit less after reading the logs, because it stated that he had taken many paracetamol and that security then stopped him. So, on one hand, if the man was spotted swallowing his pills and was stopped, and on the other end we are only talking about paracetamol, how many of these damn things do you need to swallow to die? I would reckon quite a lot, and where would a man who has been in prison for quite a while would find so many paracetamol, and did he have the time to swallow so many? However, it is a bit useless to read any conspiracy in there, why would anyone want to kill a man who has been trying to kill his own daughter? Who would care anyway, certainly not the government. And so, he must have swallowed enough of these pills. I find it quite interesting that the man and the wife wanted to kill their daughter, in such a weird way as well, by gently pressing her head with his large hand, not even in a fit of rage, and the wife being quite happy with that. I wonder if they were hearing voices telling them to kill their daughter, as perhaps she was the daughter of the devil or something. They were Indians, and we know they prefer sons before daughters, because in the long run it is much cheaper to marry them. Perhaps this is all there is to it, or I've been watching too many Hollywood films.

Last month has been the worst for a long time, as we ran out of money a few days after the beginning of the month, and we didn't eat anything for at least three weeks. Stephen is finally going to do something about it, he's declaring bankruptcy, or the next best solution, a Individual Voluntary Arrangement with his creditors, just like I did two years ago. Great, we're now both bankrupt, and I guess I'm the one to be blamed, though I prefer to blame it on my books, they are the reason I didn't work for six months after my return from Los Angeles. And

I feel guilt for not having finished Anna Maria yet, though I haven't stop writing, The Eclecticism II. It is going very well, yesterday I wrote the first half of War, I'm not sure if I will finish that tonight or if I will work on Anna Maria. I'm drinking a lot of wine, and that is a dangerous thing to do when I work the next day, however I'm unable to get drunk and motivated to write, which explains why I'm writing this book instead.

Last Friday I went to the gay association of the HMCS, Her Majesty's Courts Service. I wouldn't want to put them down here, as this is quite identifiable, they would recognise themselves. But I can't avoid mentioning that this is the perfect example of a small little committee representing a government at the microcosm. A bunch of losers with nothing better to do than meet, pretend they have any sort of power, having a small budget and spending it in all the wrong places. Have I mentioned a bunch of moaning bitches? Well, I met quite a woman there, who is actually a member of all the sub-groups of the HMCS, as she is a Jewish woman from Wales with ancestors from Russia and Ukraine, she is bisexual and disabled, well, she's the jack pot and could potentially suffer from all forms of possible discrimination. I thought it might be interesting to get to know her better, but after reflection I feel it might be too demanding a friendship and it could turn sour very quickly. I better stay away while I still can.

They invited me to attend the Gay Pride on Saturday, apparently the Civil Service will have a banner or something for the parade. I'm so disconnected, I was unaware it was the Gay Pride the next day. I also didn't go, as it was raining and I needed to finally do the grocery shopping of the century, as we just got paid and we had nothing left in the fridge, then cup board or the pharmacy, not to mention alcohol and tobacco. Now I am breathing better, everything is full and it needs to remain so for as long as possible, enough to survive a bird flu attack, because I have no money left and it is the first of the month.

One more thing I need to mention, just to show how petty and jealous your colleagues can become when they have a bit of work lined up on their desk. The fat woman who recently moved from the Listing Office to the General Office, the very same who for more than a month now has successfully avoided inheriting the Graduated Fees from me, and will not even get to work on it for another month, was appalled because suddenly she received 14 bits of post to deal with. In itself this can be discouraging, especially if there are NG Forms in there, which means a lot of photocopying to send tot eh Court of Appeal, however she didn't have any NG Forms and most of these faxes or letters are most probably people who want a record sheet of the defendants, which takes a minute to print and fax, no need to find the file (the most time consuming part of our job, since we can never find any files). She immediately got angry with me and shouted in the office: did you get any post to do? Now, you will understand that three people are required to deal with the Grad Fees and pay them on time, and yet I have been working on that alone for the last seven months. So I turned around and said quite calmly, no, I didn't get any post, once you're on the grad fees, if you want any post, let me know and I will make sure you get some. Her unjustified jealousy then became full blown, and she replied back: so on grad fees we don't get any post? Obviously she's already thinking about the day she will finally inherit them, and so she wants to insure she won't have any more work to do. Si I answered: I get post, a lot of it, including NG Forms, I just didn't get any this time. And then I gave it the last blow, just to confirm her pettiness and desire to do as less as possible, I said: Look, at some point and for many months I was on Grad Fees, on NTT and on Post. In my mind the rest of what was not said was: And you're worried about 14 bits of post, and the fact that I didn't get any, when those Grad Fees are so urgent and I can't keep up? Not only do I have to deal with the grad fees, I also have to find all the files, and before I started to work there, there was someone working full time at just finding files, so she can fuck off the bitch. I can't believe she freaked out at me because I didn't get any post, that she could have thought for one second that it was unfair

and some sort of injustice, when she has done everything she could to avoid getting the grad fees and I have been killing myself over them for so long. She thought in her puny mind, like everyone else working at the court, that the General Office is easy and relax, because unlike with the Listing Office and the Clerks, none of our work needs to be done urgently in the next 10 minutes, if something is not done, well, it can wait another day. That is why she moved from the Listing Office to us, she will realise once she inherits the Grad Fees, that she should never have switched to the General Office. Then she will understand what I have been going through, how justified I am to want out after so many months. The difference between her and me, is that I liked to be on so much pressure, I was happy with grad fees, NTT and post, and doing very well thank you, whilst NTT alone right now is overwhelming the other kid who does nothing all day. It is against him that she should be freaking out, however once someone in the civil service has been declared a useless employee, everyone just accepts it and act as if that person didn't exist. They accept him or her as a lost cause we all have to put up with, and as such, no anger or jealousy goes towards them, in fact, they have all fallen in love with him, I guess it helps that he is so good looking, even though he is stoned most of the time. We have been short of staff for a very long time in the General Office, and he is the only person who was hired to save us, as it turns out he is doing nothing, and the Old Indian Man who is also doing nothing, means that not only we are short staffed like crazy, but on top of it there is no hope that someone else will be hired to save us. We are sinking and there is no light over the horizon. My desk is so full of files, it has now become a mountain, even the General Manager of the Court on Friday looked at it and asked: what is that? Grad Fees? And then the Deputy Manager said yes. I felt really bad, it looked like I was not doing my job, but I am, and I would have done it all if I was not constantly stopped by the Old Indian Man who cannot deal with the claims and the cheques fast enough, he is always off at the hospital or gone to see his children in the West of England. And when he is there, he prefers to moan instead of doing his job. What can I do? They hired two assistants from an agency to help us get out of the hole, one has left because he couldn't be certain if his contract would be renewed (they wait until the very last day of the month to let them know if they will remain for another month), and the second one, who was helping on the Grad Fees, has been stolen by the Listing Office more than five months ago. And our Manager is too weak to complain that she was hired to help us, not the List Office who probably does not need her in the first place.

Well, now that I had a good moan, I feel much better. I'm ready for another week in the Crown Court Madhouse. Despite all day, at least, on Sunday nights, I am not hiding in my bathroom in fear of going back to work, like I did in Los Angeles, so at least it is not that bad. My return to work interview was with my Line Manager, so it made it easy last week when I came back from three days with the flu. However the voice of the other Manager reached our interview, my Line Manager was told to tell me that if I am sick for one more day I will be facing a committee of Managers and Personnel people specially coming from London where I would be facing a return to work interview from Hell, leading either to dismissal or at the very least a warning. Wow, and the other kid who does nothing all day, because he was never sick since his father told him that if he doesn't come to work he will kick him out of the house, will never face such committee. And the Old Indian Man is quite safe, because he is dying, so it is quite acceptable for him to always be at the hospital. If only he could remain there for good! What is the point anyway? He is at the hospital half the week, he might as well stay there for good. Unless of course it is not the hospital that he visits most days, but the pub, as he is quite the alcoholic and would never miss a chance to go down the pub. Unfortunately, for all these alcoholics and drug addicts doing nothing at all all day at work, alcohol seems to kill their bug flu, and so they're never sick. Let it be known, in the civil service, if you wish to get away with doing nothing all day, make sure that at the very least we never miss a day



of work or that you can always justify why you are never there, because then no Manager has anything against you and cannot call his or her little friends from Personnel to descend on you like a ton of bricks. That is reserved for hard working people like me, who despite working their ass off, being sick twice is simply not acceptable and deserves more investigations, meetings, warnings and ultimately dismissal.

I can't wait for him to retire, the Old Indian Man, because he causes me so much grief by hating me, being so rude all the time, being quite blunt and barking orders at me. I just don't know at this time if I will feel the need to move on to another job before he retires this autumn. It seems too far away, I will crack before that time.

6 July 2007

This week for the first time ever at the Crown Court, we got on top of the Graduated Fee Claims and we're paying them within the 20 days required by law. And today for the first time ever, I cleared all the files on my desk, and every single file and claim on the two shelves. I worked so hard at this, you wouldn't believe, I got rid of almost every single grad fee we had, and to do that I had to climb to the top and write reports about problems and solutions so they would let me enter the claims on the computer to finally get on top of things. Because if it had depended on me alone, we would have been on top of it after one month on the job.

Anyway, I felt it was worth celebrating, and told my Line Manager I deserved a medal for all this hard work. To which he answered, great, it only took you a year! It was a joke and we laughed, and it does seem like it took me six months to finally reach the point where we could pay the fees within 20 days, but he knows very well that it is not my fault. Though I have to say, he never noticed all the work I did until I told him, and then he agreed it was an achievement.

So, as a recompense for all my hard work, the Chief Clerk freaked out completely, went straight to the Deputy Manager (the Scottish guy), and complaint I was incompetent because I had not looked inside one file where it was clearly stated why a grad fee had been cancelled. She also accused me of not investigating enough to find out that some files have been transferred to other Crown Courts, which explains why we couldn't find the files for so long. It was a proper bullocking, in front of the Deputy Manager. It left me completely aghast, de-motivated, and I sure am glad I took the next two Friday off. If I see that bitch Chief Clerk for five days straight once more, I will no longer be responsible for my actions.

So, whilst I was being reprimanded and told I was incompetent, what were the kid and the old man doing, the very ones who do nothing all day and never get into trouble with any manager for it? Well, the kid stares at the ceiling all day long, and for once yesterday the Chief Clerk came in and told him: do you actually ever do any work? The answer being no, of course, or else, he would have inherited the Grad Fees by now and I would no longer be sinking like a madman. So there you are, she knew this guy does nothing, and yet, she doesn't do anything about it. It is understandable, the kid is so incompetent, he is limited in his duty to doing one thing which only concerns the General Office. But then the Chief Clerk went to the Old Man and asked him to do something by Monday, and his answer was: well, you see, I was planning to be sick on Monday because my hand hurts. We are Friday, how can he be sick on Monday for arthritis, and what about the next day, and the next? The answer was so astonishing, we were all stunned. Even the Chief Clerk said laughing: I thought you were joking, and yet, I can see that you are not! And so, do you think she jumped into the Deputy Manager's Office to complain that both these morons who do nothing all day are a waste of space, time and money? No, it was all perfectly acceptable, whilst I am being accused of incompetence while working so damn hard.

I told her in the office: you will see that I am good at my job once someone else inherits the Grad Fees. They laughed, because the woman who will inherit them, eventually, maybe, once she returns from holiday, has got a lot of experience and has been working there for quite a while. I said: you will see.

I know better, I thought, she is as lazy as the others, she complains like mad as soon as she has a bit too much work (which is the reason why she moved from listing to the General Office), she does not have the intelligence, she will bring us right back to us paying those grad fees three months late. I give her one month to reach that stage, after which month the grad fees will get back to me, because now we are on a rotation system, and apart from her, only I can inherit them.

In virtually all the jobs I ever had I always worked like a madman. I always gave them 200%. And yet, it has been my observations that all my managers decided to ignore that fact, to give me shit about details. At the same time, I was always surrounded by a bunch of lazy bastards doing nothing all day, and yet, they always seem to get away with murder. How do you explain this? I can't, unless this is some form of discrimination, favouritism. Is it because I'm gay, French speaking, or my appearance, or my attitude? All valid points, but in the end, it is getting really tiresome, and this unfairness is killing me.

Invariably, every time I left a job, I heard afterwards how incapable the people who replaced me were, and how they had to sack the newbies time after time until they could get what they had when I was doing the job. Why can't they see it whilst I was still working for them? How could they have forgotten that before I arrived, we never used to do so many things, because they add more and more, as they see that I can do it, and then freak out and I have to leave, and then no one can take over such a nightmare. I feel a good manager should be able to spot this instantly, and my Line Manager has spotted it, unfortunately he does not appear to have told anyone about it, and so some other managers believe I am incompetent.

Well, this time at least I won't have to leave the job before they understand it, the fat bitch is back in two weeks from her long holiday (she had another week holiday two weeks ago), and I will scream with pleasure when she starts complaining on a daily basis about the grad fees. Unfortunately for me, I'll be there every step of the way for her, I will train her to do her job the way I came to do it, and so she will have it easy, and yet, she will be drowning in no time.

I never spotted her looking for a file, never, now she will have to find hundreds a day and process hundreds of claims. I look forward seeing this happening. First thing that will happen is that she will say that she cannot do that job if she also has to find the files, and so ushers will be given to her to find files. I will be laughing, because ushers are so useless, in a week's time working full time finding files, they will find ten of them, for four ushers. In one hour I find 50 files, I also check if the claims have been paid and if there is Legal Aid granted on them.

I won't set the fat bitch to fail, I will train her exactly the way I was doing it, and yet, I predict she will explode before the training is over, once she realises all that it entails. And then I will say: shit, I got 14 pieces of post today, and I have a whole week to deal with it because, frankly, I have nothing else to do, did you get any? How can this world be so unfair?

I feel much better now, all this injustice will not be in vain if I have written it all down for posterity. I just hope I didn't bore you to death in the process. Who could care about damn grad fees anyway?

What fries me most, is that scheme 4 is coming soon, and so the fat bitch won't have to pay any grad fees for most of the new ones we will receive, until the system is updated on our computers. And once it is updated, there will be only one grad fee to pay per file, instead of between 10 and 24. She will have it easy, and yet, I predict that she will still fail and complain a lot. She must have

an angel looking over her shoulders, because she was able to delay inheriting the grad fees long enough that I got all the shit whilst she will have it so easy. Bitch.

10 July 2007

I understood today that it was not my incompetence which seems to drive the Chief Clerk, every hour now she finds a good reason to jump into the Deputy Manager's office to complain about me. It is a personal vendetta, she is for some reason annoyed with me and has decided that she will give me as much shit as she can for the sheer masochistic pleasure of it, just like she does to all the counsels and solicitors who found a way to annoy her, she will return the claims over and over again until they either give up and accept that they won't get paid (most of them), or until they complain to the top manager or regional director (which happens once or twice a month). It is pure pettiness, and now I suffer the consequences of it.

Today she has to remind me to be careful with my language with the Senior Managers, after I told her that I had worked my ass off to process all these claims. I'm sure she has already reported me to the Deputy Manager, even though it wasn't much to report. Later on during the day she came out of the Deputy Manager's office once more, with a pile of files to complain about and I stopped her and I asked her directly if she had a problem with me because she was now always on my back without a valid reason. She was so patronizing whilst she denied all that, the kid noticed it and told me afterwards how patronizing he thought she had been. I spent the rest of the afternoon thinking about finding a new job, and I told the kid who now I'm sure he told everyone else. And I told my Line Manager that her little vendetta had been lasting since last Friday and I was growing tired of it. I said that if she continues tomorrow, I will simply go home. He told me to come and talk to him before I do so.

On top of it, Stephen announced to me that we had to pay all the credit cards this month, that his IVA is not working as planned, and I can already confirm that we are not in a position to pay most of these bills and we are now heading once more towards a complete month without any money. Another good reason to find a better job. The problem is that I don't know which jobs to go for, all I know is that I will not go back to conferences.

It is now 1 am, I'm afraid I have become one of these moody persons, and no matter what turned me into a miserable sod, no one will want to work with a miserable sod. And so, there is a point of no return that all Managers should know not to cross, because after that, whatever you could do, that apple has turned bad and will never get back to the red shiny shade of before. That apple needs to be crushed and replaced by another bright one which will, one day, rot as well. I have to be careful that this time has not yet come for me, I need to get back there tomorrow with a smile on my face, work with the bitch as if nothing happened, hope for the best that she feels she had her little revenge on me for whatever it is I may have said which disturbed her so much, even though I know from experience that she doesn't need much to go into attack mode. If I am unable to get my smile back, start laughing again whilst still working hard, then I am finished. It will be like in Los Angeles, when I could come to work a whole day without saying a word, and avoiding them when they came around me to torment me. I had crossed that point of no return then, it could never have come back, I could never have salvaged that job. I have to make sure this does not happen here, this is quite a challenge, and I have no clue about what to do to get back to where I was, happy go lucky guy minding his own business, working hard, no one had anything or complaint against me. How can I achieve that? Especially if I don't have any help from any of them to try to bring back the peace? I could work all morning trying to show a great attitude in the office, and then the Chief Clerk would storm in again to the Deputy Manager's office (the Scottish guy), and then I will no longer be able to contain it, I will explode.

Today must be one of these days, the cat or the dog, peed and shat on the bed, at 1 am. You can imagine how Stephen is in a good mood about it, and as usual he tried to blame me for it, asking me when was the last time the dog went out. Of course, it would never enter his mind that it is as much his responsibility as mine to get the bloody dog out. Incidentally the dog was out less than an hour ago, but freaked out so much, waking up all the neighbours, I had to bring her back in immediately. And after all that argument, now Stephen thinks it was one of the cats.

Don't you feel sometimes life is really testing you, just to see how you can keep it under pressure, until the cover just blows up and sprays every wall? I can no longer contain it, and Stephen never could in the first place. I had become excellent at keeping my cool, and still say what I had to say despite the shouting, tonight I exploded without even giving it a try. And tomorrow there is a huge risk that it will be the same, that the smallest dig will send me off the wall. I need to ensure this will not happen, I have to control myself, change my mind, learn to ignore the bitch, and smile back at her, and laugh with her, even though it is obvious she has backstabbed me a dozen times in the last week, and will continue to do so for a while. I think I would need powerful drugs to achieve such a feat.

There are two ways to be tired at work. Being tired because you went to bed very late a few days in a row (or a few months in a row), and then you can snap at anything at anytime. The second way is to be tired because you went to bed very late for a few days, but at least you drank a lot of alcohol the night before. Then you are so comatose, you don't see the bitching around you, and quite sincerely, you don't give a shit, and so, this is how alcohol can save your ass. I wouldn't try it though, because the only reason you might avoid a fight, is because you are already fighting with yourself to keep awake and try to achieve some work, which then becomes impossible. At least without alcohol the night before, you may be tired, but you will still be able to enter stupid numbers into the computer without inventing suspicions that you might not have the brain to do so.

So far, every single prediction I have made about this job, from the very beginning, before I even got it, have materialised. I have not been wrong once. Is it because I ultimately control that destiny and whatever I want or fell might happen, does happen? Or is it because I have become so good at that game, and people are so damn predictable, that guessing what will happen next has become second nature to me? Well, if people and myself are so damn predictable, what is the point of being alive, go through life and acquire an experience for? Is that the experience I will have at the end? Being able to predict every single bitchy thing every single bitch will do in this world?

I am now in Defcon 2, which means I spoke to her rudely, I confronted her with her bitchiness, and I told my Line Manager that if tomorrow it is the same shit, I will go home. I am now wondering if tomorrow it will be Defcon 1, an outright war, officials meeting with all the Managers to make my discomfort official, or Defcon 3, slap a fake smile on my face and ignore the bitch. If she talks to me, answer the most polite way as possible, just get rid of her. If I am in a bad mood, if I suddenly shut up completely and show that there is a problem, I will still be in Defcon 2 and Defcon 1 will be around the corner. And the danger is that despite everything, without my control, if she goes too far and cannot stop herself from digging, I will have no choice but declaring an outright war. So much depends on yourself and your own attitude, but sometimes it is inevitable. I hope and I believe I can ride that wave and get back to Defcon 3, I have gone through much worse in my life, especially in Los Angeles. Maybe I didn't act the appropriate way then, but I will make all the efforts tomorrow to joke about it and defuse the bomb, while I still can.

I have learnt today that two weeks ago was the first time a defendant killed himself in a Court (in the United Kingdom I assume). And that happened in

the court I am working in, whilst was at the Court. Fascinating. Newspapers were saying that head will roll over this one, I haven't seen any head rolling. I overheard the top Manager joke about it, saying that the man may have drink whatever poison there was in his can of coke whilst in the Court Room, at least, and thank God, he died in the hospital. According to him, it absolves us all, it didn't happen in our Court.

Let's make a few more predictions about little me in that job. I was thinking becoming a Clerk, now I know this is not feasible for many months, because the construction of the new Crown Court means the shutting down of many court rooms, also that I cannot become a clerk under the actual Chief Clerk. Since she has been working there for 15 years, there is no reason to believe she will move on any day now. And since I have already written a full book about this job, I doubt I will need to remain in that office for much longer. Either I will decide to move on, or something else will happen in my life and will make me move on. I doubt I will be working at that Court for that much longer, could be a few more months I reckon, in the autumn at the latest I will be somewhere else. I hope it will be something better than that shit job that doesn't pay anything, whilst you still have to suffer the pettiness of small minded "Senior Managers". The only remaining argument for me to remain in that job, is that it is local and three minutes away from my flat. I wonder how powerful this argument will be to keep me in that shit job as a civil servant.

11 July 2007

I think I have been very successful in getting down to Defcon 3, though stress was running high with the Pakistani man this morning, as he was freaking out because I spent an hour on the phone about Legal Aid for one case, and he was insulted when I told him that I had to do what the Chief Clerk had told me to do, and so, no, I would not listen to anything they were asking me to do. They said we never had to chase Legal Aid before, and now I have to do it on half the cases I have to process, that is all I have been doing for two weeks now, chasing Legal Aid orders.

I told them that my Manager now was the Chief Clerk, and she had been freaking out so many times and backstabbed me so many times lately, I could not afford not to do what she was asking me to do. That shut him up, and so after that it was quiet for the rest of the day. Though for a while I thought the shit would hit the fan again. The Chief Clerk came in with over 500 grad fees in her hand, and she said: return them all back with a letter saying the cases were still opened. This was a double blow to me, because first writing 500 letters will take me two weeks, but also, it was another proof I hadn't done my job, and she will probably once again jump into the Deputy Manager's office to complain that I had not verified that these cases were still live, so now everyone is convinced, me included, that I failed miserably in my job.

However, it would be humanly impossible to verify the thousands of claims about first if they are still live or not, if they have been paid or not, if Legal Aid was granted or not, and if it is a Scheme 4 claim or not. I did it today for 50 claims, what we received today alone, and it took me the whole day. Which means, if I were to do that everyday, that is all I would be doing, I would not be finding files, I would not enter the claims on the computer, I would not achieve anything. So I am glad I ignored all this for so long, at least I have paid almost all the claims, and now it is really apparent, because after I finish sending back the 500 claims, I will virtually have no more claims to enter into the computer. I will give the woman who will take over a clean plate about grad fees, and it will be more obvious how she will fail.

I just finished drinking a few beers, like ten of them, and I just finished writing at least 4 entries for my book *The Eclecticism II*. I find it quite extraordinary that I could probably be writing my two greatest masterpieces of a

lifetime, whilst being so petty about the reality surrounding me, and be worried about the smallest bitchiness of some small minded people around me. The truth is, I could die tomorrow morning, and the last few months of my existence would turn out to be the most determining and significant months of my existence, because of Anna Maria and The Eclecticism, and yet, when people will read about what was truly going on in my life at that time, they will stop and wonder, how can such a crap life bring out in someone such books?

Of course, I am not talking here in real terms, none of these books will ever see the light of day, I will die completely unknown to humanity, this is not the point. This is what I feel, that I have written the best I could within my lifetime, and it is no small matter for someone who has been writing every single day since he was ten years old, and wrote over 30 books in his lifetime, whether or not any of them get anywhere.

Dear me, I wouldn't want to appear pretentious, with a large Ego, when in fact, this is exactly who I am, and I don't give a fuck about any of you who will laugh at that. Write one book of 300 pages, and then we can discuss it further. What comes so easy to me, can only come to you as the most painful and impossible task there is. So if I feel right now that I have written the best I can, then it is so, and it is my right to wonder about whatever impact it might have after I'm dead, because dear me, I would never suppose I can be recognised whilst I am alive, though I'm pretty sure that if I am not recognised before I die, then I never will be, and to be honest, at this point in my life, I have accepted it, and I don't care anymore.

I only care for one thing, writing books I can be proud of, even if in the end it was all just for myself. This is how I will judge my life on my death bed, and I can assure you, it will not involve any of you. You have only been a big disappointment to me all my life, and I am not expecting any miracle coming from you anytime soon. All I can say is that you have been my greatest inspiration, and you probably do not deserve to read any of it, because it will fail to inspire you back.

I won't change this world, I don't believe this world can ever change, it has been the same forever and will always remain so. We cannot change human nature, whatever how we would like to believe that there is some sort of evolution in mentalities. There is no such thing, and hence, we are all doomed. I'm not proud of humanity, of what we have achieved, I am not even proud of myself. There is no hope for any of us, we will all go to hell, if there is such a thing as hell.

Sleep well tonight, even though I know, you know, we all know, you don't deserve it. Humanity deserves to go to hell. If you want to know why, just read every single word I have ever written since the day I was born. If you still believe in humanity then, then my God, you must be Jesus-Christ re-incarnated, and then we need to crucify you. Fuck you all, I sincerely hope that these will be my last ever words before I die.

Funny, after writing that stuff above, I decided to put it online on my website. I never usually do such a thing until it has been a year since I finished working at the place I'm talking about. It is not the first time though that I put it online, I did it a few months ago once I was completely drunk, but deleted it two days after. Tonight though it is different, even though I am completely drunk. This time I truly do not care if any of them reads it, anyway, I believe they are all too stupid to first find my website, and second to find this book which appears under the name The Lost Link. And anyway, at this point, I don't really care if any of them finds it and reads it. I am quite prepared to lose my job over this, which I wasn't before, for some weird reason. I guess they had not pushed me to my limits then, now they have.

Something weird also happened tonight. I spent some time reading the beginning of this book, and realised that all of this, this job, this book, was supposed to be more like a game, a spy within the mist of the Crown Courts.

Along the way, somehow, I forgot that it was all but a game, and that at the end of the day, I truly didn't care about them, whatever could happen to me. It was all for the sake of this book. And then, as usual, I forgot all about it, and it became a true reality for me, a nightmare. I got caught in the mind games, I have been brainwashed, and then I started to take this game way too seriously, when there was no need to. I felt tonight that I had accomplished my mission, after eight months. So I have nothing left to lose. Writing anymore about this job would be simply repeating myself, even though I know you are all over finding out if the woman who will succeed me in the job I have been doing most of the time will succeed or fail. This is unimportant, we all know she will fail, there is no need for me to confirm it or tell you all about the details about how she will fail and when. In a way I feel I have written enough about this book, enough that I don't care about losing this job about a few words I might have scribbled upon the subject. Which tells me a lot, because there is still a whole book on my computer about a friend I met in Los Angeles, and yet I am not ready to put that online anytime soon, even though he is now very far away from me, and I do not believe we have any future together. So what is stopping me to put it online then? Good question. It is called Kiddo. I think I might put it online soon. Fuck that friendship then, as if he reads it, it will be over faster than you can say what the fuck?

The problem with me is that I am so honest about everything, so blunt about everything, it almost seems obscene to put it online for everyone to read. Fuck it, tonight I put everything online, I will put that Kiddo online. It is all a game anyway, and I should be damn if I forget it for one minute and suddenly decide to lie about anything or censor myself in any way. If people can't take the truth, I don't care.

19 July 2007

I did put them online, but I took them off the very next day once I was sober. In fact, I spent Sunday writing many pages of what has now become People I may have inspired, and I did put it online, and once again the next day I took it off, because I believe it would cause me more damage to be seen to be boasting about what people would not believe could have happened. So, how many hundreds of pages am I going to write this year that I will never find the courage to put online because a few people might get hurt by it and might decide to confront me?

This week was supposed to be my last week doing graduated and standard fee claims. As a consequence I worked so hard, I stayed at work until 18h30 every day. I cleared all the claims, there are 10 claims without files, probably cases that we no longer have at the court, and I have ten files with claims on them that I would have been able to clear if we had not been told to turn off our computers at some point because of a network upgrade. I succeeded! I am giving on Monday a complete clear slate to the fat woman, no stress, no pressure, and so, I can in no way be blamed if she fails, as she cannot avoid, as there is no way she will be able to work as hard as I did.

I entered so many claims this afternoon, there were a huge pile of files on the table waiting the chief clerk when she came to sign them. She said: There were only two last night, where have this all come from? I turned around and I said: you see how I work hard? She answered back: well, yeah, but the important is to find the files. She was basically accusing me once again of not searching and finding files, which angers me so much, because I have found so many files since I worked there, I filled the two cases of five shelves each so many times! So one way or another, I could never have succeeded, in her eyes I have failed miserably, I did a half job, I did not look for files, I didn't spotted all those claims that were still from live cases and needed to be returned, etc. And yet, she is completely blind to the final result, that I cleared them all, the most single and

biggest source of complaints we ever had since I started, and every time there was a complaint, as I was responsible for claims, it was my fault, when it was anything but my fault.

Anyway, speaking any more about this would simply be repeating myself, and would now become some long and interminable whinging. All I want to say is that I have cleared it up, the bitch is supposed to take over on Monday, something tells me she will somehow not take over until the beginning of August, or perhaps never, and if she does take over, the shit will hit the fan, they will suddenly realise how great I was, and then I would have no qualm about taking them back, because then I would actually be appreciated for my hard work instead of being picked on all the time, and humiliated in front of the whole office as if I was the most incompetent employee on the planet, when I am the hardest working person in the General Office.

As a proof of this, lets look at the other areas. The cashier is always sick, always at the doctor, and yet he can now do his daily run of payment as if it was second nature. I can only surmise that being the cashier is actually an easy job, because he is never at work, when he is there, he does nothing, and yet the few cheques are printed and posted everyday. And yet, dear me, he certainly struggled to learn that new job and he too got into a lot of altercations with the chief clerk.

The Post-Trial section, the job of the Pakistani man, is overflowing with files, it is one of the main reason why many claims could not be paid, because files need to be properly closed. There has been many complaints from many other departments that files were not being closed fast enough, there must be over 400 files waiting to be closed. The distribution and photocopying section, also the responsibility of the Pakistani man, is overflowing with files as well. I can only feel that if I were to apply the speed I have demonstrated in these two sections, I could clear these bookshelves within days, and yet, he is so slow motion, it simply getting worse a bit more every day.

NTT, National Taxing Team, need a lot of information from every file in order to calculate the taxes to be applied to each claim. This is the responsibility of the kid. We are in so much shit with the NTT, they call every day to complain about the 100 files that need to be found, photocopied and sent to them. Once a week at least all the senior managers are buzzing around us because NTT have complain again.

The other main section is the committals. These are bundles of files we receive from the Magistrates' Courts that need to be entered into the computer and new files created for each of them. When I was on Committals, I virtually eliminated them all, and yet no one ever congratulate me about it, and no one recognise that fact now that there are four towers on the Manager's desk. On committals we have the kid already drowning in the NTT, and the fat bitch. Since she has been on holiday for over a month since she has moved from the Listing office, it is understandable that there are now four towers awaiting me once I go back to committals next week.

There are other areas like Legal Aid and Post, which are requests from everyone in the country for this or that, and there is also a huge pile of unanswered post that most of the time will end up in the bin, as my Line Manager cannot be bothered with it. All in all, the General Office is an utter failure filled with incompetent and lazy people. They all need to be sacked, because none of them are productive at all or can do the job properly or at the very least at a faster pace so in the end we do more work than new work is coming. It has been piling up since I started and it is all going to hell.

And let me repeat it once more, just in case it has not yet entered your mind, I am the only one being picked on by the Chief Clerk, because I am the only one, with the cashier, who has to work closely with her. So it is quite an injustice, for this new Ministry of Justice that we are now part of.



This week the top Manager of the place came into the office and asked the kid to come in. We all thought, that's it, he will finally get the sack. The main big surprise was that not only he didn't get his head chopped off, the discussion was about if he had filled out his application form in order to become permanent. The Top Manager is trying to make permanent the most incompetent employee I have ever worked with in my entire life, and no one will stand in his way to put a stop to what I could only qualify as a crime. The kid is stoned and drunk at work at the time, and sleeping all day, and yet, they are doing everything they can to insure he becomes permanent. This is really the civil service for you. The kid is not even fit to work in a McDonald's, because there they would quickly spot that he is a zombie and they would not hesitate to kick him out within a month. I truly cannot explain this madness.

However I predicted, I knew that this is what I would find, and I do not resent the kid for this extraordinary injustice. Thank God, because if this was truly angering me, I would have been out of this job by now, because I would be completely alienated by now and probably driven insane by what I am witnessing. At least at the moment I may be stressed out because I work so hard and run around everywhere all day, at least I am not creating a fuss, being jealous or backstabbing anyone. Because then I would be no better than any of them, and hard worker or not, I would be as rotten as them and would not deserve that job either.

I have also assessed that almost all employees working in my Crown Court have got their job through a contact of theirs, as I understood it, the Top Manager alone is responsible for many of the employees there. He did say to me also that it was great that I got the job via a job interview in Central London instead of at the Court itself, because at least he could not be accused of favouritism in my case. This is why these jobs in the civil service are so hard to get and that no matter how I tried to even get interviews in the past, I never even got one single interview. If I had, it would have been useless, because the chosen one has already been chosen before they even began the interviews, and then it is just for show that they would pretend to make it fair to everyone, when it is anything but fair. I only got the job myself because I came at the exact right moment, they were desperate for some help, and soon after I was hired they even got two temps from an agency. Otherwise I would never had any chance. Especially if I had gone through an ad in a newspaper instead of just showing up there in the first place.

The civil service is that last refuge for the lazy and incompetent people on this planet, and in a way I guess it is important to have that at least for these misfits who could never keep a job for long in the private or the commercial world where everything is based on results, quantity, speed, etc. It is also fitting that the salaries are so low, because none of them deserve their salary anyway. However, I do suppose that if the salaries were a bit higher, people who actually have some brain and aptitudes might actually apply and get those jobs, and then we would only need half the employees the whole service is using to accomplish the same amount of work, since at the moment the whole civil service is working at 20% of its capacities, and there is no denying that from what I have observed.

Working there is just a depressing thing, seeing all these people doing nothing all day and getting away with it, and me working so hard and being bullied by the Chief Clerk. I cannot stand that treatment for too long, and I will have to move on rather soon, I'm afraid. Unless of course I was to start dassing all day like them, take it easy, be sick all the time and always find ways to leave early, like the fat bitch and the other fat bitch still in the listing office. She's pregnant now, so it has gone worse, but she has no excuse, because she was like that months before she became pregnant.

I hated the fact that we had now to sign in and out using magnetic cards and a computer, but now I have realised that everyone is no longer arriving at almost 10 am and leaving at 4 pm. They are all now working longer hours, and

even, my Line Manager and the Kid have to work until 6 pm for something like a month to compensate for their late arrival and early departures. They have now admitted that they have been lying on their time sheets before the system was installed, that everyone had been lying except me, even though the Old Indian man was always checking my time sheet as if he was my Manager, and passing comments, and I hated him for it, and it is now clear that my Line Manager and the Kid were the only one who failed to adapt to the new system and took the piss for many more weeks before realising the consequences, and now they have to work to exhaustion to compensate. It doesn't matter though, that extra hour they spend talking and doing nothing, so it is again totally useless.

I do not believe the Scottish Manager is working a full 36 hours a week yet, he arrives late every single morning, often by 30 minutes, and almost always leave at 4h45. However, he has access to the computer, so I imagine that he can temper with is time sheet. It is also just a question of time before my Line Manager gets access too, and then, we will be lucky if he works 25 hours a week. Not that it matters anyway, since he does nothing all day but going through the mail and dropping all the work on our desks.

My next Line Manager will be, before Christmas, the Pakistani man. I also helped him to get that job he has been trying to get for years, but failed every time. After my indiscretions, making it clear it could be discrimination and racism, he suddenly got the job on a part time basis when my actual Line Manager is not there, which is quite often. Again he was off all this week fro back problems (more likely too much cocaine, as he is a self confessed drug addict, just like the Kid). As my Line manager is immigrating to Australia next January, the Pakistani will be my new Line Manager. I wish I could say that this is good news, and in a way it is, because I have his respect, I am his confident, and I am not bothered like others by the fact that he is a Muslim, and right now England is at war with the Muslim world, for dodgy reasons I might add.

Basically, despite witnessing me all day running around like a cunt, entering grad fees into the system so fast, he was still blind to how hard I work, and find many ways to pick on me for insignificant details. I felt today that he was not happy with me for whatever reasons that I am not certain I can even identify, so the injustice is likely to continue with him at the helm, and so there is no hope and no future for me in this Crown Court.

Hard workers in the Civil Service are perceived as threat for some reason, they make everyone look bad. Usually it doesn't matter because the Managers at least will recognise that fact and will help you, defend you, let you get away with more than usual. The novelty here is that hard workers are also perceived as threats by management, which is just as lazy and incompetent as the rest of them, and will be as ready to bully you for it than the weakest link. In those conditions, bureaucracy worldwide will never be solved unless most of the craps and administrative tasks are simply eliminated instead of being multiplied. There is just no way any civil service work force will ever be efficient or competent, and so we stand to save a lot of money by simply simplifying everything, eliminating the work somehow. If we could somehow eliminate the need for Civil Servants, we will then have found our perfect solution. As for the Civil Servants themselves, I suggest nothing less than a genocide, because they would simply go on benefits as they would not be able to find a job anywhere else. (I hope you can read the irony here, I burst laughing out loud just now. I feel the need to clearly say it, because most of the time my readers fail to see the irony (perhaps because they are Civil Servants? I would not expect them to spot irony when they come across it.))

21 July 2007

I have now everything online, though three of my latest pieces in English are actually only found on my French website, that is the only compromise I could

reach with myself, and yet, I was thinking of taking one off, the one about the people I might have inspired. It is too pretentious, it will shut down everyone. Worse, some people I talk about could find it by simply doing a search under their name, and then I guess I could be in trouble. Funny, that I inspired them, some of them blatantly stole my ideas, and yet they could decide to sue me on the basis that I decided to say it online. I bet it wouldn't look too good for them on any level, especially if in the end they are not responsible of the source of the inspiration, it could after all be the work of one single person on a project of a hundred. Anyway, if truly I inspired so many big things, then surely I have attracted the attention of many people out there, and I suppose it is just a question of time before someone contacts me to work on a project. Then, who cares about what I could have potentially inspired? At least I have now written it down and I will keep a record. Who knows it might come handy one day. Not sure for what.

Today I wrote an interesting entry in The Eclecticism II called Recognition. Though you could have thought that the idea came from the fact that I could have written so much and yet I am completely unknown might have been behind that text, actually this very journal opened my eyes. I was reading the beginning last night and understood that I was struggling with working hard at work without being able to get anyone to recognise that fact, the same at home, that I could be working so hard cleaning the house, and yet my partner just drives me mad with his attacks and bullying tactics. And tonight, after I wrote the text in the afternoon, I got the most perfect example of this lack of recognition.

Stephen will be doing Jury Service for two weeks starting on Monday, yes he will be coming at the my Court every day, and yet I doubt I would see much of him. Quite a big coincidence, since it has been 13 years at least that we have been together, and it is the first time he is being called upon being on a jury. Well, because of that, they would not let him keep the van at work, and so I had to go and pick him up, sort of destroying my day off. I didn't complain, I went to pick him up. I have done three loads of washing today, including the bed and the sofas cover and cushions. Something he never does, and if he has to make the bed, he complains so much, it proves how horrible a job it is.

So we met at the back of a fish and chips restaurant in Heston, where I used to live, but then the car would not start again, even though it just came out of the garage, went back because it was still not working, and now will go again tomorrow. A problem with the starter getting stuck, and the only way to unstuck it to start the car is to bang the starter somewhere way under most pipes under the hood. We had to drop his van in the end, and walk back to the car, something like two miles. You can imagine that it has ruined my day off, we were gone for over three hours. He was fuming, and burst into an unprecedented bully, blaming me for everything that was going wrong. I didn't say a word, but when we arrived home I told him, you know, you could have said thank you that I came to pick you up, that I washed everything and passed the vacuum, instead you shouted at me and attacked me for the last three hours. I think I made my point, he went quiet. Still didn't say thank you, still didn't admit how much I did to help him today, he went straight to bed after moaning some more.

I have now become a master at shutting up and boiling inside without reacting to his attacks, and I have to admit that it serves me very well at work, as I am now able to suffer the most disgusting personal attacks from my colleagues without exploding myself, keeping calm and still say what I need to say softly whilst they are totally out of their mind and still jumping up and down in front of me. I will not say that I will now be able to keep such a cool exterior forever, like everyone else I, after all, only need one more drop to finally go berserk myself, but at least I have gained some sort of self control, even though this came at the cost of 100% compromise, where I let these people walk all over me, insult me, shout at me, whilst I bend and give up all my own personality or my own needs. I turned into a pussy. However I feel more like someone who can

distance himself from all these conflicts, capable at the same time to analyse their shortcomings and judge their actions. I also have a better edge over the outcomes of these events, because whilst they moan, I can think and find the right answer, whilst they're already out of their minds, when usually I would also be and it would degenerate into a outright war of verbal abuse on both sides.

And by the way, you might think: he passed the vacuum, big deal! When you have six cats, one dog, three tortoises and a parrot, let me assure you, within a day of clearing the carpet, there is not one single 10 centimetre square without grains or animal food on it. In those conditions, after a week, there is so much crap on the carpet, the only way to vacuum the place is to use the smallest tube you have and pick every single grain one by one, otherwise the vacuum clogs up instantly and it takes 20 minutes to unclog it. Passing the vacuum in our tiny flat takes two hours minimum. And once you are finished, the difference is so striking, you feel you are living in a different place.

Talking about the tortoises, I think I mentioned before that they have much more sex than my partner and I, and as a result they laid three eggs. We have been cooking them in the improvised incubator for almost two months now, how long can it take for these monsters to come out of their shells? The big killer is that somehow we do not believe they will ever be born, and this could be a big waste of time and energy. However if they were not healthy, apparently, the eggs would rot after a few days, and this has not happened. These tortoises are very rare as well, they need to be registered with the government as soon as they are born, highly classified stuff. We might make a grand out of them, but Stephen will never be able to part with them, I guess they will be so cute anyway, I would find it hard to let them go. We have many animals, in a way they are our children, since gay couples are not exactly allowed to adopt children or have them, whatever, I guess in everyone's mind gay people are still considered pedophiles, which is such a ridiculous idea, I won't even discuss it. Anyway, these tortoises would be the first ever babies born under our roof, and as such, they are important children. Just have to make sure the snake will not eat them, as he escapes all the time, the sneaky slimy thing, and I'm always the one to find him and put him back in his cage.

I feel like writing a bit more of the Eclecticism, but it is not easy to find new topics to talk about. It almost has to come naturally to me, once something quite shocking happens in my life, then it is obvious what I need to talk about. The Eclecticism gives me the chance to take a step back and truly analyse a subject from a distance, with all the objectivity I need. From it great truths might come out, unlike this journal which is just a bunch of whinging without too much philosophy involved.

I find it extraordinary that I have started four other books and wrote quite a lot instead of finishing the damn novel Anna Maria, the most important book I have ever written and might ever write. I can't explain it, but then again, these things cannot be rushed, it needs to come when I'm ready. Often some important events in my life will influence the story I'm working on quite considerably, and then I believe that it was great that I waited before writing it, that somehow there was a reason why I was blocked, some more experience had to come in. However I cannot sit on that argument too much, or else I could wait another decade before finishing it. Finishing a book might be the most difficult part of writing a book. Because until it is finished, then, it is not really worth anything, it might as well not exist, because then it cannot see the light of day, and could easily remain in a drawer for eternity.

I have finished many books in my lifetime, and yet I cannot remember exactly how hard it was to finish them, how much I had to pressure myself to do it, and how I felt once it was finally over. Most of the time you spend over a year on such a project, talking about having children, being in labour and abortion, this is exactly what writing a book is all about. And the buzz you get once you have written the last sentence, is indescribable. An aborted book is also painful,

because so much work has gone into it, and now you have to realise that these months or years have been wasted. Fortunately I don't think I have ever suffered an abortion, I usually finish what I start. Because when I start, it is already quite concrete in my mind, and the need is there for me to write it all down. When I finish writing Anna Maria, I will celebrate properly, it will require a bottle of pink Champagne. I usually just open myself a beer, open the file, and look at the title for an hour, once I finish a book. Then I just feel pride, encouragement, happy that these ideas have now come to fruition, and that I have another book to add to my list. It is quite powerful and might ultimately be the only reward of writing book in my case, since my books don't get published, and the ones that did, didn't sell very well anyway. I just hope this is all about to change.

I am well aware The Eclecticism II is not publishable, and that I have no other book in French which could possibly interest a publisher, apart from what has already been published. And so Anna Maria is my only and last hope. If it turns out that my English is not good enough, since English for me is a second language, and hence it cannot be by definition literary, then I'm fucked and will most certainly go back to writing in French, a new novel, and then it cannot be sci-fi because in French there is simply no market for science fiction, I would never get published again.

Somehow I feel so confident that I will once again be published, and yet I have a great friend who has so many published books, and won so many awards, with a perfect literary English from Oxford, and yet none of her last six books she has written have been published. How pretentious must I be to believe that I could succeed where she has failed? The thought is crippling me, and so I usually just put it at the back of my mind. Without determination, without faith in what you do, you could never finish anything. Without my pretence, I would never have been able to finish a book. So I better keep my confidence healthy.

I just finished writing Pride, for The Eclecticism II. So, how do I feel? Proud, there's no doubt about it. This is really why I have become a writer, this kind of text that could truly have an impact in this world. I don't know where it comes from, I guess it was always at the back of my mind, and yet finally it is all stated completely in a few pages, and it is now so clear in my mind. I will never be fooled again, and without writing it, I might have still be fooled and be proud of something other than myself and lose control over my own destiny.

The Eclecticism is another ball game altogether. This is something else, it is moving beyond the traditional entertainment, the insignificant book that no one would care if it existed or not. This is une littérature engagée, (engaged literature?), it is taking clear position about a whole bunch of beliefs and values, strong opinions, something this world lacks tremendously, that we are all the same, we think all the same, we do all the same, we are one and only one. No individuality, no democracy, no freedom of any kind. The Eclecticism is something I can proud of, it will probably remain in my mind, the most important book I will ever write, and yet, it didn't exist two months ago, I had no idea I could write 200 pages like that out of nowhere, I am amazed. I am proud of what I can do, it is just a shame that I am the only one on this planet capable of appreciating it, and that ultimately it is only for myself that I lay these eggs. I guess these are things people have to find out and realise for themselves. Without writing it down though, like I do, it must be quite difficult. It becomes so clear after I have written it all down, suddenly it makes sense, it is concrete, it is significant, it means something, something big that I could not have understood otherwise.

And what I can be most proud of, is that I am not a parrot. I never just repeat what I hear here and there, it really is all coming from me, and that is what I feel is rare in this day and age. Listening to journalists and TV presenters, it seems that they are quite happy to simply repeat what they heard somewhere else, and ultimately all new ideas and opinions only come from a few clued up people in this world. Better one of them if you wish to have any sort of impact, being capable of thinking for yourself and expressing opinions that are truly

coming from your heart. Otherwise, you might as well just shut up, instead of serving the whole propaganda machine.

When I am talking like that, like when I am writing a book like *The Eclecticism II*, I feel so disconnected with a book like *Crown Court Madhouse*, or my job, or my life in general, it is like I am another person altogether, the real me, what I was meant to do, what I was meant to be. Anything else, everything else, is bullshit, fake, unreal, not existing, definitely unimportant. This is how I can still smile and be happy, even though I am sinking faster than the Titanic ever did. This is why I don't care if for more than a year now I didn't have enough money to buy anything or even eat something. This life is not mine, it is not me, it is not my legacy for after I die.

It is certainly premature for me to think in those terms, that I could somehow leave any sort of legacy, but I can't help it. Writing significant stuff is the reason I gave to my existence, at this point it doesn't matter if I am recognised for it or not, if I am being read or not, or if I will ever be one day. I don't really care anymore, and I am being truthful now, otherwise I would have stopped writing a long time ago. If I am proud of what I have written, if I can read it over and over again and still learn something worthwhile after reading it for an hundred times, then it is all worthwhile and it is enough for me. No one told me a legacy had to be for everyone else but myself, I did it, I know it, I'm proud of it, that is sufficient and I will die happily.

In fact, I could die right now and feel I have accomplished everything I set myself to do. I could die proud right now, without writing another word. In fact, I could die right now happily without even giving it a second thought about anything I feel I may have achieved in this world. I am that disgusted with this life, that it doesn't matter whether I wrote a whole library or not, I don't give a shit anymore, I don't give a shit about anything. I've been ready to die since the very second I was born. I hate this life, I hate this existence, and to be honest, these questions of being proud or trying to achieve anything in life makes me sick. I would perhaps die more happily if I had never given this any thought at all or achieved anything.

I don't understand why I have not committed suicide years ago, that is the true mystery of my life. I don't give a shit about anything, I couldn't care less about anyone, even myself, I welcome death like the bit of fresh air I desperately needed all my life. I am incapable of appreciating this world, this universe, my existence. It is not only because I cannot make any sense of it, that I cannot find anything worthwhile or significant enough to justify my existence, I'm just tired and bored with it all, I have always been.

I welcome death, I wish it would come this very minute, I crave for the day that I will go to bed and never wake up the next day, and I sure hope that any sort of consciousness will die with the body, cos' I couldn't stand continuing any sort of awareness or existence beyond what seems to be.

I never felt the need to be aware, to think, to exist. I want to stop all that, I want to die for good, I do not wish to exist in any shape or form. I am tired, I am bored, I want to die. I always felt like it, I cannot commit suicide, I can only hope it comes quickly, before I do something insane.

Life is not worth living in my opinion, and I don't think anything else like fame and fortune could change anything to my train of thought. Not even love. This is how desperate I truly am, this is how serious I am. There is just no hope for me, and I can't explain any of it.

You may think this is sad, but it leaves me completely indifferent. So how do I really care about a fucking job in a fucking Crown Court, or recognition, or pride of self-accomplishments, of having written a few books, whether they will turn out to be significant or not? I care not at all. I don't give a shit.

23 July 2007

As I predicted, the fat bitch came back from holiday and I will still be on Grad Fees for while longer. The excuse this time is that the Line Manager has back problem, and so the Pakistani man has to do the Line Manager's job, the fat bitch has to do the Pakistani's job, and I have to do the fat bitch's job, with two NG forms and a bunch of committals (making new files). This sort of management is called apparently reactive management, as opposed to proactive. I was told in the office this morning, after I made it clear I was unhappy about the situation.

I told the Scottish man that this sort of excuse could not go on forever, as it is certain that someone else will go on holiday soon, as it is the middle of the summer. And then what, I remain on Grad Fees forever? He said a few more days, until the Line Manager comes back. It seems to me that the Line Manager might never be back, that now he got something like 7,000 pounds paid retroactively, he doesn't give a shit anymore about his job, especially that he immigrates to Australia within 7 months, and decided to travel around the world very soon. I believe he is planning his trip around the planet right now instead of having back problems, and that in the process he is going to try to get a six months paid vacation as a bonus.

As usual, as soon as the Line Manager disappears, the Pakistani man cannot wait to take me off the Grad Fees to do anything else, and I hate that, because if you leave the grad fees alone for more than two days, there are so many claims to check and files to find, that you are already sinking.

I don't know what else I can do for now but accept my fate, I have tried every tricks in the book to get off the grad fees, something no one will accept to be responsible for for more than a month in a year. By the time I'm off it, I will have been doing for a whole year, the worse job possible to be given to anyone in any Crown Court. And the worst part of it is I may never prove to them how efficient I was at it, because it seems no one will ever take it over from me, and they're still convinced I can't do the job, somehow. Since this week it is unlikely that anyone will work on grad fees, they will be proved right, because within a week we will be back to square one and probably be back to paying them in three months time instead of the 20 days required by law. Who invented reactive management? I hope he didn't get a Nobel Prize for his discovery. Some planning would not go amiss.

It is now the evening. Never mind all the game plans you can come up with, you always get affected by the situation, and today I was not in a good mood. I launched into the first woman on the phone who was rude to me, a Manager at a local Magistrates' Court incapable of sending us a few Legal Aid orders that I have been asking for over a month, calling every three days, and then she turned around, said that I was rude, she said she would contact the Top Manager of my Court to complain about me, and she still has not helped, and she still has no intention to help me. I told her that if they were spending less time complaining about us to our superiors, and spent more time doing their job, we wouldn't have a problem. Those were my exact words. It may seem like nothing on paper, but the effect at the other end of the phone line seemed to have been quite powerful. Unfortunately for her I didn't swear, and, unlike my Line Manager, I didn't tell her: Fuck Off Fucking Bitch! He got away with it many times, so I guess I will get away with this. And yet, it has added tremendously to an already stressful day, and now, I can no longer contact that Magistrates' Court on any pretext, ever again. Which means, all those counsels will never get paid, all those solicitors will never get paid, unless they somehow can get that Legal Aid order from that Court. Good luck to them! It is the second time this month that someone from that Magistrates' Court hangs up the phone on me, the first time I had not even lost my cool. Meaning, stress must running very high in that work environment in that Court. Better leave them alone.

Somehow I doubt my mood and attitude will get better as the days go on this week, until I start training the fat bitch and finally get rid of the fucking grad fees and standard fees.

Tonight I have to sit down and read three brochures about the new pay deal offered by the new Ministry of Justice, to decide if I want to keep my old terms and conditions and salary, or if I wish to opt-in using the A option, or the B option. Sounds very simple doesn't it? I have already read the 40 pages before, and the 22 and 11 pages of the smaller brochures, and the bundle of sheets that came with all of this. I still have no clue what they are talking about, and I am not the only one, the whole office today had no clue what to do, none of us could understand anything about that new deal, including all the senior managers who were joking that if we understand any of it, to let them know.

The New Deal offered by the new Ministry of Justice is so complicated, it can only mean one thing, it's a trap, a big one, and you will let go just about everything by moving to the new deal instead of keeping the old one, unfortunately they make opting-in an obligation, because it gives you a bit more money now in salary, but probably in the long term you will lose big time. There is no way to know, as none of it makes sense. So for 700 pounds more a year, I have to opt-in, but I have no idea if I would have got that raise anyway or not, whether I opt-in or not. And now that I have decided to opt-in, I cannot understand the difference between Option A and Option B. I also don't have a clue what it means to be expecting this year or next year an increment or an uplift, and I don't know if I am due one or not.

I immediately called their helpline, the man at the other hand quickly told me a warning, that he could not tell me what to choose, that in fact, it was as if he had been told not to tell us anything, to let us remain in complete darkness about what that new deal really means. In the end I was able to get him to tell me that in my case, whether I go for Option A or B makes no difference. When I asked if I should fill out Option A or B, and said he couldn't say. And now I am worried, because I feel he is not telling me everything, hoping somehow that I will choose the wrong option. I hope the Scottish Guy will have read it again tonight and that he will let me know what option to go for. Otherwise I will have to risk it and go for Option A. It could be a big mistake and I could miss some raise sometimes this year or next year.

Maybe I should file out Option B. If it is all the same, or is it? I don't know, I can't understand anything they are talking about in all the information they sent us. And if I cannot understand it, and if the Senior Managers cannot understand it, then no one can understand it. Which means, there is a little team of clever accountants somewhere in the Ministry of Justice laughing all the way to the bank, as most probably half the civil servants will choose the wrong options and will in the end lose all their money. This is how the government works in England. Make sure no one understands anything, make sure they sign the wrong contract. Let's make sure that the poorest people in England remain the poorest for many years to come.

24 July 2007

Days are getting longer, more boring, more stressful, because I lack focus. I am already being a lot of other things to do instead of concentrating on grad fees, and the result is that I'm no longer doing anything, I am not motivated, I have no self set targets and goals anymore, hence I leave early. I am once again prevented from entering grad fees anyway, for two days now, might continue until the end of the week from the look of it, and the two NG forms from the appeal cases I prepared yesterday were full of mistakes. My Line Manager would have corrected them without telling me about it, a few files went into the wrong pile, but the Pakistani man made a big deal out of it, and I have to keep all my self control in order not to explode. It also adds a lot on my incompetence file, which



seems to grow more and more as the days pass. All my hard work, all my overtime, have been eliminated in a few mistakes I made, and if they were to assess now if I should get a bonus, in the new bonus scheme, and assess if I need improvement, or if I am adequate or excellent, they would rate me as improvement needed, when in all, it is obviously the lack of training that is to be blamed here. And just to make sure it is all unfair, all my colleagues who do nothing all day would be rated excellent work, because if you don't do anything, you're less likely to make any mistake and attract attention to yourself.

So it has been two stressful and long boring days. I lack sleep, wrote yesterday until 2 am, the entry about immortality. I thought I would find much to say about it, I did better than I thought I would, even though it goes all over the place and there is no coherent argument in there. As long as I am writing something, I don't really care at this time. Considering that I should not be writing because I have no time, and that no one asked me to write those, then it doesn't matter. No one has any expectation from me, and yet, they are all ready to destroy and criticise me, forgetting the larger picture, the context.

I met Stephen today at court, as I did yesterday. In the cold light of day, outside our fetid flat environment, he looks really sick, as if he was about to die, and yet, he sleeps three times more than I. Must be the alcohol and some other things, I think we are overdue for a long holiday, preferably one where we would only have to look at trees and the night sky, with nothing else to do. It would take us at least three weeks to decompress from all that has happened in the last few months.

The only positive thing at work is the engineer fixing the computers, who has been there since last Thursday. His name is Vivianne. This is not a typo, he is a she. The first time she showed up, she has been the talk of the whole department. I am the only one who did not burst out laughing about the fact that he was a transgender, and I had to remind a few that we were no longer in school, and bullying or ridiculing people was not acceptable.

It turns out that Vivianne is quite clever, philosophical, intellectual, speaks French, is from Belgium, and all in all, the most interesting person I have met in years. I wouldn't mind having such a friend in my life right now, but I guess this will not be possible, as she lives in Slough or something, and finally, anyway, I don't need friends. It made me realise how the people I work with are simple drones with no brain at all, and that not once did I had an interesting conversation with any of them. When I told Vivianne we were paid 15,000 pounds a year, she couldn't believe it, she said: this is volunteer or charity work, who could survive on that?

I made the mistake, the first time I met Vivianne, to call her Monsieur. That was right after my big speech to the whole office about growing up a bit and show to people that we were not so ignorant. I felt bad about it, but Vivianne realised quickly that it was not meant as a nasty comment, just a simple mistake on my part. But what a stupid mistake. I hope she doesn't feel like I am ignoring her, but if I speak to her for more than 3 minutes at a time, the Pakistani man starts to freak out. How quickly new managers find their hole and become monsters overnight, will never cease to amaze me. However I cannot afford to have any problem with him, because I already had enough problems with too many people, and then it will become obvious that I am the problem, I respond very badly to any sort of authority, and if I don't get it my way, I become a stropky kid stamping his feet on the ground. I know I have an attitude problem with authority, I wish I was as laid back as everyone else and accept my miserable fate just like all those drones who never even express an opinion about anything. I just can't, we cannot change our nature, we just need to live with it and repress it whenever we can.

25 July 2007

As planned, the Manager at that Magistrates' Court, with whom I feel I have been only assertive on the phone when she was downright rude from even before I called, because of the sudden flows of faxes I had sent requesting Legal Aid Orders they never sent to us in over a month period, has done her best to get me sacked. She has written a letter quoting verbatim everything I had said, amplifying it all to make it sound worst. I have a great memory when it comes to what I say, I could recite by heart everything she said and everything I said, and yet, despite having everyone in the office having hear what I said, the Scottish guy only spoke to the Pakistani man. I don't know what he told him, I know he said he had been surprised by my tone. Whether the Scottish man deduce from it that I was rude, I can't say. It is on minute details that he is trying to get me, trying to catch me on lies, when I have only told him the truth and had to remind him what I said on a few occasions. The Scottish guy seems determined to push this as far as he can, we have already spent two whole days on the matter, involving all the top managers of the both courts, as if they had nothing better to do, me being assertive on the phone to a woman who was rude to me and refusing to send us what is required by law. Well done, the pettiness of some people have no limits. The result is that now I will definitely never call that Magistrates' Court again, and fuck it if a few defendants end up in prison as a consequence, at this point I really don't care. Though in this case the result is simply that many counsels and solicitors won't get paid, so who cares anyway? They should have received that legal aid order, they should have sent it to us, especially when they know the Magistrates' Court are incapable of sending these orders to the Crown Courts. I guess the real culprit here is the way the Legal Aid system has been designed, and hopefully this will change soon.

Ultimately, was I rude to her? And does it matter? She was rude, I was rude back, and now she's trying to cost me my job, or at least a warning, which would means under the New Deal, no bonus or raises for me for at least a year. If I had been clever, I would have complained to her Top Manager whilst she was complaining to mine. I had every right to, especially that I still haven't received those orders. And then she would have been in as much shit as I am. However I am not like that, I am not as petty as her.

I can only hope that such behaviour from her will not go unpunished somehow, that if she is that petty, somehow it will get her into trouble until she self-destruct, instead of destroying the career of others like that. I bet she is a right bitch and that no one under her can stand her. I also believe the stress is running high at the Magistrates' Court and that employees don't remain for long. I have already heard rumours to that effect. And now, unsatisfied to create chaos in her own court, she's only too willing to continue her Destructivism in other courts as well. I wouldn't be surprised if one day someone kills her, I would never, I can still keep my self-control, others might not be able to. So ultimately she must be leading a dangerous life, just for being who she is, a right bitch.

And now I am going to drink myself to death on a Wednesday night as a consequence, and go to bed so damn late writing all night, that tomorrow I should be a zombie and make a few more mistakes in the administration of all these cases. Who cares, not me, not anymore.

All of this need not happen without me learning something, so I will perhaps start by writing an entry in Destructivism under the title Pettiness. I have observed it way too much recently to by-pass it. I hope the readers will recognise themselves and think twice before wasting the so much time on complaining when there is no reason to. Sometimes I feel that all Top Managers and CEOs do only that, deal with petty complaints of that sort. This is the only time we hear from them, and they appear to be delegating everything else they may have to do. So I can only conclude that all day long this is what they do, justifying the behaviour of some employees or decisions made that are not very popular with whomever.

I have seen worse, I have gone through worse, I also feel justified. If I had been downright rude without good reason, I would say so here. As it stands, I feel this has pettiness written all over it, and I'm sure the top manager of the Magistrates' Court knows the bitch that Manager is, and must know she is not justified in her complain. However, unlucky for me, this is the first time that Magistrates' Court complain about us, whilst every single other Magistrates' Court we are dealing with have complained repeatedly about us in the last few months. Unfortunately for that woman, in all she has carefully quoted about what I said, there was nothing that sounded outright rude or unacceptable. It is all in the tone, and that cannot be translated to paper. It can only be confirmed by my own Acting Manager who already confirmed that my tone was a bit hard.

I don't know what the consequences will be, now. All I know is that it adds a lot to an already hard and stressful week, and that right now I feel so much anger, I could easily kill someone. I also certainly do not feel like working anymore, or doing overtime, or killing myself on the job. I know now that no matter how hard you work, it is impossible for any Manager to actually conceptualise it, to see it, to recognise it. And so, whether I do nothing or work very hard, no one can tell. I might as well do nothing, the result will be the same. It is after all my determination in getting those Legal Aid Orders that got me into trouble in the first place. If I had done just like everyone else, and didn't care about paying these people, I would not be in trouble now.

It is totally useless to try to be efficient in an environment where everyone else is not only inefficient, they don't want to hear about efficiency. They've given up years ago, and they will not rest until any new employee decide to act the same. They have decided that they would not do anything, and if you try to push them even slightly, they would react the way that bitch did, they will complain against you, get you sacked, and then they can return to doing nothing all day long. I wonder where they find the energy to actually complain, I lack that kind of energy, as I am always too busy trying to do my job. I am truly sorry to say that in the Civil Service, I appear to be the only cunt who's got any sort of professional conscience. The sooner I get rid of my professional conscience, the more successful I will be, the farthest I will go.

I can now confirm how low my opinion is of the whole Legal System in Britain. A hatchet man is desperately needed to clean up the bitches, the lazy ones, the incompetent ones and so forth. It has never been my intention to work there very long, I feel I have worked there long enough. Just long enough to state my final report: the Legal System in Britain is rotten to the core and there is no hope of salvaging it. I have not encountered one intelligent and reasonable person working in our Crown Court, it appears to be worst in the four or five Magistrates' Courts we are dealing with.

Whether they are old and about to retire, or young and freshly out of dropping out of school, it is my observation that everyone who ends up in the Civil Service are incompetent, brainless, with no desire to do anything with the desire to do anything in order to achieve their ultimate inefficiency, and somehow very clever at insuring that it will remain the same at every level. And so, whatever the government could do to try to make them more productive, it will never work. Nothing in any management book that could be applied to try to get something out of these people would work. They will fight it, in the end, they will win. They will doss around doing nothing all day long until the very last day of humanity, no matter what.

I can see, I am not blind, that the New Deal of the New Ministry of Justice recognises that fact. Everything in there is designed to motivate the civil servants to work harder. And yet it will definitely fail, because the ones working hard, are stopped by the ones who want to do nothing. The ones working hard in the end are the ones getting punished and will eventually leave the Ministry of Justice, until it is filled with people who have the same lazy mentality. And somehow, if standards constantly continue to remain so low, no one will ever suspect that

there is anything wrong, they will assume it is fine and normal. After all, no government ever expected anything great coming out of any civil service at any rate, which explains why they always underpaid them so badly. I don't believe for a second that giving these people higher salaries would solve anything, until the underachievers are kicked out, something apparently impossible to do. And so it will remain that the civil service will always be incompetent and incapable of achieving anything. No one in their right mind, with any intelligence or aptitude, will ever work for the civil service. If they do, they will be destroyed within months. There is nothing attracting them there in the first place, and if they end up there by mistake, everything will work towards them being kicked out the door at the first opportunity. It is very sad, but it is a fact. I know just the man who could solve all their problems, he was my boss when I worked in Westminster, he would clean up that place if he were to become the Top Manager there, I can assure you. I could also do the job if I had any authority, but no one would be clever enough to recognise, though the lies, that I am actually the most competent employee of the whole Crown Court I am working at. I defy anyone to prove me wrong on that point. Not only I would get everyone to do the job they are supposed to do, I know I would achieve it without alienating them all and destroying them in the process. I'm fairly certain I would be more successful than the actual managers, but then again, anyone could be more successful than them, because at the moment no one is doing any work, except me of course, and see how I am rewarded.

I can't believe it took me a transgender or drag queen working for the subcontracting company dealing with our IT, to realise that not one of my colleagues had any intelligence, culture or knowledge about anything, and how much I craved intelligent conversations in the first place. I am not even asking for intelligent conversations, ultimately I could survive on common sense, but that in the civil service is also out of the question. I am dealing with a bunch of irrational people who cannot see any global picture, they get stuck on details and can remain stuck in loops forever. As a result I am too stuck in a multitude of psychological and physical time loops with no hope to escape. I am now as low as the best of them. And I feel powerless to change any of it.

I must be getting drunk, I am thinking of putting this online on my English website right now. Hoping that one morning, maybe, just maybe, I might just keep it there forever instead of deleting it once more. I am at the point where I don't care about any consequence over my pseudo-career in the Ministry of Justice. Right now It doesn't feel like there is any justice within the Ministry of Justice, and there is nothing on the horizon telling me that it is about to change anytime soon, despite the New Deal, which in the end, will only complicate matters and bring about an outright war within the Ministry. You can never reason with an unreasonable people, you have to be more clever than they are. Even though they are useless at anything, when comes the time to self preserve themselves, their jobs and their laziness, somehow their survival instinct kicks in and they will get it their way no matter what.

It is not even 19h42 yet, and yet all the events of today have already produced some concrete results. I just finished writing the entry for Pettiness in my book Destructivism. This entry now justifies the title of that book, how great is that? I'm quite please with the result, of how something so petty and selfish could actually bring about some creativity, something tangible, something concrete. Undeniable arguments about what humanity is all about, and justify how dark I perceive humanity to be. How could I ever be some sort of idealistic person, when all that I confront everyday are personal wars, for such petty reasons, it is laughable. And yet, based on this pettiness, we go to war, we annihilate a good fraction of the people living on this planet, and yet, it always seems all justified, that we were right to act in such a way. Wars on a personal level cannot fail to reflect the wars at a collective level. Except that somehow, at a collective level, there is no more rule or law that applies, we can be as wild and

destructive as one can wish, when at a personal level, we would have to face a tribunal, a trial, and punishment. There is no such thing when we act collectively, and so we continue to go to war and kill a significant part of this humanity, and no one cares anyway, so why should I? I don't, I don't give a fuck, because I am way too busy being worried about one single bitch who declare a war on me today, a bitch I have never met and will never meet, and yet now I am fighting for my job, for my existence, my chance to by a damn bread next month. It angers me so much, I could kill just about anyone right now standing in my way. And this is how wars start. There is no turning back when you reach that point, that stage, you will finish the war, you will kill them all.

I think that what it is that I have learnt from that transgender Vivianne, is the Latin mentality, which has been burning inside of me for so long, and is such an alien concept to anyone in England, Canada or the United States. It is that when people are giving you shit, you do not endure for weeks and months, you immediately tell them to fuck off no matter the circumstances and the consequences. And that is what I have been near doing this week, last week and the week before at the Crown Court. I was ready to tell them to fuck off, and never come back. Let them struggle with trying to enforce their stupid meaningless contract stating that I need I need to give them a month's notice. They would be powerless at trying to enforce it. Sometimes I think I am much more impulsive than most of them, I cannot suffer any mind game, hypocrisy or shit, whilst the better and the worst of them could quite easily endure months of it before acting upon anything.

So playing mind games with me is very dangerous, because I am always ready to give it all up to prove my point, just like I would expect French people to do, whilst these people have been used for too long to sheep, people who will endure anything before a squeak is heard from within their very heart. I would be the type to take a gun out and shoot them in the head, whilst they've been used to people who will break down on their knees and cry, asking for more pain, punishment and fewer rights.

I always take them by surprise, because I will not fall for their mind games, I will always put everything on the line, risking everything. As I have nothing to lose, why not? As a gay person, only myself ever enters any equation. It does not seem that it is the case for most of them though, it seems that they have everything to lose, and have the time to think about all the consequences before they act. No Latin mentality person would stop to consider that kind of stuff. Do what's right right now, think about the consequences later, sort it all out later. Don't let anyone give you any shit or exploit any sort of inner fear they know you must be suffering from. Tell them to fuck off, re-assess your situation after the war.

No one is prepared for that kind of mentality in Britain, or even in Los Angeles. I took them by surprise in Los Angeles when I told them casually: all right, I call your bluff, let's discuss my departure date. They back-pedalled then like crazy, but it was already too late, I had made my decision to tell them to fuck off. No one will ever play mind games with me, in order to get more from me, when I am already always giving them more than 100% of my potential. I could understand if I were not giving them more than 100%, but as I do, it can only mean greed, and that kind of greed, I cannot work for. I have no greed myself, I will not kill myself over the greed of another.

When will these people ever learn? They cannot, because most of you are so afraid and weak. If you were all like me, they would learn fast and never try these tricks again. Shame on you. You have to learn to act a bit more like the Latin mentality would dictate you should respond to any sort of mind game or threat. It is all or nothing, and be prepared to accept the dramatic consequences. There is always a solution on the horizon, I have never failed to find answers to all my questions and problems. Just trust destiny, there is always a way out, and

it always turns out to be better than whatever you could have suffered previously.

And now I am finally completely ready for tomorrow. If they give me any more shit about that that letter that bitch has written in that Magistrates' Court, in order to get me sacked, I will turn around and tell them frankly: all right if you feel this is serious enough to warrant forgoing how hard I work for you in the last few months compared with everyone else, let's discuss my departure date. And then let's see how serious that shit really is, how powerful a fucking stranger in another Court can be. I will not let them play their little mind games until I capitulate in my little corner, apologising for something I should not be apologising about. Let's be ready to risk everything, every time, and be ready to accept the consequences if they decide to call your bluff, because in the end, I am never bluffing. Let's see how serious this really is, let's bring it in perspective. Is it worth my leaving this job or not? If you feel that way, then fine, I will leave. If not, and we all know it is not the case, then leave me alone and shut that stupid bitch up somehow. You know she's playing a game, you know I am not, so don't give me any shit, because I will not tolerate it.

Yeah, that is my course of action for tomorrow. No more shit. I have told you my version of event, she told you her version of events, you heard my acting Line Manager upon the matter, there is nothing left for me to listen to or suffer from you. The mind games that bitch is playing is just that, mind games, and I will not be part of it. Sack me now or forget it and move on. She will not succeed in her pettiness, because I am not afraid, I am ready at any time to sacrifice everything I worked so hard for. If you could not recognise it, if you were blind to it, then so be it, I will have nothing more to do with you.

That is the right answer, that is the way to react to bullshit. And I will do just that tomorrow, just watch me. Always be ready to sacrifice everything at anytime, so others can see the big picture and realise the pettiness of it all. If they fail to see it, so be it, move on. This is the only to deal with small minded people. I bet I can find a new job paying as much as that anyway within a month. Just have to delete most of my CV in order to achieve that. For God's sake, I would earn more anyway cleaning the streets, the civil service is really not worth fighting for. At any rate, at that kind of salary, no one should have the right to give me any shit. Tomorrow could be my last day in the civil service. Great! I can't wait to put an end to my misery!

Gosh, I have never felt so strong than right now. I just wished I was still under the influence of alcohol when I will enter that Crown Court tomorrow... At the end of the day it is that bitch's words against mine. No matter how the Pakistani guy could have backstabbed me, I do not believe he would lie. And so, the issue is no longer that bitch in another court. The issue, the problem, the struggle, is between me and the Scottish guy. So he needs to understand that I will play his mind games, that I am quite ready to sacrifice everything upon the matter, and that if he does not drop it right now, that is it, I am out of here. I will not suffer, any longer, any kind of mind game or shit. I specifically moved from the commercial world to the civil service for that very reason, if it is to continue in that safe haven, I might as well be working in the world of conferences and make a fortune, no matter the shit that will come my way. Tomorrow I will be merciless: leave me alone or I leave within a month. What is it going to be? You decide. After all that I have gone through in Los Angeles, the consequences of telling them just that, and the fact that I have acted upon my words and went back to London, tells it all. I am capable of making the big decisions, the right decisions, when facing pettiness. I never have any regrets, but I bet they do. Too bad if they can't see it before hand. Maybe one day they will learn, when many people will react the same way as I do.

So now I have a plan of action, shame it took half a bottle of Vodka to get the answer. When the Scottish guy calls me in his office, I will not remain there for two hours like today, it will be five minutes. I will tell him that I won't back

down. That woman has a pea in her bonnet, she freaked out when she saw 30 faxes coming her way asking for Legal Aid Orders, and now she is trying to get away with not doing any of it, when she is required by law. She has amplified a simple conversation that was quite assertive, I admit, but it won't work. She is wrong, she has to send me those representation orders, and I will remain as strong as I should be. If you do not agree with this version of event, I will leave within a month. She will have won, she will not have to send us any representation orders for years to come. Efficiency will do with my departure, but who really cares about that? No one I suspect, this is the civil service after all, isn't it? Thank you for having inspired me a few pages, a few books in fact, I guess in the end this is all that was required from you. Now it is time to move on. No regrets. I have done and achieve what I came here to do and achieve, beyond that I don't give a shit.

Right course of action, I will refuse to talk about it anymore, especially that by talking more I only give them more fuel to accuse me of something. He knows the big picture, never mind about the details. Now he is free to do whatever he wants with this little crisis, I don't care about the consequences. I will not debate details, you decide if it is worth for me to lose my job over this or not, and that is all. Let me know your decision, I am quite ready to accept the outcome, but I will not discuss it further. This is how pettiness should be dealt with, by not giving it any more attention than it really deserves.

And tomorrow I should also make a point of leaving at 16h30, no more overtime. I will also leave at 16h30 on Friday. No longer will I break my back for blind people incapable of seeing all the hard work I have done for them. And of course, this means the beginning of the end, as this will alienate them further. I have to find another job, and I will, somehow. I should set myself a goal to apply to at least 10 new jobs this weekend, and see what happens. No loyalty is required for people ready to backstab you at every turn, and who have never been loyal to you in the first place. It is not enough to just give you a salary. They deserve what they get.

Tomorrow this Scottish guy will be facing a worthy opponent, as I will not be willing to listen, I will tell him that I am stopping this pettiness right here right now and will not discuss it any further. Whatever decision they want to make out of it, I will accept it and that will be the end of it. I have nothing to lose, do they? We'll find out.

I'm so pleased that all of this happened, because without it, I would never have written my entry about pettiness in my book *Destructivism*. And to have acquired enough experience in order to write such an entry, is priceless. Anything I might have to suffer or go through as a consequence, does not really matter. It will not make me rich at any rate, but I am proud of it nonetheless. And that is what being a spy within the mist of a great institution is all about, that all this pettiness is not wasted, it brings in me some creativity, some ideas and observations about human nature that otherwise I would miss completely.

It helps understand human nature, find solutions that perhaps will help escape self-destruction. I have no doubt that we have already initiated self-destruct a long time ago, and yet, it would be nice to know how, before we simply all return to nothingness. That is what I mean by considering the whole picture, instead of being stuck on insignificant details.

I know of only one of my past managers capable of saving this planet, he is now on sick leave for God knows how long. Fuck! Where is my Line Manager when I need him the most? I will have self-destruct before his return. Didn't take long for all the other vultures around him to annihilate his management style. One week and a half exactly. And that is also how long it took me to destroy my future in that job. It tells you a lot about management and how incompetent people end up there, and can only bring destruction in their wake without realising it.

God, no one has any clue about anything in this world, no wonder we will bring about the end of the world and humanity within my lifetime.

At some point today I went to the toilets for a good 10 minutes, I was trying to calm myself as I could feel I was about to explode. I was wondering, how can I achieve that, see all of this for all it really is, a game, a joke, and not take life so seriously. I went back into the office not hoping for any miracle. But a quick talk with the transsexual Vivianne brought me back to some sort of sanity, that was just before the shit hit the fan and that woman complained against me to the top manager. And then, of course, there was no more hope over the horizon.

Tomorrow I will have to be strong, and show them that there are consequences to their destructive mind games. I will immediately request a week off as soon as possible, meaning next week. If they refuse, they will again owe me something, and somehow it might make it easier in my mind, to go through one more week of shit just for the sake of it. I know the shit cannot fail to hit the fan many more times before the end of next week, and that it will be small consolation that I had predicted it and tried to prevent it, trying to avoid it somehow by taking a week off, and they refused.

Somehow I will get them to confirm me a week off as soon as possible, because I'm desperate for it. I need to sleep for a whole week just to cope with the shit I suffered from them this week alone. Otherwise, it is my resignation they will get, and I have no doubt they don't really care either way, and will never, ever, feel any regrets after I'm gone. They failed to recognise a hard working employee, I don't know how, and I doubt they will ever recognise that fact even if I am replaced by an incompetent moron, as it is most likely to be the case.

I guess I was expecting too much from them, I can only conclude that they are more brainless than I ever thought possible. It is amazing to say the least, but what can I do? There is no hope for any of them, which explains why they are where they are now, and how they could have sustained themselves in these jobs for more than a decade or two. We're not from the same universe, that is all. I don't belong there, but I guess that in my case, I don't belong anywhere, and they in return, could belong anywhere, as everywhere is the same pettiness and selfishness I have witnessed, whatever the country I was in. There is really no hope for humanity. No one is looking for happiness, peace, freedom. In fact, any one I ever worked with pretty much worked hard to make sure there would never be any peace, freedom or happiness in this world. I can't explain it, except that pettiness and selfishness destroy any of those ideals.

Oh dear, how could I ever bring any happiness to any of my readers, leading such a negative existence? When do you have to stop and wonder if the problem is not yourself? Perhaps I take life much too seriously. Maybe I was born with a negative attitude and I am ready to explode at any given moment, even when the moment does not require such a reaction, such an emotional burst. How can I become peaceful? Laid back? Lazy? Just like everyone else? How? Is true that no one can change its nature? Am I condemned to walk into nightmare after nightmare for the rest of my life? Is this life really worth it then? Will we not all be better off if I were to end it? Is there any point for me to continue living like this? At the end of the day, I have to admit that I may ultimately be responsible for everything that is happening to me. That I may very well have ruded with that bitch, never mind who was rude first and who had the energy to complain about it to make one more point. It is known that everyone in this society will not stop until they have total control, until everyone is just simple sheep obeying all their smallest whims. And as soon as someone confronts them about it, they go into hyper panic mode until the deviant is brought back to reason or is kicked out for good, so they can continue their own little path of power. Should I descend to their level, accept authority as soon as I hear the word Manager? Or should I fight every single Ego trip I encounter? Who's being



hurt in the end? Not them, they're way too protected, only pawns like me can suffer any consequence. And hence, if I were to become the sheep, filled with humility and surrender that is required of me, maybe I would stand of chance to peace and happiness. Maybe there is something wrong with me, perhaps I am not ready enough to give up my own whatever to the next person in authority, when I should. Maybe I can learn to be sedated like everyone else, even without drugs. Maybe this is what I need to learn in this world, before I just decide to unilaterally end my existence. Or, just as I thought, perhaps for me there is only one solution, to end this existence, because I do not capable to fit in anywhere, I don't think I was designed or born to function properly in all these situations and environments. I think I am the problem here, that I deserve all the consequences of my actions, and yet, I know that I could not live any other way, that I will not change in order to become that I am not and could never be. And so I am condemned to live a nightmarish existence and alienate everyone along the way. Can I accept that? Is there no solution for me? Like isolating myself completely from everyone? Is suicide the only solution for me? It always comes back to that. I wish I would just do it and be over with it, be over with everything. If I were to meet that woman who is trying her best to destroy me right now, I think I would not hesitate to kill her, I don't think I could stop myself, because I feel this is all she deserves. I am still moral and ethical enough to not upon my deep desires, but then, there is only one other solution, to end my own life. I think I should give it more serious thought and start to think about ways to achieve it. I think it is clear now that whatever the job I will get, I will put myself through the same shit and will always be depressed. As I cannot find any solution in order to get myself out of these situations, and fail to see how I would ever be able to escape that fate, I guess that there is only one remaining solution. I cannot accept this way of life, I will never fit in anywhere. When something like this happens, a real crisis, it reminds me who I really am and how I am just dysfunctional in society. I don't think there is any hope for me.

27 July 2007

After my last entry, you would expect me, two days later, to tell you worse tales. In fact, the very next day it was as if nothing ever happened, I had two last long and boring days, didn't hear anything about it except they asked me a list of the representation orders I needed, and I got them all the next day. Despite the fact that I nearly ruined my career over a two minute phone call, I can only observe that it brought great results and I doubt we will ever again have to wait more than 10 minutes to get an order from that Magistrates' Court. So in all, it paid off in a way, and no one can accuse me of being inefficient, in two minutes I unblocked a serious communication problem between our Crown Court and that Magistrates' Court that has gone on for years. And now, all those counsels and those solicitors will get paid instead of getting back in the post yet again the claims they sent us something like a dozen times before getting the message that without that bit of paper that no one on this Earth can get a copy of, they will never get paid.

I guess the lesson here is that you do not achieve anything in this world without stirring a lot of shit, putting your neck on the line, be ready to sacrifice everything over the slightest detail, and there you are, finally you succeed in eliminating a big chunk of our bureaucracy that has been alienating the whole legal system for decades. There will of course be consequences for me, probably next time I bark at another bitch down the phone, because obviously I can only get away with that kind of crisis once or twice, but at least I not only got my orders, I have insured we will get all the other ones in the future.

This panic has highlighted a big problem they have been discussing for years in high level meetings between the top managers of the Magistrates' Court and the Crown Courts, something that they never succeeded in making it happen.

It took a nobody a bit too hysterical about doing a good job, to pick up the phone and tell them to do their job, creating a hurricane between the courts, and now the problem is sorted. After complaining about me the way they did, I think the answer they got was that it was true that they simply ignored all our requests for Legal Aid Orders, and hence, perhaps they were not as white as they claimed to be. They probably thought they would get me sacked overnight their desire to do nothing about it would continue forever, now they are so afraid we might actually be complaining about them with good reason, they are doing their job. I just hope I didn't destroy myself in the process.

I speak like if I had just saved a thousand lives from starvation out of a poor African corner, when all I really achieved is so insignificant, it makes me want to cry. And yet, I receive desperate letters from counsels and solicitors telling me to pay them or else they will go bankrupt. When they are owe 40,000 pounds, I guess they worked the better part of the year on that case, if not many years, and by the time we finally get around to pay them, they are mortgaged to the teeth and can no longer sustain their credit card payments. So I guess I sort of saved a few hundred people from starvation this year. It is in my opinion a misconception that counsels and lawyers are rich people, because there are now way too many on the market, that most of them are taxi drivers. Makes me feel good that I dropped out of law school to study literature and philosophy. I'm starving all the same, but at least I didn't commit suicide, yet anyway.

I think the whole point of this exercise with the Magistrates' Court, was for me to finally understand that I have been rude to that bitch, that I am responsible for the crisis that ensued, and probably she had every right to complain about me to all the top managers of all the courts around a radius of 25 miles. Because had a rippling effect, we after all have the same problem getting orders from all the other Magistrates' Courts.

The minute I realised that I was the bitch here, that it was I who had an attitude problem and needed to correct that sort of unacceptable behaviour, suddenly everything changed. When I woke up the next day, the sky was blue for the first time since the beginning of the summer, there were birds in the trees and leaves, when I could have sworn that the day before, it was like winter even though we are right in the middle of the summer. Something tells me that if I had not got the message, the next day would have been bloom and gloom. It is as if I changed timeline, that somehow after writing over 30 pages upon the subject, and drinking a whole bottle of Vodka, and understanding that I was wrong, I switched to another parallel universe where it was as if none of it ever happened. Something tells me that if I had not accepted that, this story would have gone worse the very next day and I would still be in crisis two days later.

I cannot change my nature, no matter what. I am gay, I tired to changed that when I was young, I was unsuccessful. I am impulsive and ready to explode at any moment, and can sometime be very rude, no matter what I could devise to change that, I will never change. It is like my neighbour next door who always get mixed up in fights and end up in courts and prison for another GBH or ABH, Actual Bodily Harm, they simply cannot change their nature, they are prone to explode at any moment, especially when drunk. An anger management course might help keep it under control for a while, but at some point it will explode again and hopefully you will not be anywhere near them when it happens. In a way I feel very bad for people born with such a nature, because it is out of their control, and if you push them too far, as life always do in any circumstance, that is it, they simply lose it and can only regret it the next day when they face the consequences.

So what is the lesson I really learned here? That I need to change my attitude, need to keep that bad character under tight control, or that I am like I am and I cannot change who I am? And so, have I really learned something important here or not? Because I know who I am, I have known for a long time that I cannot change, so what's the point? And unfortunately my problem is not

severe enough that it requires help from professionals, it is not like I had beaten the shit out of that bitch in that Magistrates' Court, I never even sworn at her. On paper it looked like I had been a nice sheep, though it was all in the tone. There is no denying that it drove her off the wall, and could have led to my dismissal, and might still if they get a second complaint soon about me. Well, I guess this is how I learn stuff without professional help, I am unlikely to explode again at a bitch at the other end of the line for at least a few weeks and months. Efficiency and reducing bureaucracy might suffer, but at the end of it all, who really cares? No one, or else governments would have done something about that, right? As if... no matter how many millions or billions complaining about bureaucracy every day, governments have never shown any desire to eliminate or reduce the problem, on the contrary, it is getting worse every single day and as it is progressive changes, none of us really freak out like I did on the phone at whoever might be listening, so things will finally change.

All we hear is PR campaigns from the civil service and other public services that if you shout or hit one of our employees, we will prosecute you every time and make sure you get maximum penalty. When really, this is such the wrong way to go about it. I think the statistics of the employees of the Underground being beaten up every year by angry passengers are running so high, they never stop to assess why. Instead they decided to send a clear message that none of us will get away with it and will be severely punished, because at least a few hundred cameras will have filmed the whole thing and we can no longer escape our fate. Perhaps if they were to spend as much resources and energy on making the whole transport system work, they would actually eliminate the problem completely, instead of alienating us even more. They let it go so bad, I sincerely believe that if they were to build five new Piccadilly Lines deeper underground running in parallel of the first one, we would still be like sardines in the wagons, we would still want to kill a few of their employees every day. The whole of Outer and Inner London are all hysterical now, do something about it! If I ever hear once more that this train to Heathrow will terminate at Northfields or Acton Town, I assure you, I will kill someone.

I have been getting into new television series on Sci-Fi recently, and it seems that my Anna Maria is so similar to all of those, I really cannot feel any pride in my achievement. It is like we all went for the same kind of main themes, main sort of characters, etc. I feel my originality leaves a lot to be desired. And now I am boiling for another great book which will break all boundaries in originality, something truly special, and I know I have that potential burning inside of me. I don't even feel like finishing my novel now, despite the fact that I am so closed to the end, that a few drunken writing nights would do the trick.

I wonder if I should delete the last two short stories of Anna Maria and consider it finished with its eight short stories. Might be worth considering. The last one "Time Terrorists – The Hampton Court Colony" should clearly be for the next tome, if ever I feel the need to write a second tome for whatever reason. And "The Box on the Seven Dials – Full Circle in Covent Garden" seems so out of place, I'm not sure if it is really relevant to the whole book. Even though I liked the beginning bit in that VIP restaurant. Perhaps I can salvage that bit and include it to another of the existing stories. There was also the how Anna Maria and the Duke of Connaught first met, the story of their beginning, that I felt I could write for the first book. That would require months of work at the pace I have been working on that novel, and I am no longer certain if it is worth it. If I were that motivated, I would not have written a complete other book before finishing this one, "Destructivism".

I would have 136 single line pages if I delete the last two stories, that is 272 pages double spacing, over 300 pages of a normal published book. Perhaps it is enough for a book I no longer believe in. And I did think that "Ham III Time Paradox - The Uncertainty of King George Varney" would end the book very well.

Shit, what should I do? Is it just laziness speaking? Should I get to work on it tonight instead?

Right, I think I need to make a decision, and reach a compromise. I will delete that last short story, because it is getting in some sort of tangent, it continues the story of another one, "Ham III Time Paradox". That is definitely more suited for book II, it would insure continuity and develop a longer story line for other short stories. It could be short story two of the second book. And the short story one of the second book would be about the terrorists Anna and Arthur confronted when they first met. As for "The Box", I need to finish it somehow, I have to force myself. I need to work on it this weekend, hopefully finish it. Then I will be able to live with myself. I will not be able to accuse my laziness from having massacred my first big novel in English.

I have to say that I stated the above thinking I had 200 pages instead of 300, and now I can see that even without The Box, I have a full book, I don't need that short story, especially if I can salvage the beginning and incorporate it to another story. I'm afraid, I don't think this is a decision I can make tonight. The dinner is already way too long for a short story, it is most of the story, and yet nothing happened yet. Either "Seven Dials" will be longer than usual, or I will compress it beyond belief. The only reason I could want to finish it is because the beginning is good, and yet it can be the beginning of any of the other stories. It would be a shame at this point to delete it. Without at least giving it another writing blast this weekend to see where it could go. What frightens me, to be honest, is that I'm not sure I can develop that many dialogues in that story, and hence, it is less suitable for an episode of a television series. It would be more narrative. Unless I get into dialogues in some of the days, doesn't matter if some, like the first one, is all narration.

Why have I blocked like this on that last story? When it was the last one, and that all of it is already written, not once, but twice differently in two different languages? Maybe because I feel that story should be a film all on its own and should not be part of Anna Maria? Maybe that's the problem here. If overnight I had a lot of money falling from the sky and could afford to shoot a film, it would be that story. It wouldn't be possible if it was part of Anna Maria and that book was published. But isn't it what Anna Maria was all about? Getting all my film script ideas into a novel no matter the consequences, so they could be published?

I will have to finish it, I will finish it. But I delete the last one, and forget the initial meeting of Anna and Arthur for now. Good compromise, or else I will never finish that novel. And I better come up with another great idea for my next book, which brings the question, French or English, sci-fi or not? It all depends on the reaction of publishers and agents to Anna Maria. If it is complete failure, as it is to be expected, then French and no sci-fi. If it is not a failure, then it will be tome II of Anna Maris. As it could take me a year to find out, I might as well consider French and no sci-fi for the next one. Because if Anna Maria fail to attract any attention, it is definitely the level of my English which is not good enough. Writing another book in English would be useless. But if it does attract attention, having written in French would have been a waste of time and energy, something I don't have in abundance at the moment.

Big risk. It is true that I never got anywhere writing in French before, but this time around I would write specifically in order to write a best-seller in French. It would be different from before. The next French book I write, will be published, will be a success, I will make sure of it. The question and the answer to the dilemma is simple, find a good idea worthy of spending a whole year on, and then assess if English or French is more suitable. Let's see what the brainstorm will bring. In the meantime, finish that damn Anna Maria! I should prevent myself from writing anything else until it is finished. I have to give myself deadlines, or else I will never finish it. My whole existence as an author hangs in the balance, this is how serious that book could be to my whole destiny, it is time I realise it,

nothing else matters, especially not bitches working at Magistrates' Courts. I'm too deep into "Seven Dials", I will finish it, and nothing else.

Dear me, where would I be without writing all this, I would never figure out anything, I would never make any decision. It brings focus in my life, and it is great therapy. Shit, I just opened my eighth beer already, it is 2 am, I will be in a shitty mood tomorrow, it will take 30 seconds for Stephen to find out and freak out about it. We will have a shitty weekend again, I will be lucky if I can write a few pages. I'm now deep into the Moody Blues, "A Question of Balance", whilst my whole existence is going up in flames. Perfect, just perfect. "I'm looking for someone to change my life. I'm looking for a miracle in my life." "Why do we never get an answer. When we're knocking at the door? With a thousand million questions. About hate and death and war." Never been more appropriate for the times we're living in. And now I can dream the rest of the night away.

"And the Tide Rushes In" on that album has for a long time been the favourite song of my dad. He was singing it virtually every Saturday morning, blasting Moody Blues records all over the house for everyone to hear, it was his day off. I'm not sure if to this day he understood the words, his English was very bad then, as it is now. When I think of it, I feel that despite all the shit I have to go through on a daily basis, my life is not as sad as his was then. I don't think I could have gone on to lead the existence my Dad did. I think I did slightly better so far. That's a result, but a small one. I'm sure it never crossed his mind then that his son would be one day working in a Crown Court in England, spending his days paying grad fees and standard fees. I'm sure somewhere in this universe tonight he is really proud of his son.

Shit, no more beers, I should I jump into the Vodka. Has anyone got a gun? I would really love to have a gun right now...

31 July 2007

Would you believe that in this day and age, I still have to fight bullies ready to attack me and make fun of me because of my sexual orientation, this whilst working in a Crown Court? One of the Security Guard at the entrance makes a stupid joke every time I enter the building or pass the entrance, he pretends I touch his ass and then he makes a stupid woman noise like: oh, don't touch me, or something like that. I can take that joke once or twice, but not 20 times every time I now has to cross the entrance. The first time I laughed, after that I ignored it, today whilst leaving at lunch time, I looked at him in the eye with an angry face hoping that he will finally get the message and stop. What I saw in his eyes tells me that not only he will not stop, it will get worse, as I witness hate, shear hate.

Funny that this man his actually a drug addict, and owes money to my Line Manager and the Kid. So it is not like he was beyond reproach in the first place. I would imagine that being a drug addict desperate enough to borrow money from everyone who is known to take drugs working in a Crown Court would be undesirable, since half of our defendants come to the Crown Court in the first place because of drugs. And yet, I would never denounce him or tell anyone about it, as it was said to me in confidence by the Kid, and I wouldn't want to get him into trouble.

However I still have to deal with that moron, as now I am afraid of coming in or out of the building, or even pass the entrance to go to the dead room where most of the court files are. If he couldn't see in my eyes today that I would no longer tolerate any joke at my expense, then I will have to take my courage at heart and tell him to stop. I am not certain how I can do this without him making another joke about it.

I could go straight to my Line Manager and tell him to tell that bully to calm down, but that would be like an official complaint. If I were to tell the Scottish Guy, the issue would become so serious, he might lose his job. If I tell

my Line Manager who is finally back today from his back problems, then it will be very informal. Even more informal would be to tell the Kid to let him know, there are good friends after all, and it is obviously the Kid who told him I was gay.

I can't believe I still have to deal with that shit when I am 34 years old. The difference is that I am no longer a kid, neither is he, and I have a recourse now against that kind of thing, whilst when I was a kid in school I had none and could only suffer in silence and witness the worst atrocities against me. I will not let this situation deteriorate any longer, he will get the message one way or another.

This bullshit almost made me go for that interview for a Security Guard at Heathrow Airport, most probably the next Terminal 5. They want to see me, I wasn't too keen to work 4 days on and 2 days off in a row, 12 hours shift all over the place night and day. And now I have a pretty good idea of the level of intelligence of Security Guards, I would be opening myself to more bullies at the Airport.

Shit, every day now in this Court I am facing a new threat, a new situation that ultimately gets me into trouble and adds to my file as an undesirable employee. I wish it would all go away and I could be left alone to do my job in silence in my corner without having to interact with anyone. Maybe I need to look for a new job at the BBC or something, I had enough of these soul destroying jobs for which I have absolutely no interest in and yet are a great source of stress and pressure, enough to take over my entire existence that I cannot think of anything else but my job and the problems that come with it.

Another funny thing, I remember now that Stephen also had a problem with that same Security Guard. For Stephen it is obvious he is gay, and so that Guard immediately spotted it and hated openly Stephen, enough to cause him pain, enough for Stephen to let me know that this Security Guard hated him. I don't think this is because the Guard saw me speak to Stephen in the Jury Room, as Stephen reported this way before then. This afternoon I need to ask the transgender engineer if she has any trouble with Security when she comes in. Let's see how far that bullying really goes.

I am back home, it is now past 11 pm. I am back from the pub, it was the last day of Cristina, the girl from Tenerife in the Canary Island. To be honest, and I told her tonight, she was a miracle worker, and the only one in the whole office to do any work with me and the Indian woman in the Listing office. She came tonight, so sweet of her, I truly like her, she brought some chocolates for Cristina, finally she got a gift from us. She was the longest working temp they ever had, and I am sure, the most efficient employee they ever had. If I start my conference company one day, I would hire her in a second, and would hesitate to give her a huge salary, because I know she would deliver.

Somehow Cristina was my own employee to deal with, for the first time ever, you could have called me her manager. And you know what, her verdict tonight was that I had been so sweet with her, it tells me that if ever I become a manager one day, I hope all of them could say to me how sweet I was. Because, in the end, this is all that counts.

I called her a miracle worker, and I only realised that I had never told her whilst she was working for us. And yet, it has been on my mind from the very first week. I wish I had told her much earlier, it would have made her feel better. Somehow she has convinced herself that she was not that good for us, that she complained a lot, etc. When it is so untrue, with me at least, but of course, I was sweet to her, she has such a nice character, I could have been anything but sweet with her.

I stressed how important it was for me to say she was a miracle worker, because in all my years working in all those jobs, giving 200%, when most people don't even give 50%, only once was I called a miracle worker, only once did they recognise how great I was in my job, and it made me feel better about it. I am cursing myself that only on her last day did I tell her that, though I am pretty

convinced she knew that I, and I alone, knew she was a miracle worker. It also makes me realise that my Managers are obviously not blind, they must know I am a miracle worker, even though they never take the time to let me know. But then it does not matter really, because as soon as I make a serious mistake or two, all that goes out the window, and I am back to square one, trying to prove myself once again.

At the table tonight, there was one Spanish, one French-Canadian, one Chinese from Hong Kong, one Indian, one British, and one mixed guy from everywhere, but mostly Italian, African and Indian. It was truly an international crowd, and that was very nice. I got everyone to say what yes and no was in their own language, and then went on to decide which one sounded the best. I took the Si in Spanish to be nicest yes, and the "I can't remember now" in Cantonese to be the best no, since in Cantonese, no is the negation of yes and it includes yes in it. I thought this was unusual, logical, complicated, but ultimately the best no.

I managed to insult the Chinese guy badly, without it being my intention. I was trying to understand why his brother and himself had so much trouble finding a girlfriend in England, so much so that his brother had to find a girlfriend in Singapore, something I said I only witnessed with fat Americans incapable of finding an American girlfriend in the first place. And then I said that all three of us, the Spanish, the Chinese and I, the French one, all had suffered discrimination in England. To which the Chinese guy answered that no, we had no idea, since until the Spanish girl or I spoke, we could be considered British, but for him it was obvious from the start that he looked different. The discrimination started in his case way before it could start for us. I answered that I had a similar analogy to that, comparing gay people with fat people. That when you are gay, and as long as it is not obvious, you can lie about who you really are, but when you're fat, it is obvious and you are more readily ridiculed for it.

In the end, the Chinese guy is slim and highly attractive, and it makes no sense that everyone in Britain would reject him. That is what I couldn't understand, because I would take him any day as my long term partner if he was gay. And yet, no girl is interested in him, neither in his brother, who is apparently more British than my colleague.

I had the same conversations with the Kid tonight, how despite being 21, every girl rejects him because he seems too young and immature. I agree on that, but what great sex it would be, that I don't understand how difficult these European girls can be. All their confidence is gone, when I would qualify them as the best looking people I have met in quite a while. So what's wrong with all those girls out there? I don't know, neither do they, I might add.

Sometimes I think how nice it would be to be straight, because there are so many good looking chaps and lasses out there, single and desperate for anything, that I feel, with my great confidence, that I could reach them all. I know there must be many gay people out there feeling the same, perhaps waiting for me, they are just harder to find, as they cannot be met anywhere, in every single office out there. And I am not willing to make the extra effort to meet any of them.

For the first time tonight some of my colleagues saw two of my published books. I have been accused before to be lying about it, that it was so unthinkable that I could be a published author and yet working as a Civil Servant, they dismissed without another thought. Tonight the Indian woman from the Listing Office asked me why I was working in a Crown Court, she looked genuinely impressed. There you have it, I thought, I am spy, I am using you in order to write a journal, and anyway, no worry, it will never be published. Why am I doing it? It might make my website and my life more interesting, some new experiences, and yet, that journal is not on my English website and will not be for many years to come. I would probably lose my job over it, I know that much.

2 August 2007

I made a serious miscalculation about my way to a better existence in that job at the Crown Court. First I thought that if I were to be taken out the grad fees two months ago, I would not longer have to deal with the Old Indian man who is the cashier or the Chief Clerk, both are a very high source of stress to me and regularly get me into trouble. The other serious calculation is that two months later the grad fees have become a monster that no one else in their right mind would be willing to take over. It is now so complicated, that the woman who has taken them over yesterday is highly stressed and she is now venting her frustrations on me, her trainer.

I had not taken that into account, that now I would be constantly fighting with her for her to do the job as I showed her, she is fighting against everything and made it clear she will only do a half job. She will override anything, neither Legal Aid, neither wrong Offence Codes. She will not photocopy the grad fees we received and the letter we send back to counsels so we can figure out what is going on when they send it again five times afterwards in the coming month. Before we found the letter, photocopies it, send the invoice back hoping that on the sixth letter they will get the message that we cannot pay their claim until they sort out the problem.

She has gone into a full blown attack today about me speaking French to the Engineer, right after another homophobic comment from my Line Manager, that he somehow succeeded in getting her replaced by a proper man this time, not a transgender. The Fat Bitch said we were rude to speak another language in the office and now I am forbidden to speak French at all, whilst I hear Indian all the time in this office. I said so, right, I was unaware I could not speak French in the office, now that I am aware, I will no longer speak French, however it must be the same rule for everyone and so, no one should be speaking Indian in this office any longer.

So all these problems sort of fizzled out throughout the morning, however I am now uptight, so unwilling to continue her training, and quite direct and impatient with her, that I predict she will not inherit the grad fees and that I will definitely be stuck on them forever.

She's not helping herself, whilst I am trying everything I can to train her and to help her. One more attack and that will be it, I will certainly explode, she has to stop venting her frustrations on me. I have been on these damn invoices for over nine months now, what has she got to complain about? She will be on them for only one month, after which time I will most definitely get them back, as the famous rotation of who's getting these things can only bounce from her to me. In fact, I predict I will be back on the grad fees within 12 days, once the Pakistani man goes on holiday, because then someone will need to do the Post-Trial, she can, I cannot. I need to ask to be trained as soon as possible before he goes on holiday, I will do so this afternoon. I'm glad I figured that one out.

It is now close to midnight, it has been an exhausting day, and week, and every new day brought another new serious problem, and I know from experience that it can go on like that for a very long time indeed, until something breaks. Today on top of everything, I suddenly receive a phone call from the Ministry of Justice, they accused me of lying on my application form because I told them I took no sick day in my last job in Los Angeles. Now my ex-employer came back with seven sick leave I have taken whilst I worked for them. Lying on your application form, when working for the Ministry of Justice, never mind how small the lie is, or how white, is still a crime punishable by law. For a second there I thought they would terminate my employment on the spot, and to be honest even now I am not certain if it will happen. I guess it all depends on if they go back to my ex-employer to clarify the situation or not, and how nice or gutted my ex-employer is about me leaving them. Anyway, I may have saved the situation when I told that monster in HR that I never lied, that when you are sick



in America, especially if your employer does not pay you sick leave, you can decide to take them as holiday instead, and that as far as I was concerned, all my sick days should have been considered holidays, but as this process was quite informal as I just told casually my manager (who by the way was a right bitch) that my sick leave should be considered holidays, then perhaps their records are not up to date or reflect reality. Basically, I told her I had not lied on my application form, but perhaps I would need a full trial with witnesses and a jury to truly prove my innocence.

Well, this was another big shock this afternoon and it freaked me out again for at least an hour. I'm still worried about it, I hope it will fizzle out as if it never happened. I hate this idea of reference letters, reference from previous employers or teachers and so on, it is like having a criminal record for the rest of your life, that you cannot go anywhere in life without first having your whole background searched thoroughly, and you should have seen the questionnaire they sent to my previous employers, it was pages long with very specific answers, I have it here. This is discrimination developed to an art form, coming from the Ministry of Justice no less. It is simply not acceptable.

And that's nothing, I would qualify myself as a good boy who obeys everyone with almost a minimum of questions, someone who could be considered respectable and who never did anything that questionable, basically, I have never really done anything wrong, and yet, insignificant details can easily destroy my career and my future, I almost lost my job today, over a trifle. Can you imagine what it must be for most defendants, never mind if they have been declared innocents for whatever reason? Their future must be mortgaged, and if they once lie even slightly just to make it look a little bit better, that is it, they're screwed.

Big Brother has access to everything and will eventually find out everything there is to know about you. It doesn't matter how small or insignificant detail you might not have reported that they will find about, this will be considered a crime and you will be thrown out, discarded, unworthy, some sort of sub human being. Whatever you do in life, never lie. Because in the end, if you admit to the worst crimes, they might just decide that as long as you told the truth, you may be worthy of their attention, they may decide to give you a fighting chance. Though it is unlikely and you would be deluding yourself for thinking so. So there is no way out. The truth is only a phone call, an e-mail, a fax, a letter away, and they will look for it, they will get it.

That's nothing, I thought it was BAA calling me, about that job at the airport as a Security Officer. Their own screening process is now so complicated that very few candidates actually get the job they are going for. As a result they are now desperate enough to send me emails, text messages on my phone and now I thought they were calling me at work, so I could spend a few months trying to get a job I know in the end I would not even succeed in getting, and all that despite the fact that I never even applied for that job in the first place. They found my name on one of their old databases for a job I applied for years ago, one that was paying three times more than what they are offering me now. How stupid and desperate do these people think we are? Or how stupid and desperate are these people really are?

Considering how difficult it is for me to become permanent at my actual job for the Ministry of Justice after nine months, I don't even want to imagine how impossible to get a job at Heathrow Airport in Security would be, after all these fake terrorists attacks and considering that Heathrow is classified as one of the main targets of this government sponsored terrorism. So fuck it. At least they must know that there is no need to increase security anywhere in England, but I'm not sure if everyone within the government is in on the secret that the government is responsible for most terrorist attacks these days, and so getting jobs there is impossible or not worth wasting the time and the energy.

I never keep a job for more than a year anyway, all my ex-employers are getting bugged by my new potential employers something like every year for a

few months. Switching jobs now might not be wise, I will alienate them all beyond repair and they will not be helpful the day I actually go for a job that I really want (as if this could ever happen anyway).

Tonight I wrote the new introduction to my Shrinking Theory page, basically declaring it dead. I thought of the day I would do such a thing, I thought after that I could basically end my life, as there would be nothing else for me to live for. However it is not quite what happened tonight. In a way I was pleased to finally understand and realise that I was wrong, instead of it being the end of it, it is a new beginning, as now I have so much more to live for, a totally new physics to explore, to think about, to discover new things about.

In fact, the only thing in the last few weeks that saved my sanity, is that I have been able to retire to the bedroom and read The Final Theory of Mark McCutcheon, and simply try to visualise that new revolutionary physics. I intend to write a whole documentary about it and pitch the idea to one of my ex-employer, the one for whom I worked so hard for about the Einstein and his famous equation, and yet has been incapable of giving me a credit. Well, this time around if I present to them a finished product, they will not be able to deny me a credit.

It doesn't really matter anyway, all I need, all I want, is to diffuse that new physics everywhere as much as I can. It is my new mission in life, my new purpose for existing, that I will get that book recognised for what it is, I will help to turn Mark McCutcheon into the genius mind that I feel he is. Also that I am not satisfied with the book alone and its little graphics. Such new physics needs to be visualised in order to be understood, it would also help me a great deal. To think that I could be the instigator of the first ever big documentary about this Expansion Theory is truly something I am happy about. If I had a few millions at my disposal, I would not hesitate to spend them into that documentary, as the single most important documentary of all time, even though I am aware that money would be wasted, since science documentaries do not make money by definition.

I am also well aware that Mark McCutcheon has failed to attract any attention whatsoever in the scientific community, that not one single article was published about his Expansion Theory in any scientific magazine. His book is also not exactly published by a renown publisher, most likely it was vanity publishing. Selling this idea to a production company will not be easy as these will be their first questions, and perhaps final decision.

So if they cannot first be convinced by the ideas themselves, there is little chance this will go anywhere. I hope Mark McCutcheon has a list of theoretical physicists ready to pledge in private that such a theory is very likely to be true, even though they could not really admit it publicly from fears of ridiculed. It is not everyday that we kill Newton, Einstein, Quantum Mechanics and the whole of Standard Theory in one swoop. A theoretical physicist ready to do such a thing would need to have a lot of confidence, and an already established reputation, some suicidal tendencies would also help a great deal, as it could mean the end of their career.

I have not yet told Mark McCutcheon about my intention to write a documentary about his book. I would like to have something more concrete before I do so, also a better idea of all his new concepts. It could be a big risk and a big waste of time. I can think of many reasons why he would decline. First he might have something already all prepared which could help me a great deal, the rights might be sold already, someone else might be doing something about it, God knows.

I can't take any risk now, because it is useless to give people false hope if in the end you are not yourself going to do anything about it, or if you are still months and years away from some concrete project. So at the moment I read the book again, I get all my visualisations ready in my head, I will eventually come up with the skeleton of the main ideas and take it from there. Maybe I should

contact him now, and see what he says. It might save me a year's of wasted work.

3 August 2007

I am so drained, I cannot do anything. For the first Friday in months, perhaps years, I won't write anything apart from this journal, and I don't think I will be writing much. There is nothing else that insightful to say about what happened this week, except that training that bitch has not been easy, neither for her or for me. I can sense she hates me, I can feel her restraints, I can see how painful it is for her to remain calm and laid back, as she probably just wanted to jump on her desk and throw the biggest strop in history.

Though I couldn't tell if her panic state was more about myself, or the grad fees which must be giving her nightmares by now, or both. One thing is certain, even though she is great at playing the game of pity me I have inherited the worst job of the court, she has absolutely no compassion at the thought that I have been stuck on that job for nearly eight months, two extra one because she has been constantly on holiday. It probably never crossed her mind either that I never had a proper holiday since I started this job, and so I am much more about ready to explode than anyone in there.

As usual, that I sacrificed myself for them holding on that that job for so long before starting to squeak, should warrant me a medal, instead, I believe I have destroyed myself in the process, and they may wish to just get rid of me. I may have been annoying and demanding in the last few weeks, but I would like to have seen any of the others coping with that situation. You can be certain that if somehow the bitch remains on grad fees for a full month, which I doubt because they have not started my training for post trials and now the Pakistani is on holiday for two weeks, after one month precisely she will not be doing one more grad fee.

I could accept this, you know, if everyone agreed that she is a lazy worker who would do anything to get away with doing nothing, especially after working there for so many years. But the general consensus at the Court is that she is a very experienced and efficient employee, and they fall short of saying that she is the best. Well, if the best this Crown Court has to offer is that lazy elephant, I must be at the very least a good employee for having coped with something she obviously cannot. But the general consensus there is quite the opposite, I am just a parasite that they are trying to get rid of. Not quite true, my Line Manager does not want to get rid of me, but the HR department is.

Personnel called again today, accusing me once again of lying on my application form. I thought I had been brilliant yesterday at shutting them up, however they are so disorganised that the seven sick days they were talking about were not concerning my job in Los Angeles, it was concerning my actual job at the Court. Here we go again. So I said that of course they told you I took seven days sick since I started, but you see, I was applying for the job I already had, and at the time that I applied a second time in order to become permanent, I had not taken any sick days yet. So you see, no matter how hard you try to convince yourself that I am a monster who lied on his application form, I did not! Now will you leave me alone to do my job instead of giving me heart attacks?

But you see sir, we received your application in February, and by then you already had taken a sick day in December, so you have lied! For God sake! She would really not let it go. So I used my big brain again, thinking as fast as a computer, and told her that I had to fill out these application forms like seven times, and after a while, you simply used the previous ones you've already filled, and so what if I forgot to update the damn thing? Have you also thought that what you had there might have been the original application for, I submitted before I started working at the Court? And they simply sent it to you months later when came up the time for me to apply again for my job?

You would have thought that after all these arguments, and two hours arguing on the phone over a period of two days, with the whole office listening on my conversation, and me losing my cool with a brain dead woman from the Human Resources department, she finally settled for me filling out yet another application form, stating the truth this time. Can you believe? I will be working all weekend on this, all so she would not get into trouble if an audit is ever done.

I have no idea what these audits are all about at the Ministry of Justice, but it certainly seems to frighten the hell out of all of them. That such a minute details can be so damn important, that you would think their life depended on it. I have the same shit coming from the Chief Clerk, that she needs to be able to justify every single little thing that the audit people would certainly never miss. As a consequence, they're driving us all mad and bury us under ever more inflexible bureaucracy. I imagine the audit people to look like the monsters in Doctor Who, that would explain a lot.

I am so drained! Even though I sleep for two hours and a half upon my return tonight. Sometimes I feel that if they continue to put pressure on me, one day I will reach the point where I will no longer be able to decompress for the rest of my life, I would be damaged beyond repair. I guess it would help if I was as laid back as the fat bitch, but I'm not, and we're about to find out how laid back she really is. I can already see the cracks.

Three days I think that she has been on grad fees, and yet she has not gone to the dead room once. She invented herself a doctor appointment this morning, and arrived close to 11 am. She left before 16h30 tonight, a first since I started working there. She's now going for cigarette breaks every half an hour. She is obviously struggling, even though so far it has only been raging inside. If she can survive the first few days, then I guess she will adapt.

The only problem though is that there is only time to enter the grad fees into the system, at the pace that I have come to do it. That is one full time job. She is so slow, I enter four times more than her in one day. Which means that at that speed, this is four full time jobs. You see, already there she is set to fail unless she learns to flip those burgers a bit faster, like they would be obliged to in McDonald's. The second main problem is that entering the data into the system is only half the job, you also receive a disheartening huge pile of fresh invoices every single morning, and that needs to be checked on the computer in five different places, and all those impossible to find files have to somehow materialise out of thin air before the end of the day, or else, you go under, you sink faster than the Titanic ever did (admitting of course that the Titanic really did sink which we're not too sure anymore). Finding files is another full time job at the rate that I find them. At her rate, considering that in three days she has not walked once to the dead room, it could easily be between three or four full time jobs. So, now you understand my problem for the last few months, and you understand her predicament. She just inherited eight full time jobs in one day, you can imagine her state of mind.

And that is not all, because even though for me it represented two to three full time jobs, I was happy doing it until I suffered the wrath of the Cashier and the Chief Clerk. That was just too much on top of everything else. Let's see how she cope with that. I'm sure she'll be fine with the Old Indian man, but watch out for the Chief Clerk, there will be blood all over the office, unless the Chief Clerk decides to give her a lot of leeway because she just started doing them, and also because she might be more afraid of that Fat Bitch than she was afraid of me. You don't show an old horse your teeth, or something like that, and the Chief Clerk might just decide to do what everyone else in the civil service do when they are confronted with lazy people, accept it, never ask them anything, just move on and forget they even exist. Others will do their job. The New Deal from the Ministry of Justice recognises that fact blatantly, as you will no longer get a raise based on your endurance to remain in that office years after years trying to do less and less every day, but instead on how much you have improved

since your last review. And despite that, I bet you I would not get a raise, and they all would, as this is how really everything works in practice. I have no friends there, it is unlikely I would have any by the end of my first year. The people who've been there for years or got their job because of the Top Managers, they have friends who will make sure they get their raise year after year. I find it ironic that the nightmare I had to go through in order to become permanent, the three job interviews, filling dozens of application forms, still just casual after eight months, and so on, was all put into place to prevent the friends and family to get these cushy jobs over the people who truly deserve these positions. The irony is that so far I am the only one working there who has gone through that hell and who was not placed there by a Manager or another senior employee. In practice, despite the monsters that the audit people might be, it never works. In the meantime, I am disgusted by how hard it was to get that job, and how hard it is for me to hang on to it before my first year is out. All of it for a job that pays well below the poverty line.

Let's talk about something a bit more uplifting. If there is such a thing in a Crown Court. A woman called today crying her heart out, because her son had just walked out the door without his monitoring tag. She wanted us to move our ass so her son could be monitored 24 hours a day by our wonderful police force, and so he would not do another robbery on unsuspecting people on the street. I spoke with her for an hour, whilst she was crying, telling me about how a good boy her son really was, of good character, and that it was only the influence of other bad boys in the neighbourhood that led him to a Crown Court in the first place. All I could think about was that I was no psychologist, I have received no training about that sort of thing, truly I was wiring myself into a panic state because I was not working on my grad fees. I was trying to find a way to get rid of her whilst still being the nicest person I could be, showing understanding and compassion. At which point she said: do you have children? This is when I disconnected completely and almost launched into a speech that could very well have sounded like that: "No! I am gay Madam! And for me, being gay might as well mean being sterile, because this society will never give me the chance to have children, all right! I will never have children, so fuck off! And anyway, thank God I will never have any children. From what I hear, they are only trouble. You want me to show you compassion? I have some experience about robberies, I was robbed once in Brussels, I was shaken for two days, I thought it was the end of my little bubble universe. Now tell me, how many times has your son committed these robberies just for the fun of it before he was finally caught? I'd say he deserves all he gets, and if it is true that he can be so easily influence by his friends and that he has no mind of his own in order to say no, then perhaps the Crown Court will teach him lesson, even so, I doubt it very much, because these robbers keep coming back every six months or so, it seems nothing can make them understand the trauma they cause on the general public. So you want my sympathy?

Despite what I just said, I don't really believe it, in fact I am more shock at the idea that the woman was trying to get her son electronically tagged, I would not even consider this option for my dog, let alone a human being. Anyway, the phone call ended up with how such a nice man I was, and understanding and all, she was happier that we would deal with the situation.

The thing is, she called again something like 10 times during the day, and finally ended up speaking with my Line Manager. At which point she was no longer crying, I believe it was reassuring for her to be talking to all of us all day, she was getting better. But then my Line Manager snapped at her: don't worry, we'll tag him and he will no longer go around to rob people. Or something like that, but it was shocking, I instantly knew she would start crying again, and sure enough he had a lot of work on his hands to reassure her before he hung up the phone. How insensitive of him, and yet I would not expect anything else from him.

I was met by the same insensitivity when I went to the Clerks to get help. Despite making it clear to the Clerk that I told the woman we would call her back within 30 minutes, she said she would not call her back. So I said that if she wanted me to call her back to let me know. I have not heard back from her, and the woman had to call back herself many times afterwards as a result. At the end of the day, we are so far removed from all of this, mainly doing admin stuff, that it is easy to be very casual about stuff that for the public is terrifying. Most of them might not be crying, and yet, they must feel the same. Got to be careful there. Today was a big eye opener, as I have grown more used lately to having wives calling me hoping their husband will be going to prison for as long as possible.

I can't explain why all of what happens at the Crown Court leaves me completely indifferent. I thought I was a compassionate and understanding human being, I cry so easily when I watch a good movie. And yet, when the time comes to real life, even a crying mother on the phone irritates me. It would be fine if I was the only heartless person working at the Court, but I believe that we are all hopeless heartless people, none of us gives a shit about anyone else until it happens in our own home. This is how governments end up having all these unacceptable rules and regulations that suffocate us all and no one ever gets up to say enough is enough, because we all believe that none of it will ever apply to any of us except a bunch of criminal immigrants that no could really be expected to care about. After all, every other year we unilaterally declare war on them and go about bombing them until only a few of them remain alive. Those few remaining are probably the next refugees on the next boat ready to come to live in England. Gosh, they have no idea what is awaiting them, somehow I feel that it might be better to try and survive a nuclear attack in their own country than come here to suffer ever more.

Today though on the phone, with that HR woman, when she asked me if I liked living in England, I have to admit that answered that of course I liked it, or else I wouldn't be living here. That is it, that's just it, I have the choice, I live here because, despite everything, I feel I like it better than I would Canada, but ultimately I am here by choice. Which is far from being the case of most other immigrants. But who cares about those immigrants anyway? Not me, not our Court, we're trying very hard to get them all to prison for a very long time accompanied with a deportation order right at the end of it. And the people at the Home Office every day call incessantly to check if that deportation order is there or not, and you can hear in their silence the disappointment when it is not. I have never been able to reach a single person in my lifetime working at the home office, and yet I can now witness that they exist, I speak to them every day. I help them facilitate the deportation of a big chunk of the immigrant population. Maybe I have become a traitor to my race. Don't worry, I'm never that helpful to the bad people at the Home Office, and I am certainly not helpful to any Police Station calling every day, especially when they mention that National Police Database that I would just love to see go up in flames.

And now I really ran out of things to talk about. I never thought I would have so much to say about a normal boring day where nothing happened, just to show...

7 August 2007

After asking twice more to be trained on Post Trials, I finally got my wish today and the Pakistani man has shown me for 1 hour this morning what to do in Post Trials. To be honest I was expecting something so damn complicated, with hearing dates to add on Crest and all, as it was the only explanation as to why he avoided training me for nearly nine months now. In fact, after one hour training, it feels my training is done, and yet yesterday he complained to everyone that

the Line Manager had requested that he trained me, as if this was something unthinkable, such a bad idea, etc.

The other puzzling thing is that if I were to sit down and do Post Trial at high speed, I could clear the whole six shelves within one day, and yet the Pakistani Man cannot cope with it, it is always packed to the brink and we get complaints from everywhere for being late, and it is all he does all day. I understand there is a lot to write down, like the offences, and he doesn't type very fast compared to me, but yet, here is another one doing nothing all day and didn't want to show me the post-trial for one reason only, so he could keep doing nothing all day, and also prevents him from being put on grad fees after the bitch has finished her month.

He was afraid most especially to train me again because I write down everything he says in order to make sure I don't do any mistakes, he hates that and asked me this morning if I would write another book on the topic of post trials. Well I am, but here, not in my stupid notes.

Why are they so afraid of training when it took me an hour to learn post trials, and barely took two days to train the bitch on the grad fees. None of this required such careful planning over a few months period before training finally took place. It is ridiculous, but hey, who am I to tell them what to do, they've been managers in that Court for almost a decade.

My stupid eczema came out full bloom this morning, I was bleeding from my hand, it must have freaked him out as they probably all think that I am HIV positive just because I'm gay, when in fact, I certainly am not. I put some cream on but then I couldn't write my notes anymore because the pen was slippery. Such bad timing that these fucking things happen at the wrong time.

8 August 2007

It is 2h30 pm, I'm not supposed to be home, but I just had a massive row with the Old Indian Man, about something as futile as adding two subfolders to the Committal for Sentence files, and yet it is the fifth big row we have about this detail. Months ago the Line Manager said we should now put three subfolders instead of one, and today they were still saying that this needed to be agreed by everyone. I said that I didn't realise this office was a democracy.

I can't believe that I couldn't keep my cool, it was actually the first time in weeks that the Old Indian Man got involved in any discussion in which I was involved, and see it turned out. We have done great efforts to avoid each other, we don't even tell each other good morning from fear it could escalate into a huge fight. It is obvious the guy hates me, and he attacked me so many times in the past, patronising me and check up on me, that he has me on the verge of exploding every time he speaks to me now. However now it looks bad on me, not on him, whenever something happens, people have forgotten, or never knew how rude he used to be to me.

I wonder if there is a future for me working at the Court. Today I was thinking, God, is there anything left that I am looking forward to in this life? There is nothing in my calendar for months or years, there is nothing left to be excited about. Now, if all there is left in my life is this routine of admin in a court, I will seriously have to rethink if this life is really worth living.

Oh dear, just as I thought, Stephen's father just came to pick up the dog, just when I was here when I am supposed to be at work. I didn't want to have to justify this. I better go back, I have been gone 20 minutes, ample time for the Old Indian Man to go gossip to everyone in the office about me. He made it out as if he was the victim in all this, when it is clear that I am the victim. The whole list office is on his side, he spent hours talking to them about me in the morning before I arrive. I hope tomorrow he will be sick, he is usually sick after a row with me. If these fights are killing him, why don't he avoid them by simply ignoring me, as I asked now officially to the Scottish Man? Why does he still feel the need

to attack me, when there is no way I would ever get involved myself in anything in which he is involved, as I do try to avoid him to prevent these fights. Sometimes he just cannot help it, so if it kills him, it certainly has nothing to do with me.

It is now nearly midnight, I am only happy about one thing, tomorrow is the last day of the week for me, even though it is Thursday. I guess one needs to cheer up about very small things, or else, there would really not be any reason to cling to life so harshly.

I just finished writing another entry in my book *Destructivism, Truth*, I'm quite proud of it. I never thought I could spit all that before I started writing it, it is really coming out as I write it, as I think about it, and think about what I wrote in the last few sentences. I'm afraid the book is way too cynical and ironic, however it is full of little truths about life, and probably many lies as well. I don't think I would have written that book had I not worked at the Court, but I can't start thinking like that, because I could have perhaps written something much better had I worked for example at the BBC, or not worked at all.

I was so wired up this afternoon at work, I thought I would spend the night drinking myself to death, but the second part of my training late afternoon made me forget about the Indian man, and so I have drunk two beers and I'm ready to go to bed at midnight.

I learnt something today though, I know now that the Old Indian Man has been working very hard against me to the Pakistani Man, and now I feel I can no longer trust any of them. I've been thinking carefully, this afternoon the argument was not only between the Old Indian Man and myself, it was equally with the Pakistani Man who took every opportunity to defend the Indian guy. So much so that my final argument that the Line Manager had decided it a long time ago and that this office was not a democracy that required their input after a manager made his decision, was mostly in answer to what the Pakistani guy said. And when I came back from my 20 minutes break to breathe a bit before returning to the den, suddenly many problems came out with me at the centre of it, and all of it was initiated by the Pakistani guy. Something about a bitch from a Magistrates' Court who talked to me and apparently I told her the wrong thing about Surety, and the Legal Orders that we apparently all read wrongly as they mostly only covers solicitors without counsels when it comes to Sentence cases, and something else that I can no longer remember. I remember though how my name came out of the Pakistani Man something like three times in conversations with the Line Manager about three different problems. Has he simply gone out of his way to destroy me this afternoon when I left? I wonder what he truly told the Scottish Guy in his office about the row I had with another bitch at the other Magistrates' Court, when this whole affair exploded after she wrote a letter to the Top Manager in order to cost me my job. In fact, when I returned into the office of the Scottish guy after he had his meeting with the Pakistani guy about this whole affair, I didn't sense that I had been stitched up or helped in any way, but in review the Scottish man was no more positive than before speaking with the Pakistani guy, and so if it has all fizzled out, it is all down to me and my arguments, not the help of the Pakistani man, and I do think now that he stitched me up, even though he may have only told the truth from his own point of view. I know he said that he was surprised by my tone of voice, which certainly didn't help me, he could have said I was downright rude on the phone, but then again, I was not. So to the extent of the truth he will not help me, he will tell it as it is, and so he cannot be trusted, he works against me, he doesn't really care if I lose this job or not, which suggests that he may very well be happy if I lose my job.

I'm glad I've been able to see this now, before it develops into something horrible and I only realise afterwards that I could not in fact trust him. I can't believe it, after all I have done for him to become the new Line Manager within six months. I understand now that the day he becomes my Line Manager



permanently, I need to find another job. The Old Indian Man has got the Pakistani Man in his pocket, I would have thought those two would be at war for some weird reason.

He may feel that he suffered discrimination for being Muslim for having failed four times to become a manager in this place, and it is after one of the very senior clerk heard me mention it that she talked to a few people and suddenly he is acting manager and will become it before the end of the year, but if he truly suffers from any other sort of discrimination for being Muslim, I have not seen it, I have witnessed nothing to suggest that to me. In fact, I feel I have suffered much more discrimination myself for being French speaking than he ever did for being a Muslim. Probably though because it is not considered racist whenever the person you attack is white, and so you can be more openly racist then without anyone thinking anything more about it. Discrimination on the basis of being a Pakistani or a Muslim cannot be done openly, and I suppose there is a lot going on behind the scene that I am unaware of.

I am pleased to report that the kid has decided to save himself and started to work much harder at work. It took me by surprise and I am not certain how long it will last. He is after all still arriving late every morning, something like between at least 40 minutes late to an hour, and he is still in a dazzling state for at least three hours in the morning where he does absolutely nothing, but apparently he has started to work very hard in the afternoon, once he is awake. He may very well do a full day's work in a few hours from what I gathered. And so the potential in that kid is quite tremendous, and I think I was the only one who suspected it in the first place, because he reminds me a lot of me when I was 21. We are so similar, I even looked like him at that age. I have already said that before though. All I can say is that I am glad I decided to do like the others and accept him despite being the most useless employee the Court has ever seen in its entire history. I am equally impressed about how the Scottish Guy has been able to bring him in line with a lot of different little tactics that would have sent me off the wall, but apparently worked well with the kid.

I would have thought the Scottish guy would have given up a long time ago and sacked him by now, I certainly would have if I had been his manager. But he gave him every chance, he is still there after months and months, and may actually become a more productive employee than any of those other losers in the office. It remains to be seen though. I can only explain the behaviour of the Scottish man about the kid, if somehow he was told by the Top Manager that he was on a rescue mission here. The Top Manager brought that kid in, I think he knew that he had been sacked from all his previous jobs and even the family business could not stand having an employee doing nothing. So the kid became the Court's pet project to bring him in line. It would explain why I feel that if I had been late 30 minutes for three days in a row I would be in deep trouble now, when that guy can get away with it as if there was no tomorrow. This is all fascinating, and once again, I'm glad it leaves me indifferent, because I could easily have gone the other way and say it was unfair, favouritism, jealousy, the old story.

I've been thinking very hard about my next novel, I don't understand to be honest, where this desire to start a new novel comes from. The last one is not finished yet, will not go anywhere, and yet I'm hoping to not only finish it this weekend, but start a new one. Perhaps I should give myself a big break and not write anything for a full month. I have written so much in the last few months, I think I will break my last year's record this year. I certainly wrote this year more meaningful things than last year, at least one book that finally has some commercial potential, if the level of English is any good. As I have no reader, I might never know how much time I am actually wasting writing in English instead of French. I think I have established anyway that in French I have no future in any case as an author, so it doesn't really matter what language I use.

I don't really know yet what this new novel will be about. I know it is sci-fi, I know my main character will be a woman very much like Anna Maria, I know she will be a theoretical physicist, I know this book will be based on the Expansion Theory of Mark McCutcheon, I know it will be based in England, I know it will be written in English. Beyond that, I know nothing, and yet, I might start it this weekend, and hop another year of my life will pass by before it is finished. And all of this without any carrot being put in front of my eyes to motivate me in any way, as I can already tell you it will be another failure. So why am I doing it? I barely feel the need to push myself, I want to do it. Maybe I need to see a psychoanalyst, maybe he can cure me and free me from this hell I put myself into. Because there is nothing worse than writing four books at the same time in parallel of a full time job and a full time relationship that are both nightmares.

9 August 2007

Finally the end of the week, and yet I simply feel empty. I live in fear that I won't be able to control myself at work and simply snap at people, I'm glad tomorrow I'm off, it could have been a disaster.

They had a discussion about culture, and then a light came up in my head, yeah, I could talk about that in Destructivism, and then I found I actually had nothing to say about culture, for once that they were having the beginning of some sort of intellectual conversation, it didn't go anywhere as they never said more than let's talk about it. They were trying to humour me, as I did say that recently that I had more insightful discussions with the technician who came to fix the computer than with them, when they were putting her down for being a transgender.

Come to think of it, I don't really have any insightful discussions at home either, Stephen is hardly the intellectual type, plus all he can do is moan and complain all day long about everything I do wrong, and this is becoming so obsessive and maniacal, that I feel if money was not an issue I be out of here in an instant. When I was in Los Angeles, I did have plenty of insightful conversations, to exhaustion in fact, as it was way too much for me.

God I'm bored. Not only I'm bored, now that I have the free time to do something, I prefer to do nothing and remain as bored as one can be. I'm not motivated in doing anything, I don't believe I have the energy anyway. I think I watched too much TV recently, I have become mindless, I should delete everything I recorded and move on.

Sometimes I get really depressed, even though tonight I am not. But nights like tonight I just kind of forget what my life was all about, everything I have gone through, and I feel a deep sense that all was useless and I have accomplished nothing worthy of a great life. Sometimes I feel like I am just a waste of time and space. I feel like an impostor, like if I wasn't meant to live at all, whatever I have accomplished, it was pretence, I will never be good enough for anyone on this planet, and why should I be special or different when there are over 6 billions of us. That number is so mind boggling, it is hardly conceivable. What is one voice, one existence, amongst that many? And yet I am worth nothing. I need another beer.

We all have impossible dreams, and yet, you could say that barely a few hundreds a year will actually achieve their lifetime dreams, maybe not even that many. And yet, we all feel so close, so near achieving them, we all firmly believe that we are the chosen one, the one with a great destiny all laid out there in front of us. We can sometimes feel so strong, so unique, so powerful in our own mind, when truly you wake up the next morning to find out you are a simple civil servant pushing bits of paper all day long. When your mind is as large as the universe, and you strongly believe you are alone within it, when you come back to reality, it is damn hard not to simply let go of everything. I've gone there, I've

done that, here's my extra long curriculum vitae, my extra large diary, of a life not worthy of a void. Void, such a nice word.

Everything has been an illusion, all those nights spent re-thinking the world, I thought I could have quite an impact. I have lost faith in arts, literature and music, as if it is not enough, it will never be enough, as it means so little it becomes meaningless. I don't know anymore what would be required to change the world, even, I can't even think of reason of why anyone would want to change the world. If it is all vanity and selfishness in the end, then perhaps it is a good thing that no one could sit down tonight and do something that could change the world.

12 August 2007

It is now 22h27, at 4h21 this morning I wrote a paragraph here that was a celebration time thingy, with virtual Champagne and all, but somehow I guess writing for nine hours straight proved too much for the computer and it crashed mercilessly. Now I have to rewrite that celebration paragraph, however 18 hours later I feel there is nothing to celebrate anymore, my enthusiasm is all gone.

Last night I finished Anna Maria, the novel, and altogether it took me nine months to write, started on 16 November 2006 and finished on 12 August 2007. I was comparing this to having a baby when the computer crashed, but now I can see the analogy was ridiculous. Having a baby is so much easier than finishing writing a book (just joking).

Anyway, it came as a big surprise because I had lost all motivation, I was telling myself I had to finish it this weekend, but at the back of my mind I was thinking that I would prefer having a baby instead. But there you are, I sleep a lot, drank a lot whilst watching the film Marie-Antoinette, and then, instead of falling asleep I finished the damn thing I was no longer believing in. Now that I finished it, I'm believing in it a bit more, most especially because I have been thinking a lot about the next one, and somehow I just feel it won't be as good as Anna Maria.

I am so desperate to try to think of a great idea for the next book, that I caught myself reading a book about how to write sci-fi tonight, by David Gerrold, a book signed for me by the author. It's not to say that the man does not know what he is talking about, quite the contrary I believe he is explaining all the right ingredients about how to write a novel, but somehow it just does not work with me. It is all very well to tell me to do this, and do that, it still leaves me completely blank about how to go about my next book. It is like I intrinsically know what would be good, what would be interesting or boring, and in the end there is only one thing that really counts and will make me go for nine hours straight, it is a damn good idea. And until I get that original and damn good idea, I'm not going anywhere fast. Perhaps after all that is all that matter and the only thing we need to tell any aspiring writer. Think hard until you find that great idea and developed enough interesting around it in your mind, and then you'll see, you will be motivated and it will be great. That is about all I would say to any aspiring author and I believe it would suffice. Unless you are a total virgin and don't even know where to start, then I suggest you read that David Gerrold book.

Anyway, if you can get one interesting thing away from wasting a long time reading a book, one practical idea you can use, then perhaps it was worth it. I have read a few things that I found interesting, however I have already forgotten them, what a shame. Oh, another essential ingredient for a good novel, I would suggest, is to get drunk, but not too much that you will simply fall asleep before finishing your chapter.

I think I will forget my idea of a transgender as the heroine of my next book. I will also forget the idea of a real long novel. I think the format of many short stories linked together will insure that I have enough interesting material for each chapter, just like for Anna Maria. Oh, I remember now what I read that I

will find useful, it was that every chapter has to be a surprise, each paragraph has to be a surprise, each sentence has to be a surprise. I'm not sure how in practice it can be achieved, however to keep it in mind cannot hurt. And that is what I liked about Anna Maria, there was so much stuff the reader could go through in each short story, surprise after surprise, that they can hardly get bored before the end of the chapter. And the way I was describing it myself was that it needs to be like an episode of the Simpsons, Futurama or South Park. It is so packed with ideas, you go through so many unrelated things, it is like many stories all packed up together to form one. However it is a bit too extreme and probably not a perfect example. The idea that I mean is that there are many interesting things happening, and before you write about one idea for 50 pages, let's limit yourself and get on with another good idea every other pages. All of this is all very well, however I wouldn't expect anyone to be able to follow that suggestion. It is just that I can see it in the structure of Anna Maria and I like it. I want to copy it again for the next book. It will require a lot of thinking indeed, many great ideas, and I don't have the advantage I had for Anna Maria, which was at least three years of great ideas I had previously thought of for potential film scripts. I start from scratch and I cannot just come up with seven to nine great ideas accompanied by a myriad of other ideas each on demand.

It is one thing to finish writing the first draft of a novel, it is another to correct it, read it again and again until it flows, and then I guess this is the real test of it is something great or not. However it doesn't always work that way. The most obscure books I have written, the least commercial of all, are always the ones I could read a hundred times without tiring, and usually those books are flowing. This includes my dark and provocative poetry, if one can call it that way, and so far no one seems that interested in it. Novels, I'm afraid, I hate reading again and again and correct as I go along. I spent months correcting my first published book, using a ridiculous and slow application analysing every single sentence. I was in Paris then, and never again will I waste that much time correcting a book. This time around, I think I will read it one more time, which means two readings after writing it. And that will have to be it until a publisher is interested, and then perhaps I will be motivated in reading it and correcting it three more times in a row. Right now I have to at least, hopefully tonight, read the last two short stories, as this will be my first reading after writing. And then I have to read the whole thing again. However I will have a better idea of all that I have said and if it is that good once I read it all over again, so in a way I look forward to it, even if it somehow pains me beyond belief. I'm afraid of finding all sorts of problems which will require a lot of rewriting. If I become rich one day, first thing I'll do is to pay a secretary to do all this work for me. I prefer to write new stuff than wasting time re-reading the same stuff, or translating, I hate translating.

There is only one book I would like to translate into French right now in the whole world, it is the Final Theory by Mark McCutcheon. And even then, it would be such a chore, it could easily take me nine months. I would have to be certain I would be paid before embarking on such an adventure. I'm not certain either I could find the perfect French words to translate Theoretical Physics. It would require a lot of research indeed. I wonder if I could devise some trick, like translating quickly by voice into a recorder, and then it would become a transcription job. That may be the fastest way, but I'm not certain.

Perhaps it is best to leave these things to professional translators who can do it so quickly and so well, there is no need to pretend being something that we're not, and I'm no translator. I think anyway that neither my English or my French is of a sufficient standard either for England or France. That is the price to pay for being born in the colonies and trying to get away and be recognised outside of those old colonies.

It never crossed my mind that I could be recognised in Québec anyway, so it's not like I have a choice. Can you imagine? Writing about a transgender

woman who wish to get her theoretical physics ideas recognised, fighting for it and sacrificing everything along the way, all written in French-Canadian joul language? It would be the greatest failure of any single author Québec as ever seen. No publisher would even look at it, and if somehow one looks at it, they will print 300 copies, and I would be lucky indeed if there ever was a second print of that book. A second print of 300 would mean a best-seller for a population of six million. It is not even worth considering.

I may be a traitor, but I have good reasons for being so. Not one publishers in Québec published one of my books, they all read it, I got six published ones in Paris. So what can I do? The ones in Paris sold more copies than if it had been published in Québec, but relatively not many copies. So all I have left is English. I have to remind myself of that when I get too drunk and feel like writing in French again. Forget it!

Anyway, it is well known that no publishers in French publishes science fiction, none. It is unthinkable, extraordinary, shocking, I can't explain it myself. The French, as far as I know, never even produced one sci-fi film, ever! And yet, I believe they are the third most productive country when it comes to making films. It defies logic, it shows how restrictive you have to be to make it in the French world. Actually, they did Biliki or something like that, that was French, that was Sci-Fi, it was great, not sure if it was a flop or not.

The more I think about it, the more my next idea has to defy reality as much as the Matrix did. I have to come up with an idea as great as that. But how can I? I am limited to the New Physics, which has killed sci-fi altogether, Expansion Theory. And though you would think that a whole new Physics might help tremendously in helping to create new sci-fi, well, in the end, the physics is just a different interpretations of what we already have, and though it means a lot on a global level, it does not give much more to work with. It limits more than anything else.

I suppose that I could come up with the idea of shrinking oneself or expanding oneself in order to travel very far, I could do that with my own Shrinking Theory, which is also an Expansion Theory, and even that inspired me a half finished novel I don't intend to finish, as I'm bored with it, and hence I don't feel it would inspire anyone.

Actually, maybe I should get back to it, and modify it to accommodate Expansion Theory. Maybe there is more future in that story than my transgender fighting teacher at Oxford fighting to keep his/her job despite the heresy of teaching that Newton was wrong. Actually this is not crazy at all. Especially that I have so many pages already written. Let me go and assess that idea right now. Will need a new brainstorm, extensive changes, but it might be my best option. If only I believed it!

I had a look, I have about 100 pages of a normal printed novel. Extensive modifications would be required, however I know exactly what to write, I know what goes where, as this novel was originally to show to the world my own Shrinking Theory, and could so easily be adapted to Expansion Theory, it is ridiculous. The only thing is that I wasn't sure if it would truly be interesting, a ship going to another planet far from here and discover that life there is the consequence of the first probe they sent in the first place, and that humanity is now revered as a God. Actually, sounds pretty good, and I'm sure I could stretch Expansion Theory enough to justify shipping a ship to the other side of the universe, just like under the Shrinking Theory. I think it may be my best option.

Dear me, I never thought I would finish that novel, and now I think it will be hard to do anything else but finish it. Forget Vivianne and her sex change, her dysfunctional nuclear family compared to the nucleus of an atom, blah blah blah, I'm bored already. I wonder if I should simply forget all about this and write Anna Maria tome II, I already feel the inspiration coming. Unfortunately, it would be madness to waste time on a second tome, without knowing if the first one was worth it to begin with.

One thing though, if I get back The Shrinking Universe novel and rework it, first thing to change will be to switch the hero from a man to a woman. In this day and age I feel we could connect more to a woman emotionally than to a man. I don't know, I think no one can sympathise with a man anymore, we all know they are all bastards and they have crossed the line too many times now. There's no getting back to sympathising with any man, unless he was emotionally and psychologically a retard. That we could fall in love with. Hey, not a bad idea! A genius retard. I think that movie has been made, it had Tom Cruise in it, and the other Jewish actor who was in Tootsie, can't remember his name now.

That's it, I've got it, a retard genius kid, 12 years old, that's perfect. 10 is even better, I was 10 when I was thinking about changing Physics as we know it. It's even better than my transgender character. But he won't be autistic or something, he will simply see the world for what it is, not knowing anything about Newton and Einstein.

Purrrrrfect! The innocent mind of a child leading the way to the next revolution in Physics. And yet, I don't want him to be acting weird or speaking like a spas, he needs to be normal but trapped in his own bubble, he doesn't speak for a start, until people start acknowledging his ideas, and at the end, no one can stop him from talking. This will be his way out, his way out of his cocoon. Like the kid in The Dead Zone, the one who is predicted to die in a hockey game on the ice.

Yes, worth writing here tonight, I finally found the idea that will motivate me to write this damn next novel. This is what everyone loves, a retard kid, inoffensive and all, who is a genius at heart. I really liked that film with Kevin something, can't remember the title now, he was in an asylum pretending to be an alien, but he actually was. In the end I can only write something I like, and I liked that. Don't care if no one bought it, I guess if they had chosen a child instead, it might have been more successful, who knows.

I don't know, I don't know anymore. Shit. I may have to think some more about all this. I don't know what I want to do next. It will be another nine months to a year, I really have to be careful here, I cannot make any mistake and launch into a hopeless idea. I can't afford it anymore, not if I want to get anywhere any time soon. I think I need to write a blockbuster Hollywood film, it needs all those ingredients, and neither a transvestite or a fucking retard kid will do. The first idea becomes a transgender film, not even a gay one, and the second one becomes an afternoon movie for home maker women who have nothing better to do in the afternoon than dream that their retard kids could suddenly become highly intelligent.

Right. Blockbuster Hollywood stuff then. Involves the American President, the American Army. FBI or CIA, lot's of explosions, oh God, I'm already bored beyond belief. What about twins, one dies and suddenly the other gets all the answers to the New Physics, and somehow going through a journey re-unites him or her with his or her twin? In some sort of between worlds, another world existing out of the structures of ours? Fantastic, that is the word, in the sense of fantasy. Not sure if I'm ready for fantasy, I hate The Lord of the Rings, as it was all about wars after all, and battles ad infinitum sanctum, bores me to death, amen.

Shit, shit, shit... I'm stuck, I'm stressed, I don't have to think anymore, I have to start this new novel instantly, right now, before I've got to go back to work tomorrow morning. Some damn criminals need their files to be administered, their sentence clearly stated, so they will go to prison for as many days as required, and fuck out free not one more second than necessary. I need something wild, something out of this world, something unthinkable, and right now I'm not certain if any new physics will be enough. It needs to be loud, heavy, motivating, invigorating, inspirational, it needs to break out everything on its path, wipe out everything else. That's what I need. Such an original idea that people will fall down to their knees and ask for more. Somehow that revolutionary

stuff needs to come out of my imagination, my mind. I guess I've just not found the right idea yet. Perhaps if I watch the first Matrix again inspiration will come. Put the sound so loud, and yet, no distortion is heard. And we thought we had solved the problem with CDs, even then it wasn't that great a revolution, and then came MP3, and quality went out the window. Best quality I ever had came from a sophisticated VHS VCR. I don't think I will ever witness that quality again, it was 20 years ago. Things are getting worse all the time and we don't give a shit. Where have I left that VCR? What brand was it? Mitsubishi or something I think. I need to buy another one.

I think I might be better off writing Anna Maria tome II. And think of ideas completely unrelated to any of the existing stories, as long as they are link to another part of England. I don't know if I could think of something better than what I already have. It would be like Sherlock Holmes and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. After creating Sherlock Holmes, why would he spend or waste any time writing about anything else but Sherlock Holmes? That is how I felt at the time, and reading the very first page of Anna Maria including the summary, I wonder... I need another glass of wine, a rosé in fact. I'm already drunk, I'm working tomorrow morning, it is already 1h16 am. Shit, shit, shit... is it too much to ask to have a little bit more time and freedom?

To be honest, when I look at Anna Maria, I'm not certain how a second book could be better than the first one. And if I cannot write a better book than this one, in my opinion, than that must be it, I have just finished the best ever book I will ever write within my lifetime. In a way it feels great that I was able to do it in the first place, but it is also despairing that perhaps there is nothing else I should write about from that point on. Shame it is based on the old physics, but the new one does not inspire much, I have to admit. It would be quite a challenge to write another one at least as good, and I certainly enjoy a challenge. It could not be written in nine months however, it would require a lot of thinking for each story. I had started another last short story about King George Varney, I need to bury it, I need to forget it. It was based on what happened previously, I cannot get into that sort of continuation stuff. I need fresh new and completely unrelated ideas for each new story. Utmost importance. So let's think of the first short story I could write about a second Anna Maria book. Forgetting everything else I have written up until now. I have my work cut out for me, I know now what I need to do. Or do I?

I think I should be writing next about The Maida Vale Mystery, Or Paddington Centre Point Breakdown Point, or something like that. That's where I landed when I first arrived in London, it should inspire me something. With snow, a lot of snow, it was snowing when I landed in London the first time in 1994. London never looked that beautiful after that, I tell you. You need nothing less than a miracle to get Paddington to look great, the place is a real shit hole at the turn of this century, and yet, it must be one of the most expensive place in the country. Why not link it to my first novel Denfert-Rochereau? It took place there, underground, in many linked tunnels. I would love to see Anna Maria and the Duke of Connaught investigating that. I might have to bring back the Duke of Paddington. The juice is flowing, I might get unto something here. A terrible secret society about to take over the world, that needs to be stopped at any cost. With both Paddington and Maida Vale in the title and subtitle. Sounds great, motivating, inspirational. That's it, I'm going for it. Tonight or tomorrow I'm starting Anna Maria II. Yeah! Happening both in London and Paris, the catacombs, I will bring it all back in this short story, my whole French novel seen from a different point of view, Anna Maria worried about one of her tenants, who seem to wish to control the whole world. Perfect, purrrrrfect.

And that damn new physics, let's have it all in one short story linked to a loser living in Russell Square. That would be the second short story. No need for a whole book, it can be resumed into a fourteen pages single line story. Yeah! And let's see Anna Maria and Arthur Connaught struggling with this new physics,

let's see what they make of it and how they can still justify everything that has happened to them since the beginning of their story. Let's move to Central London instead of everywhere else in England. Central London is after all what I am familiar with, what I know, the Piccadilly Line in fact, that I boasted I could write a few pages about every single stations, as something happened to me at anyone of those stations in the last 15 years. Get my Underground map, I'm gonna write Anna Maria II. Don't forget Harrow Road and Kensal Green Cemetery, and the priest there I spoke with, about death and mausoleum.

And now I have been reminded of the reality by my boyfriend, who asked me to go to bed. It is after all past 2 am and we are working tomorrow morning. I have to go to bed.

16 August 2007

Finally Thursday, I'm off for three days. I wasn't expecting Stephen to be off as well, and now my intentions of reading again Anna Maria and beginning my next novel are seriously in jeopardy, I was not amused. Not only that, I feel a bit sick, or freaked out, like if it was the end of the summer and the cold came back, with it all the past nightmarish memories of going back to school. There is no two ways about it, studies have really traumatised me, and I can see that if I were to live up to be 300 years old, I would still feel a panic state at the end of each summer.

So tonight I feel I will be useless, I don't think I will write too much, nothing significant anyway, and won't be editing Anna Maria. At least I have come to terms with what I will be working on next, I will finish that novel The Shrinking Universe, though it will now be called the Expanding Universe. It is the best vessel by which I can present to the world Expansion Theory, it is now my mission. The book will be a big flop because it won't find a publisher, and yet I need to write it and so I will.

Destructivism was an unexpected bonus, I never thought I would be writing that, it was never planned, I never forced myself to write any of it, it just happened by accident, too many boring nights whilst drunk, when I simply could not concentrate on Anna Maria. It was also the perfect vehicle to vent my frustrations from work. I always had my poetry to do this before, and now I didn't have that. Destructivism is the consequence of not writing poetry. Which brings the question, why have I stopped writing poetry? Well, the word poetry for a start puts people and myself to sleep. No one is interested in poetry and I can't blame them, because no poetry has ever been interesting. The problem is I have never written poetry, it is not poetry, and yet, it can only be classified as such, and so it would never go anywhere. People lose interest and start puking before they even start reading it. Anyway, I just repeating myself over and over again, the exercise was becoming useless even though it kept becoming better and better. What I had not realised was that it was a real need for me to write them, and hence this needs transformed into a format like Destructivism, which is actually much better. I will either never finish Destructivism, or will write another similar one soon, most likely once I find a new job, not that I'm looking anyway.

Today at work I found out that the big resident queen, the new usher, is in fact an executive producer and director of some 100 television series and films produced in England. How he ended up working at the same court as me, as a usher, with a salary even lower than mine, is a mystery. However he hinted at the fact that his job was so stressful, he was sick every morning before going to work. So he is now looking for the least stressful existence as possible, and just like me he seems to have found that place.

From what I could gather from our short conversation, despite the fact that he was all those things in the film and television industry, his salary reflected very much the one he has now. The television and film industry, somehow, succeeded in shooting itself right in the head, as too many people were willing to



work for free, and so now no one can have any expectation to get any money when working in that industry. The result is that many talented people simply cannot afford that lifestyle and end up working in Crown Courts, the most talented go on to earn millions in Hollywood, but that is about 1 or 2 a year who succeed at that. And the mediocre ones, with apparently plenty of time on their hands and no talent whatsoever can fill these places and produce crap programmes and films. Who cares anyway, the success of shit programmes proves that what people wants is just that, crap. And for the percentage looking for quality, I guess they can hope that somehow some quality will be produced at some point in time and then start the search for these rare gems really worth living for, they are usually not for profit programmes, because no one on this planet seems to appreciate quality, standards have never been so low. Probably because the population is becoming dumber and dumber because of crap programmes, and now you see the vicious circle we are in.

I could now survive on a salary of 10,000 pounds a year, but for the two years I was off working in TV, I can assure you I could not afford it. I'm glad I am no longer trying, except for the odd position at the BBC once in a while, as BBC is still respectable salary wise. The rest of the industry must be populated with people on the social benefits or students, because no one could survive working for nothing. And stress levels are horrific, even at the BBC as I have heard. Better be a writer then, I don't have to put up with that shite. Though I have put up with so much shite already in the conference world, you could say I am well prepared to confront it if it ever happens that I land a job as a runner one day. I would certainly never treat anyone disrespectfully, that's for sure. And for a decent salary and to do what I want to do, I guess I'm ready to suffer any kind of hell. I suffer hell anyway even in jobs at Crown Courts, so what's the difference? The only goal is to get the job done on time and on budget, get some results and move on, forget it ever happened, just consider the results.

It cannot be a coincidence that the atomic world resembles what we see in the universe today, the stars being orbited by planets, galaxies. The very fact that we learn in chemistry that there are up to 8 electrons orbiting the nucleus of an atom, and that our solar system has 8 planets (since Pluto has been downgraded to a mere asteroid), is a big hint. And yet, no one seems to want to come forward and say: shit, it's the same damn thing at another scale!

It is understandable that no one could venture to say that before, the different models of something we cannot actually observe, as it is too small for our technology, were completely off the mark. And yet again with Mark McCutcheon and his Expansion Theory, we get another model of the atom which is not an exact replica of what we see in the very large. Therefore he must be wrong, because it must be the same damn thing. The fact that he has come up with a new model for the atom has freed me somehow from the Standard Theory, I am now able to believe no one knows, and therefore, it is the same thing. It is just a question of time before we can verify it.

The big consequence of this, is that if the atomic world is just the same as our galaxies and star systems at a smaller scale, then it is conceivable that an electron is not the smallest indivisible particle there is, that an electron is also composed of extra-small electrons composing it. And the most likely candidate for what an electron is at a larger scale, must be a planet.

The nucleus of an atom would be composed of many electrons according to Mark McCutcheon, but I guess it is not as simple as that, our sun is composed of, well, nothing like a particle we could identify, we call it the sun, and hence, the nucleus of an atom is simply a sun.

So what is a galaxy then, when looking at the small scale universe? This is crucial for my next novel. A galaxy must be a bunch of solar system orbiting each other, and so a galaxy must be many atoms orbiting each other to create molecules and cells, and eventually an object. And many galaxies together must

be a bunch of molecules composing objects. And I am going to send two people to live on an atom, more specifically on an electron which will resemble the Earth.

I'm sure the idea is not new, I have not after all read all of science fiction, but I don't care, I will write that story because it is mind boggling and it is what I am interested in exploring. Expansion Theory gives me all the new physics I need, it also justifies somehow that we can shrink something, since the nature of all electrons, the smallest particle known to exist, is expanding constantly at a rate of 0.00000077 metre per second. Well, if matter can expand, I'm sure we'll eventually find a way to shrink it, or help it expand faster.

To shrink matter would be to bring it down one level, to the atomic world. To expand it considerably in one instant, would be to bring it to a higher scale of reality. When shrinking, my God, you are really going to a lost place, because that is one atom out of so many, that no one could ever count them. At a higher scale you could still think the same, we are living in such a small place, one atom out of trillions and trillions, that no one would ever think to look here for any sign of life and intelligence.

This universe makes absolutely no sense, what sort of purpose could it serve? Has it been created or not, and if so, by whom, and why? It seems to be beyond anyone's comprehension, and I sometimes fear we will never have any answer, as we are a simple by-product, a mistake that no one intended to see exist in the first place.

What sort of huge big bang will we need to create to attract any sort of attention in the universe is beyond anyone's imagination, and even then we might never reach out to anything or anyone else out there. Perhaps people who spontaneously combust may be a sign of life of some civilization living deep down on one electron in one atom of a part of the body that didn't self combust. And yet it puzzles us beyond belief, however we would never think of wondering if somehow a civilisation living on an electron could have been responsible for this whole universe self combusting like that. I guess they should have thought of a way to expand themselves to our own size, if somehow this is possible. I guess it is not, but it will do great sci-fi, considering that the New Physics has killed all sci-fi in one fall swoop.

So let's get back to basic, let's forget parallel universes, wormholes and other dimensions. There are no other dimensions, there are no particle at two places at the same time, there are no black holes and wormholes possible in this universe, there is no subspace or openings out of space. There could be aliens though, so let's get back to those Martians who used to terrify populations at the beginning of the last century. Fools, we all know there are no Martians, or do we?

You might find everything I have discussed in this single day quite eclectic, especially that I am about to speak about possibly being able to catch the conversations of bees and wasps over a mobile phone in a minute, but this reflects my state of mind in one single day.

I have been thinking from one thing to another all day long, and so one day in my life is never that boring that I would decide to commit suicide right at the end of it. I think as much about the structure of the universe as my daily boring job in one day, and thank God for that, otherwise I would commit suicide right at the end of it.

The world of Crown Courts has nothing to inspire anyone to continue to exist. If anything, it could drive us all to self-annihilation instantly, self-combustion, yeah, why not. That might explain people who self-combusts, they are simply too bored with this existence, they must have been working in a Crown Court or be some sort of civil servant, just like me. I wouldn't mind self-combusting right now, just to prove my point.

You know, I'm writing all this right now, and though this is completely meaningless and uninteresting for most of you, there are some students out there doing research and analysis on everything an author has ever written, hoping that somehow some patterns will come out and they can finally affirm that

writer's state of mind. Well, I am quite obvious anyway, and yet, I am not. I am such a complex entity, how could you hope to resume my life and all that I have written in a few words, even a damn book of 400 pages? You will fail, you miserable low-life entity. Should you not start writing that novel who always thought you would write one day? Or are you not worthy of such an achievement? It doesn't matter that it is crap or not, can you actually do it? And actually finish it? That's what I thought. So before judging, achieve it, and then we can talk. I have finished another novel last weekend, it seems like nothing to me, and yet, it could mean everything for some others. That's the sign of someone who was born to write, no matter how crap it is, I was born an author. Are you? I wish I was born as a music composer, but I'm not, and I won't pretend to be a musician or a composer. Can I learn it and do it? I have no doubt I can, given the freedom I desire so badly. So there is hope for you, but get to it now, stop analysing me and every word I typed. I don't care anyway and whatever the impact or consequences of your analysis, I will be long dead before it will have any sort of impact. I think it takes about 50 years for universities to start studying any body of work. I had many students contacting me saying they were doing a paper on me or one of my books, but that is not like having an army of people over-analysing everything you ever wrote and turn it into some sort of wisdom. Nothing I have ever said was wise, I'm the first one to say so. However, not many things most of what others have ever written was wise either. So go figure what's wise and what's not. What the fuck does he mean by this? Well, perhaps I meant nothing. Nothing you could comprehend, that's for sure. Whatever you will ever write about me, you will always be wrong. Because I have never told the truth, it was never the real me, don't you ever forget it, and do not fail to mention it in your essay. You do not know me, you do not know what I really meant, what I was actually thinking then. You have no idea, you most likely fell into all the traps I laid out for you in order to make a point. I do not care to be remembered for something I am not, as long as my point carries on. This is why irony and sarcasm is everywhere in whatever I write, and so you could never be certain, because "Je est un autre" (I is another, or, I is someone else), as Rimbaud wrote, being so clearly aware of this. It is more true for me than any other writer. I'll give you a hint, I'm not an anarchist, and really, it doesn't really matter. Say that I am an anarchist, and I hope you fail miserably your grade, because then you are useless at analysing authors. Irony is lost on you, it won't be lost on us. State that I am a Crowned Anarchist when it comes to literature, and I might read your essay. Shame you can't read English, you're most likely writing this thing in French. Then how bias will you be? I never wrote sci-fi in French, everything I have ever written in English is science related. Maybe it will take another 100 years for me to be understood, and really, who cares?

This is vanity, and yet, no one wishes to escape it, it's natural, it's motivation, and you know more than anyone else how motivated one needs to be to spend a year of his life writing a damn novel, so fuck off! I have an excuse anyway, I'm fucking drunk again. My eternal excuse as a writer, sorry your honour, I was drunk. I guess this is not going to work, as I was drunk whilst writing most of what I have written. How can anyone hope then to figure who I really am?

I won't stop until I have written the most incomprehensible book there is on this planet, oh wait, I have done that, and yet, no one stopped to consider that it might be worth publishing. In a society of fast food, I guess you are condemned to write fast food, and yet, pretend to be proud of it, feel somehow that it is an achievement, even though you know it is fast food. The chances anyway that you will ever reach success are so slim at any rate, you might as well write what you feel is right, be as obscured as you wish to be, be incomprehensible, because it will not matter in the end anyway.

Maybe I should get back to writing esoteric or metaphysic books, like *Towards the Green Fields* and *The Revolution*. I am only writing for myself

anyway, until such day that I reach a few people who can appreciate it. And who cares anyway. I should only write for myself, as I have always done, and as I always should do. I will write something in parallel to that new novel, I am telling you, it will be incomprehensible. It won't be anything like Destructivism. It will be like The Revolution. I don't care anymore. I really ought to write what I want to write. Forget the commercial side of it, it does not work anyway. Deep stuff, not obvious stuff, is more what I am about. I will still re-write The Shrinking Universe/The Expanding Universe, but in parallel I will be writing what I truly want to write.

Shit, it leaves me with another book to start writing. That's a double bubble. What should that new one be about? About nothing, obviously. I can start it tonight if I want to. I wish it was that simple, but it's not. Even the Revolution is about something, even if no one understood it. Right, I have to think of something out of this world... I wish I could just write a new version in English of The Revolution, but it would be impossible. You cannot rewrite perfection, and The Revolution was perfection, in the style I would truly like to write in. I will have to think of something else as big, as great as that. It won't be easy, dear me, it could be impossible. I don't know what went through my mind at the time, I'm sure I can repeat it, somehow. I don't think I could ever write anything as brilliant as The Revolution, but I sure can try, I certainly have a need to. Who knows, I might just be able to do better. Might be wise however to write it in French, the Revolution was very much about poetry, even though it was some sort of novel. It was like a song, a medieval song in the style of Tristan and Iseult, and The Song of Roland. I couldn't achieve such a feat in English, and certainly the translation of The Revolution will lose everything in the process. Well, as I know that such a new book will never be published anyway, I might as well write it in French. French has become such a strange language to me after so many years speaking and writing in English, it might be nice to rediscover it, the poetry of it. French as a language is at least twice if not more what English has to offer, from my point of view, since I was born a French speaking person. I wish I was born an English speaking person, but it is not so, and I fear I can only play with a language if it is the thong I was born with, even if it is as limited as the French of the old colonies. I don't really care at this point, who's to say which French is to be used in literature. Had Québec been as large as it has been in the past, covering a big part of The United States, and if somehow there were now 300 million French speaking people in America instead of English and Spanish, it would be a different ball game. My French would be the only French that would count, and France would be like England is when it comes to English in the world, something only worth considering if it is Shakespeare, otherwise the English for Oklahoma is more English than the Brits could ever hope to be themselves. My French is a worthy French, it is my French, it is the French of my literature, it is what will come to pass into history. So, should I write it in English then? Yeah! Fuck the French, it would be another useless book that no one will ever read, except me.

Quite a challenge >I have set myself tonight. Write something better than The Revolution, in English, in the style of The Revolution. Can I? If you cannot write something better than your last book, you might as well give up now. This is the great mystery of people who have been capable of writing eternal stuff in the past, and yet, have been incapable of doing it again. You just wonder what the fuck happen. Imagination is always there, if you have the desire to do something better, I'm sure you can. Dear me, it is going to be wild, I don't know yet what it will be about, or what it will look like, but it will be wild, I can sense it, my imagination is in overdrive, I will come up with something worthy of another book out of this world. That's what I will be remember for one day, hopefully. There's no point in doing what everyone else is doing. Writing another book about a stupid love story, or about a murder, you might as well shoot yourself right now, the world does not need yet another book about that.

I don't even have to think or plan such a book. I only need to write it and let it define itself as I go along. That's what I did after all for *The Revolution*, and yet, it must be the most constructed book I have ever written. Shit, I could start it tonight, let's give it a try, I need more wine, and some Moody Blues.

18 August 2007

My physics classes are so far away, I had forgotten that an atom can have between 1 and 8 electrons, and not only, seems to also have variable amounts of protons and neutrons. Not that it matters anyway about the neutrons and protons, there are no more charges in these atoms, no more electricity and nuclear forces, just expanding things, and these things are all electrons. That much I believe from Mark McCutcheon's *New Physics*, but I don't believe his new configuration of the atom. It cannot be bouncing electrons over the nucleus, it's got to be the Bohr-Rutherford model, without the electric charges, it's got to be the Quantum Mechanics version, still orbiting electrons around the nucleus. I don't care if McCutcheon's believe that it is too weak a structure to sustain what we observe in nature, that atoms bounce each others without destroying each others, and that the way they could link would be by exchanging bouncing electrons. Sounds very logical, really true, but then again, none of us ever observed that damn thing in the first place and it is all guess work. There is no way it is not like a solar system at a small scale. It could still bounce each others even if the electrons were orbiting, perhaps they simply don't bounce each others, maybe they just orbit each others for a while and then via the slingshot effect move away. And whenever they glue together, these atoms are simply somehow have all their electrons suddenly finding the center of mass and orbit around both nucleus. Perhaps observing binary systems in the sky might give me the answers I need. I'm so convinced he is wrong, I will go ahead and write my sci-fi novel as if somehow the structure of an atom is composed of electrons orbiting nuclei, as I believe nature would not invent two different things at different scales, it would be the same damn thing. If a solar system was about to hit our solar system, something tells me that none of us know what would happen. A solar system is an object all in itself, with its planet's orbital rings expanding as everything else expands, and so it is like this atom closed on itself, and I don't believe either that somehow space is different in there either, space is space, the atom seems to act differently in there because we still don't have all the answers. Up until then McCutcheon had been convincing, he could prove everything, but his new structure of the atom does not convince me, though I understand how he came to think it, it supports everything else he says and observed when it comes to electricity and radio waves and light. Anyway, if an atom is so strange that somehow it has some sort of weird other dimension within, that it can expand at such a higher rate of expansion, and yet, externally expand very little, then it is a closed universe indeed the one of an atom, and perhaps orbiting electrons can still be considered over the bouncing electrons. Chemical bonding can still exist between atoms exchanging bouncing electrons or atoms exchanging orbiting electrons. And it is not that I wish to adapt somehow physics to my idea of a good sci-fi story, I really do think somehow that there is no difference between the structure of an atom and a solar system, most especially when the damn things are constantly expanding, and so the smaller version could easily become the larger version, and will in time. It is so logical, I cannot believe that such a brilliant mind as the one of Mark McCutcheon, this fact failed to register.

It is the clear the universe is built up of the same stuff whether it is at a small scale or a large one, and it stands to logic that the larger structures we see are composing even larger ones, and the smaller ones are also composed of even smaller atoms and electrons. This is like a fractal, the same within the same within the same, infinitely, like a camera filming a TV projecting the image the

camera is filming, the multiplication of the same image to infinity. Or like two mirrors in front of each other, projecting the same image of a mirror to infinity.

Any solar system with only one planet orbiting it, is a hydrogen atom. Any solar system with two planets orbiting it, is a helium atom, and so on. Depending on the composition of the sun, or the size of it, then you have all other elements of the Periodic Table. And whenever you see a binary system in the sky, or even a system with eight stars glued together, then you have a molecule, and depending on the composition of all these atoms or solar systems, you will know what is the substance that this structure is composing at a higher scale. I don't understand why we even question this, or not more clearly state it. This universe is composing something at a higher scale, and I want to know what. And in my sci-fi novel, I'm stopping the expansion of all the electrons composing a spaceship with two people within it, until the very small catch up with them, and they can visit an electron capable of sustaining an atmosphere, an electron orbiting the nucleus of an atom. I'm going ahead with it, because I believe eventually we will have all the answers and will see the micro-world for what it is, the same as the macro-world, it cannot be any other way, not in an expanding universe. Now I just hope I have the right answer about how to stop the expansion of these electrons and atoms, bombarding them with electrons. If I could think of something else, I would, but right now it is the only way I can think of about how to go about stopping the expansion of an electron, of an atom.

It is clear that when such a situation happens, electrons and atoms never simply stop expanding, the pressures builds up until the whole thing explode somehow, hence a nuclear bomb, hence a Sun with many nuclear explosions, hence a Black Hole spitting matter on both ends as if there is no tomorrow. If somehow you could squeeze it all in without it exploding, as if there was nowhere to go, you could in theory stop the expansion of matter, and if you could stop the expansion of matter whilst everything else around continued to expand, that bubble eventually would be as small as the atomic structure composing it, composing the rest of the world at the scale it was in. And this is how I will ship a spaceship to an electron, to a new planet orbiting the nucleus of an atom. And down there, it is as it is on Earth. And there will be people there, because a previous probe would have sent all the necessary ingredients for it to happen, and the time difference between the probe is sent and the ship is sent, will be enough that life would have had the time to develop. Because there is still a time difference between two different scale universes, it is still all relative.

As to how I could somehow expand matter at a higher rate than  $X_a$ , than 0.00000077 meter per second, I will worry about that another day, as it may not be possible to suddenly get matter to grow faster. Hence, the ship I will send to an electron cannot come back, it is a one way trip, it is a suicide mission. If somehow we could stop the whole universe, or the whole solar system from expanding for a while, then we could go back to the very large. But for that, you would need to be at an even higher scale than where we are right now.

And as to  $X_s$ , the expansion rate of subparticles that puzzles McCutcheon to the point that he will not venture an answer, it is either the same expansion rate as ours, or the same adjusted expansion rate from even smaller sub particles at another scale. Once we're there, in the infinitely small, that expansion rate will be the same as ours, but from the point of view of us right now, that expansion rate could be either much smaller or much higher. For McCutcheon it is much higher, even though atoms do not expand that much. He needs them to have a higher expansion rate, I suppose, to explain electricity and other radiation waves. Once these electrons expand freely external to their atomic structures, they certainly expand fast whilst in their electron clouds. They seem to double in size faster than the required 19 minutes that it takes for any object to double in size in this expanding world.

Either orbiting objects slows down the expansion of the nucleus of an atom, either orbiting planets slows down the sun of a solar system, or this

expansion rate is faster at a small scale simply because things are moving much faster at that small scale than it moves at our scales. And yet, they expand at the same rate. Perhaps there is still place for relativity in our universe when we speak at different scales.

I understand none of this will make sense to any of you, but anyway it will be moved to my brainstorm about my next sci-fi novel, and so you will not have to suffer this conversation that could only make sense if you had read Mark McCutcheon's book. As I am certain you have never read that book, and probably don't intend to read it, you could never understand what I am talking about here, even if you are a theoretical physicist. As if you are a theoretical physicist, you probably never heard of Mark McCutcheon, and may never hear of him. And yet, it has become my whole universe, my whole reason to exist. It is my retreat, my escape, far from this so boring reality that it would require suicide.

Funny enough, the 100 pages of my sci-fi novel I have written before discovering Mark McCutcheon's book will not have to change much from its original premise. So much so that I may keep the same original title, *The Shrinking Universe*, even though we are living in an expanding universe and acceleration and deceleration does not change anything to the rate of expansion of the matter composing us. It shows how close I was to the truth in the first place, anyhow. I may not be a theoretical physicist, but I still managed to be the only other person on this planet to see reality for what it was, expanding matter. And if I thought it could shrink, well, we may still find a way one day to shrink matter by simply stopping the expansion. And maybe one day we'll find a way to shrink matter and expand matter, and that day, God knows what sort of technology we will be able to come up with. The next step won't be to invent television, it will be something completely out of this world. We could certainly solve all transportation problems overnight, we could shrink everything instantly and bring it back to normal once it reaches destination. I could start a shipping business and make a fortune, because I could ship the equivalent of a solar system in a small envelope on a plane, so it reaches the other side of the planet by 8 am the very next day. What business are you in, they will ask me, in the shrinking business I will answer. I will shrink every single cemetery in this world, and bring a lot back to its real size whenever someone suddenly feels the need to cry over the tomb of a lost one, and bring flowers, which will immediately be shrunk back with the lot after the visit. I will revolutionise the storage industry by shrinking every single storing room there is. And careful, I might decide to shrink your brain if I feel it is already too small to understand or accept me. I might as well bring it to its real size, the size of an electron, the size of the smallest particle known to exist. Nanotechnology will be laughable, because you will be able to built whatever you want at any scale, and I will reduce it way beyond the nanometre scale. With that I guess we will be able to cure cancer and a myriad of other diseases. Shrinking a camera to film the infinitely small would be the first thing to try, isn't it? I can't believe we still have not invented the microscope capable of seeing what an atom looks like in the first place. And yet we are building these huge particle colliders that cost billions. Would it not be wise to invent the instruments capable of seeing what we're trying to look for in the first place? Why do I feel like I was born in the year 0, whilst I somehow believe I live in the year 3000, in some sort of futuristic age that never came? We're so retard, that is all I can think of reading *Final Theory* of McCutcheon. Dear me, I don't understand how we were able to develop so much technology whilst knowing nothing about the underlying laws of physics, and can only wonder what we would have invented by now if we had figured this out 300 years ago. And yet, as groundbreaking and convincing the Expansion Theory is, no one took notice, not even one single article has been written about it in any science magazine or other publication. It might die forgotten, this whole truth about the universe we live in, it is unthinkable, and yet, I can see it cannot fail to happen. I will die without anyone even recognising that the matter expands, and somehow it answers every

single mystery in physics. This is weird, how a genius can go unnoticed. Unlike Einstein, there is no need for proof in the case of expansion theory, as long as it answers and solves everything, you have your proof. So why has it not exploded all over the scientific world yet? I don't understand. Maybe I will be the one to get it to explode over the world in a sci-fi novel, and perhaps many subsequent ones. It is quite possible, and in a way, it would be nice if somehow that was my destiny and that I would be the one to bring McCutcheon to the masses. My only regret is that my last Anna Maria novel was based on old deficient science, a mistake I will never do again. There is no way I will ever write another sci-fi novel using the old science. So let's say what sort of impact I will have on the literary and sci-fi world. I think I already had a sizable impact, even if it could be all in my mind. If I'm not mistaken about that, I'll be the one to bring Expansion theory to the masses. So perhaps I wasn't destined to become the genius I hoped I would be, but anyway I can still have quite an important destiny in view of teaching humanity about the world they live in. After all, a genius is not a genius until he or she is discovered and defined as such. Meaning that the person discovering the genius and helping him or her to be defined as genius is after all as important if not more than the genius himself or herself. Because without that agent in between, a genius could die without ever being recognised as such. If somehow I am the catalyst to get Expansion Theory accepted worldwide, I will then be able to claim that I was as important if not more than the genius mind that came up with it in the first place. How nice it is to dream, I can almost believe myself. Well at least I will be the first sci-fi writer ever to take advantage of the New Physics, no one will deny me that. Somehow it won't help if I remain unknown. And what kills me is that in my own Theoretical Physics ideas I came so close to it all, I saw it first, and yet, no one will ever recognise that, that perhaps, just maybe, I had the potential to a genius. Well, I might as well work at becoming a genius in a different field then, as an author, as now I won't be in theoretical physics.

Weirdly enough, if suddenly I have all the answers to my eternal questions, to my satisfaction, then perhaps there is no other reason for me to exist. I was curious, my curiosity has been satisfied, what other reason do I have to continue? I think there are many more mysteries to this universe to be uncovered, and maybe it is through science fiction that we might get a glimpse of what is awaiting us. I cannot think of a better purpose to my existence than writing science fiction in order to find out and extrapolate what are our limits of understanding. But then, I am truly just at the beginning, when I thought for so long that I was at the end. What is my future preparing me? How far will I go? I would give anything to know right now, it might spare me from killing myself one night, after drinking one too many beers or glass of wine.

I have lost confidence in myself, when I used to think after finishing a book that I was a genius and that this book was the best ever boo ever to exist. I have gone to the other extreme that I feel now that Anna Maria will not find a publisher and that it is crap. So much work that it took me more than two to three years to think of it and finally write it. Where could I now find the energy to write another one? The Shrinking Universe, despite being mind boggling when it comes to expansion theory, could and will most likely never find a publisher. It will be another year of my life wasted, without counting the other year or two it took me to think it and write the bulk of it as it stands now. I cannot see that future where these books could be appreciated and find any kind of public. It is all very well to spend so much time in that universe, in the end if it doesn't help bring me to freedom, the freedom to do and write whatever I want whenever I want wherever I want, it is a waste of time. Life is not long enough to waste three years on a book that I will be the only person to read on this planet. It is not helping giving a meaning to my existence.



Am I so desperate to give my existence any kind of meaning? This deserves to be the first sentence of a new entry in Destructivism, an entry called Purpose. It might give more insight about how I feel right now.

Have written it, fantastic, I'm pleased about it, and I have understood once again something about this world, it has no purpose whatsoever.

What I find much more amazing than the fact that there could be no purpose to life, is that no one else around me ever stop to wonder if they have any kind of purpose, or even if humanity as a whole, they simply take it for granted and go about their insignificant existence. That is amazing, that no one whatsoever is amazed by this universe and stop to ask any kind of question about it. It is amazing. But you would not expect a virus or an ant to stop in its tracks and wonder about the universe and its possible purpose. I guess there is nothing amazing about the fact that humanity never stopped to wonder what its purpose could be all about, considering the vast infinities in the sky and in the atomic world. What is amazing, is that I am different, because I do wonder, it drives my whole existence. Sometimes I do wish I wasn't different, unfortunately I was born that way.

What is most shocking, is that I finally only got a glimpse of the real physics at the age of 34, actually 33, as I read The Final theory last year. What I find most shocking, is that I'm still wondering what a fucking atom looks like, though we have known that the damn thing existed for over 600,000 years. How slow must a civilisation evolve and learn anything about the universe it lives in? Actually, what is shocking is what we all thought we knew, all that we claimed as high and as far as we could that we knew, when in reality none of it answered any question, and made no sense to anyone intelligent enough to question it.

It was the fact that I thought we knew so much, and then realising we knew nothing, that is shocking. And then, how much more we don't know about? Will I have to figure it all out by myself, whilst I have six billion other thinking minds beside me, all completely useless in actually thinking, questioning, finding answers, help me on my quest to knowledge? Do I have to do everything by myself in this world? Took me only 34 years to come across someone who was thinking like me, and even, develop it much further somehow, and I have come across him completely by accident. There is still hope that I will find some answers in this lifetime, but not that much hope.

Oh God, I could easily just kill myself tonight. However I am drunk, and perhaps I would not feel like that tomorrow. Especially that tomorrow I am not working at the Court. Have had been working tomorrow at the Court, I think I might have just committed suicide tonight, I'm drunk enough after all to realise that I have no answer to any of my questions, and will never get any. Shit, I have no purpose, this life, this existence, this world, has no purpose. What is the point in living? Unfortunately, I am not pretentious enough to believe that I have any answer. Fortunately I am wise enough to realise that I will never find any answer.

All of this would be better suited for Destructivism, I might consider moving it there. This book really needs to come to an end, it has become a fourre-tout book, any topic, any style, nothing about Crown Courts, and might mean that I am at the end of that stupid job for which I care nothing about. I was supposed to re-read Anna Maria, so it could be presentable and ready to send to some lunatic bastards out there for which their job is to make things happen. Well, they better do their job now, because I do not believe I can sustain myself much longer in that civil servant job at the Crown Court. Somehow I just cannot believe it was my destiny to end up there forever. And unlike many of my colleagues, it is not my style to get stuck in cushy positions because I'm too afraid to get out there and confront what humanity has worst to offer. It has not been a year yet, but it does not seem now that one year is the usual limit I can suffer a job, I think nine to ten months might be my new limit as I grow more and more impatient with life. I have now passed the 300 pages, I am babbling about other stuff, maybe it's time to move on. I won't move on, so something

external to me must make me move on. Anything, hoping, yes, should happen soon, I'm ready. I just don't know if it will have anything to do with Anna Maria, perhaps not, I find it unlikely. Maybe I will have to do something in order to move on, perhaps I cannot just expect it to fall from the sky. It has happened before many times, like moving to Los Angeles, however sometimes you must give your destiny a little push and get things going. I feel it is time to move on. I am at the end of three books, I never finish three books I have written all at the same time without moving on big time in my life, to give me enough bullshit to write another three books. I better start thinking of a final for this actual book, but that would require a final to my job. With one month notice, there will be more to say, unless in that last month nothing significant happens, which seems very likely right now, as everything has become such a routine, I could just die. And yet, I have written so much in this book lately, it doesn't seem it is coming to an end anytime soon, but I have mostly talked about other unrelated stuff, which could perhaps be better suited to some other book or even independent thoughts left in another file. Eclectic thoughts. Which reminds me, someone has taken the bother to correct the title of my published book on the French Wikipedia website, from L'Éclectisme to L'Éclecticisme (The Eclectism to Eclecticism). At the time of writing the book, I wasn't aware the word actually existed, and somehow existed in some different spelling. It doesn't matter, I invented it, it is the title of the book, it is published. Who is cuntish enough to correct the title of a published book? What is this world coming to? As if I could have made a mistake in the title of a published book, and no one would have noticed. If no one noticed, it is because perhaps the word didn't exist then. Funny enough I encountered the same problem with the English version. Destructivism was called Eclectism II, and then after writing half of it I realised that Eclecticism was a word that existed, and change the title of the book and the name of my files and webpages. I feel anyway that Eclectism sounds better, more to the point, there is no reason to add a "ci" in there. Gosh, how ignorant can I be that I was unaware that the word already existed? And made the same damn mistake 5 years later in a different language? Well, it is certainly not a word we come across very often, that's for sure. I certainly never encountered it in 30 years, or else I would know to add a "ci", and everyone involved in publishing it and correcting it would have noticed a problem with the title, right? There is no problem with my title, I invented the word, never mind if someone else invented it before me at some point in time and decided to write it differently. There is no need to correct the title of my published books in all the encyclopedias of the world, fuck the "ci", fuck Eclecticism, it is Eclectism.

20 August 2007

I just got an invitation to move back to Los Angeles, and that all my needs would be taken cared of by a friend who does not have much money to begin with. Perhaps this is what I was talking about when I said something radical would happen in my life to change it irretrievably overnight, somehow it would be so irresponsible and I am so stuck at the moment, I cannot consider it. I wonder if there ever was a time in my past that I would have considered such a crazy idea. I always needed something more substantial to motivate my radical decisions, like a job or studies, or no where else to go but down, meaning no ties to anything anywhere.

Could you imagine, leaving my job at the Court, leaving Stephen for good, and announcing to everyone that I am going to become a starving artist in Los Angeles? No hope for a job, with someone who cannot even support himself, it would be crazy indeed. And yet, I have to say, God I am tempted. It would be my craziest yet, I can't help thinking that there are perhaps other versions of me out there in parallel worlds who would feel stronger about this friend in North Hollywood and will go without a second thought, and maybe even go on to

become filthy rich, making contacts and writing blockbuster movies. That would make me a wimp, a weak link, someone incapable of making the big decisions, even if by nature big decisions simply alienate everyone around you.

It is also that this friend in Los Angeles, dearly loves me, and to be frank, he could be the last ever of my lovers as I do not feel particularly attractive right now, I even thought it impossible for anyone to fall in love with me ever again, even though I am only 34. I could go on a diet and in six months it would be a totally different story, however I won't go on a diet and so I have to face the possibility that he could very well be my last chance. I feel Stephen still loves me, but he has a strange way of showing it as he is driving me completely mad. The thing is, I would be replacing him with someone equally annoying, as much a talking machine, which might not leave me one minute to breath. Also that for both of them sex really is secondary, I remember how Leonardo freaked out in Los Angeles saying that he didn't want a dick on himself. We had not done much until that point, I can assure you I made sure nothing happened after that either, as I am still traumatised. Is he gay or not? He certainly looks straight, he is still a virgin (sort of) at 45, what does he want in life? Me? And am I ready for that?

Shit, here I have a second chance to go back to Los Angeles, without a fucking and draining job, and someone would offer me a shelter and food, I'm sure there are other times and places where I would have jumped at such an opportunity. It's not like my relationship here is on solid grounds, or that my career is blinding me, and who cares about my creditors? If I was certain that within months I would have sold a story, it could be a different kettle of fish, my friend is after all well connected (sort of). I am however certain that despite my great imagination, my great potential, it wouldn't go anywhere. I have at least that much experience in my life.

I wonder is somehow I could incorporate the New Physics of Expansion Theory into Anna Maria. I almost did, actually, I simply said that a lot of what was going on should be impossible considering Expansion Theory. For a start travel in time and parallel universes is out of the window. Yet, I have a perfect opportunity here to adapt everything I have written so far to fit in or justify everything from the point of view of Expansion theory. It would give me a complete new book filled with short stories, completely fresh, renewed to an unexpected level for any kind of second season, and would help with the format of short stories.

Now, how can I justify parallel universes and time travel in light of Expansion Theory? If I can do that, there is no need to waste my time rewriting a sci-fi novel I abandoned years ago or writing something completely new, a full novel. I think this might be my best idea yet, Anna Maria II. I like it, I have to do it, I have to make it work. I will do what I have done so far, I will recycle The Shrinking Universe into Anna Maria. So it won't be wasted, that was after all the point of Anna Maria, a vessel by which I could recycle all my ideas, and so far I feel I have been quite successful. Shit, I can feel the juice flowing, that is my best idea yet, I could start writing within days. It could even be part of Anna Maria I, and then I will have my 12 or 13 short stories I wanted to make a whole series if ever this goes to television. The book might be over 500 pages as a consequence, but look at Harry Potter. I look at that brick, and feel I could never actually finish reading it. And yet, children all over the world have read it hundreds of times.

It is now decided. Anna Maria will have to deal with the new physics, expansion theory. It will require some editing in the first stories, and some creative thinking about how to adapt and justify time travel and parallel universes, but in the end if all I can say is that it should not be possible and yet it is, then it would mean we simply do not have all the answers yet. I would also feel much more comfortable to bring Anna Maria in line with Expansion Theory, as I do not believe for one second that this New Physics is wrong, it is just a question of time before it takes over the world of Physics by storm, and then I would be a fool to have written a sci-fi novel which does not agree with expansion

theory. Especially whilst being a pioneer in this field and probably the one who will first bring it to the world of science fiction.

No matter the physics that we could come up to explain this world, time travel does exist as there are too many accounts of people who actually did travel in time and there is no reason to believe they were delusional. Ghosts is another sort of example of something weird that one day science will have to explain, the phenomenon exists, we cannot deny it. There is however no account of people finding themselves in parallel universes, though I feel I can change my future at will as if it was all virtual. I did feel things had changed overnight and that suddenly everything was much better than the day before, and miracles did happen after I wished for them, but then again, I never experienced anything like living the same events twice in different settings. I wake up the next day and things have changed, trees, street lamps, buildings, suddenly appeared out of nowhere, or the writing on the front of a building is different than it was before, but is that parallel worlds that I switched to? Or I simply changed my reality as if it was a computer game?

We believe in parallel worlds because of Quantum Mechanics. Quantum Mechanics, unlike Relativity, Einstein and Newton, has not been obliterated by Expansion Theory, as Mark McCutcheon states, it could all be a simple misunderstanding, whilst Relativity is a mistake. The reasons we believe there could be parallel universes might still stand in Expansion Theory. We still observe a same particles being at many different places at the same time, even though I believe it is because particles are going faster than the speed of light, and light is what we use to observe where these particles might be in all probabilities. A particle still goes through door A and B before exciting the box. After all, if truly we have made progress in Quantum Computers, then Expansion Theory will have to answer that, as well as everything else. And Quantum Computers is what Anna Maria was working on in her early twenties, and then I need to re-explore what it is that was so revolutionary about her way of thinking, and how Expansion Theory could apply in there to justify the results. A lot of research will be required however, well, some research, I am not growing any younger.

Yeah, I can justify all of it. Expansion theory simply does not have all the answers yet. And my doubts and worries, Anna Maria will speak them aloud, I do not have to bring all the answers and to justify everything.

Holy shit, Anna Maria is far from being finished now. I have to incorporate The Shrinking Universe/The Relative Universe into it, I reckon that will be at least two short stories, or a long bonus episode of 28 pages at simple interline instead of 14 (60 pages instead of 30 of a normal book).

I know now that I will die writing short stories involving Anna Maria and Arthur Connaught. I have no idea if it could have been a Big Bang on the sci-fi market without incorporating expansion theory within it, but know I feel it will be a Big Bang in the world of literature, without giving up anything old sci-fi had to offer. It's got to be the perfect solution.

Tonight might have been the most important night of all my existence, because I thought of this idea. A Monday night, that is amazing. I feel I might not have had this idea without drinking red wine, and I never drink red wine on Mondays. I will turn Anna Maria into such an interesting story, such an essential one, if I were rich I would produce a television series out of it. Without expansion theory I am not certain if I would have taken such a risk, now there is no question about it. I wish I could take a week off work to write the next 60 pages of Anna Maria, and the modifications to the other stories, to turn the damn thing into the most revolutionary sci-fi novel ever written. As I cannot do that, and could not guarantee having the energy to do so even if I were to take a week off for that, it will have to be done on my own time after work. I just hope I can achieve this fast enough for this novel to be finished before I die.

Where do I start? When do I start? I could start with another glass of red wine, but I would be dead tomorrow at work. It is not enough to think of

something great, one also has to turn it into a reality, make it happen somehow. I have a new mission, and will now spend every single minute of free thinking time to make it come true. Until I am ready to write it all down, hopefully before this weekend or this weekend.

I need to incorporate Expansion Theory as early as possible in Anna Maria, a big chunk of it needs to go into Victorian Ignorance is Bliss. It wouldn't matter after that if it were not to be mentioned in anything else until The Shrinking Universe story. That story will have to have Osterley Park in the title, as this is my park, and is where the whole experiment should take place, as it was originally the place where it was happening. I also need to adapt the story Kill that Prime Minister, so it doesn't reflect Blair and Brown, it needs to be impartial. Need not forget that. But I can still involved the Chancellor of the Exchequer, even though right now that man is meaningless since Brown has taking power. Brown is a tyrant anyway, he will justify everything I have written so far and even more, as I believe he was the man behind the scene in league with Bush and his evil plan to take over the world. But there's no need to be that specific.

22 August 2007

At work at the Crown Court now, I feel like my colleagues and I have all become defendants on trial awaiting judgement, where everything we say and do is being registered somehow by the Scottish man and used against us at multiple hearings. Right now I feel we are all under deep scrutiny and the place has become no better than a prison.

It has always been like that, but now I feel it more deeply, as my Line Manager has been targeted so many times lately for his sick leave, his lateness and work not being done, with many panel where he had to justify himself, that today he said that as soon as he is given the money he is owed by the Court, he will resign.

The Kid from Ham is in has much shit, and now he has meetings with the Scottish guy on a daily basis, where he is being scrutinised, questioned, reprimanded, and of course this is all an exercise to justify eventually his dismissal which apparently will be going ahead in a matter of days now.

I understand that those two employees have been taking the piss, and have done so for a very long time. It is not surprising that the Scottish guy would be moving ahead on them like that, unfortunately the impact of the rest of us, or on me at the very least, is that I feel oppressed and cannot helped thinking I will be targeted next. Now for the last three weeks it has been really difficult, I have been trying to be on my very best behaviour, never late, always working hard, as not to give them anything to use against me. However it does not seem that I need to do anything wrong in order for them to find something wrong, and all this week I could feel the Scottish bastard breathing down my neck hitching at something, trying his best to get me into shit, and so far I avoided it.

But today it got too much and I went for a little walk, I also went to the toilet for 10 long minutes right after, and sure enough when I came back he was looking for me. It doesn't help either that I had a doctor appointment at 1h45 pm today, and never came back to work. I was home at 4pm, I could have gone back, I decided against it because I feel that if he calls me for a meeting in his office, I will explode and might just kill him and a few others in the process. However now I gave him ammunition and he has enough for a meeting of questioning, and I don't think I will be in the mood for hearing it.

I won't be bullied anymore, I am a good employee and if he cannot see that and feel the needs to give me shit just for the sake of it, I will resign on the spot without even thinking about the consequences.

I think he is getting too used to give shit to everyone and gathering incriminating evidence against the rotten apples, that he now do so for every single employee whether they are excellent or rotten. And anyway, the morale is

bad when you work in an environment where everyone is being targeted and eliminated around you. I hate it. It's like the world of conferences all over again, with the highest turnover of employees ever seen.

I'm sure the Scottish guy had ample of time to flex his muscles in the last 15 years, especially just around when I started working there, has something like four employees all left in one go, and none of them on happy terms. I suppose it is getting close to a year now since his last hatchet job where he somehow kicked them all out, and he is ready for another round. If he felt any guilt over that, it must have subsided by now.

I've got a feeling it will be my turn any minute now, he will call me in the office for whatever reason, very likely that the bitch Chief Clerk has been trying very hard still to this day to plant a knife in my back on a daily basis. That every time she shouts at me, as she shouts at me all the time, when I speak back she feels I am shouting too, whilst I am merely trying to get heard. She reminded me again yesterday that she did not like how I called her back to my desk, after she threw something on it without explaining what the problem was, and that it is the second time she does that, the second time people tell me what to do, and yet, I was still doing it wrong and she would not take the time to clarify the situation. I said I was not shouting back, because for me it was meant as a joke, in a funny way, but she decided to take it personally and I could see yesterday that she was hitching at getting into the Scottish guy's office to backstab me, but the big boss was already in there. I'm sure she did it later on.

I think it is clear now that I cannot win, because the game has become an unfair one where they pick on you whether they are justified or not, and at that point it becomes victimisation, favouritism, racism, homophobia, whatever you want to call it, if it isn't justified, then it must be something else.

I think it is clear now that I would not be able to justify my point of view, could not convince anyone that I do not answer back to the chief clerk in an unacceptable manner even though she thinks so and by the way shouts at everyone on a daily basis, basically I cannot defend myself and my days are numbered, notwithstanding the fact that it has become impossible to work there as the tension is filling the room. You would not believe how difficult it is to make a few photocopies and do your job under these conditions. It would be like having an astronaut's suit on in zero gravity and trying to press the buttons of a photocopier and picking up these sheets to the best of your ability all day long.

It is clear now that I need to find another job and I better start applying for jobs soon. And I already know what my big conclusion to this book will be once it is over, this office needs cleaning up and employees kicked out, those employees are management, old style management that is no longer acceptable. The Scottish guy and the bitch Chief Clerk need to go. They have been ruling over their little empire for far too long with ultimate powers, and it is clear that the whole place would benefit greatly in productivity if they were both sacked, it would also be a much happier place. And I know a few thousands of defendants who have been refused many things in the past like Legal Aid for no good reason, finally getting justice for the way those two have been trying for as long as they could to not pay the counsels, not pay the solicitors, not give anything to anyway unless they truly cannot find a reason to do so, doing their best to create the shit and bureaucracy humanity simply does not need and probably lead to world wars.

I hope having emptied my heart here tonight will prevent me from exploding tomorrow when the Scottish guy calls me in for another session of torture and psychological warfare. I hope I will be able to keep my calm, as I can only win if I keep a cool head. As soon as I lose it, I am finished, I might as well resign. Of course I would have no reason to lose it if I thought it was justified, that I had done anything wrong and now needed to be punished as a result. The fact that all this bullying is unfair is what will make me lose it. I can feel it is coming, I felt it all week, I should not jump to conclusion, as I have been so good, I don't even drink the night before, I sleep as much as I can, I work bloody

hard. But now they're turning me into an alcoholic, because tonight I am, drinking and I have been two days ago as well. I tried hard to be the perfect civil servant, I guess it is just not possible.

Oppression brings repression brings depression brings all the eternal ugly problems of humanity out in the open in its vicious circle.

I am really not happy at the moment, I wonder if it could all be about work. It looks like winter, as it did all summer, but usually that doesn't affect me. Is it the routine then? It sounded more serious, as if I had lost all will to live. I found myself asking this week, many times, if there was any evolution in my life, or just stagnation. When I went for that quick walk this morning, I caught a small glimpse of the Clock tower on Gillette corner, I felt pain as I remembered how I used to see it every morning when going to work for that alcohol company beside it. That was at least 10 years ago, and I felt as if nothing had really changed for me in all that time. Suddenly the argument that I had another book written under my belt simply didn't do the trick, thereought to be more to life than just be born, go to work and die. And when you go home, you work some more. Not that I am gagging for fun either, I don't feel like doing anything or go anywhere. I just don't see the point in anything, and I am wondering if I ever did. Am I just buying my time until I die? A day I don't even care if it comes tomorrow or in 50 years?

My tortoise is laying eggs, I believe. The three she has laid months ago are still not out of their shell, and there she is having more babies, suffering and acting weird. Maybe there is a lesson there, but I guess I am too tired to learn it, or even invent something just to make me feel better. The miracle of life at the moment would turn horribly wrong in my state of mind, overpopulation to breaking point, how many tortoises and animals can this flat take on? All my money goes into feeding this zoo. I guess that was Stephen's answer to life, own a zoo, but it wasn't mine.

Tortoises were my favourite animal when I was young, today I wonder why nature would have created such an impractical animal. They can't move, they can't do anything, having sex the way they do, I would be so dead, I would think it wouldn't be worth it. It is clear anyway that the female never wants sex, she is constantly being raped by the male, and now she's having babies again, and that male was still raping her all day today and now is sound asleep. She is desperate to get out, and I let her out a few times tonight, but no more, now that I know she may have babies. She's looking for a batter place than her litter to bury her dead, I can't let that happen. Well, for an impractical animal, she is now a master at opening her cage and escape. I thought Stephen forgot her out this morning, I know understand she escaped. It is amazing what you can achieve if you're determined enough. It is amazing how little I have achieved in my lifetime, I guess I was not determined enough, or that determination alone is just not enough, as I will soon make it impossible for her to escape again.

I sometimes believe that if I was in prison as punishment, and had no choice to be locked up all day in a fish bowl, working my ass off whilst being bullied by everyone, it would be better. The simple fact that I do it by choice is what depresses me. That I want so badly to open the window and escape, and could, and yet I don't, is fascinating. That I could be in prison whilst I agree to it and obey like a prisoner feeling sorry for myself, is sad. I am as obliged as a prisoner to go to work and remain there every second of the day, do my job, forget my urges to escape by the opened window, as the consequences would be horrible. We are all prisoners. The ones who do not have the opened window in front of them to tempt them, is because they would forget the consequences and simply walk out. Pettiness and bullying tactics by managers would not work on them, that is the only difference. Of course I could go on to Blackpool this weekend if I wanted to, but they robbed me of my will to live, just like when I was in Los Angeles, and I end up doing absolutely nothing. It is all very nice to have the freedom to do whatever you want, but if you don't feel like doing

anything, then it is like having no freedom at all. We're all prisoners of this existence.

Maybe I should go to bed earlier, being less tired helps a great deal in our capacity to accumulate a lot of crap without even flinching. Being tired, and that's it, that opened window becomes just too tempting, until you snap and then you again no longer have the choice, they will kick you out faster than you can think and will ensure your future is somehow a little bit more mortgaged, making it harder to find a new prison to go to every day. They always appear clean, white and proper in this destruction of our own lives, when people should know that at the end of the day, they were the ones responsible for making us snap. Go on to dig dig dig on everyone, and see what happens. The ones still smiling after that, the ones you will keep on your team forever, there must be something wrong with them, perhaps you were successful in dehumanising them, they must be empty shells, at that point you would be better of replacing them with robots.

Right, time to optimise my capacity to deal with bullshit, my new definition of sleep.

23 August 2007

It seems that I may still escape the wrath, due to other cases more serious than mine. The Kid was 2 hours and 30 minutes late this morning, and they were preparing a pig style management move on my Line Manager today. He has now been demoted and will be the lap dog of the Clerk's office until he resign at the end of the month or until he leaves for Australia in December. We inherit an Indian girl from the Clerk's office who will now take his place. I will lose within a week or two the best Manager I ever had and the Kid has already confirmed that if that Line Manager is gone, he will resign as well on the spot. Never mind, he may very well be sacked before he can resign. The British woman does not look happy with the move, however I feel that Indian girl is fair and actually really nice. She may however expect an unreasonable workload from us, as I work hard by definition, it should be fine. I don't expect trouble, and I much prefer that then the Pakistani Man taking over the General Office. Which reminds me, it will be the fifth time this Muslim man will be passed over for a promotion, he will be pissed off upon his return on Monday, also that it all happened whilst he was on holiday, and the girl who surpassed him is 24 years old and has only been working at the Court for a year and half.

Considering how all this must be horrible for all the people involved, I am surprised that I feel completely indifferent. It must also be how the management feel about all this, when in fact decisions like that could easily drive certain emotional people to suicide. It will most definitely send my Line Manager to drink himself to death tonight and this next long weekend, and probably some hard drugs in between. What I can't understand is that the man has been in his position for nearly 9 years, why act only now? Because it has more to do with the Indian girl wanted the job and being helped by her best friend Chief Clerk, than how my Line Manager really is performing at his job. So it is a double blow of injustice.

I particularly like the sneaky way by which they got the Indian girl to learn the job of my Line Manager. On the pretence that three courts were closed and that in order to avoid Clerks being shipped to other courts for the duration of the construction, they shipped her from the Clerk Office to the General Office. And on the pretence that she is on a fast track programme from the Ministry of Justice to learn the job of everyone else in all the Courts in England, for two weeks she has been doing my Line Manager's job in order to know what is required from the Magistrates' Court when she goes there for a week in September to learn some more.

I thought it was weird, I thought she was more like learning his job in order to take his place, my gosh, I had no idea they could be as bold as to



demote him to place their friend there instead. If this whole moved had been attempted for me, I am so paranoid by nature, I would have seen it coming. It is fair to say that my Line Manager knew something was coming his way, I think he expected to be dismissed, however they probably tried to avoid further problems with a court case by simply wait until he leaves in December. The effect on him this morning has been devastating, he spent the morning surfing the Internet about travel websites concerning Australia, whilst dreaming away that he was already gone. I don't think we can expect him to do any more work for quite a while. Not that it will make any difference, I don't think he actually did any work on any given day. Maybe he has been getting away with murder for far too long, and if the kid had never come to work at the Court, I think he could easily have got away with it until his departure. The problems with the Kid highlighted too clearly the problem with his Line Manager, and even reflected bad on me at some point, even though today he has saved me from more trouble by putting himself in the line of fire.

29 August 2007

The whole management at the Crown Court is on the war path, everyone in the General Office has been targeted, and only in the General Office has anyone actually been targeted, because it comes under the Scottish guy, and together with the Chief Clerk, it seems it is the only department they can attack, as the Chief Clerk seems highly satisfied with all her staff, unless she is giving them shit and we don't hear about it.

So now they have transferred my Line Manager to the Clerk, and I understood why, it is because at the end of the summer they will need to ship at least three clerks to some other courts as they have closed three of our court rooms whilst the expansion is going on. I didn't have the chance yet to tell my Line Manager that they must intend to ship him away somewhere else any day now, as he is on holiday today and I only connected the dots yesterday (I'm losing it, I should have foreseen this long ago!).

The Pakistani Man is so fucked off that he again was passed on to become the Line Manager of the General Office, he is now applying to become a Clerk in two other Crown Courts in Central London. He is not hiding that fact either. I only realised yesterday that on top of trying to become Manager, he has been trying to become a Clerk for years, which has also been denied to him. Interesting, so becoming a Clerk is no easy matter, I might only be able to if I apply to Central London. I have taken the jobs ads, but I don't believe I will apply, as working in Central London at such a low salary would quickly become unmanageable and too expensive. I would not be able to finish the month. And spending three hours traveling on the train every day, is not something I wish to repeat any time soon.

As for the British woman from listing now in the General Office, she just fucked herself up big time. She went on holiday and today was supposed to be back, she called in sick. Upon her return she can expect a management panel where they will give her a hard time, because she is already over her 5 days sick leave maximum, I believe she is well over 20 days now, they will certainly not miss their chance to give her as much shit as possible, and once again she will have to call on the union to defend her. She did say that without the union, when she was sick for over two weeks a few months ago, she would no longer be working at the Court.

At the moment, on top of targeting the Kid about his lateness everyday, and the fact that he does nothing all day, with daily meetings in the Scottish Guy's office, they have moved on their attention to the Old Indian Man. He now goes around the office apologising to everyone for no reason, and say good morning and good afternoon to every single employee all day long. No doubt their angle on him is that he is a rude bastard and needs to change his attitude. On top

of all his sick leave and numerous hospital appointments which altogether makes him to be at work merely half the week.

To be honest, in that kind of environment of terror, I am highly surprised they have not found a way to attack me as well, I am the only remaining one to give shit to, and I know they are hitching to get me on something, and last week they nearly found something when I disappeared from my desk for more than 10 minutes. However, apart from that, I have been the perfect employee, I show up on time, I do overtime, I have overtime accumulated, I work hard all day, and I was sick like a dog yesterday and still showed up to work without a word of complaint.

They are leaving me alone for now, but I really don't think it will last. They will eventually find something to freak out about, because they are trying so hard to find shit where there is none. In fact, they are spending all of their time giving us a hard time instead of doing their job and letting us do ours. The result is quite clear, we are so fed up, none of us are doing any more work, we are too busy plotting our way out, to jump ship or figuring out what we will do once they have sacked us.

The Pakistani Man is applying for jobs everywhere, the Old Indian Man has stated that he may retire early instead of waiting for another year, the Line Manager has decided to move to Australia with his wife to escape the wrath, unfortunately immigrating takes time and they will get rid of him before he moves on, and the Kid, well, the Kid always knew his days would be numbered from the moment he started working there. He is quite ready to find another job at a moment's notice. Only the British woman will not look for a way out or an escape, as she has been working there for over 15 years, and will stand her ground with a union representative is necessary. As the psychological mind games do not seem to affect her in the slightest, somehow, she feels all right no matter how much they are targeting her. I wish I was like that, but I am not, unfortunately, everything affects me a great deal, I cannot sustain that kind of pressure for too long, even though I have gone through much worse in previous jobs. The fact is, I got that job in the civil service in order to avoid having to produce results and be told off if I didn't produce them, even though making money has more to do with the market conditions than how hard you work, because I have always worked hard, but too often they simply gave me conferences that everyone knew would fail before we even started doing them.

It is not easy to be the perfect employee, especially when you know that it doesn't matter, they will find a reason to cause me problems anyway. Better go back to work, at least I should not give them an easy reason to target me.

30 August 2007

I am right fucked off right now, that when the fat British bitch decides she has done her month of Grad Fees, they accept it, but then when they want to give it back to me and I say no, I have no choice but to take them over once again, within a fucking month of getting them back, when not only have we got a full complement of staff, we inherit an extra one on Monday.

I just left the office, I need to get back within 10 minutes, or else this little crisis will be used against me, and I would have backed myself into a corner, so much so that I am willing to say: let's discuss my departure date, because I had enough.

They say they want the Fat Bitch to train the new girl, I said I can train the new girl, there is no reason why the Fat Bitch should be the one training her, especially when she just came from the Listing office, and so I must know more than her about pre-trials, what most likely we will be training her on. This is not acceptable, I cannot let them walk like that all over me, just because they wish to keep the Fat Bitch quiet. She will not let herself be bullied, I won't either. I am not getting back the fucking grad fees, I will leave over it.

This must be part of a larger plan to get me into shit, and their plan is working so well, I am in shit right now before the plan could even be put into place. I will revert back to working with the Chief Clerk, who's has been doing her best to backstab me at every damn opportunity, and now she will have all the best chances in the world. So that is what they were preparing for me. I knew something was up.

Shit, shit, shit, what am I gonna do now? I have no choice but to accept the getting them back, with as little complaining as possible. The most difficult part now is to get back into that fucking office whilst still keeping face. I will not however be saying another word until the end of the day. But got to be back to normal by tomorrow morning. Fucking bastards.

You know what is funny, is that us, human beings, barely look at the sky, stop to consider what is it that we are looking at, the stars, moons, planets. We rarely think in terms of subatomic particles and chemical bonds in molecular structures, and yet, this is as real if not more than looking at a can of beer or a lighter. None of these objects make any sense when you consider the matter composing them, and when you see the night sky and understand that if we were not stuck here in physical bodies, all we would look at all day would be expanding balls in some black space.

However when you start considering it deeply like I did these last few weeks in order to escape my horrible reality, you can get nightmares about it all, where you end up thinking and seeing in terms of expanding balls, no matter at which scale, and trying to get them to expand more or less. I have to say it is a nice change to having nightmares about my Manager giving me shit all day at work. If I had to choose the reality which seems more real, and the reality I would prefer to live in, it would be the world of expanding balls over the world of the expanding human beings which I cannot stand, and yet I force myself to go to work every day to receive more and more shit from them.

My plan has back fired. The Fat Bitch did very well with the grad fees, no doubt because I gave her a clean slate to begin with, also that the new scheme has cut the work in 10, and she never had to stop entering grad fees into the computer once, also because I fought so hard to get it all to this point. All in all, even though I never really saw her go and look for files like I did, and even though she never did overtime and worked like hell like I used to, she successfully did the job without complaining too much. Maybe I have misjudged her, she may be after all the only competent member of staff at the Court amongst those imbeciles. Or else doing grad fees now is really easy. Never mind, she was on holiday for nearly a week, once again, and now it has piled up, and so I inherit the damn thing with three full shelves of files and a huge pile of grad fees for which files will need to be found. And as it is the end of the month, this is another few days where nothing can be done as the clerks need to clear their own backlog, ignoring that mine is just getting larger.

I hate how so casually she was able to put her foot down and say: I will no longer do grad fees, and suddenly I get them back. I hate that kind of injustice, blatant disregard for other's people feelings, it is like treating me like nothing. She may have been better at it than I would have given her credit for, she certainly hated every single minute of it, and her last sick leave this week was no doubt in hope that upon her return the grad fees would no longer be hers. So at least it proves one point of mine, that this is such a horrible job, that even the most competent member of staff will not accept doing it for more than a month, and could not get rid of it fast enough. Do you think this at least could bring a bit of respect for me, who has been doing the job for over eight months without even a word of complaint until two months ago? Nope. Nothing. I'm the whore of the department, I will slave on it without any recognition until I fucking die on the job.

3 September 2007

The quality of music has gone down the drain a lot in the last 25 years, I think I mentioned it before. I remember listening to Blue Eyes of Elton John on the first ever Walkman that came out in perhaps 1980, it was Sears, I guess it came out right after the Sony one, and the sound in that bulky walkman was so extraordinary, listening to Blue Eyes was an experience then. Today the song sounds so bland, I wonder why I ever thought this was such a great song. It is the only song of Elton John I can actually stand, perhaps because then quality was good, and that was before CD, tapes, and most especially MP3. I think I will ban myself from listening to MP3, and make an effort to put the CD in, I might at least enjoy a bit more quality that way. All I listen to I have on CD anyway, well, almost. I managed to lose most of them in all my moves from country to country, especially all my Depeche Mode remixes 12 Inches records. I know where they are at least, at my friend's home in Chicoutimi, but I'm never going to own a turn table again, I have to admit that it was a bulky invention anyway to start up with.

I was so proud of Anna Maria whilst I was writing it, I thought it was great and all, I was motivated and enthusiastic. Now that it could be considered finished and I sent it without results to some 20 sci-fi websites, I kind of wonder if this novel was not after all a complete waste of time. It is amazing how little objectivity one can have about all this, then again I am no publisher or on a committee reviewing draft books, then I would know instantly the good from the bad. This said, my second publisher in Paris did send me two drafts to review last week, I read 14 pages from each book, and told him the first one was good, the second was crap. I'm pretty sure he will publish the first but not the second. This is frightening, that I could render such a judgment after reading virtually nothing of these books. I hope no one will do the same to me. Then again, I am not on a committee, it was supposed to be a flash verdict done in 10 minutes, and that is what it was.

How can I sit here tonight wondering if everything I have ever written was simply a big waste of time? I sometimes wish I would know the future, know with certainty that none of it will ever make a difference and I can stop now, free myself from this chore. And most definitely writing this actual book must be the biggest waste of time of all, as I already know it will never be published, and putting it on my website for everyone to read could gather more attention away from the fictional and commercial stuff.

Today at work I already started to feel the change that is in the air. The Indian Girl has taken over the job as my Line Manager. I thought we were friends, and even for the three weeks of her training, we all laughed with her in the office. Today she already showed signs of turning into a Master Bitch.

She certainly is bossy, and oh, how quickly thy power gets to someone's brain, that she has alienated both the Kid and I today, and that was the first day. I'm afraid, really afraid that I will seriously clash with her, faster than the Old Indian Man will come back from holiday, and before she can clash with him first. It would be of great help to me if she were to clash with someone else first, then I could say she is the problem, and I know she will clash with the Old Indian Man, he openly hates her, always talks against her, and clashed with her in the past.

When someone rang at the counter, and that there were about 12 members of staff between me and the counter who could all have gone to the counter, whilst I was right in the middle of doing a complicated grad fee from the new Scheme 4 Regulations, and that the Indian Girl turned around and ordered me to go to the counter, when I knew very well that it was for the list office and not the general office, as it is always, and so going to the counter is always a waste of time for me to go to, I really felt rage coming into my heart.

I tried to rationalise my deep and unexpected feeling, since I accept it kindly when my ex Line Manager told me to go to the counter or answer the phone, his tone has always however been nice, as if asking for a favour, not a direct order as if we where in the army, making me feel like a pet or the newbie

runner of the department. It was that lack of respect, her patronising way, her tone of voice, all of it together made me want to snap back to fuck off, or hit her hard in the face as the Kid would say as a joke. Sometimes ABH and GBH can be quite justified, and I feel that in a Trial I could get away easily with hitting her in the face. Not quite, but you know what I mean.

The problem is that I am on Grad Fees now, and as I am doing the job of at least two persons, the rule is that I should be left alone to concentrate on Grad Fees. I bet it will take her a day or two before giving me an NG form, copying a whole file for the Court of Appeal, something that takes three hours altogether, including finding the file that usually hides in the most unexpected places, when you can find it at all.

So at the moment I'm not sure how it will go, I feel awry that it might go horribly wrong and I could lose patience with her. I don't want to clash, but I might, and that is what worries me. And what didn't help either was the smile on the face of the Fat British Woman, who corrected me many times today that the new girl who started was not British, but was in fact English. Right. Not only she had a big smile on her face when she gave me a huge pile of grad fee claims, on top of the fact that half the bookshelf was already full of files and claims awaiting to be entered onto the system, but it is a miracle I didn't lose it then.

Well, you could say I have adapted very well to the new regulations about the counsel's claims, and I eliminated in one day all the files, though I finished at 18h30. And tomorrow will be even worse, because I have to attack all the other claims for which the files need to be found, about a thousand of them, just that.

What fries me is that her incompetence, the easy and casual way she decided to go about doing grad fees, no one will ever notice. I however noticed today as I had to call at least five Chambers to get claims they had previously sent in the past that we had no copies of anymore, because she was too lazy to keep a copy of these claims, when it was obvious that one day we would need them, as we were awaiting Legal Aid orders for these files. Two hours wasted on her laziness today, and it will only continue tomorrow. In one month she left me quite a backlog. So I can now confirm she was useless at it, even though I am the only one who knows it.

The new girl, there is something really wrong with her, though I cannot exactly pinpoint what. I made a big mistake by asking her where she was from, since she was "English". It is obvious she is Indian or something similar. When I asked her origins, to explain such a weird name that I could not pronounce it, she said that she didn't know, perhaps it was Indian. The perhaps tells me a lot, as I knew it was Indian, I just wanted confirmation, and that was my mistake.

The problem is that she has rejected her origins, she hates the fact that her parents were Indians and perhaps even lived in India at some point in the past. Just like me, I guess, she would have preferred to be 100% English (not even British). So I can understand that, but I would not reject my origins even though I would have preferred to have been born an English speaking person, in order to help me write English books.

Her psychological problem is however much more serious, as she is wearing those weird dark blue contact lenses when it is obvious her eyes are of a dark brown, as someone who looks like her, always has dark brown eyes. If there was a way for her to wear coloured contact lenses without her looking so weird wearing them, then why not, but at the moment she looks more like Data on the Enterprise, she looks like an android. What doesn't help is that she is very thin, with round little breasts that look more like small tennis balls, and she was wearing a white tight shirt matching her shape. And when she started name dropping, and telling us that her best friend was a gay guy that was on Big Brother five years ago, and as a result most of Big Brother participants of that year were her friends, and that she is VIP and go everywhere classy and upmarket, and whatever, I thought, gosh, another one for which you would just

like to pick a shovel and with it detach her head from the rest of her body. And then go back to work in peace as if nothing happened.

I should be nicer really, I should give her a chance, she after all shouted in the office today that all gay men where the best friends a girl could have, and that was before she knew I was gay. And now that she knows, I think she will become a good friend of mine, and then I will regret having been so mean about her. The thing is, she is more like someone with a personality by-pass who clings to half baked celebrities like a slug, and to be honest I have no time for that kind of shit. Well, we will see, won't we. Every gay man needs his fag hag, she might become it, at work at least. The Scottish guy already has is, the Chief Clerk, assuming she is not a Hot Lesbo Action to begin with.

Dear, dear, dear, I am really mean tonight, but I have got every right to, I am back on the damn Grad Fees from Hell, crowned by a new Master Bitch which cannot fail to make my life a real misery. I am about to lose with little nuclear family which is about to go nuclear any minute, with my Line Manager moving to the Clerk's office any day now, and the Kid being kicked out any day now. So better get the chemical bonds going and become one with the new girl, so we together we can form a more solid molecular structure and be prepared to face the music at work.

I thought a change would be coming soon and I would somehow get another job or something, now I can see that perhaps that kind of radical is not necessary if everyone around you changes radically at work. I can see that I could easily start a new book about phase II of this ordeal. I cannot see how different it would be or how more interesting it could be compared to everything I have written so far, but I have to be ready to accept that it may be what it will be, and I could be stuck in that job for a while longer, as I am not prepared to find another job at this time. I say that, and yet, tonight I almost registered on the old famous Job website for the entertainment business, and I think I will this weekend, once we have sorted our finances and discover that I have an extra 100 pounds to burn. Not that I believe that I will find a job there, even though this is how I found my only contract in England working on that film about Einstein, but hope is what drives this world.

7 September 2007

Today I have sold Anna Maria, the novel I sweated on for at least five years, beginning with when I started writing the film script ideas that went on to form the bulk of the novel. Would you like to know how much I got for it? I believe this amount of money is about the standard in the industry, that you can almost kill yourself over writing a 350 pages book over five years, and in the end, the big reward, what I am now being offered for it, is 25 pounds.

A contract will be established where I will give up all my rights for it, will have to take it off my own website and get rid of all my film script ideas and other film scripts related to the novel, in return my book will be sold on a cheap sci-fi website in the UK as an e-book, for one pound each copy, for which I will receive 25 pence per copy sold.

You would think I would want to commit suicide right now, but it is in fact cause for celebration. I sent Anna Maria to 25 sci-fi websites and magazines to probe the interest. Out of that I think half of them rejected it out right because it was too large a book or they simply didn't receive the email because the file was too large or their inbox was full. So all in all, maybe 10 organisations might consider Anna Maria, and one of them offered me money for it. It is encouraging because until you get paid for anything you have ever written, you're considered an amateur. I have been paid for my French published books, but not for English stuff I have written. So it is great news in the sense that the first interested person said yes, and getting a yes is usually nearly impossible. So there could be some interest in the novel out there.

I will of course decline the offer. I will send a series of questions designed to frighten the publisher, and ultimately will propose to forget the money and offer my e-book online on his website for free. I will however keep all my rights and will keep it online on my website as well. And once a serious offer comes my way, he will have to take it off his website. Adding three zeros after his own figure would be more like it, even four zeros after it would be perfect. This is how ambitious I am. And that made me understand something quite important. A critical question. To what sort of offer would I actually say yes to and sign a contract for?

I realised that perhaps I should not waste any time targeting publishers, but should only target agents, as it is the only and most direct way to big publishers. Any small publisher will not be able to offer me more than I can actually achieve all by myself with my own websites. Selling Anna Maria online for a pound, I could do that from my website, I would be lucky to sell five copies this year, and no one would ever know the book even existed.

Science fiction publishers are not exactly big in nature, and might not even require agents to reach. But would I sign with anyone, even the smallest one based perhaps in Tulsa, Oklahoma? To be honest, from experience, I would be lucky to even find a small publisher, because a miracle is required to find a publisher. So ultimately I would not say no. But perhaps I should start big, agents only, then important publishers, then smaller ones, then when they would all have said no, as it is to be expected, I will simply keep it online for free on my own website.

Just listened to a bunch of Nine Inch Nails albums, read the history of Trent Reznor, I feel energised.

Two hours later, now reading about Depeche Mode, and listening to Dangerous, one of my favourite songs of DepMod (which, by the way, has been my pin number for over 20 years for all my credit and debit cards), I am too drunk to use this energy in order to write anything worthy of a genius. Just read that DepMod sold 91 millions records worldwide. I met one of them in London one day, spoke with him, shit, I never realised the fucker was so damn rich! It would have intimidated me. He must have been the richest man I have ever spoken too in my entire life, and yet, he looked as if he was poorer than I ever was, with my 75,000 pounds debt. It could be true. If I somehow had 100 million pounds, it is highly likely that I would have debts in the range of 500 million pounds. Of course, I would have bought by then half the Moon, ready for colonisation. I understand the Americans have started to sell lots over there.

Well, if I am not to write any genius stuff tonight, I might as well at the very least spell out a genius idea for future use, whenever for some reason I might read this again in a few years time. I recently hatched quite a genius plan to have the most successful play ever produced in the Province of Québec, making instantly one of the best known author of that lost Canadian province. It is a diabolical plan, one that no one working in theatre could ever turn down, and hence, it will be an enduring success forever. As long as I can make it is as funny as this requires. As long as I am drunk enough and completely off my head enough whilst writing it, that it will be the funniest thing ever produced in Quebec for decades to come. The title needs to be provocative enough, I need to think of it right now, something like: If I ever hear of Michel Tremblay again, I will kill myself (Si j'entends encore le nom Michel Tremblay, j'vas m'tirer une balle dans tête (If I ever hear the name Michel Tremblay, I will shoot myself in the head)).

It will have to be impressive, involving explosions and special effects all the wrong times, as if to demark explosions and critical moments in Michel Tremblay's art, I need to ridicule his work to the core. By bringing altogether his dysfunctional characters from many of his plays, into one mega play. If it were ever possible to caricature his characters ever more, it would be a miracles, and yet, that is exactly what I need to do.

Sorry, you probably have no clue about what I'm talking about here. You see, Michel Tremblay is the most celebrated author Québec has ever known, it is definitely the most successful playwright Canada has ever known, and unfortunately he bares my name. He also enjoy so much success writing boring stuff, whilst I enjoyed no success at all writing highly interesting stuff, I need to destroy the man in order to take my rightful place in Québec's firmament of best authors. I need to make myself heard, to explode all over the province, and that diabolical idea is what I came up with a few days ago whilst walking to the Crown Court, one morning, after smoking my roll up. Brilliant, genius, that is what I will concentrate on after Anna Maria, after writing the Shrinking Universe short story. Though I don't have to wait for anything. However I will need to read all his plays once again. Which means, I need to buy all his books, 40 of them at the last count, perhaps more. Shit. How am I to achieve that?

Other good titles, more to the point, would be Michel Tremblay Remix Version 2.0, or Michel Tremblay 2.0. You see, this needs to be as much about me as it should be about him, that is the master stroke. I am Michel Tremblay version 2, the successor, asking for my rightful place in my own culture. Or Michel Tremblay Version 2.0. Direct, to the point, it says it all.

A mix of *Albertine in Five Times*, *the Suspended Ceiling*, *The Sisters in Law*, *The Real World?* and *Saint Carmen of the Main*. That is about all I can remember of Michel Tremblay, and of course, *the Fat Woman Next Door is Pregnant*.

Fat kids and fat women better learn to start walking and acting upside down, as they will be acting from a suspended ceiling, in five different times, all being fat and pregnant and or fat and gay or fat transvestites, and ah yes, all whinging until your ears can hear no more. I will bring the world of Michel Tremblay to the breaking point, show to everyone how sad and futile and meaningless it all is. I will destroy the impostor, I will destroy the cunt. It will be my masterpiece, it will be me being born to my nation. Michel Tremblay the Fat Queer Kid, Michel Tremblay la Grosse Tapette.

Shit, that would be another wasted year of my life. And if it doesn't go anywhere, it is really not worth it. Have I got the courage, the time? Do I want to sacrifice writing Anna Maria II for this, or another great English sci-fi novel? I have so little time left to myself. Perhaps I should start by reading whatever plays I have of him right here in London, and see if any ideas I can come up with that will be dead funny. At the end of the day, most of the jokes will be lost on the public, it is to the people of the theatre world that this will be written, for all teachers in Québec for years to come to analyse it in class with their students. They will be the ones pushing everyone else to go and see my play, as they will be the only ones to get all the inside jokes.

And now I am dead, really dead, if one more stupid idea comes to my mind, I swear, I am likely to explode.

I have not even spoken about the week from hell I experienced at work with my new Fat Indian Kid Girl Manager. The fact that the word manager comes back every other sentence or so, is a good indication of how bad a manager she truly is. Her long speech about working as a team, team working, and how she hoped to bring us all together working as a team, almost made me take a gun out of my drawer and shoot her in the head, and the other Kid confessed to me afterwards that he nearly puked all over the place whilst she made that speech.

I tried to make her understands that the worst word you can use in this day and age as a manager, is the word team, and that team working was so 20 years ago, you would have to be mad to made any reference to it. It is clear that by now every single employee has caught up with basic management skills, and none of that bullshit will work, it is more likely to create riots and murders when one is witnessing such stupidities. Everyone knows by now that there is no such thing as team working, the very words makes everyone sick to death and rush to resign from their post. And the fact that she needs to remind us every minute



that she is a Manager and as such deserves respect, understanding, and every single right that no one has in this office, is one more argument against her. Must be her insecurity, her desire to reaffirm herself as the bitch in power, which brings her ever closer to becoming the Master Bitch we all suspect she is.

I do have to mention this, I once again had a major fight with the Chief Clerk, where she once again spit in my face, explaining to me how incompetent I was and even impolite, direct, and whatever else. After she reminded me that she was a Manager, and three bands over mine (whatever that means), she never let me justify myself. I was so angry, in three hours I cleared both bookshelves of Post-Trials files, something that the Fat Pakistani Man would take a week to do. I whinged the whole time I did it, destroying the miracle I was performing in the process, but two days later as the dust settled, the Fat Indian Kid said tonight: I can't believe you cleared those book shelves, and so quickly at that. My answer was simply: Me neither, I don't know what happened there, I doubt I could achieve this ever again. And we both laughed all heartily. The fact is, it was simply a miracle, and to be honest I was so angry at the time, I don't remember doing so much work in so little time. It was amazing, I simply took all the files and entered all the data into the computer and printed all the orders at such a speed, before the end of the day I had achieved a miracle. And as I said, I may have whinged, shouted and been unbearable, the fact remains I have done something no one can explain. I trust the Pakistani Man, who witness the achievement, must have been dying inside horrified, whilst I was proving that what he achieved in one week, could actually somehow be done in three hours. I enjoyed every freaking minutes of it. What I have been doing for months with the Grad Fees, that no one could actually notice because they have no idea how many thousands of these damn invoices I have processed in the last few months, was suddenly completely visible in the fact that I processed and cleared something like 500 files in three hours in post trials. My only regret is that all those last few months of hard work, no one will ever realise that it was a much more impressive miracle, and so it was all done for nothing, as the Chief Clerk is convinced I am a lazy bastard who does not do his job, ignoring that of the whole General Office, I am actually the only one doing any work, doing everything, as I have proven this week by processing every single claims of Grad Fees and Standard Fees, but also eliminating all post trial files. There is not one single employee at the Crown Court right now who could have done all that in one week, getting us completely up to date on both grad fees and post trial, both responsibilities at the same time. Never again would I ever have such a chance to prove how a miracle worker I am, no one could have passed that, everyone is now aware of my capacities and potential. I have done in one week what I have been unable to do in ten months, despite the fact that I do not believe I have worked any less this week than any of the other weeks. So you can understand my frustration, how when such hard work was finally measurable concretely, they recognised the fact that it was beyond the capacity of any civil servant to achieve such an amount of work within one week. And the Indian Kid knows it, she is under high pressure every day to clear the post trial shelves, it was an unsolvable problem for her at the beginning of the week, as to how to do all this work whilst no one was available to do all the work (despite the fact that we had a full complement of employees, the Old Indian Man being on holiday, but having the New Girl in).

And if the Kid proved to everyone how great I was as an employee just for being such an incompetent one, it was not exactly clear in everyone's mind, as they quickly dismissed him as a bad apple that would be sacked at the first opportunity. But even him took only two days of training to get into the routine of doing pre-trials, whilst it took me only one morning and already the Pakistani Man was losing patience with me as he thought it was taking too long for me to learn. Well, after a week, the new girl is still struggling like crazy, and the Fat British one sat all week next to her repeating over again and again what key to press on

the computer in order to enter one damn committal for trial into the computer. One full week! How long does it take to train a loser to become a civil servant, on the most basic thing that employee will need to do in that office? If that has not proven to them how quickly I have learnt everything and adapted to their menial tasks, I don't know what will. It took a long time, but they finally get the message, and I didn't have to quit and be replaced by a string of incompetent morons for them to understand six months to a year later. Shit, is there finally some justice in this world? Could fucking hard work finally be recognised for what it is, eventually, maybe? The world certainly does not learn very fast about these things, and it is a shame how people with great potential will never get anywhere in this world because management is too blind to recognise what is really going on around them. I guess they deserve what they get, mediocre people obviously can only spot mediocrity, and can only perpetuate mediocrity for the rest of their life. And that is nothing, I don't even think I am a miracle worker, I think they are simply all a bunch of incapable losers, and that anyone I ever worked with in the conference world would have been as good as I have been working there, and probably none of them would have been recognised for it. I really worked hard there, I really gave it 200%, and perhaps only this week have I finally proven that, and maybe not, we'll have to see. Bad management tends to quickly forget about great achievements, to desperately pursue other futile events which are much more incriminating in recent memory. For example a woman called from a prison two days ago, asked for an indictment, as per the policy of our office, I told her she had to request it by writing. The phone call lasted 30 seconds, she never told me it was urgent for whatever reason, blablabla. Two hours later the Top Manager of the Court came to me, blasted me, telling me that she knew her well and she called him to tell him how unhelpful and difficult I had been with faxing her a damn indictment about a dying prisoner of them that they were suddenly trying to help get out of prison. Shit. In a 30 seconds phone call, I had destroyed all my previous achievements, this is how long it takes for anyone to destroy their promising career. I may wish to add that I was polite, I quoted her our own policies, and so she had nothing to complain about in the first place. And yet, the bitch tried very hard to get me sacked, probably trying to save her own ass and proving to the world she was trying everything she could to save some prisoner they had who was, somehow, dying in their custody for unknown and suspicious reasons. And I ask you, as the Scottish Man stated afterwards, what the fuck could she do with an indictment to try to save this prisoner for whatever reason, it was useless. Sounds more like desperate measure to do anything to save their ass, costing me my job in the process by any means available to them, so afterwards if it ever hits the news they could somehow say: we have done everything to save our prisoner, we even desperately tried to get that unhelpful French-Canadian working at that Crown Court sacked in the process! Does it not prove that we have done everything in our power to save our prisoner? Yeah, but what has this French-Canadian working in a Crown Court got to do with your dying prisoner? What is it that in a 30 second conversation that French-Canadian did to kill that prisoner you could not save? And finally, why was this prisoner dying exactly? Would he have died if he had not been put in your prison in the first place? How incompetent you people truly are? Fucking bullies who would go to any length and extent to blame innocent people for their own mistakes and incompetence. Unfortunately for her, she hit me in my shining week, and so I think for once all my managers took my defence with the Top Manager. I had, after all, cleared the damn post trial shelves, whilst being on Grad Fees. Eat that bitch, and make sure no one else dies in your fucking prison. With the week I had, I would have had every right to be rude to you on the phone, and be as unhelpful as one can be, and yet, I was not, and that is the injustice. Another one, I'm so used to it by now, I don't give a shit anymore. It is clear the Top Manager of the Crown Court believes I am a rotten apple, two bitches complained against me in the last month, and I'm sure he thinks the Kid he himself placed at

the court, my totally incompetent colleague who does nothing all day, I'm sure he believes he is the greatest employee the civil service has ever seen, since no one ever complained against him. I really don't give a shit anymore. When you are none existent, when you are drunk and stone on a daily basis, when you never answer the phone in the first place, I guess it is easy to remain a non-existent entity. Well, I answer 50 phone calls a day on top of everything I do, so whenever the shit hits the fan, I am always at the centre of it, because I am the only active employee of the office, I'm the only one who picks up the phone.

Now you can see how World Wars start, you can understand how under so much injustice people pick up a gun and start shooting at random. Because this is just how I feel right now, shoot at my colleagues, start a World War. Somehow it would make me feel better.

9 September 2007

Whilst I went around sci-fi website, considering their pages and pages of guidelines before any submissions could be made (which in the end discourages me so much, that I click to the next website), I read something a few times which made me think. The one thing they didn't want, amongst hundreds of other things, was a political speech or rambling. And truly, if we felt the need to talk about the political situation which is so obviously going down the drain, we either had to subdue the tone of our speech greatly, or write an essay upon the subject.

I felt bad because there is some sort of political content to Anna Maria, however I would say it is subdued, as I was aware of that potential mistake, and like they suggested, I did write an essay upon the subject to vent all my thoughts of seeing democracy, all rights and freedom disintegrating before our very eyes, whilst no one in the population is doing anything about it.

What I hadn't realised, is that it is on everyone's mind, and every single author on the planet must have gone out of his or her way to denounce a few things in whatever it is they were writing. To the exasperation and breaking point of these small publishers who are tired of reading on the subject.

And hence, we can all sleep soundly tonight, there is an army of writers out there denouncing our governments and making the whole population aware of the menace and tyranny we are facing. In fact, everything George Bush and Tony Blair/Gordon Brown have done so far, is a god sent to every single writer on the planet. Nothing significant happened on the international scene since the day I was born that could inspire or motivate anyone to write anything. And suddenly we have a new reason to exist, something to fight for, stuff to denounce, to make people aware of. There is no better inspiration out there, suddenly no one has a writer's block and no one is traumatised anymore by the syndrome of the blank page. Thank you Bush, Blair and Brown! You have finally given us something substantial to talk about. There is no point talking about freedom and liberties when you have those things and do not fear you will lose it any day from now. Suddenly, dear me, this is all we can talk about., the most basic human rights, back on the agenda, fore front, the new war to be fought to regain all that we have lost in less years it took to win the First and Second World Wars. I'm expecting censorship to become law next month, we can all feel it, I have already thought of censoring and deleting stuff from all the books I have written so far, just to be on the safe side. I haven't yet, but I may still reach that point where suddenly I will have to be highly creative indeed in order to state the things that will need to be said, but can no longer be written in such a direct way that it would make me a target to all those government agencies out there.

However, it also made me realised that if everyone else is talking about it, it would be unwise for me to do so. I even wondered if I should keep my main hero and narrator the Director General of MI5, as it would not make much difference if he wasn't. It is so unlike me, and yet, I think the worse of these government's policies is to come, and at that time it will be useful to me to have

a main character being the head of MI5, it will help me denounce a few things. I would of course use reverse psychology, by denouncing the denunciations, defending the government's position, as I already did in Anna Maria, in the York's Resident Ghost.

The funniest thing is that for me right now, being a civil servant, makes it illegal to talk about politics and express any sort of opinion about it. Funny that this law does not seem to apply to the highest ranks of the civil service, and as long as they have permission, they can go into politics and talk about it as much as they want without consequences. Just as the Top Manager of the Crown Court I am working at has proven, by presenting himself in some local elections as a Republican, sorry, I mean Conservative (extreme right anyway, ready to walk all over our rights), even though in this day and age in England this feat has actually been achieved by the Democrats, I mean Liberals, I mean the Labour Party... I'm all so confused now, I don't know who to trust anymore, perhaps it is good that I trust no one, since they all seem to follow the same destructive path that will surely lead to the Third World War, and I suspect it is this fear of the proliferation of Nuclear Weapons which makes them act now rather than later, as the world has never been so closed to extinction in its short history. The problem is that any more pre-emptive strikes will surely bring about the end of this world, but who really cares about that? Not me, that's for sure. My life is so damn boring right now, surviving the aftermath of a nuclear war would seem like something worth living for. Even Bird Flu would do the trick. Then maybe I would have something worthy to write about, I'm afraid, this is now how I define my existence.

My parents have been in panic many times before, as I was in Paris when all those bombs exploded, I never told them that whilst I worked at Heathrow Airport in London, they found four bombs in the ceiling of the very shop I was working in every day, planted by the IRA I believe. None of us were really afraid, the IRA was more about frightening people than killing people, they were real terrorists as per their real definition, to bring about terror without being murderers more than it was necessary. They used to call ahead of time so the authorities could defuse the damn things in time. We never thought for a second that it would explode.

These rules have changed, only because the real culprits are no longer terrorists, as it is now all government sponsored terrorism, our own governments, and they truly do not care about how many of us die, unlike real terrorists who know all too well, that if they kill too many of us, they will lose all our sympathy, and then their cause would certainly be lost before anyone could give it a chance. How else would you explain that Americans have always been on the side of the IRA in their war against Britain, it is because they never crossed that threshold which would have made it impossible to support them in the first place. No one could support a cause killing thousands of people, hundreds is already going too far. One innocent killed here and there, a dozen innocents in a decade, we could still support such a cause as the one the IRA was pursuing.

I have to say that I know nothing of the IRA, I assume perhaps wrongly that what these people have been fighting for must mirror what Québec has been fighting for, for many decades now, against the English Canadians. Problems inherited from the times of the colonies of Great Britain, about 300 years ago. I guess time never heals anything, and none of us will stop until we are all dead. Must be a worthy cause, somehow, though I can't see it, and that makes me a traitor to my people, to my nation. I better succeed as an author in England, because it is clear now that I will never be recognised as such in my own country, being the traitor that I am living here in London, and actually enjoying every damn second of it. Bastards!

I understand that English Canadians used to tell French-Canadians to speak white, even in Canada, even though we were whiter than thy. Well, I speak white now, so you better listen to me. Bastards!

Did you see the contradiction? I called the French-Canadians bastards, immediately followed by calling the English-Canadians and by extension British Royalists bastards. The conclusion is that we are all bastards, and so, I have no allegiance to anyone, you can all die in hell as far as I'm concerned, because all your bickering never concerned me, and will never, ever, concern me. I spit on history, I am only considering the future, and that future is so far removed from the one you are constructing right now, I couldn't care less if all of us were to die tomorrow morning, let alone if peace is possible at all. I don't know how I have reached that point, I guess I was so disgusted by everything I have heard from all of you, that maybe I feel the answer is total eradication of the human race, that perhaps the only way we will experience peace on Earth, would be if none of us survived the next World War. Peace at last, that is all I ever wished for, whether any of us is still alive to appreciate it or not. If that is what it will take, then let's do it. I don't care to die, do you? It does not seem like you care either, that is not what I have observed from everything we have done so far to insure that war was the only answer to everything. None of us seems to care to die, and so it shall be, that we will all be dead within decades, perhaps years, hopefully days...

Perhaps it is time for me to remind you that the word irony is the word used by a few journalists in the past to describe my whole body of work. Though sometimes I do wonder if it is irony... I'm being ironic here, just in case you missed that, once again. Am I ironic just to mark a point, or do I believe what I say? I am drunk after all, perhaps I do think it then. I'm being ironic. Am I? I will let you decide. Better be quick, you might not be here much longer, and that fills me with joy. Is it irony? I really don't know. And who cares anyway?

I cried when the two Twin Towers in New York fell down in 2001. Knowing then what I know now, I would not have cried, I would have been outraged, as I am now. I wish I had not been so blind then. In order to find the truth behind the London Bombings, I had to first stop believing that what I was told was the truth, the truth I was being fed every day on the news. Only then did I do a search on the Internet for the alternatives, the real truth, and I found it beyond belief. I will no longer be taken for a sucker. I will no longer believe the truth I am being told. I will no longer trust any government or any news channel, I never did anyway in the first place.

I understand now that you will never get the real news from the usual channels, only a deep search on the Internet will eventually, hopefully, get you to the real truth. Better be quick though, these sources of information are all about to disappear, soon there will be no way to find out any truth, all that will remain is the certitude that all of it is just a big lie. And if no one out there still exists to say so, and prove it to you, then at the very least do not forget that it is still a lie. I will never cry again, I will think instead and draw my own conclusions. Am I being played for a fool? Yes, most likely. What am I going to do about it? I won't trust anyone anymore, I won't cry for anything anymore. The world is much uglier than you could ever imagined, there is no need to cry over it, just disconnect from it all, just have no more opinion about anything. That might bring about some results, who knows. How could you have any opinion without any of the real facts, especially if you cannot trust any of the usual news sources?

I guess we studied all too well everything that happened in Russia in their darkest years of history, and now our governments are playing the same trick on us, but we know better, we not only know we're being lied to, we still have some rights remaining in order to say so openly, instead of keeping it all inside as the broken men and women of Russia did in those days when they knew all too well they were being lied to.

13 September 2007

Finally something exciting to report. Today there was a lack of a French Interpreter at the court and all attempts to get one to come down instantly failed. So I was called in the Cells to help as an interpreter. I find it astonishing how this African man who speaks French, I can understand everything he says very well, to even understand what he means between the lines. We have such radically different cultures, he is from so far off where I was born, and yet, it is undeniable that not only we speak the same language and understand every single word we tell each other, even the expressions he uses are familiar to me. Considering this fact, it is amazing that there are so many radically different languages in Europe from country to country, most of them separated only by an imaginary line. There is just no way these people would all speak a language sensibly derived from the same roots, and yet, their languages could have gone so astray, unless of course this was ultimately a deliberate attempt to create new languages in the first place, and why would you want to do that?

I feel for the defendant as if he was my own brother, even though it is clear he sets up some African women to come to the UK with drugs and they go to prison for him whilst he cash in on the money. My knowledge of the Court helped me greatly. I thought as I never was an interpreter before I would be at a disadvantage, on the contrary, I was able to extrapolate a great deal to help him understand the half baked minimalist comments the counsel was giving him as she was pressed to go to court to defend him whilst she probably has dozen other cases on the boiler.

The Cells are large, it looks like a real prison on the other side of the little door in that corridor filled with similar doors. No one would suspect, and I never suspected, what could be behind that door. Frightening, I had no idea these was the equivalent of a real prison at the Court. It is so different as well from the rest of the building, they went out of their way to make sure it was all made of cement and looked as depressing as it could be. After the expansion is finished, I would think that not only everything will look luxurious on one side of the door, and perhaps even worse on the other side of the cells door.

This afternoon I will go to Court, in front the main Judge, to interpret. I have learned a valuable lesson this morning, not to translate more than what is said, and perhaps try to make it clearer, but not to add anything. No one tipped me off, I have learned that for myself. And when the guy asked me a question for which I know the answer, as I work at the Court, I need still to go back to the Counsel and let her answer the question. I reckon I would be an excellent interpreter, in fact, I thoroughly enjoyed it. Just as well there were not that many grad fees to do today, I was wondering how I could waste time because I knew I would quickly eliminate them all. This was destiny.

About that, one point the defendant was not happy about, was how every time he met a counsel, it was a different one. He likes to pray to God to help his counsel and himself, but if the counsel on that day is a different one he never met, how could he ever influence his future for the better? One other problem though for me, is that these British people have all learn a bit of French in school and somehow always manage to understand a bit of French, and so they can tell vaguely what is being said, and so I have to do a great job to make sure I stick to what is said and choose the exact right words to translate everything as it should. I have to go back now. I have to be careful not to use colourful expressions of language, I said this morning that the counsel would try to get the case to explode, I meant to crack it and get it thrown out because of a lack of evidence. He asked me puzzled what I meant by an exploding case. I really have to be careful, he might think for a second that he is also being accused of being a terrorist.

15 September 2007

I'm a bit depressed, that perhaps none of what I have ever written might be worth nothing. That my latest Anna Maria might finally just be a bunch of meaningless wah wah. I received two feedback from people claiming they read the book, one said he would not consider it, the second that none of the stories grabbed him enough. I wonder if we read the same book, I thought initially, and then, now I wonder, if perhaps compared with the rest, Anna Maria is perhaps not that great a book. Since I have barely read of the rest, maybe everyone out there is capable of writing better stuff than I. Hence, I'm not motivated in writing the last short story, I'm not even motivated in reading the book again and start searching for an agent. I don't feel like writing any more fiction at all, just perhaps this journal, and only for myself, as therapy.

At work on Thursday night I spoke with the other Queen at work, the Executive Producer who worked for every single big series in England, and yet is stuck as a usher now. He told me of all his fears that the word must have gone out now about him in the business, that he must be a total failure if somehow they were to find out that he was now a usher in a Crown Court. And I thought, great, I'm not part of that business. A guy in charge of spotlights on the show The Bill, apparently saw him, and now he feels the whole industry must know of his demise. Glad I'm no part of that industry. Then I asked him if he would go to the leaving due of the Listing girl, he said he would come for a drink, but not the Indian food afterwards, as he now has too many ulcers, stomach ulcers I guessed. I said: too much alcohol? He said no, too much stress in my previous jobs. I'm glad I am no part of that industry. I then asked him if he looked at my website, he said yes, it surprised me. I asked what he thought, he answered that I was very accomplished. Nice to hear, though tonight I'm so depressed, I could shoot myself. He went to the leaving due, I didn't. Thank god, I was so depressed, I might have shot them all.

Could I not just calm down, stop thinking about creating stuff, and just enjoy what others, more competent people, created for my own enjoyment? I wish I could. I really wish I could. Maybe it is time for me to be selfish, and stop thinking about creating things for others who care nothing for what I create for them. Maybe it is time I give up and simply enjoy what others have created for me instead. I wish I could. Life would be so much simpler then. It is not like I am under any kind of pressure, no one is expecting or demanding anything from me. So why do I feel pressured? Where is this unexplainable need comes from? Why am I still trying to write all those books for little if no result at all in the end? How can I even explain that to myself? What is my problem? What is this disease I have? I should really give up now, there is truly no reason to continue. I have given it my best shot with Anna Maria, it is clear that it won't go anywhere. Not one single word need be added or written on my part until that very book is published and declared a success. As if it is the failure I think it will be, then there is no point in going any further.

I need to free myself, I need to stop this bullshit. I will never an author, I will never be a writer, I will never succeed. How long does it take to finally get the message? How many failures must one endure before he understands and gives up? Is it a hopeless battle in my case? Will I try until I succeed, even if it takes me another 25 years, 50 more books? Is it the kind of determination that is sleeping inside of me? Looking at the last 25 years of my life, you would think so. What does it matter, really, if I achieve success or not? As the Executive Producer at the Crown Court said, I am very accomplished already, success or not. Does it matter if millions are reading me instead of a few thousands, hundreds, a dozen, or none at all? I guess not, or else I would not have spent so many years writing stuff that I knew were not commercial in nature at all. Like Destructivism for example. Though this was a real need for me to write, nothing else, I never thought for a second it would be published or even read by anyone. That is really me, isn't it. Anna Maria is after all my second novel or work of fiction ever, after Denfert-Rochereau, the only French novel I have written. How bad is that for

someone who has been writing for nearly 28 years? Only two works of fiction. No wonder I could never consider myself an author and never reached any kind of success, despite the 30 plus books I have written in my lifetime.

It is clear that my drive, my motivation, my enthusiasm, has nothing to do with succeeding commercially, or being read by millions. So I should not by any means ever become frustrated at the lack of success. I have chosen my path, I now need to live with it. There is every reason for me to continue to write, to answer that need to write whatever I feel needs to be written when I write it. What bothers me, really, is the lack of freedom, to write full time, that is all. I have an infinity of projects I would develop and work on if I didn't have a parallel full time job in a Crown Court right now, that is what bothers me, the fact that I am prevented from working on these projects. They might not go anywhere, and yet, I feel the need to work on them. Somehow, this weird determination that no one could identify where it comes from, must be admirable. I wish I will always be able to follow my own intuition, instead of whatever publisher or producer will ask me to write for whatever potential commercial success it might or might not have.

I think it is time for me to understand that I am in a better position than any other successful or even published author out there. I after all have total freedom to study and write whatever I want, no one is expecting anything, no one is demanding anything. That is perhaps a greater freedom than one could hope for in life. I have little doubt that if Anna Maria was to turn out to be a great success, the public and publishers would be asking me to write more and more of these short stories until the very day I die, just like they did with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes. And yet, it would be better for me to have a full time job writing Anna Maria short stories for 40 hours a week, and write whatever else I want in parallel in my free time, than working for 40 hours a week in a Crown Court and write whatever I wish in my free time. This argument does not stand. I would be quite willing to write Anna Maria's short stories until the day I die, if it was successful. I need to succeed as a writer, it is the only way to gain my freedom. I need to be doing what I enjoy most in this life, writing, or else this existence is not worth it. I know this is true, inside, this is why I spent so much energy writing Anna Maria. What I'm realising now is that it might be enough, it might not be good enough. The ideas were great, they could not have been better. They were the result of five years of thinking. If it leads nowhere, more writing style must be bad. I need to revert to French. I was reading two days ago my book *The Revolution*. I understand now why this book could not reach anyone in France, it is way to French-Canadian for them, and way too much out there for the French-Canadian market. I think my French is now much better, after living in France for a while, and Belgium. Maybe this is the way to go, revert back to a Standard international French, forget science fiction, a classic love story might be what is required. I don't know. I don't feel it. I don't know.

Once again I try to rationalise everything. When writing for me has never been a question of rationalising. I have always gone and write what I felt was appropriate at the time, in whatever language I thought was appropriate at the time. I feel that it is maybe how I should continue. Though I cannot deny that writing Anna Maria was a deliberate attempt at doing something which went somehow against my nature or what I would have felt like writing. I don't know, I really don't.

Gosh! I have no clue! Perhaps I should just write that last short story for Anna Maria, perhaps my most important one, and then I can advise or decide what I will do next. There is no need right now for me to think about that. I admit that if I were to convince myself that if Anna Maria would be the last ever thing I would ever write, it would motivate me beyond belief. And that is what I need right now. Not to think about my next project, but finish the one at hand. I have read once again *The Final Theory* of Mark McCutcheon, I have no more reason to



prevent me from writing that last story. I need to do it, finish it, even though, and that is my problem, that as it stand, Anna Maria could be considered finished. It has over 350 pages already, there is no need to bring it to 400. And yet, I need to, I have to, I need to finish it. That is the only concern I should have right now. I should concentrate on that only objective. And I will. Glad I could finally find some focus in my life. Now I need another glass of Rosé, it is not tonight that I will start writing that last short story. When then? It is a mystery. I better do it soon though, the novel has already been sold for an astonishing 25 pounds. In the days of Sherlock Holmes and Hercule Poirot, this might have represented a sizable sum of money, but today it barely buys you a few pints of beer. I need to tell that guy to fuck off, that Anna Maria is not for sale at any price. She is mine, and mine alone. There is no way I would so early give up any rights to her, I created her, she is my last hope, the crowning achievement of a career spawning 27 years, and as such, I will only let her go for a much more sizable sum of money. Until Anna Maria can buy me a house in a place like Richmond Park, a villa similar to hers, then she will remain mine and live on my own website. I am sorry, but this is how it goes. I would not sell her to small publisher who sell 500 copies of the her existence, and yet, keep all the rights to her. This time, these times, are over. I will keep complete control over all of my creations, or else, they won't go anywhere past my own websites. I'm serious about this, publishers will find me a nightmare to deal with. I have enough experience from my last six published books. And yet, somehow, I managed to keep all my rights even then. I see no reason for this to change for anything else I will ever create in my lifetime. I will need an army of lawyers indeed before I let go of anything I ever create, that's for sure. Fuck ya! I guess in the end it never was a question of money, more a question of control and freedom.

I think I will write that last short story of Anna Maria, and then put a final point to it until it goes anywhere, if it ever goes anywhere. I will need to come up with a similar idea and project and develop that new project from scratch, in English. I'm thinking that a film script might be a better idea, but I think a novel with as much dialogues as it is possible, just like I did for Anna Maria, is the answer. I've got my work cut out for me, I have think real hard for something even better than Anna Maria, and think up the seven to ten short stories that will compose that new book. I think it is the best solution for me under the circumstances, for my next project.

So there will be a next project, it will be another novel of short stories in English, and will not need to be composed of any old rehashed old ideas, it will have to be all new stuff, and yet, better stuff than with Anna Maria. I have my work cut out for me. I better start thinking, though it will be acceptable for me to start thinking only once Anna Maria last short stories is finished. I need to do that, I need to finish the damn book, soon. Perhaps I could start tonight? It is only midnight after all. I could have six hours before me to write, even though I'm already quite drunk. Who really cares?

I have been working on that last story tonight, got about 15 pages, mostly already written from before tonight. Still, I have now established that this abandoned beginning will be the right one, modified for the purpose.

I have been listening to Tori Amos tonight, specifically one song which really reaches home for me, A Sort of Fairy Tale With You. I still don't know what the song is about, I just know it is filled with nostalgia, that she was living in Cornwall in England when she wrote it, and that she mentions Ventura Boulevard and the 101 Los Angeles Highway. This song is killing me, and yet, it is haunting me. It reminds me that Mexican Boy I have met in Los Angeles who was working in my office. He thought he was so cool, so in the in crowd, going to Hollywood parties all the time and meeting all these A list stars like I can't remember now except for Drew Barrymore. I knew he was so fucking gay, and yet, so deep into his closet that he might actually never ever come out of it. Yet, there was something so annoying with him, that he was leading the life I might have

expected to lead myself whilst in Los Angeles, whilst I was not. Added to the fact that the guy has no hope to achieve anything in his life, being already so proud of being an assistant assisting in producing conferences, when I was a fucking Consultant Management in conferences, had written over 30 books and worked in Hollywood already at a distance in television, who the fuck was he to make me feel like if I was nothing, when compared to me he was the loser? Not only that, he had a nice looking face, for sure, but then, he was still fat! At the limit of the acceptable, I admit. He sat next to me in the office, kept listening to music and every time A Sort of Fairy Tale was playing, I asked him to put it louder, and he did. He was pleased that I liked that song. He nearly annihilated my enjoyment of my conference in Salt Lake City in Utah, as it was the most perfect moment in time for me, perhaps the culminating point of my short career in Los Angeles, and he sort of destroyed it, by being there, creating problems where there were none, and coming back in the office complaining to everyone and the bosses how I failed miserably when the whole conference was in fact a complete success.

Why am I now thinking of him? Perhaps we should have been friends, perhaps we should have slept together if he had been outside the closet, perhaps it was never meant to be, perhaps he was there ultimately to motivate me now. I think back to this venture as a whole dream, as if perhaps it never existed in the first place. And yet, I have written books about it, I was there in Los Angeles for almost a year. I have met him, it had some sort of impact, in all, it was a Sorta Fairytale. How I wish now that I could get somewhere and explode all over his little world, to prove to him what he missed, just how much potential there was burning inside of me whilst he snubbed me as if I was a piece of shit. Bastard. I can't even remember his name now. He was certainly the coolest Mexican I had ever met, and this coolness was all in his own mind, and yet, it was convincing, it was contagious, enough that I still feel the need to prove something to him today, after two years, though I am back in London and already forgot all about this depressing period of my life.

It came to me yesterday that wherever I have lived in the world, I have always been highly suicidal, and Los Angeles was no exception. Only in London was I not that suicidal, that life was actually liveable, acceptable somehow. I have no idea if geographic location might have something to do with this, or if it is all due to circumstances and the people you share your life with. Good question. Even Paris depressed me a great deal. And yet, I feel much nostalgia and regrets for having left Paris and Los Angeles. That I wish somehow I could go back and live in those cities, for some reason. Only after I succeed though, that much I know, or else, I might very well return just to commit suicide a few months later. There is something about London that keeps me sane, some weird feeling about the United Kingdom, that tells me that this is where I belong. I can't explain it, but this is where I need to be right now. Maybe there will be a time when I will be able to look back and understand why it was so important for me to be here in the first place. Perhaps living in England is for me like living in graphic adventure, a computer game, who knows. Something which is enjoyable. Did you know that when I reach an orgasm, sometimes what comes to my mind at the very moment, are highly other pleasurable moments of my existence, and these images are from these adventures I play? England has been highly featured in all those games, and yet, there isn't that many connections. When I look at England, I don't know, I feel I am in such an adventure, some sort of virtual world that does not really exist, and yet, I am right there living within it. Weird.

17 September 2007

Tonight I have done the unthinkable. It is his fault, the Executive Producer working at the Crown Court. He said I was very accomplished, and somehow I felt I was much more accomplished than what is stated on my websites. So I finally got the guts to put it online, that very page which for a long time I had not put

online. The previous version was only on my French Website, even though it was in English, I was hoping no one would find that page, it was even zipped to prevent those damn spider bots from referencing it. It is too late now, it is all online in HTML, with links to every single film script and synopses I have ever written, what has been hidden from everyone for such a long time.

I will probably be sued within 24 hours, I know from experience that it is all that is required from web monitoring companies to find out about anything slightly dubious about your copyrights, but I'll see. For that same stuff that went online years ago for less than a month, some agent contacted me and asked for 100 pounds for me to leave a biography of Einstein I had taken in a book, stating clearly where it came from. I wonder if five years later they will find it as quickly. I'm not even sure if it is actually online, I just reactivated everything as it was. We'll see. I'm bound to attract big fish, but who cares at this point, I'm not going anywhere, and they're going everywhere on my own ideas, better that I can tell the world where it came from, perhaps they will see me in a different light. How could they sue me, after they so blatantly stole my ideas? I welcome anyone suing me for that. I will be on Legal Aid, I will draw the order myself, whilst they can spend as many millions as they wish on the case, I will still prove them wrong in the end. Let's see what happens. Now I am truly accomplished, even though I made sure the link on my website was a lost one, someone would need to be determined indeed in order to reach it. I don't care, it is now online, let's see what happens, I bet nothing will happen, and I worried all those years of putting it online for nothing.

22 September 2007

It didn't take me long to delete all those files I worked so hard putting back online, including the links to the film scripts I have written and other synopses. It took me less than 24 hours.

The reason had more to do with humility, the page it was on was all about what I could have inspired, whether it was obvious or a coincidence. I felt that there is no way anyone could read that and feel that I was delusional, as it is difficult for anyone to believe that someone who never reached success in the first place could have inspired anyone. The only image that could have come to their mind was that I had a huge Ego and was very pretentious indeed, and so this page, I have decided, will never go back online.

However, all the other film scripts and synopses will go back online, all the work I have done for the film about Einstein and the sci-fi television series for NBC. These should have been online a long time ago, and the page I deleted got me to finally find the files, upload them to my website, and now they are ready to be put online. So it was not all wasted after all, I just wonder when I will take the time to put it all online again on a different page. My main concern is that though I am the author of all this work, the damn initial ideas, what is copyrighted, does not belong to me, I was not the one who wrote the few initial lines or the ideas on which I went on to work for months to bring to a certain reality, and so I could get into trouble for putting it online. And yet, at some point, I have to take the risk, in order to show to everyone, what I am really capable of. I cannot think of any other way.

1 October 2007

Only one thing to report that has happened to me recently. I was contacted by a young political candidate in my own borough, on some "meeting friends" website, obviously someone who works very hard at gaining votes and not afraid of the new technologies to reach its constituencies. I'm quite impressed, I suddenly feel important, though I am nothing, will never be anything, and no one should waste any time on me whatsoever, and yet, we have

started quite a correspondence, as long as I have not frightened him with my last email. Quite good looking too, my imagination is already running wild. But I should forget all that.

Here is the edited version of my discussion with that promising new politician:

Hello,

I note that you are living near me in X, and work at X. I live in Isleworth and work at the Crown Court. How did you find me, do we have a friend in common?

Nice to get to know people from around here.

Roland Michel Tremblay

Hi Roland,

We haven't met and I'm not sure we know anyone in common ....yet! I'm a local councillor in Hounslow Borough exploring whether local people would like to use (some website) to raise issues/ ideas with me. You can find out more about me from my profile or check out X.

Anyway, please let me know if anything comes up you'd like to discuss. I may well organise a social gathering in a few weeks for local people to meet each other. I'll drop you a note nearer the time on that...

Best, X

Hi,

Well, I wish you good luck in getting elected, you seem like someone I would vote for, unfortunately I cannot vote at the moment and to be honest I would not vote even if I could.

I have read your page about your great ideas, being green and all, the new religion of the young, and yet it might impress many people, but it does not impress me (I would however still vote for you, because others are even less inspiring). But are you just re-hashing what everyone else says?

I understand that if I were in your position, I might not be able to think of something better, however I have something that may help you understand my point of view about politics and what we truly need to fight for, in my opinion. You can read on my website a book I have written this year, it is a first draft, and don't worry, I am not asking you to read the whole book. Just the first few pages about democracy, the first entry of the book:

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

It might help you identify what I am going through in life, after living in Isleworth for over 15 years. Well, you wanted to know how your constituents feel, I have my whole diary on my website, my actual one, it is hard to find because I don't want the people at work to find out about this blog, it is accessible only from my French website:

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

Other poetry/diary from recent years when I was working in Westminster that could be of interest to you to feel the pulse of the nation:

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

There, hopefully that will help. Unfortunately the diary I have written whilst working in Westminster Square has been written in French. You can't read

it, I talked a lot about politics in there. Shame, it would have been the blog to read for you.

Hi,

An interesting read. You may be intrigued by a slightly more optimistic view and the tools I advocate using to affect change. See: X.

I have been applying these on the X High Street project. See X.

My views of the problems with politics today (and need for change) are well represented in this article by X: X.

You raise an interesting question as to the need for political parties, which I have often reflected on myself. I believe local manifestos add some real value to the democratic process - if they are well produced by the local team of candidates and then actually implemented... or fought for from the opposition benches. (This is by no means guaranteed.) I have no objections to independents but if they do not produce a decent manifesto - and have no decent websites - it is very difficult for the average voter to know what they are voting for.....

You ask whether I am re-hashing what everyone else says on the environmental agenda. I have actively campaigned in this area since 2000 through X and I have a MSc in Development Management - some of my specialisms were Environmental Ethics and Environment Decision Making....

Best, X

Hello,

I am beginning to fear that we could go on a very long correspondence that would eat away all my time and keep me away from writing my books in the little time I have allocated to that. And this lost would be even more felt on your side, as I would believe you are most busy and need to rally and communicate with as many people as you can, and cannot waste too much time on someone like me, who cannot vote and will not vote in any case, and will never get involved in any political party or meeting or whatever else that has now become your existence.

And yet, this potential discussion between you and I could help me tremendously, as it is the first time I communicate with some potential MP, and probably this is only possible because you are not in power. If you were, you would be too busy for that kind of thing. It would help me when I write, get a different view about what politics is all about, because as X stated, we are all highly disillusioned with politics, and I wonder if we will ever recover from that. In a way, with a title for one of his books like: "X", perhaps Mr. X is as cynical as I am, as this could also be the title of my book "[Destructivism](#)".

And yet, it is also possible that from me you could learn a few things. I am blunt and true to my thoughts and with people, I say it how I feel, it may hurt sometimes, but it makes me feel better as my message went through. You can call it the French honesty that most British mistake for being rude, when it is simply honesty. However I am French-Canadian and I have more in common with British people than French, it is the result of a successful assimilation political programme that we witnessed in history, and today I don't really mind all that. So, let's talk for now, and whenever you or I become too busy, then we can stop for a while and get back to it later and see where this goes.

Your message sounded more like a brand making exercise, an ad, of you trying to sell yourself than actually being a human being at the other end of the communication channel. It doesn't fool me and it won't fool anyone else. I am an author, I have six books published in France, I also have to promote myself, I have to write books in which I have to be very careful about how people might perceive me or what I say, and most importantly, I cannot even mention any of my past successes because then it is viewed as being vain and pretentious, I

need to hope somehow that someone will go and find out about it on his or her own, and that is very unlikely.

There is one thing X said in the link you gave me that I felt was inspiring: "We have to put into effect what we say we believe in, whether we're elected or not." The rest of his article was about branding for the (political party), how people perceive politics and the party, and how to change it in order to win. In effect, it is an article for the people of the party, and not for the people. I noted that in his constituency he came third with only 12% or so of the votes. I guess he is not getting through, even though as an author of economics he is high profile.

The truth is, there is nothing you could do in order to interest people in politics, get them out of their flats to attend meetings, consultations and other borough initiatives, or even to get out and vote. The plain truth is that we are way too busy with work and other problems including bureaucracy, to have the energy or the will to get involve in anything else but our own lives, and the least politics, which the single mention of it makes anyone wishing to puke all over the place.

After all the deceptions and lies of Blair and Bush, perhaps only a civil war would get people interested in politics again, after the war. When they will feel that it might make any difference and that perhaps it is a necessity. At this time, unless any of my opinions could be heard as I sit here at my table of my computer, I'm not interested, and even then, God knows what would interest me in politics. And yet, after all that happened recently and even before, I have written extensively on the topic, even though it was much more general, global issues.

After I told you about my book "Destructivism", I read again all the first part about politics, and I thought, yeah, that is exactly what eats me inside, that is exactly what I would want the politicians to read and understand. I don't care about being green, recycle and saving trees, neither anyone, we all take it for granted that this is important and that the government will deal with these issues, as it is expected from them, and no matter how much I could get involved, I wouldn't want to, I have other more pressing issues I am worried about. If this issue was so important, the Green Party would be more popular. As it stands, they can only win a few seats on any elections.

People are much more selfish than you could ever imagined, they all but think of themselves and their family, that is all. Who would vote for someone because that someone wants to become green, to reduce CO<sub>2</sub> emissions and save a few trees? No one. What is it that people are worried about? Especially in Hounslow, where a large percentage of the population is actually immigrants or foreigners, most of them without any understanding about internal politics, with no desire to learn anything more upon the subject?

Well, I believe they may be worried about what I am worried about, and if someone in politics was actually capable of speaking straight to me about these issues, I think I would go and vote for once, as long of course as I could vote over the Internet or via my Sky Digibox (as long as I don't have to go online and pay), because going to some place I have no idea about, to go and vote, is passed date, I will never bother, I don't have the time or the energy.

As I was reading "Destructivism" again, for the first read after writing most of it whilst I was drunk, I truly understood what are the issues I am worried about.

I am worried that I spend all my money in the first few days of the month, and that for the rest of the month God only knows how I survive. I worry that I do not have any assets, all I have is a computer and a Renault 5 from 1989. I am worried that I can't afford the MOT, the taxes, and the insurance. I am worried that I may not be able to keep Sky Movies any longer, as my bill is now 50 pounds per month, including Broadband. I had to get into an IVA a few years ago (you do know what is an IVA, do you? Individual Voluntary Arrangement with

your creditors, in order to avoid bankruptcy) because somehow, just for survival, I managed to accumulate over 60,000 pounds in debt with monthly payments of 1200 pounds per month. Now it is my partner who has reached that point, and getting a new mortgage has been a long and painful process for the last 3 months, to the point that we are now barely talking to each other.

I am also worried by the alarming rate at which policeman and policewomen seem to be appearing on the streets of the borough as a result of terrorism. And instead of inspiring protection, they instead appear to be turning against us. I never got a ticket in my life, and in the last three years I got something like 20 contraventions mostly involving parking my car. Same for my partner who is a courier driver, he lost so many points for average speed because of these cameras, that he nearly lost his job and only kept it because he went to court to plead with the JPs. I would like someone in power to say enough is enough, to cut back more than half the police force and the parking attendants in the borough of Hounslow and decide to get rid of at least 80% of all the security cameras. This sort of surveillance and entrapment has really got to me, to the point that if I could, I would get out of this borough and get as far as I could from anywhere near London. No one needs such a Big Brother society, no one wishes to become criminals because somehow at some point they went a bit over the speed limit, or rushed out of the car to drop a bag at the dry cleaner within 30 seconds without paying for the car park. In fact, this obsession of park meters is becoming ridiculous, that every single street is now plagued by them, accompanied by an army of parking attendants, and now new cameras are sending you tickets through the post. This borough has now become a place no one wishes to live in.

I will not even mention that now a train ticket for central London has tripled in price in the last decade, it now costs a tenner, just like the congestion charge. We are no longer going to Central London, we simply cannot afford it. So who has won anything with all that? All we suffered in the last few years is more restrictions, more contraventions, more laws and regulations, more expensive standard of living without even the chance to see our salary at least follow the annual interest rate. I am now a civil servant, as you know, with a salary of 15,000 a year. You should hear my colleagues about how miserable they feel, I'm surprised one of them has not yet committed suicide, and yet they are all in the 19,000 a year bracket, because they have worked at the Court since forever, and I am just a newbie.

Now I have one big worry, is to get my British citizenship, and somehow the law just changed and I had to take that ridiculous test about British ways and history, which I now have done. But it would not only cost me 700 pounds I don't have to apply for my citizenship, but the sheer horror of the bureaucracy involved has discouraged me so far from going ahead with it. I have finally decided that I need a solicitor to apply, just in case somehow I miss a detail somewhere and do not get my citizenship. After all, being gay in a gay relationship has highlighted way too clearly how difficult and bureaucratic this whole process of obtaining visas and the lot is. Just for that I think that if I could go back in time, I might have reconsidered deciding to move from country to country, your whole life becomes this bureaucratic process of immigration, and costs a fortune in solicitors. This is now 2000 pounds I need to come up with in order to get my citizenship, a lot of forms to fill out, a lot of papers to provide, and a lot of patience as it could take them up to a year to even acknowledge my existence and give me an answer. Whilst all this time they will again have my passport and I will not be able to visit my family in Canada (not that I have the money anyway), and I think my passport will run out before they make a decision. I have been worried about what to do about my visa in my passport once it runs out, I have been unable to find the information on the Internet.

Don't mention Citizen Advice Bureau to me, every time I went to them, and ultimately afterwards went to an expert solicitor on immigration and

especially gay immigration, I learnt how wrong they were and how they quickly would have got me kicked out of this country.

Other worries are how the work environment is simply untenable, how everyone is just backstabbing as much as they can, how management and Personnel are trying very hard to simply accumulate information about everything we do wrong for the day they will finally be able to sack us. It seems it is not possible to be happy in a work environment, and this is even more traumatic when your salary is even lower than the people cleaning the streets, and yet they expect from us to be so educated, bright and knowledgeable about the most complicated things, it is amazing.

I wanted to be a teacher, there is a big shortage right now, I would need one or two more years of studies, I can't afford it, I can no longer study any more. If a Master Degree in Literature is not sufficient, then so be it, I won't be a French teacher.

Apart from that we have problems with our neighbours, they will find any pretext to start wars, they will cut all our trees and plants until none remain, they even sent the police to my door a few years ago, accusing me of destroying their car, when I don't even know what their car looks like. We're living in a building filled with mad people, and every few weeks something like 10 police cars show up for whatever reason we are never told about, and every time we wonder if they are not here for us, since trying to be as perfect as one could, it is just not possible, and somehow, God knows, maybe they could have something against us, who knows.

I understand that there is little you could do about all this, but these are a few examples of the real issues people are dealing with, and you have to admit, it seems that politics is really off the mark when it comes to any of these issues. There is no one or no party I could vote for who would, or even be interested in any of these real issues we are dealing with. If being in politics at the end of the day is to make sure the garbage bins are being collected, that recycling is being done, that whatever street that needs to be paved is paved, then perhaps we don't need elections for that, civil servant could deal with it, and ultimately it is of no concern to anyone.

If we are talking national elections, then it is even more incongruous. None of these issues really concern me, unless they were to talk about being against gay people, or wanting to go further with their wars with the rest of the Middle-East, or if suddenly a yet bigger clamp down on immigration was imminent and would make it totally impossible for me to get my citizenship after being here for 15 years, with great difficulty. Now you understand my delusion with politics and why I have little time or interest for it. Also that they say one thing, you elect them, and yet they do nothing about it. You can get caught a few times, but now we know it is useless.

Wow, I would like to apologise for all this. I didn't think I was going to become so moralist. However, now that I have spent so much time writing this, it cannot go to waste. If that is all right with you, I will copy and paste it in my blog "[Crown Court Madhouse](#)". I will not post any of your own writing in there, and I will delete any reference to your party. It will be a message sent to a potential MP. I will put an X instead of (that author). Anyway, that blog is low profile as I said, I don't want anyone at work finding it, I would be sacked on the spot, another of my worries, that we do not really have any freedom of speech. After that, my other concerns are all more global, they deal with freedom and liberties, and other rights, as discussed in "[Destructivism](#)". I encourage you to read more of it.

When it comes to politics, there is only one MP who has truly made a difference in this world and showed spectacularly that he truly believed in what he was saying, that there was never any subterfuge to uncover in order to find out what he truly believed in, and if what we were fed was not an exercise in getting elected. We truly felt that if such a man would come to power, there



would be a significant difference. Unfortunately, just like for your party, they were third and so will never have any chance of getting into power. His own party felt threatened by his growing popularity, they refused to elect him as their leader, and if they had done so when only six of them were in parliament, they would have won the next elections. He is gay, he is extreme, he faced going to prison more times than I can count, he is truly something to be remembered. His name is Svend Robinson:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Svend\\_Robinson](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Svend_Robinson)

<http://www.svendrobinson.ca/>

If you ever achieve 25% of what he has achieved, without his party ever coming into power, you would have done great per British MP standards (they could never be in power, since they are per definition anti-French, and without the French part of Canada's backing, you simply could not win an election in Canada). He was in power though, but he was highly controversial, and it worked well for him, because he was highly opinionated, and whatever the reaction, he truly believed in what he was saying and was fighting for, so in the end you can only respect that. He is the only member of parliament that I know of that went so many times on the first page of all the newspapers in Canada, despite the fact that he never was more than a simple MP in Vancouver. That is what I call result, he has achieved more as a single MP than any Prime Minister in power ever did. And never once was he worried about being re-elected or acted just to self-promote himself, he was a true political warrior just for the sake of it. I proposed to write his biography to him once, but he declined, stating that I was the third person to propose the same thing to him.

His party in Canada is the equivalent to yours in the UK, New Democratic Party, more leftist than any other party. They however enjoyed more success than your party did in its history. Svend must have been the only MP of that party who had a safe seat at every election up until recently, when he had an accident and was caught stealing. And yet, none of this destroyed his promising career, it is amazing. He is the only MP I have ever respected, and the only one I will ever respect, due to his strong convictions and his actions which proved it without any doubts. Even if he had not been in power, I feel that this kind of person would still have helped Canadian politics more than anyone else, he certainly restored faith into politics, mostly by talking against politics.

I was unaware your party existed until only the last elections, and only because all three potential Prime Ministers of the three main parties were on the cover of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors' magazine, when I was working in Westminster. I didn't know you existed until you contacted me. I think you have the right idea with your website and contacting people like you did with me, I would be more likely to vote for you now, just because I know your name. But, please answer these questions truthfully:

-Are you gay?

-Would you openly admit it if you were?

-Have you thought at all about speaking on immigration issues and how you can help such a large community of Indians and Muslims at times of war with the Middle-East? I have not read one word upon the subject on your website, and yet, I would have thought it would be one of your most important issues to deal with, to ally yourself with them, their little communities within the larger British one. So many issues could be talked about, identified, you may wish to consider going further than being Green, something no one truly cares about.

-You seem very squeaky clean, with a few photos showing you with a bunch of losers old women that seem to have nothing better to do than go from one cause to another just for the sake of it. Do you actually have a personal life, do you go out? If so, where? Who was your last girlfriend and why has this relationship not worked? What music do you like? What do you think of our new Prime Minister and his policies? Would you criticise them openly? Who are you really behind that squeaky clean image?

(Thank God I am not writing your speeches, it would be controversial indeed, but believe me, they would hear of you all across the country, the only way to reach your constituents really, since who reads regional newspapers?)

-Do you have any opinion of your own about politics? Would you venture to write articles and put them on your website about politics of the actual party in power and even your party, whether it is positive or negative? Of course, there is no need for it to sound like an ad or a PR campaign, it would defy the logic of the exercise. If you cannot talk openly against your own party about its shortcomings, then perhaps this is not for you. How strong are your convictions, your determination, your beliefs? For that matter, what are your convictions and beliefs apart from the environment?

I think that if you can truly answer these few questions, I would be closer to knowing the real you, and then perhaps instead of just being a PR tool for your party, I might respect you a bit more. You might wish to become more personal on your website, I still know nothing about you apart from the fact that you seemed to be active in the community, you are very young (how old are you?), you are quite good looking (which helps tremendously in politics), and that I wouldn't mind having you for a boyfriend (then you have my vote).

Somehow I wonder if I am not achieving more than you could ever achieve by speaking my mind so much in all my books, I do have opinions and I am not afraid of voicing them. Because I have nothing to gain or to lose, I don't even need to be politically correct (though I am). What about you? Perhaps this is the kind of answers that would give you more credibility and would give you at least a fighting chance in the next elections. At the moment you are only surface, we know nothing about you. No wonder we could be suspicious. Perhaps you should start a personal blog, really personal, that cannot fail to win you votes and win you sympathy.

After reading a bit further, I see that you have opinions and wrote about stuff, and got involved in more than a few issues. I am sorry if I seemed to misjudge you as a consequence of the little time I have in order to assess you.

In a way, perhaps we are working for the same goals in our own different ways. I hope this has helped, I apologise in advance if somehow it hurts. It is not personal, I feel it could be asked and said to everyone else who is a potential candidate in your own party.

Regards,

Roland Michel Tremblay  
Isleworth

<http://www.crownedanarchist.com>

Note: I am not an anarchist, only a literary one, in the context of literature, because I write against the mainstream, and then again you would not think so reading my latest novel [Anna Maria](#).

3 October 2007

I'm on holiday, my first proper holiday since I started working at the Court, and since I have only 5 days left this year and three need to be taken at Christmas, this will be my only proper holiday this year. I had lot's of plan, contacting the solicitors, get the ball rolling on the Citizenship thing, take care of both my taxes in England and the U.S., and that's about all that I set myself to do apart from finishing Anna Maria, but mostly the other stuff is more important right, especially that I am stuck for the last short story of Anna Maria, I don't know yet how I will shrink my ship into the infinitely small, and all the technology required for that short story. I however intend to edit the book tonight, read it again and correct as I go along, after I finish doing the same for Destructivism.

I feel really bad tonight, like in some sort of panic state, I cannot explain why. There must be a reason, I'm trying to think, it may have something to do with the fact that the holiday is almost over, or that it is cold outside and it reminds me of those traumatic return to school times. That is why I will work on my books, when I am freaked out like this, this is the only therapy for me.

Today the parrot, Mr. Barnsworth, managed to destroy my 2000 pounds portable computer. It still works, but the whole screen monitor is cracked at the top and there are many lines on the screen now. It may actually die on me in the next few days. This parrot will end up costing us 5000 pounds in damage in its first year alone.

I thought because he could speak that he was intelligent, I understand now that his brain must be way too small for any sort of intelligence, all he can do is destroy everything with his powerful beak. Granted he seems quite clever at spotting the most expensive thing around before deciding on what to destroy, and he always finds a way to get under the layers of protection we put over these expensive things in order to achieve his evil plan of destruction. And I keep feeling sorry for him because he has only two legs, his two hands being his wings. I can see now that this bird is better equipped than any human being with his two legs and beak, he can pretty much do anything with that which life may requires.

He also will go crazy in his cage if we don't the door to let him free, neighbours have told us they can hear him two blocks away and often wondered if someone was not actually mistreating an animal. I confess that sometimes I wish to kill the bastard, of course I would never dare hurt him. I have never seen an animal so desperate for affection, that he needs to be on my shoulder all the time. I get peace only late in the evening when he finally goes to sleep on the pole over the counter.

I don't feel like correcting my books tonight, finally. I would play an adventure game in order to forget my state of mind, but I played Nancy Drew adventures all evening, and so I'm no longer in the mood for that. I don't know what to do. What should I do? Read more Agatha Christie? I feel guilty about that, because I leave Stephen alone in the other room all day long while I read in the bedroom. Anyway, I read four and a half of them now, I wonder if there is any point in reading any more.

Tonight is the kind of night that if I had been alone in Los Angeles, I would probably have drank myself to death and spent the rest of the night thinking about a way to end my life. I've got to find a way to cheer myself up. Perhaps I should just watch TV, it has been a while since I watched anything, being on a reading spree.

10 October 2007

It has been a while since I had any serious problems at work, but today something has happened which will change all that and I am now entering the war path. The new manager of the General Office is the total opposite to my previous manager, I shouted at her today that we were used to him, who in months never said a word, and her, she says something every five minutes. And

today this has been truer than usual. She has been nagging and nagging for days now and today I reached full capacity of bullshit I can take, and I freaked out. It's not the first time, but this time I think she will not be able to let go, she will push this attitude problem of mine to the limits and I can expect to be called into some sort of meeting to discuss the situation. She called me a disgruntled employee before, but now I think we are passed that point, and I don't want to know what adjective she would use to describe my insubordination.

It is not exactly insubordination, as I do everything she asks, and not only that, I work damn hard, in fact, I am the hardest worker in the general office, and perhaps even of the whole office. You would think she would leave me alone to do my job, instead she constantly criticises and complains that things need to be done this way and not that way, and whatever she always have this direct and authoritarian complex of showing she is the boss and spend most of her time humiliating us and reducing us to drones. Today I said this place was worst than a prison. Prisoners can watch TV all day, they can read, they can write, they can walk outside, we can't do any of this, we work work work like mad, we are chained to our desks and cannot leave it for more than 3 minutes at a time, we cannot go outside except at lunch time, but then it is a course to do whatever we need to do during lunch time, and when we come back from work, we are so exhausted, we need to sleep the rest of the evening.

Tonight in bed I was so freaked out, for the first time since I left Los Angeles did I feel that bad about a job, it brought back even my deep feeling of agoraphobia, to the point I wanted to remain sealed in the bedroom in the dark and not move at all. I can see now that this deep psychological problem of mine will never go away, and whenever both I and my boss cross the line in a working relationship, I go right back to my deepest fears about the world.

I don't know in how much shit I am now, if somehow tomorrow I will be called in for a meeting. All I know is that tonight I will drink a lot of alcohol, I will update my CV, and I will apply to at least one position. It is going to be hard, because this time around I really need to find the perfect job for me. I thought I had found it with a job of civil servant with such a nice manager, I had no trouble at all, almost, it was bearable, we were all happy. But give me a bossy manager any day, and we're bound to clash, because I cannot simply remain still and silent whilst someone is doing its best to alienate me completely.

So, not only I need to find a local job, but it needs not be in the commercial world, and it needs not be in an office shared by 5 up to 30 other employees, with usually 3 to 5 of them being your managers, managers managers and directors, and it needs not to be with a fucking bastard of a boss always on your back and giving you shit for no good reason. How am I to find such a job, does it even exist?

Dear, dear, dear. Here I am once again at the same place one always finds himself within a year of working anywhere. Something breaks, the point of no return is crossed, and it is time once again to move on and find another job, hoping the grass might be greener somewhere else, it is never the case.

I need to find the dream job, no matter how much it pays. And I reckon I have time since my situation is not yet desperate. But it could become desperate quite quickly. So I need to act now.

My only bit of good news, and it is at the same time bad news, is that the BBC is about to cut 2800 jobs, and they cut 3780 three years ago. The good news is that if I did get that job at the BBC a few months ago, I would most likely be on the street soon. The bad news is that there is no way I will now be able to work at the BBC, as they prepare to sack every single employee working in Central London.

It is very simple really, there is no need to cut any job at the BBC, when we could instead cut jobs at the Her Majesty's Courts Services. I know many people who doss around all day where I work, it must be the same across the country. Those are the people who really would need to go. Somehow bitch

managers always manage to leave them alone, even though we all know they are rotten apples. The ones who worked hard are targeted and hence are the ones who leave, insuring that everyone working there are totally useless.

Just had a massive argument with Stephen, who was asking me again if the dog went for a pee tonight, since it appears that she peed for over 5 minutes. I exploded, and I shouted: "I don't need to hear yet again the story about the Mystery of the Dog who Peed for 15 Minutes!"

I am working on my CV, it is a real nightmare. I have over 10 versions of my CVs, and the only one I really need to work on, I think, is the dumb down version of it, not even stating that I have any sort of education. What is a man reduced to in this world to get a job where peace and happiness can finally be found, that he needs to say he is nothing, has no ambition whatsoever, and probably could not find a door handle if stuck in a dark closet. Who would employ such a person? In this day and age, you need a Master Degree in order to be a refuse collector, as proven by all the Polish people cleaning our streets, most of them with PhDs. Perhaps I don't need to dumb myself down, I only need to stress that I am an immigrant from some obscure country, and that as a result I have no hope of finding a job. I don't know what to do. Should I update all ten versions of my CV? It would take me a week. Somehow I have to do it, tonight, and I will.

All right, let's calm down. I am perhaps drinking my third glass of wine, but it is only 9h30 pm. I have plenty of time to update all these CVs tonight. Let's start with the version that has 25 pages (just joking, but just). This time, no lies whatsoever. I think I will limit myself to one version only, with my URL and in bold characters that I am gay, highlighted. Who knows, for once that might be the argument that would get me a job? I can see that I am already too drunk to work on my CV, when I am thinking about telling the truth from the start and open up to any future employer what I am really all about. I can just imagine my future Director reading my website for three nights in a row, and finding exactly all that he would need to find to think I am the worst candidate ever for that particular job, which probably does not require any sort of previous experience or education anyway in the first place.

Funny, I just got a horrible thought. I was wondering what kind of job would be ideal, outdoor, no colleagues around, no boss over my back telling me what to do every second of the day, and truly, cleaning the streets seems to be the ideal job. Not only that, it would pay more than being a civil servant in a Crown Court. Would I dare? Why not? I may even work with a bunch of immigrants who suffered terribly, whenever all their family was killed for whatever reason. It might be the perfect job for me, and I don't mind cleaning the streets. I am so low right now being a civil servant for the British Government, it seems to me that cleaning the street cannot be any worse. Somehow I believe I am too lazy to apply for such a job, because I know that the Hounslow Council would require from me to fill out a 40 pages application form, with reference letters and all, and that is simply too discouraging. It might explain why all the street cleaners have PhDs, it is the minimum requirement in order to have the courage to fill out the application form and go through the interview process. And only immigrants who cannot find jobs anywhere else because of discrimination would dare to go for such jobs. At the end of the day, this must be better than working in a McDonald's, because in a McDonald's you must still have a bunch of managers and directors on your back all day long, failures who suddenly appreciate way too much the little power they got over a few miserable human beings, employees become then the slaves of their small but inflated Ego.

Maybe I am going about this the wrong way, as usual. Every time I looked for a job, I was desperate. I needed a job instantly, or else I stand to lose everything. This time I can choose, I have time. And since any job will turn out to be a nightmare, might as well choose wisely. And wisely for someone like me, would be a job that writing a whole book about would actually be something

interesting to read. I know I will write a diary or blog out of it, might as well be something someone might be interested to find out about. Like working for Microsoft for example, or the Prime Minister, the police, or MI5. Yeah! Let's go crazy! Let's not apply to any job for which there is actually an opening. Let's apply out of the blue to the organisations I truly would like to work for, to find out, to denounce, to write about. Something worthwhile, something that needs to be denounced for posterity about how they go about things, when we thought they were going about it another way, the acceptable way. In that case I need a full blown CV, need to impress. I think most bastards looking into candidates, forget way too easily that the person in front of them, despite all their great experience and achievements, has no desire to get the job they offer or any intention to keep that job within the year. They think, wash! that one is for me! I know, I went into that job as a civil servant with some sort of full blown CV, and they still hired me. Yeah, let's not dumb myself down too much. I need to shine amongst a bunch of losers, not look like all the other losers out there.

Funny, I have now wild ideas of reworking my ultimate CV, I think it would be highly innovative, as it would be poetic and philosophic. It would contain only two lines. I wonder what the reception of such a CV would be. Should I give it a try? "I am a lost human being on this planet looking for something to do. Are you the one able to help such a lost soul?" That might do. Or what about: "I worked everywhere, I have done everything, and now, by some weird twist of destiny, I am knocking on your door. Let's see where this new working relationship will take us."

This would not get me anywhere, however the idea is still there that I feel I no longer need to have a CV reflecting what all those books out there are telling us is the proper way to go about it. It is all very nice, but if 500 candidates out of the 1000 who applied for my job recently all had within their letter something like: "I look forward to hearing from you", it becomes very tiresome indeed.

There would be a way to be different without being anarchist. In the details. No final salutations, no dear Mr and Ms, dear me, can I re-invent the CV right now tonight? Go wild? Perhaps I am drunk enough, it is my fifth glass of red wine after all.

What is the purpose of a CV anyway? They want to know who I am, what I am all about? In that case, there is only one thing I need to provide, the web address of my website, that is all. If there is anything else they require, it can be discussed at the interview. I am now in a position to provide the ultimate CV, a CV of over 100,000 pages long in two languages. Is that what they require from me? Or just one page? How could I possible resume 100,000 pages in one? It can only be done with one line, not one page. Could it be done in one word, the word resuming all that I am? And what would that one word be? I wonder, assuming I wouldn't be lying here. I can only think of one word right now, irony. That would be me, irony. Shit, can I die now with that one word qualifying what I have all been about? Better be irony than bastard or fucker, at any rate.

There is one thing I would not mind to be, it is a journalist. I know they all require a degree in journalism, just to insure probably that all journalists are virtually the same, but maybe I could get lucky. When I was about 20 years old, I showed myself in the offices of the daily newspapers Le Droit in Hull, Québec (Ottawa, but the other side of the river). I met the editor in chief and he told me one thing: "Write me three interesting articles and I will consider your application". I never wrote these articles, I quickly found a job a few days later, then was accepted to study in La Sorbonne in Paris, left for France, and that was it, I missed a great opportunity and regretted it ever since.

Could it be that simple today? Could any editor in chief meet me and offer me such an opportunity? I doubt it. These were simpler days, times when anyone could become a journalist, as simple as Miss Marple becoming the brain of Scotland Yard. Today I'm afraid it is not as simple. But maybe it is. There will be

only one condition though, no training, no extra courses in journalism, you take me as I am and you accept it as I write it. I guess I'm deluding myself.

Can you see how a society can be so out of touch with its citizens, that someone like me is actually looking for a job as a street cleaner? Can't you see that any great society should have identified by now someone like me as having some abilities and potential, that I should be found and put to some sort of good use warranted by all that I have proven so far that I could do? What is wrong with this society that I should be a civil servant right now about to become a street cleaner, whilst I have written over 30 books and that I have a Master Degree? My last job was Management Consultant in conferences, for god's sake! I could teach people how to jump start their conference start up company up until the last detail, and make it a success. And yet, I am now looking to become a street cleaner, as perhaps the last resort of a job where I might find some sort of peace and happiness. What have you done with this life? Why have you turned it into such an ugly place to live and evolve that someone like me wishes to be a street cleaner?

If I was in charge of hiring anyone, and I found myself in front of a kid barely 35 years old with such an achievement behind him, I would kill in order to employ him. I would not even care if that kid was to waste his time all day, I would feel I was still justified in hiring him. Because that kid is working for a higher purpose. He is working at telling posterity what life and the working life was all about for a certain period of our small minded humanity. And God only knows how his mind works, what he is thinking right now, how anything that happens will be described for posterity. He might not show it, it might seem not to affect him, but what if 30 pages are written about that single little event that happened today at work? And that millions eventually will read all about it? How should have I acted then? What should have I done then? Well, you did poorly. You were blind. You were a fucking bastard or a fucking bitch, and quite frankly, the world would do better without you. That is what I had to say really, and I do hope millions of people eventually will get to read about it, fucking bastard, and fucking bitch, that make my life such a misery when there is no need to, when I am already giving you 200%! Fucking Crown Court! Fuck you! I will become a street cleaner, and you know what? There will still be problems to deal with, there will still be shit and shitting people to deal with, because I'm afraid, it is the nature of humanity, and there is no hope for humanity.

I am determined now, I will be a street cleaner one way or another. And let's find out how much shit a street cleaner really needs to deal with, on a psychological level, apart of course from picking up the shit of everyone else on the street on a daily basis.

Oh dear, how low will I need to go before this is all over?

I think I only need one CV version, the one with 25 pages. And you know what? It is with that very version that I will successfully become a street cleaner. Just watch me go, I bet you I can achieve that much, out of this miserable existence. This is what life was in the year 2007 when you were living in London. Terrible times to live in, in history, I know, I was there. And God knows how hungry I was as I could not even afford to buy bread. Is it so surprising then if I become a criminal? I think not. And whatever God you may believe in, will forgive me, though I doubt he will forgive you.

Dear me, is it possible that I could be such a queer person? So queer indeed that everything I think and say and write, is simply out of touch with the normal ways a normal brain works? Is it possible that everything I do, everything I think, is simply so far removed from everyone else's expectations? Could my brain be wired completely differently from how everyone else's brain is wired? Could that be the explanation to all my problems? Do I think differently somehow? Is everything I think is simple common sense completely alien to everyone else? That could go a long way in explaining why it never seems that I could fit in, in anyone else's little bubble universe. Is it that somehow I think so

differently than them, that they simply cannot connect with any of my ideas and what I am all about?

I am from Québec City. I lived most of my life even farther North, you could easily call it the North Pole. I was born speaking French, a Catholic, whatever that may mean these days. I wonder. Perhaps my brain is wired for such an environment, such a nation. Perhaps all I have done so far, the way I think, the way I do things, can only be comprehend and understood by people of my own nation, Québec? Do they think like me? I have no idea. But perhaps I would not be so queer in that sort of society as I seem to be in any other, whether it is in Paris, Brussels, London, New York or Los Angeles.

I have little faith that somehow it would be better back home. That by some weird twist of fate they would all be thinking like I do, acting like I do, and understand everything I have been killing myself in trying to explain so far. What seems to be common sense to me, could actually be an alien language to anyone else, who knows?

Maybe I am ready to go back home. Maybe I am ready to try to observe, analyse and critic my own nation. Maybe I am ready to write not only in French, but in French-Canadian, in jòal (slang). Perhaps this is where my future lay, it is possible that these people think like I do, who knows? I obviously don't fit in, in any society I have lived in since I left Canada 15 years ago, maybe it is back home that I will find what I am truly looking for, where I will meet people like me. I doubt it, but who really knows? Perhaps I am not that queer after all. Maybe the rest of the world is queer. Perhaps my nation thinks just like me, and that if we were to separate from the rest of Canada, together we could achieve greater things than I feel the rest of humanity could never even come close to. How deluded would I need to be to believe such a thing, I leave to my own discretion. Maybe I am ready to go home. But what if I discover then that I am queer indeed? And that I am alone in my own bubble universe thinking like I do?

Dear me, someone really ought to shoot me right now. I despair.

12 October 2007

There, I have put the last nail in the coffin for me at the Crown Court. There will be one more complaint about me from the Magistrates' Court, that will be the third one, and it will also be the third one from the only remaining Magistrates' Court which had yet to complain against me. I would love to say that they waste any time complaining to the Top Manager against me whilst remaining idle all day and not doing their job, but from three different Magistrates' Court? Perhaps I have a problem with my attitude. How could I not, when I am doing the job of at least five of my other colleagues? I am so exhausted, despite sleeping all the time... I only said to someone on the phone that the person he was talking with at the Magistrates' Court was lying, incompetent and that he should speak to her manager, because fines from the Crown Court have to be paid at the Magistrates' Court. You can understand how this will cost me my job.

I have to go back for the last hour of the week now, I will tell them as my defence that I had enough, that I will start looking for another job actively, and that once I find one I will then resign. I have no choice, I'm running out of arguments, and anyway, this job is worse than any other job I ever had in conferences, because when they find a fish as I am, working his ass off to get everything done yesterday, they simply pile up all the work on his desk. As a result, the nightmare of the conference world does not seem that bad, because at least in the private sector, everyone has to do his own job and will never have to do the job of his five colleagues around him dossing around all day.

I had enough, shit, there are two hours left, not one. Plenty of time for another disciplinary meeting about my behaviour. Shit, shit, shit. And when I left the office, I banged the door and a big huge heavy board fell off. That is perhaps



the last nail on my coffin. I am really tired of this life. I'm going to drink myself to death tonight, and I've got to be careful, I will most likely be thinking of suicide.

I'm back now, and yes I had another disciplinary meeting. I played my three cards, one I'm under a lot of stress because of new management and she was giving way too much to do, two that I was still on Grad Fees after all this time giving me more headaches, three that they didn't have to worry about me anymore, I would look for a new job.

That last card should never be played, because you can easily put yourself in the corner. They could easily turn around and say: fine, here's the door. Especially if like me you have become a disgruntled employee and hence unmanageable. That employee might as well leave then. I however work so damn hard, and they know it, that I could afford to play that card, but I can only play it once. So when you play it, you have to look for another job. However it did defuse the situation, and in the end, I understand that the situation wasn't that bad after all. I only told her she was lying and that she was incompetent. I have now to write a letter of apology to her on Monday, where I will state that what I said was not as bad as the third party claimed that I said (when in fact he repeated exactly what I had said). I also made a critical mistake, I have sworn in the office, twice I have said "fucking", that guaranteed me a well deserved reprimand and brought the whole meeting to another level, it was now a highly serious offence. I was told that they were hoping it would be the last time I would find myself in that office because of the way I speak to people on the phone. Fair enough.

I told them that my previous manager was the best manager I ever had in my entire life. That didn't go well. He was qualified to me as a hands off type of management style, where the new girl is 100% hands on (a control freak would be a better qualification). At one point I did admit that the new girl was a great manager and that she was exactly what this office needed (so the others will start doing some work for a change). That went well, actually it is the only thing I have said that will save my neck, because there would have been no way for me to be able to work there with her again if I had not stated it, and in truth, I wasn't lying when I said it. I just don't need that type of management myself, as they said, it seems I work better in a hands off management style.

So now, for my next job, I need to find something with a lot of hands off management style, and no customer service of any kind. I cannot deal with customers, I don't have the patience. I cannot deal with management either, I don't have the patience. Basically, I cannot deal with having a job, which is why I never keep one for more than a year, and now any potential employer can read it between the lines, one year is the maximum I ever kept a job, which might explain why my CV has 25 pages, I have been working in complicated and demanding jobs for 25 years.

I am not angry anymore, I am peaceful, perhaps because I am simply too tired. All of it was my fault, even though the woman obviously didn't know what she was talking about, you cannot however tell them the truth, you have to be diplomatic, professional, you have to tell them to fuck off in a very nice way, and then you can get away with murder. And she must have been lying, or else she must have started the day before, how in the world could she think that fines from the Crown Court were to be paid at the Crown Court? Maybe just like me she was trying to get rid of a disgruntled customer in a polite way, and hence, she must have been lying to him. I know, they lie to me all the time these people at the Magistrates' Court, in order to avoid doing their job and provide me with the legal aid orders and bail applications. They have tried every single trick with me, but I know better, they're just a bunch of lazy bastards, and they get paid more than we do. I am however perhaps even worse, because I take no shit from anyone, I don't take prisoners, I shoot them dead right there right now, to hell with the consequences. Sometimes I wonder what sort of manager I would be, perhaps I would be the worst bitch ever known to management history. One thing

for sure, what the people under me couldn't do, I would certainly do it myself. Managers don't even answer the phone unless it is theirs, they don't go to the counter unless they are specifically required to do so. Managers are simply checking and delegating, and annoying everyone else around them. What sort of management style is that? I'm not sure, I think it is called hands on.

And now I will spend the weekend reading, just to change my mind before the war on Monday. I don't know what to expect, all I know is that it is my birthday, and instead of expecting a cake from them, I have to buy pastries and bring them there on Monday morning for everyone to profit from my birthday at my expense. I don't understand this idea that the celebrated person needs to bring the cake, but it is how it is done at the Crown Court. I won't even get a birthday gift because we have no money, I didn't get any for the last 15 years. I won't even get a card, I never got one in years. This is the price to pay when you decide not to give gifts or cards to anyone else around you, and to be honest I am glad I won't receive any of that crap, because I don't need to be bothered with birthdays. It is always someone's birthday, it is time we calm down and see these days as nothing that important after all. I will be 35, not a critical turn, I'm still young until I reach 40, I wonder if I will ever reach 40. I never thought I would reach 30, funny enough. I have written a lot in the last five years, I could write a lot in the next five, in fact, I could write my best work yet, I have to, I have no choice. So maybe it is worth signing a new contract of five years with the devil and continue this miserable existence for a while. If only I could find a way to find happiness, free myself from these jobs and managers, find a way to write full time. That is what I need to concentrate on if I want to live to be a hundred.

I could always become HIV positive I suppose, being gay I am at high risks, but my sex life is inexistent, and nowadays AIDS is like diabetes, you can now live another 30 to 40 years (finally the 100 billion dollars we spent on that disease in the last 25 years has produced some results). I could always have a problem with this high level of platelets that I am apparently suffering from without even be able to know unless I have a blood test. The fact that there is no reason for it, is puzzling indeed. It could develop into something more serious, leukaemia for example, bone marrow diseases, but what the heck, I am more likely to die in a car accident, from cancer or suicide before these platelets become something that I should truly worry about. For now I will just smoke and drink myself to death until I fall asleep, while I can still afford it from a financial and health point of view. I've got to be careful, I am getting old now, 35, shish, I am nearing the end of my existence. I also have to be careful not to end this life whilst being a civil servant, because I'd rather never have been born than to read on my tombstone my name along with who I was, a civil servant. Funny enough, in death you are simply a name, a date you were born and the day you died. At that point I guess this is all the remaining identity that is required by law, you don't need to say where you were born, everything you've done, what jobs you had, reference letters, who you were married to, and were your kids, if you had a criminal record, if you ever declared bankruptcy or lied to anyone on an application form, or if you told a few bitches from the Magistrates' Court to go fuck themselves. Thank God! There is a light at the end of the tunnel, I think.

If only the Crown Court didn't have to deal with the Magistrates' Court. And when I think of the defendants who may be innocents, and yet have to go first through a Magistrates' Court, then a Crown Court, then appeal to the Court of Appeal, frankly, I am so discouraged for them, I believe I would do anything I can to avoid getting justice if I thought someone had done me some wrongdoings. It wouldn't be worth it, I don't have two to three years to waste and a million pounds just to see justice being done. The justice system is a disaster, and I am not proud to say that I am part of that useless and horrifying expensive bureaucracy, especially when I know no one at the other end is interested or doing anything to insure the minimum amount of problems, and that anything that is done to remediate that huge bureaucracy problem, cannot

but fail. The result of the solution is just more aggro and more depressions on the civil servants side. I could think of a better solution, but it would be so radical, no one would accept it.

Now I need to assess my situation, my life, what is it, where I am. I feel sick again tonight, and it is frightening me, because that kind of sickness is psychological, it is mental. I think the agoraphobia is only the tip of the iceberg, a by-product or a consequence of something perhaps deeper. I feel fear, deep fear inside, fear of the world, of everyone around me. It makes sick, it makes shrink like an old man, it is paralyzing me, I can barely walk. I experienced that feeling this week, after my fight with the manager at work, and today's events has deepened everything. My crisis appears to be self-made, self-inflicted, it is time I consider that perhaps this won't go away. Maybe tomorrow I will be fine, and I hope so, but at the moment I cannot even entertain the idea of speaking with Stephen, all night tonight I lived in apprehension that he may talk to me, shout at me as he usually does, for stupid and unjustified reasons as well. I am already elaborating in my mind ways by which I could have the quietest weekend ever and not talk to him once. Maybe he is the source of my illness.

Only at the deep end of my crisis in Los Angeles have I felt this. I am usually so strong minded, so strong psychologically, I care little for anyone else and I am usually quite insensitive to everything. What could possibly happen in one's mind that I could so suddenly become incapacitated? I suffered years of verbal abuse from Stephen, why would it finally affect me so, why now? Or is it just that suddenly at work a lot of my problems with the manager are way to similar to the kind of working relationships I have suffered in Los Angeles, and suddenly it brought back all those memories along with how I felt at the time?

I have three solutions. The first one is to see my GP and ask for some pills. This is out of the question. Second, I need to see a psychologist. I never had much faith in them, I never thought they could actually help me in any way, but let's face it, I never before struggled with my mind to the point that it could affect my physical health. And yet, I will need to feel like I feel tonight much more than two nights before I make any kind of move about seeing someone. So that is also out of the question for now.

The third solution is that I need to radically change my lifestyle. I will need to set myself some rules and obey them. For example, I can no longer go to bed past 1am. And already at 12h30 I have to get ready to go to bed, as it takes me 30 minutes to finally be ready for bed. I also need to be at work on time without struggle, and never take more than an hour lunch in order to avoid more problems with the manager. At work, starting Monday, I will no longer stress if nothing gets done, I have to stop this obsession of trying to clear all the work on my desk on a daily basis, it is just not possible and I have to accept that. Somehow I also need to change my attitude, I need to smile and laugh more, lately I have been a walking zombie in a constant bad mood. That might be the most difficult part of this new deal, however if I go to bed before 1am, it might be easier.

The only remaining problem is Stephen. What can I do with this situation? Trying to avoid him all weekend will only alienate him more. I think he wants me to share more time with him, go to places, walk the dog with him. That cheers him up, even if most of the time we simply argue about nothing and everything. So instead of shrinking back into the bedroom to read, maybe I should spend the weekend with him, it could go a long way to restore what's left of this broken relationship. Yes, at the same time, in the state I am now, I feel this weekend might not be the right time to start fraternising more. I feel like remaining in bed, hiding away, for two days straight. I'll see how I feel tomorrow morning.

I just spoke with Stephen, I told him that tomorrow we should do something together with the dog, like going to Richmond Park. I also admitted that I was going through a bad patch and wanted to try to make things better between us. He immediately freaked out and accused me of working on the

computer all night, no wonder that I am always in a bad mood. So at least it seems that I have rightly identified the problem, I spent too much time writing and not enough with him.

I didn't think I would be able to tell him that somehow I feel instable psychologically, people don't take that sort of thing seriously, even though it is not uncommon that people will be off work for a while because of mental instability, but for that to happen, you will first need to suffer a crash or some sort of serious breakdown. For example, when I am sick, I need to go through a return to work interview and fill out a form explaining my illness. They are tough on that, absenteeism appears to be their first line of attack. Usual reasons won't do for the Crown Court, they either need to see clear sign that you are physically sick, and not faking it in any way possible, or back problems and food poisoning might be your last defence, as no other reason will do. I cannot imagine for one second that if I were to write down on that form: unexplainable agoraphobia and deep sense of fear, which makes me want to crawl into a ball in a sealed off and dark room, would do. I don't think depression would be acceptable unless you are already someone identified with mental instability, for example if you are already seeing a doctor and taking strong drugs.

So I will first need to breakdown or suffer a crash, and today it sort of happened. Could have been much more serious, in a way I am fortunate. And now remains to me to take the means to get better, peaceful, happy, somehow...

One way I know would solve all my problems. They detected a gaping hole in the universe a billion light-years long, where there is nothing. Sounds like the right place for me to be, right in the middle. In fact, solving the mystery of this void would go a long way to answering what it is that we actually see when we look at the night sky. If this void does not destroy the Big Bang theory once and for all, nothing will, apart of course from the fact that galaxies appear to speed away from us at ever faster speed which could be described as faster than light. But that is just a misinterpretation of the red shift test, light is not like sound apparently, a red shift would be no indication of how far is a galaxy. We still have a long way to go to figuring out this universe, I tell you. I'm even losing patience with science, I will end up like Nietzsche if I am not careful, completely alienated by everything, even the simplest detail. My brain is already in overdrive, and has been for way too long. The only Big Bang this universe has seen, was my birth, and the only Big Crunch it may ever hear will be my death. Mind you, I say this in all humility. (I'm kidding.) Perhaps I am still strong after all. However I was talking in terms of different scale universes, I was referring at the small bubble universe that my body actually represents. I didn't think I would need to justify all this, but I might as well, just in case.

I have just spent two hours surfing the Internet about Indochine, the celebrated French rock alternative band, probably the best and only rock alternative band France ever gave us. To give you an idea, they were the first part of a bunch of Depeche Mode concerts in France in the 80's, and have worked with the same guys Depeche Mode worked with. No wonder Indochine is one of my best bands ever.

I am pissed off, greatly. I just found out that the singer Nicola Sirkis must be straight, he married twice, some bitches woman I don't want to know anything about. How is this possible? How can the perfect man on this planet, the only French man I ever admired, with such intelligence, sensibility, intellectual and all, cultivé and knowledgeable about literature and arts, how the hell can he be straight? I would marry the man tomorrow morning if I could, never mind how old he is. But it is impossible. Why would his songs reach me so deeply? Why is it that it is the only thing reaching me right now, when I always thought that most of his songs were about gays struggling to survive... the man is straight? I thought all those stylish woman pictures on the cover of the Indochine albums were just a pretence, art, maybe not. Damn French men, that even straight they can be more gay than the best of us. This only adds to my depression, I'm afraid,

I was so convinced. They did write a song called the Third Sex, clearly about gays, and One Day in our Life, also gay. What's going on? I am as disappointed as the day I found out for sure that Depeche Mode, every single member they ever had, were straight. But at least Depeche Mode never led me to believe in their songs that they may be gay, even if they looked the part for a while.

I suddenly feel very much alone, for some weird reason. Elton John has never been a model for me, thank God, and I'm starting to wonder if perhaps I am not alone in this world. Because not only am I gay, but it seems no other gay person on this planet is like me, thinks like me, or like what I like. I wonder, am I some sort of alien?

Indochine was the very last tread connecting me to the French language. The last thing which made me think that writing in French was perhaps not a waste of time, as French can be such a poetic language, you can do much more in French than in English, assuming it is not because English is a second language for me.

If I was so certain that one of these big publishers in Paris would publish my next weird and incomprehensible book, I would write it, but publishers these days are only motivated by commercialisms, and in France commercialism does not necessarily means a commercial novel, it means that the author is already well known in some sort of disconnected manner with literature, probably television or music. Literature in France is not what it was, even 50 years ago it meant something, today literature might actually be dead. In English, I'm not certain if literature was ever born. It does exist in Germany though. Or is it again my weird tastes that no one can share? Am I out of time? Out of place? Was I born in the wrong century? Sometimes I think so. My idea of literature, I'm afraid, is a book that at first sight does not make any sense, and yet, can speak volume. I have written those, they only seem to speak volume to myself. And yet, I am possessed, I feel the need to write more of that sort, what I consider real literature. I'm not going anywhere anytime soon, I might as well do what I actually enjoy writing. And perhaps I should go back to French. If I do, it will be quite something, never seen before, I don't know why, I just feel it. I have a clear idea how French can be, should be, how it can be perfect literature, and that is what Indochine incarnates in my mind, the perfect literature turned into songs for all to hear and sing. If they had sang in English, they would be a number one band worldwide now, as notorious and rich as Depeche Mode. As it turns out, they are highly popular in the French speaking countries. I wonder though, what they would have sounded like in English, perhaps all the poetry, this mastermind, would have been lost and it would have amounted to nothing. At the end of the day, I think it does not matter anymore in which language I write. Perhaps I should write one last weird one in French. An incomprehensible one, that in the end perhaps I would be the only one who will understand what I really meant, if anything. I wonder if after all those years living and thinking in English would have sabotaged my ability to write such a book. I wouldn't be so easily writing in English if it was not the case.

I will admit something tonight that I believe I have never admitted before. I started my writing career thinking in terms of The Song of Roland and Tristan and Iseult, both translated from old French to contemporary French by Joseph Bédier. That weird French he came up with, some sort of compromise between the old French and the new one, what was mainly my motivation and style in my early work. There were also two poets I was really deep into then, Arthur Rimbaud, feeding all my dreams of going to Europe, and something much closer to home, Émile Nelligan, a French-Canadian poet. Both poets were gay, at least one confirmed gay, Arthur Rimbaud. Both were only celebrated as poets after they were dead. And both only reach success because after their death some people worked very hard to make their ultimate dream come true. Today in Québec, those two poets are the most celebrated ones you will ever find, and no one can hope to even come close in the centuries to come.

Well, I was deluded enough in those days to believe I could write books even more incomprehensible, and yet, clearly stating something, the word is actually "poésie en prose", meaning poetry turned into novel. I thought this was so revolutionary, I would instantly be recognised as a great author. When this did not come, as I should have known it wouldn't, I thought that like Rimbaud and Nelligan, I would only be recognised after my death.

It may seem like nothing to you, to read this right now, but for me, for many years, it is the thought that motivated me big time to continue writing even though I wasn't going anywhere. Yes, six of my books are published now, but the reception was hardly what I was dreaming of, I am no Arthur Rimbaud or Émile Nelligan, iconic figures of poetry and literature that go way beyond whatever it is they may have written. What truly remains of them is an archetype, an idea of freedom and liberty, of walking on green fields with no responsibility or obligations whatsoever, but just this desire to be alive, just celebrating being alive with nothing else.

In my mind, writing such weird books as *Towards the Green Fields* and *The Revolution*, I thought I would only be recognised after my death, and I felt justified in writing stuff no one would ever wish to read, or at least, that no publishers would ever be ready to publish. And yet, for me, this was real literature, it was new, it was revolutionary, I felt powerful writing these books, so powerful, I don't think you could ever understand how I felt then. For that alone I always thought I was a real author, I was the real thing over everyone else. And all the shit I have written since then, is not even worth talking about. And yet, this is what has been published, this is what is commercial. It is still me, my style, weird, unconventional, but nothing with what I initially come up with as my true signature, some great author I thought I was going to be, that I deserved to be. And God knows if that had been a success right then, what else I would have come up with, something even better, revolutionary indeed, that was the word. Real new literature, for a society deeply in need for something new.

I am still soul searching, I am still thinking that this is the literature I need to get back to, pursue those initial thoughts I had, and see where it could lead me. Real new literature, something almost unthinkable in this day and age, when we think we have seen everything there could be under the sun. It is not true, it is far from being true.

There is only one main big obstacle in that fresh and young way of thinking. I thought I would only be recognised as an author, a great one, after my death. I have come to understand in time that if Arthur Rimbaud and Émile Nelligan came to be known as such, it was more due to luck and a fluke than anything else. And that for these two poets alone, hundreds if not thousands must have been equally good but never reached anyone. And that ultimately, it was very likely that even my death would not bring about such different literature to the world, I would die forgotten. Which is why, I suppose, in time, I walked away from that style which I thought was real literature. And now I guess, all I am doing is normal literature, what is expected from any author in this century. And yet, I can't even get that work recognised. So all of it, my whole existence, has been a waste of time, a waste of what a true author could have been.

I thought somehow that I first needed to reach some success before I could get back to what I initially thought was literature. Now that I understand that success will never come, and even that success is not actually worth it, perhaps I should consider getting back to my initial thoughts.

I have never forgotten where I came from, *The Eclecticism* was part of that school of thought, it was written in the same spirit, and it was actually published in Paris, to my great surprise. And recently, *Destructivism* was also a distant cousin of that school of thought, same spirit, spur of the moment. They are both books that are not journals, blogs, diaries, or whatever, and yet, they are not that obvious, they are unusual, of a different style. But they are not what I had in mind then, I need to go even further. I need to push it to the limits. I

need to write that last masterpiece before I die. I'm not even certain if that would be like *Towards the Green Fields* or *The Revolution*, though I feel the *Revolution* is exactly the style it should be in. I'm not certain if I could write such a book in English, so much is involved at this point, so many interpretations, so much poetry, I don't think I could achieve such in thing in English. The thing is, *The Revolution* was so brilliant in every way, I wonder if I could ever find a better idea. I must somehow. I would hate to think that I could only write one masterpiece, whilst I was 17 to 19 years old. Surely I can do better now? I wonder.

It is not the first time that in my babbling I make this reference to the fact that I believe the best book I have ever written and might actually ever write is *The Revolution*. I feel the very end could have been done better, but I don't think I could get back to it now and rewrite the end, and so it will remain as it is. Not once in my entire career as a writer, if someone could call it such, did I get any feedback from any reader of the *Revolution*. So, for me, this is simply strong convictions that this is a great book, and perhaps the only one I wouldn't mind be remembered for after I'm dead. I have never changed my mind in 25 years, this is still the book that stands as my best work ever, along with perhaps *Towards the Green Fields*. Today I can wonder why. I can especially wonder if I could write stuff I could eventually consider better or at least equally good.

I'm afraid I may never be able to. That such books could only be written once, at an early age, when one is still innocent and ignorant, and struggles with all this new information that reaches him somehow, about this world, this universe, and what it may all be about, if anything. I have lost that innocence a long time ago, even if I have grown to become such a cynical human being, as if somehow I had never accepted it, accepted this life. And yet, still unable to get back to that initial innocence.

No doubt this is why for a while I thought I had already written everything I ever wanted to write and say, and that there was nothing else I needed to do on this planet. No doubt I thought then I could never do better than I had already done when I was barely a teenager. Now I wonder, perhaps I can do better, perhaps there is still time for me to get back to this literary style and do better. And I wonder, could it be done in English? And what form and shape will it take? And how drunk will I need to be to even start writing such a book? Even, what drugs would I need to be under the influence of? Drugs are quite out of the question, and if I could think and start and finish such a book without the need of alcohol, it would be even better.

Is it not typical of me, that whilst I stand over my life standing in ruins beside me, my professional, social and personal life is going to hell, I can only think of the next book I will write, as some sort of salvation, which would make all my existence worthwhile? Could I even start writing that book tonight? It is only 3 in the morning after all. And I had the day from hell. Perhaps that kind of new literature I am thinking of, does not requires one to think too much about what he is going to write about. There is beginning, and there will be an end, and by the time you reach that end, you will see, the whole think will be complete, will be something whole that makes sense, many senses, to the point where once again I will wonder, have I written that book? It is so ingenious, how could I have written it, when there was no planning of any sort, no thought about any kind of plan or structure, and yet, here stands before me the best thing I thought I could ever write. How do you explain that? I can't. But I know a great book starts with no thought at all, just inspiration, a desire to write something great, and then, it happens. Come to think of it, it is how I have started writing every single book I have ever written. Or else I instantly had a great idea and felt the need to write it all down instantly, and developed it further in time, after thinking more. The latter is more about everything I have written in English, not in French. In English I just needed a great instant idea, in French I needed inspiration building up one night, a greater idea that didn't make any sense, and yet, it was there all my

mind, something surreal, that could not be described in words or in a few lines, but then again, became books.

I need to get back to that. Two years ago I proudly announced on my French website that I would not write another word in French, and I have been faithful to my word. Today I wonder if perhaps writing in English was not a mistake. And now, I wonder, could I actually write and think in French once again? It has been so many years... Maybe I should not think too much tonight. Perhaps it is time for me to go to bed, so I can actually go to Richmond Park with Stephen tomorrow.

One thing I should sleep on, this lack of success gives me a unique opportunity to write whatever I want, as if I was writing for readers who might only be interested after my death. And so I should concentrate on the style and what I truly want to write, instead of what I feel the masses want to read. I care not for the masses, I never did, and they never showed any interest anyway, so why should I care? With this thought, the question is, what would my next book be about? Well, a defendant in the Crown Court right now, his name, or her name, is Pop Hristic. Somehow that inspires me...

I was just visiting my own French website, where I have clearly stated all that I have written in 2005, 2006 and 2007, this actual year. I have always believed that no matter how much shit I go through in my life, in the end, it always turns out that the last year was always better than the previous one. And so far I have never been proven wrong. Last year should have been the highlight of such a mounting adventure, since I was actually in Los Angeles. It was a great highlight, and I thought then after my return to London, that I would never be able to beat that. And yet, I have written a lot in 2007, including Anna Maria and Destructivism, and in my mind I instantly thought, this is the best year yet, I have successfully beaten that miserable year in Los Angeles. And somehow, this brings me hope for the next year, for 2008, it will beat the lot, it will somehow be more exciting and worth my while than any previous years. What then can I expect from 2008? That is another thought I need to go to bed to. It is highly motivating. I should never forget all of my achievements, especially literary ones. I never thought I could actually write a book like Anna Maria, and yet I did, and I did better than I ever thought I could. So fuck you, all of you, I am proud of myself despite your total ignorance of me and whatever I may be writing. I guess in the end what counts is only me, how proud I am of what I feel I have personally achieved, and how great I feel that achievement was. It cannot be measured by any sort of comparison, or from any sort of feedback, I can only rely on how proud I am of myself, and I am proud. Perhaps this is all that really counts.

14 October 2007

Today I have written my two most esoteric entries in Destructivism and Anna Maria, entries that I truly believe in, and yet, they are not part of this world or whatever it is we came to believe the limitations of this reality may be. This kind of thinking might be the real source of my existential crisis, the underlying truth about this universe, which makes all of it a useless waste of time.

When you start thinking in those terms, where you begin to question reality, and your own thoughts take over the reality you thought you were living in, there is no turning back, and the result from your point of view could be seen, I suppose, as alienation, madness, and yet, in my mind, it can only be the truth, another understanding, reaching to something you might never understand, where in the end, from my point of view, you are the alienated ones, the small minded ones.

Isn't it true that if you think too much, eventually, you will find yourself in a totally new universe? With different laws of physics, altogether new laws governing reality? I think so.



I sometimes believe I have become mad, a nut case. When I start to believe firmly in whatever my own imagination was able to come up with. And yet, there is no reason to believe that this might not actually be the real reality we all evolve in, or the one reality, the only one, that truly exists for me.

At this point, either I am right, or dear me, no one in this world could help me get back to this reality. I will be too far gone by then, as I already feel I am. I no longer believe in reality. I make it, I imagine it, I create it the way I want, the way I feel, for whatever reason. It is either a limitation of my own imagination, or a need to go through some sort of nightmare, which got me stuck in a reality no one would be happy to evolve in, in the first place.

I can change it overnight, I can make out of this life, this reality, whatever I want, instantly. And yet, it seems, my desire is to suffer, everything there is to suffer, in such a world. Granted, none of it is useless, I do learn from it, I do write about it, and yet, there is no need for any of it. I can change everything overnight, by thought alone. And even, to a certain extent, I can change my life overnight without even some miracle. I could leave my job, I could leave my partner, I could leave this country. And yet, I don't. How do you explain it? I can't.

It is also possible that somehow I feel I can't do any of this, for whatever reason, and that creating this mad world in order to escape reality is all I could come up with in order to make this existence bearable. In my madness, I would have come to believe it, as some sort of comfort. As if nothing in this world was actually real. How nice would that be? How comforting? A grand illusion. A grand delusion, and the better if you get to believe and see it as such.

This world is made out of concepts and definitions, about what it is that we feel we can see and feel. None of these concepts and definitions are set in stone, we are free to redefine everything as we see fit. To whatever would make this existence bearable, acceptable.

I always knew I was a philosopher, what I didn't know is that being a philosopher means that you are completely insane. And when you get to the point when you actually think that the rest of the world is actually insane, and that you are the only one left with any kind of sanity, this is when you need, I suppose, to disconnect, and understand that you have a serious problem, not the rest of humanity.

I'm sorry, I cannot see it that way. I believe I am quite sane, I am a firm believer that you are all insane, in your own ways, your beliefs, whatever else, your reality. I will have no part in any of it, none of it concerns me, you see, you are insane, I am not.

How could I be insane? There is only me in this world, all of you, only exist in my mind, it changes daily, I can change everything at will, none of you exist then, I am your creator, I imagined you, you do not really exist, do you? I don't think so. I have developed my own internal logic to explain everything, you have done none of that, you never gave to me convincingly some other reasons to explain this state of affair. So who's mad? You or me? I wonder.

I think that from your point of view, I am insane. And that from my point of you, you are all insane, if you exist at all, and are not simply the fruit of my own imagination, like a dream. So maybe we're all insane and incapable of understanding what this reality is actually all about.

What if somehow I was able to understand something about this world that you have not understood? What if we are not all the same, and that in our differences, I was able to see further about any underlying truth about this world? What if you are wrong and that I am right? What then? Who is mad then? You or me?

Even though that for all intent and purpose it seems that I'm going insane, in actuality, I think I am finally reaching the truth, that in all actuality, I am finally becoming sane. And I don't think I will be wasting time here for much longer. It's time for me to move on. It's time to move on. Move on!

Funny how if somehow you are suggestible, and can get to believe yourself or any other charmer out there, you can easily get to the point of believing that your own death will bring about something great, more wonderful than anything you have experienced so far. And then, if you can so easily convince yourself of anything, then why not convince yourself of everything that is possible and even impossible under the sun? We can after all convince ourselves of anything in this world, this is the power of psychology, of our own minds, as if somehow nothing that our five senses could register needs necessarily be any sort of truth, or even, it all depends on how you wish to interpret this truth.

And if you are desperate enough, that you feel that this existence has nothing else to offer you, that none of it has anything appealing to you in the slightest, why would you then decide to see it the way everyone else sees it? What would be the point in that? What would then motivate you to continue? To go to work tomorrow morning? Nothing. Might as well rethink the universe as we know it, your only way out, my only way out.

I am mad, I am insane, am I not?

It is disturbing for most of us to get to understand that somehow we are not quite right, that we somehow do not see or explain reality the way others do. It is frightening, and yet, it is true. My problem is that I do not find it frightening, I find it desirable. This reality, this life you have all laid out for me, I do not want it, I never wanted it. It is my vision of hell. And as such, anything I could invent in my own mind, anything I could actually come to believe might be, which is far removed from this reality, is welcomed in my mind.

I will believe anything, I will invent anything, I will create anything, and I will somehow believe it, embrace it, accept it as my only reality. And if I am insane for it, you have only yourself to blame, because you have made out of this existence, something no sane person could or should want to live in. At that point, life must be something else, existence must mean something else, otherwise, might as well commit suicide. Now you understand my state of mind.

15 October 2007

I was watching the Dragon's Den tonight on the BBC, where people with small businesses show up in front of those millionaires, if not billionaires, and exposed their futile and frivolous business plans, asking for 100,000 pounds, and hop they might actually go and make millions out of these half baked business plans when they don't even knew how much money they would make in a year.

I can understand, how in hell how you supposed to know how many fish out there will bite at your line in the next year, I guess the key is to be conservative in your numbers, and yet make it look worthwhile. Well, as a result I re-installed my Making your Business Plan software and loaded my old business plan I started in Los Angeles, about starting my own conference company.

I eventually abandoned the idea for a few reasons, it might be wise to reconsider them today, on my birthday, since I can see that my life is going nowhere and that I am simply incapable of working in a office filled with managers and directors and other backstabbers. I cannot see myself working at the Court beyond the one year I initially set myself. This book is finished, it is over 450 pages now, even though of course more than half would go if ever a crazy publisher is prepared to publish that crap.

I have to be realistic, once again. It is possible that Anna Maria will get published, if ever I have the energy to find an agent, but even if it were to be published, there is no 25,000 pounds that will suddenly fall from the sky to encourage me to write another one. I think I can at least bank on this. In this kind of climate and thinking, writing another book would be a simple waste a time, something I could afford if I embark for a second year contract with the court, and yet I would find myself next year in the exact same place. Nowhere.

I spoke with my mom tonight, she told me she bought a new computer and now she wants to talk to me over the Internet. She has taken a course in order to figure out how the damn machine works, and I realise that even my grandfather is now on the bandwagon, connected to many networks, and I spoke with him a few times already.

Well, the conversation went that I didn't have a house, didn't really have a car, I had nothing and no real prospects, whilst my sister and my cousins are buying houses and apartment blocks all over the place, just because they live in Canada and over there, it seems, money flows and falls from the sky, whilst England, with houses costing now 2 millions in average, is quickly becoming a Third World when most employees cannot even dream of buying a high definition television set. Reminds you of something? 1950's perhaps, when people could not afford a black and white TV? History repeats itself.

Well, what are the reasons exactly about why I felt the conference company was a bad idea? It is pure capitalism, it is mercenary, it is an endless strings of cold calls to convince people to attend a conference they don't give a fuck about in the first place. I'm no salesman, I could not convince people to buy chocolate coated peanuts from me at a zoo if that required from me on a television programme. I would have ditched the product in a bin and bought the whole lot from my own pockets, so I would have looked good even though I would have been useless.

I didn't want to spam people, disturb them with phone calls for products they don't want. I am anti-sale and anti-marketing at heart, I wish to see it all disappeared from our life, how could I then start a business? And of course I am not even yet talking about getting the money and making it a success.

I thought at the time that this main stumbling block was too much in itself, and I lost interest. I find that I may now have to walk over my last remaining moral and ethical fibres, walk over my pride, and take the plunge.

There are however a few more rules I need to set. I will not ever be calling anyone in a cold sale type of thing, I will have people do it for me. Anyway, the administration and production side of conferences will take all my time. Even the marketing, as I feel I will be the one doing it. Which means, unless I can get a sales team from the start, a sponsorship team right away, I will need to count on Stephen for all that, and I have no doubt he will be excellent at it. So at least this can ease my mind.

I have decided to finish the business plan. And unlike what I was thinking initially, that all of this could be done without any initial input of money, and hence the business plan was more a security just in case I needed it at some point, instead, this is a proper business and I will use the plan to get an injection of money initially, as large as I can possibly go for in order to survive for at least three years without any profit. That's the goal.

I need to plan three conferences the first year, giving myself a whole year from start to finish. I need to establish the topics, write the programmes, identify the speakers, the potential sponsors and marketing alliances, and marketing possibilities. I need to first think of the subjects, and the first conference needs to be a business conference, less risk, then a medium risk like something I find lacking in the market which is not exactly an identified successful topic, that no one is actually doing to death, and the last conference will be one of my hobbies, like perhaps conspiracy theories, or other controversial topics, perhaps even something no other company would risk doing because of the controversy or the sheer horror of the topic itself. I don't care if I have to cancel two conferences in the end, if one of them works, then the whole thing starts and will dictate the future direction.

Shit, I could work on this all night if I didn't have to go to work tomorrow, and if I didn't set myself new goals of going to bed before 1am, that is in less than 30 minutes.

Somehow I have to make this work, I have to finish that business plan and visit all the local banks in order to get the loan I need, under Stephen's name, since my name is already bankrupted, even though before that it wasn't worth much anyway, since I am an immigrant at any rate. And that is one thing I found out about a long time ago, in 1994 to be exact, that being Canadian in England, makes starting a business something impossible, I was then thinking of starting a publishing company. That would have been a waste of time. 15 years later, at least, I have experience, I was management consultant in conferences, I have something worth pursuing, a company that actually stands a real good chance of making a lot of money. I shouldn't shy away from it, what I am buying, what I am building, is nothing else but my liberty, my own freedom, that is all.

And now I will go and read the half business plan I have already done whilst in Los Angeles, when there, once again, I hit a very big low in my life, and could only see that new company as my way out. I am 35. I once told my mom I would be a millionaire by the time I was 30. I had forgotten all about it by the time I was 30, by my mom reminded me. Well, if I am a millionaire before I am 40, then it gives me 5 years to reach that goal, and in the end I would have kept my promise, it would then just be 10 years later.

I think I should have a general telecom conference, a new energy event, and a conspiracy theory one. Paranormal would be nice, I guess it can be incorporated into the conspiracy one. I think the paranormal event can wait, I feel it might not be as successful as I initially thought. I am not certain about renewable energy one. Telecoms was the rich department of all the conference companies I worked for. True there was a crash and it was never the same afterwards, and yet, it picked up afterwards. Renewable energies was the highlight of the company I worked for in Los Angeles, and the very topic my ex-manager decided on when he started his own company with my colleague, his ex-girlfriend. There is something in it. Conspiracy theory is my pet project, I feel it has potential, and would be too big a risk for any big corporate conference company. Tickers will be cheap, it is for the mass market. Speakers thought might want to be paid, that is another problem, but if I have to pay them, I will. I think I have now established my plan of action.

For the first two business conferences, it will be easy. Just identify all my competitors, steal their speakers and programmes, charge exactly twice cheaper than any of them. They are so greedy, it will be easy, they are now charging up to 3000 pounds per delegate places. I could charge even a quarter of what they charge, steal all their delegates and still make a fortune.

Remain that last remaining problem, which is key to this whole enterprise. The venue. The cheapest as I can find, not a 5 stars hotel at a cost of 20,000 pounds. A place where I can bring my own food, slashing another 20,000 pounds it would cost me otherwise. I will cook for my delegates, and to be honest, not only it will cost me next to nothing, I feel it might actually be better than these hotel menus. Who knows, I might even ship my mother and/or my grandfather from Canada over here so they can prepare the most memorable feast ever.

I think I am all set. I may wish to even have three business conferences to start up with, in three different domains. The conferences my competitors are all charging 3000 pounds each for one delegate. By charging only a thousand, and as long as I can reach them, the market, I think it cannot fail. And let's keep the fringe and the hobbies for the following years, once I am established.

I need to do this, I have to do this, I have to free myself and save my relationship. I dream of the day we will both wake up in the morning to go to work, in our own little snugly office near here, where we will be the bosses and work towards success, in the happy family that all our employees will form. And believe me, I think my management style will be quite hands off, though to be honest, god only knows, maybe I will be highly hands on, except that somehow I feel my management style will not alienate anyone and believe, they will be

happy to work for me. Above all, that is perhaps my most important mission. And if I make a fortune, believe me, they will also profit from it.

And now it is 1am passed. Either I go to bed or read my business plan. You can guess what I will do, I guess.

17 October 2007

The business plan is far from being finished, I guess I kept all the hard parts for the last, the marketing and the finance section. I was wondering how people can guess how well conferences will do if they never did that conference before for something like a few years in a row, the only way to have some idea. This is something I always struggled with before in my previous jobs, since directors and managing directors are only interested in projections, and projections can only be wild guesses. Not only that, I at least knew how much I would charge and the topics of the conferences, at the moment I have no clue about even the basic information, including if I can find a venue for almost nothing.

As well, I had another kind of discouraging feeling when it came to think of producing conferences on subjects I have no interest in whatsoever, like SDH Networks in legacy Telecommunications companies. I don't know how I would find the heart to promote such conferences and even attend them without falling asleep at the back of the room, no matter how much money I could make out of this. The fact is, I don't do this for money, as long as my survival is insured from year to year, that would be enough for me. I might as well produce conferences on what interests me, even, which could further society and the people by tackling controversial subjects which otherwise might not see the light of day.

I talked with my colleague today at work, mentioned possible topics like Conspiracies and Government sponsor terrorism, and even AIDS does not exist kind of thing, he freaked out, saying it was a lie! And then I thought, well, it is controversial enough then, it is the perfect topic for my first conference.

However I spoke about it to Stephen, who just finally succeeded yesterday in negotiating a mortgage for 40,000 pounds, and now all his credit cards are cleared. Perfect timing to discuss once again the idea of a start up company. He would not hear of it, freaked out as well and confirmed that he will not put one penny on his credit cards towards these conferences. So it seems the idea of freedom and liberties, to no longer have any bosses or colleagues around, all that is not that important to him, and that he prefers going from job to job until the heat is too much and that they sack him or make him redundant. Which has been the same scenario for him in his last three jobs. Suddenly this morning, five minutes before I had to go to work, he wanted to talk about it. I said no, I didn't have the time. So maybe there is hope there. And if the topics are controversial enough and about subjects I have a great interest in, then I will be motivated, and that is important before anything else. Or else it will definitely fail.

Controversy might be my saviour, since I have no money to invest in marketing and I have no database. Word of mouth might be my only way to success, and that could only happen if it is controversial and the possible delegates and speakers all have a passion about the topic, whether they are for or against the initial premise of the conference title, which of course will be as controversial as it can be. I have already established a list in Los Angeles of all possible controversial subjects, sex was quite high up, I understand now that it is not so controversial. I need to go back and re-assess that list.

I wonder in how much trouble I could get myself into once I start attacking governments and other powerful organisations and associations. How far will they be willing to go to prevent me from testing the freedom of speech laws which grant me the freedom to organise these conferences? Well, I will have to make sure they can't get me on anything, pay all the taxes, make sure I am 100% registered, and that everything is above board with complete transparency.

As to my past, having two websites and a book with the word anarchist in the title, we'll just have to confront this if and when it comes. Thank god I have nothing to hide and would quite willingly speak about anything I have ever done in my life, no matter the consequences. Even if somehow they were to succeed in kicking me out of England altogether, it would not stop me, since I can produce conferences from the top of a mountain in Tibet if necessary, it makes no difference to me, and I don't need to be there on the day at the conference, others can represent me. Of course I'm jumping the gun, probably none of that will happen, unless I start attacking religions including scientology, who knows. Such a conference should be organised in Germany where they are freaking out about scientology, somehow perceiving it as the return of Hitler. Now you understand how controversial this little enterprise of mine could become. And the truth is, I will have no opinion about anything, I am just a conduit to start discussions, I will not take sides, I will ensure that all sides are there to speak about their own point of view. Truth be told, in the end, I am just a capitalist bastard trying to make a few bucks, enough to have a normal standard of living over the poverty line.

19 October 2007

When you don't go out at all except for going to work, meeting new people is quite something impossible to achieve. Especially if the people you may wish to meet must meet your first requirement of someone interesting, which is being gay. I have gone out twice in the last few months, to see doctors, the first about my asthma and eczema, which I know disappears as soon as I move to Los Angeles, so nothing serious, and the second for my Primary/Essential Thrombocytopenia, a rare illness I appear to have, even though it is as mysterious as its name. My body producing too many platelets, my level is at 1000, when it should be under 400. There is no reason for it, and in itself this illness is not something that threatening, I could still go on to live another 100 years.

What is more unusual, is that both times I have met gay doctors, the first one was from a weird country which I cannot remember now, what is Eastern Europe? Ah, I think it was one of the Islands, not Puerto Rico, but something like that, the Caribbean perhaps. Well, he was white anyway, so don't know which island that was. He wanted to learn French, it was his way of letting me know he was interested in me. He was good looking enough, sort of slim, I could have been interested, but of course I am already in a chaotic relationship, and it seems difficult to go to Central London to meet him for a beer, or even teach him French, though I suspect he has no interest in learning that language.

Today however, my new doctor which is only there temporarily, wow, dear me, he was good looking. He is from Poland, and somehow I was pleased to finally meet someone from Poland who was more than just a street cleaner, of course Britain has such a shortage of staff in the medical sector, they actively recruit overseas. Well, they didn't make a mistake with that one, tall, slim, pleasant, intelligent, blond, I bet he has a huge dick. I almost fell on my knees asking him to save me from this hell my life has become. He has two flats, one in London and the other one in Warsaw. Warsaw, can you imagine? How it would be to live there? In French the name of that city is Varsovie, it is exotic, it is rich in history, it would inspire me a few bricks for sure.

Of course, I would never have dared asking him to go out, or something like that, I am in a stable and long relationship, and he was quite blunt when he told me that in my condition of blood vessels which could clog up, even though the danger is more after I am 40 and getting closer to 50, I should not be obese. Obese? I'm not obese! I have put a bit of weight, and yes, I know I can lose it easily if I feel like it, at the moment I am not highly motivated you see. After he told me that, my dreams were shattered, of course he wouldn't be interested in me. And yet, he asked me if I had any children, that was the alarm bell of any

gaydar. I said I was gay. Not three sentences later he managed to tell me he was single, all alone in London, and probably depressed, just like my previous doctor from the Caribbean. It was a clear invitation, but in those situations, I just freeze and was unable to respond, say something, invite him for a beer, whatever. Anyway, I think I have said, and perhaps I need to remind myself, I am in a relationship. God, sometimes I wish I wasn't. He was so dreamy, just thinking of being in his arms... I could faint. And moreover, he was so desperate, he was interested in me! Probably because he works so hard, just like me, he doesn't go out at all, where then could he meet people?

I wish I had now the confidence I once had, where I would enter a club in all my unique beauty of the best looking kid on the block, would look around once, spot the best looking one, and go straight to him. And what I wanted was clear, and what he wanted was clear, there was no wasting time like straight people do, dinners after dinners to finally end up in bed a few weeks or months later, the very thing the kid at work is struggling with at the moment with all the potential girls he wishes to sleep with, when it is quite clear that what these girls want is the same damn thing, and yet, they have to do their little dance before it happens, and when it happens, often, it's over.

Oh, I forgot to say, something quite funny but sad at the same time. It is of course a misunderstanding, but I wonder. I wanted to know if he knew about the new gene they found which is connected to my over productive platelets, I was tested for it the last time, I wondered if I had the gene. So I asked quite indelicately if in Poland they were on the same level as in England, and if they knew about that gene. Of course he took it as an insult that in Poland they were backward, and I guess it is something he constantly has to fight against in England. In no uncertain terms he went on to explain to me everything I already knew about my weird illness, there's no doubt he knows as much as my other usual doctor, an Indian woman actually, but he made a point to tell me that in his country, in Poland, they were much better than in England, that he was horrified when he arrived in England and saw the state of the health sector. I have no problem believing that, I told him, the difficulty in England when you go to hospital to be treated for anything, is to avoid catching something else that could kill you instantly, like MRSA, which is I understand some sort of plague plaguing all British hospitals, and many patients died from it all over the country. True, he said, there is more equipment and better drugs availability, but for the rest, you better get sick in Poland than in England, was basically what he was saying.

I know he was just stating a fact, even though it truly disturbed me. I have become British, you see, I am sadden when I see the state of the health sector, the standard of living, and what else the British have to live with, like their Big Brother and Nanny State. England has always been a leading country in everything, the second most powerful one at this time after the Americans, and yet, you can witness things in your day to day life which makes you wonder, is all the money going to the military whilst the rest of the population is simply dying? Is this a rich or a poor country? I'm not sure, to be honest. Yes, there are a lot of very rich people here, probably the richest in the world, but like any monarchy from history, rich noble men and armies, never meant that the living conditions in those countries were even adequate or liveable.

I think England needs to invest a lot of money in the health sector, just to get back to some acceptable level, to palliate for the absence of any new injection of money for decades. Its hospitals, like all its courts, all need to be renovated if not rebuilt. On all those computers still working on UNIX or some computer language dating from the last world war, they really need to upgrade. I saw today that the very screen the working was working on at the hospital is identical the one I work with at the Court, something from the Stone Age. It is frightening that they could not invest in that.

And yet, you have to admit that they are aware of it, they are working towards changing everything, and I have seen an extraordinary achievement in

the last 15 years. My hospital is now much better, my Crown Court will be top notch within a year, as construction has started this week actually. And most Underground trains have been refurbished, most trains are new, etc. Of course, it seems inflation has gone out of control, and that now everything cost three times more than it used to, but given a few more years I think England could get back to being the country everyone believe it is, one of the best countries in the world.

I sometimes wonder if Canadians realise what they've got. That with so many natural resources, being so rich and educated and all, and still without being as capitalist and merciless as the United States, with all the free top notch social services available, they've got the best of both worlds. Shame it is so cold in winter, and that winter seems to last forever. Perhaps we should all move to British Columbia, where I hear, winter simply does not exist there. Shame it is so far off in the West, just like California really, which is not only in the West, it is also shamefully way too far in the South. So ultimately living in Vancouver might be better than Los Angeles. I don't know, I don't know where I would live in this world if overnight I were to become filthy rich. South of France, most likely, with certainly a house in Cornwall or Wales, not even certain if I would have something in Canada, might have to buy a house near my family in the North of Québec. Shouldn't be hard, a three floor house there cost the same price as the last car you bought last year, even if that car was a Hyundai, a South Korean car I learnt it was last year whilst I worked with a South Korean guy in Los Angeles. God he was ugly by South Korean standards, especially for an actor, but he certainly was the nicest guy I met in a very long time, easily the nicest and purest and innocent person I met whilst in Los Angeles. Just like a Hyundai really, ugly, falling apart in the details and accessories, but dear me, a durable engine that will not let you down in the coldest winters in the north of Canada. You might not be able to get the windows unfrosted in hours, but you certainly will be able to start the car. I can't say that much for American cars which perhaps are not suitable for Canadian winters. Better go for a Toyota, even though they are quite bulky. Of course, I am only talking here about the cheaper range of cars from all these manufacturers, I know that if you pay the price, any manufacturer will actually deliver something worthy. Which might explain why Germans never bothered producing anything else but the most luxurious cars, like Mercedes and BMW. If you don't produce shit at all, like Americans, Japanese and Koreans, even British, then no one can ignore that your top range stuff is alarmingly great, since that is the only product you put out there. The best car I have ever driven was actually a Ford. I rented it in Montreal, went to Ottawa, went back to Montreal, passed Quebec City, and crashed it beyond recognition in the park between Québec City and Chicoutimi. I have no doubt I would be dead now if that car had not been as wonderful as it felt when I was driving it at an astonishing 75 miles an hour over a freak patch of ice in September, no less. If you buy top of the range, it does not matter which manufacturer you choose. By now, they have all stolen each others secrets, and all these cars are equivalent. The top of the range Hyundai might actually be as good as a Merc, from my experience, and I know something about it, my boyfriend was sacked from Mercedes after a short career spanning five years. I would still buy a Merc thought, top of the range of course. I hope to be able to afford one before I die. In the meantime, I am happy with my Renault 5 in the car park, the very one which has died on me once again last week. I think it needs a new battery, can't be the started motor, it has just been replaced. What else could it be? Certainly not the battery in the remote control, I just replaced them, and I no longer need to get in the car by the booth, as I did for the last six months to everyone's astonishment in Tesco's car park. You've got to love France to own a French car, I tell you. I don't care much for cars, to be honest, I must be gay.

30 October 2007



Time is passing really fast, I have not written much lately, in any of my books. I guess I can be forgiven, for having written so much in the last year. And yet, none if it matters if you don't finish the book, that is the first law of a good writer, someone who can finish what he or she starts, this is where in the end so many people fail. I have this gift to be able to finish the damn things, but sometimes it is really hard to get motivated. There is nothing like a deadline and a publisher, an agent and a whole team on your back to motivate you, since I have none of those, I find my motivation in a bottle of Porto.

I drank one yesterday in a record time, didn't write anything, but I was still puking in the toilets at 4 am, then I went to work like a Little Miss Sunshine. I lasted three hours until lunch time, then I called in to say I wanted the afternoon off, and I sleep for five hours straight. Perhaps I need new motivations. Perhaps I should abandon the last short story of Anna Maria, and perhaps I should abandon the idea of finishing my first sci-fi novel Scale Universes (previously called Shrinking Universes). As if I am blocked right now, it must have something to do with the fact that I am not ready to write that same story in both books. I had already declared Anna Maria finished anyway, why do I wish to suffer some more to write another one on top? I need to correct and edit it, that alone could take forever, and I certainly don't have the courage. In fact, maybe what I need is to cook up new ideas for a new book, I have been exposed recently to so many good ideas in books I have read, maybe I am ready for that to unblock me. I have to admit I do enjoy my time off writing, I still have to put all my 10,000 photos online on some websites, I think I will go to bed before my brain splash out on the wall, or ends up in the devil's toilet bowl.

31 October 2007

Dear, dear, dear. Where the fuck am I? What is it that I am doing or even trying to achieve? Why is it that I feel I that I have the potential inside of me to make a million bucks overnight, in my sleep, and yet, I am dying in this fuck all place of a Crown Court, the place people go to work before they die because they have nothing better to do and no more ambition whatsoever, once they have lost all inhibitions or desires to achieve anything out of their existence? Dear, dear, dear. Something's gonna happen soon, and it better fall from the sky, because I appear to be useless at making things happen for myself. Have I lost touch? Have I forgotten my dreams and my force of character in order to provoke the events? I wonder.

Was it worth it for me to take that job to write a long blog about it? I no longer think so. Yes, it gave me the chance to write a lot, gave me more than enough time to work on my personal projects, and it certainly could for another year at least, but then, I wonder, is it enough, is that all I can do and achieve in this life? Where else could I be, what else could I be doing, which would be so much better, so much more fulfilling and everything, dear me.

Something needs to happen soon, sooner rather than later, as I don't want to do a full year in that godforsaken place. Small minded people thinking in terms of this stupid idea of management of any kind. I can't stand it, I can't stand any of it. They're so useless at it, I appear to give it ten times more thought than they ever did, and yet, they are management and I am but a pawn. And I will no longer accept to be just a pawn in that fucking game of life. I think it is time for me to dictate, to create on a massive scale, to construct something so huge, it will ring back into the next millennium.

That's what I think, that's what eats me alive, that's what I have yet to achieve, somehow. And I will, somehow, I can confirm as much. And yet, I am at point zero, nothing yet, nothing, but all the potential in the world to create such a stir, such a crisis, that no longer will I ever be ignored. I will knock this world down in such a way, I will irretrievably change it forever. This is no small

ambition, and yet, I better plan for this, what am I going to do about it, how will I make this happen? What form will it take, what form can it take, for a start?

You could think I was sitting here tonight, hoping that a rich bastard somewhere would read this, and suddenly cover me with millions, telling me, go for it kiddo, do what it is that you want to do, I'm sure you will make millions, and change the world in the process. But it does not work like that. If you have the potential within you to change the world, you do not need money to do so. All you need is your damn brain, your imagination, your determination, and yes, a damn good idea. Am I not supposed to be full of them? Better start thinking then, find that next great idea that will change the world.

Funny, what great ideas in the past have actually changed the world? Maybe it is not in terms of ideas that this needs to be assessed, but in terms of people. Elvis Presley, The Beatles, Marilyn Monroe, Madonna, Michael Jackson, I want your sex George Michael, and which authors... already more difficult... Sir Arthur Conan Doyle? Agatha Christie? Shakespeare? Let me puke here for a minute. I'm talking about changing the world here. Any Nobel Prize winner then? What about all the literature Nobel Prize winner then, have they changed the world? And how would they go about it?

It is no longer just a question of being modern, we are all modern now, nothing stupendous about it anymore. Sex liberation, woman's right, gay rights, transgenders' right to exist, none of this can possibly have any impact anymore. What's the next level then? What's wrong with humanity? What way of thinking could possibly bring us to the next level? How can someone change the world after the new millennium? And is it at all possible?

It is not like abortion or the right to use a condom was any of our concern anymore. Wow! Can this world be changed anymore in any shape or form, is there anything else which needs to be denounced? For a while we thought so, with the advent of a brainless American President and his lap dog British Prime Minister. But the Prime Minister is now dead, and the tyrant American President will be on his way out within a year or two, and never will we ever have to denounce him or even talk about him ever again. So that's dead.

To be truthful, and I do need to say this right now, George W. Bush Junior and Tony Blair may have appeared as tyrants, but I sincerely think history, or the underground history, will remember them as the two men who saved America and the United Kingdom for a while longer, in this day and age.

Of course we could not possibly agree with the means by which they achieved that, and yet, you have to see the global picture, they saved us all from utter failure and poverty, us, the rich countries. Yeah, yeah, by stealing from others, by killing everyone else from these other countries, and yet, they saved us all. I couldn't write one more negative word about them, and I won't.

Except if they were, ever, to say anything against gay people, then of course, I would have no choice but to wish their death. But it won't come to that now, Blair is dead and Bush is on his way out. What about Brown in the UK then? Good question. I'll keep an eye on him. And for the U.S., well, let's just hope they finally elect their first ever woman President in Hilary Clinton. Shit, I'm even ready to campaign for her here in the UK, even though I am Canadian, that tells you a lot, don't you think? I cannot think of anyone more suited to lead America right now, now that the necessary dirty work has been done by Bush.

Thank you Bush, now you can die! Peacefully at that, as I do see what you have done, I do understand, and yes, it was the right thing to do, even though it was the most immoral and unethical thing to do. It needed to be done, it has been done, you have done it, you are highly unpopular for it, but you saved your country and your countrymen from disaster. I can only but admire that. Well done. But now, just go and die somewhere, preferably forgotten, I don't need to think anymore about how immoral and unethical this whole necessary business was.

Should I dare say it? You were a great man, but you do need to die now, and not be remembered as a great man. What a great sacrifice for such an important man to do! Well done. You will always be welcomed in my house. For me, you will always be remembered as the last great man this planet ever had, even if you go against everything I actually stand for.

Despite the appearance, I'm not stupid, neither are you, apparently. Sometimes this world requires its little Hitler in the making, who will actually succeed in his subtle ways, and that is remarkable, admirable, it is undeniable. And if you don't agree with this, you are but a hypocrite, you will enjoy still many years of richness and capitalism, prospering years, on the account of the actions of one man, George W. Bush Junior. It was ugly, it was immoral, it was impossible to accept, and yet, it was the only way to save America, and he has done it.

So do enjoy what America is all about, what it really means, you are only rich for that very reason. That other immoral men were ready to take the blame for everything that is ugly in your way to ultimate global success and richness. I am not blind to it, I have an invested interest in all of it, ultimately, do you? Or are you a complete crazy idealist with no brain at all? Ready to see your own country go bankrupt overnight and become but a small player on the international scene? Without Bush, it is clear that America would have been a dying country within decades, perhaps even years. The United Kingdom as well.

The old battle from the past are far from dead, it is just fought at another level, and yes, they still require wars, I'm afraid, because this is the only language of diplomacy, especially when your intention is to take over and reap all the profits for yourself. You could learn a lot from today's world by studying how we went about things in the 17<sup>th</sup> century, because ultimately, under the pretence of diplomacy and enlightenment, we are doing the exact same thing as we did then. We just go about it in a more clever way, and it seems like democracy, the will of the people, but it's not. And thank god, because most of us are completely useless at even managing our own miserable existence. Can you imagine if we were to plan our ultimate destiny as a country? We would fail spectacularly. Better leave all that in the hands of the usual tyrants, they know how to reach the ultimate goals which is required in this so called modern age.

I had a long conversation tonight with one of my publishers, somehow trying to save his ass from declaring bankruptcy within 3 or 4 years, can you believe? Do a business plan, I told him. It will save you! What bullocks. The man needs a vision, at the very least, dreams that are larger than life, for a start, larger than America, how else could he achieve anything in this life? He has the means, I don't, and yet, I am the one with the potential, the desire, the ambition, whilst he is dying slowly and already accept that he will be dead within three years. How sad. At least I am not worried he will be reading this blog, unlike my actual employer or my colleagues at the Crown Court. If you can count on one thing, is that your publisher never reads anything you actually write. How reassuring this is. What as this world come to. I just know he will never read this, I can state right here right now that my publisher is a moron, with the entire confidence that he will never read this. Isn't that wonderful? Whilst I go to such lengths to hide whatever I am writing right now from all my friends, Internet new friends, and employers, and even potential future employers?

Well, I hope he will sort himself out, I hope he will adopt a larger than life ambition for his projects, I hope he will get there. I am no small thinker, if I create a thing, it has to become the biggest thing ever, a monster which will take the world by storm. I cannot think in small terms, I will never be satisfied by regional dying projects. I can only think global, I can only see global, I can only become immortal for posterity. Anything less would be such a waste of time and not worth living for. I need to take over the world by storm, whilst everything is still hot and ready to be reap and exploited. Like a true capitalist. Let me steal you money before it even reach your bank account, that the way to think to

succeed in this world. And since I have never succeeded at succeeding at anything, perhaps you should not take my word for it. You can however adopt my way of thinking, my obsession, my compulsion to succeed at any cost even if I have to die in order for it to materialise. I would die in a minute if it meant that those bastards would hear my name past the year 3000, no question about it, and yet, better write something worth of being heard in a thousand years. Can only think of philosophy right now, can't be history, or even actuality. Boring novels sending everyone to sleep, what else.

I'm not worried. I am more likely to be heard in the next millennium for what I have already written than for whatever I could write in the future. This is actually re-assuring in a way, it is also highly motivating. It leaves me many more years to beat it, to do better, to write more eternal stuff, and I will, believe me. Write stuff out of this world, open to multiple interpretations, incomprehensible stuff, because that is what defined me then, and is what will define me in the future. No matter what I may have written in between. Great literature, great author, that is me, that must be me, and it might even be me in English, a second language, as I will find a way, I will achieve it, somehow, I will.

And if I don't die as the most extreme and incomprehensible author there ever was, I will have failed, so I better get to work. And forget any idea of succeeding commercially. Which means, many more years dying in the civil service, dear me, I wonder if instant death is not preferable. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind, that if I were to work in this crown court for as many years as my colleagues, I might as well commit suicide right now, I don't care about grand project I may have concocted in my mind, dying is far more preferable and dignifying.

Shit, I should be reviewing right now ways by which I could terminate this existence, I care little for my life, I care not at all. And I have drunk enough whisky tonight to have reached that point, where suicide could be such a salvation. So irresistible, I'm not sure what to do to stop myself from thinking in those terms. I really don't. And my big problem, is that I am not certain if my greatness resides in what I have yet to write, or if it is not in the past, in what I have already written. It can make a world of difference in my mind, not sure if you could understand any of that. I don't think you have ever been where I am right now. I am confused, I just don't know. I think I will however go to bed tonight and get up tomorrow and go to the Crown Court and do my daily job. For one more day, at least. I don't think I am that desperate tonight to actually make such a grand decision. I was in Los Angeles over a year ago, every single night in fact, and I sure wish I had done it then, but now, right now, I am nowhere near making such a decision. I'm such a good boy these days, let's go to bed. I have lot's of files to find and claims to pay tomorrow, this is how miserable my whole existence has become. Sometimes I wish I was back in Los Angeles, as desperate as I was then, ready to end it all in a great puff of smoke, a great moment of glory. Not even caring about if this would be glorious or not, I tell you, that is the last thing on your mind when you actually reach that state. Nothing matters, nothing. I don't feel this desperation anymore, I feel I have lost something quite important there. It is so illuminating when you feel like you have nothing left to lose, and that you are ready to die, when you feel like you are at the end of everything this life has to offer. I really felt like I was at the end of the world then, in Los Angeles, beyond Mexico, God knows, there was nothing left. I do miss that time. I was actually happy, at the bottom of my misery. How do you explain that? I can't. But I would go back there, I would do it all over again. I would. And this time, I would throw myself in that deep canyon with my boss' car. Perhaps I should have died in Los Angeles last year, and now God only knows how much more I will suffer here in England. And for how many more years, that I can't stand. How could I have been so careless, how could have I missed my chance to die then? It would have been so perfect, I could not have possibly died in a better way or at a better time. What could have possibly prevented me from

reaching immortality that way, then? I will never know. If somehow I could go back, I would be dead now. I know that much. And I would be happy, proud of being dead, of where and how I died. Isn't that the most important thing after all? And at that point, not even with giving another thought about immortality and this desire to be read in the next millennium. In Los Angeles, nothing was important anymore, nothing mattered anymore. Being out of this existence was all that mattered, and dear me, I should have done it then.

2 November 2007

Sometimes you wake up with the greatest idea of all, you can no longer sleep even though you know you should, then you get up full of ideas and inspiration, ready to write your greatest achievement yet, and then, just in case, let's first check out the Internet and make sure no one thought of it first. And there you are, in 30 seconds you realise that many people thought of it first and went on to do just that great idea of yours, and yet, since you never heard of them before, you have to admit, it must have been a damn stupid idea after all.

That great idea was that I was going to create my new religion tonight, my new church. And not only that, I would have had to write a Bible in order to do so, I would not even have needed a Church, places to meet and pray, and all that bullocks. Because my new religion would have been one offering total freedom to believe and do whatever you want, and most important of all, you don't need to register, you don't need to give a penny to anyone, you don't need to pray or go to church ever, you don't need to be faithful, there are no specific laws or rules to follow, you believe in and follow any rule or law you wish to, and doesn't matter what previous religion you had, you can keep it. Is there a God and Heaven? You decide, you believe what you want.

You may wonder what would be the point of such a religion, since virtually you could state that you are of that new religion, and in effect, it wouldn't change anything at all to who you are, to your beliefs, to your values. And that is the point. A religion so unthreatening, so free in every way, that no one would care whether they are part of it or not, and yet, such a religion is right now of the utmost importance.

The main problem humanity always had to face, is religion. Each religion always had that big dream of converting the whole planet to their beliefs and values. Unfortunately the rest of the world never saw it that way and most of them are willing to die, to the last one of them, in order to either keep their own religion, or the freedom to choose your own religion, or even your decision to free yourself from any religion.

Of course, the other main problem with religion, is that for some weird reason that seems sometimes hard to understand, people do seem to need a religion. In this day and age, in most modern countries, it wouldn't be that hard to abandon your religion and declare yourself free from any religion, even if you still have to believe in some sort of God independently from any group, which is another thing people do seem to need, some sort of God. And no one would think that badly of you if you decide to move away from your religion, millions are without religion, millions have switched religion, so why not you?

The other main problem is that this world might never be united and peaceful until the very day that there is no more religion or concept of God, or, that there is only one religion worldwide. And that is the religion I was going to create tonight. An empty religion, a meaningless religion, just a title to crown whatever you are, without changing anything you are. Something that if you are clever, you will understand does not threaten you in any way, oblige you to anything, change anything to your nature, and yet, it might save the planet. And you can start taking as your own religion any day of the week, whilst still keeping yours, and yet, you can drop it over the weekend just to re-adopt that new

religion the next Monday. And if the whole world was ready to accept that unique and meaningless religion, then perhaps we would avoid a few more world wars.

I have no doubt whatsoever that the Muslim world is on fire right now, after what the Americans and the British did in Iraq, and what most probably they are about to do in Syria, Iran and some other places in the Middle-East. This will end in a Third World War, and the longer we wait before that Third World War, the more destructive it will be, because by then the Middle-East will most certainly have the capability to annihilate us all. It is perhaps why America and the British right now are doing some sort of pre-emptive strike to destroy them before they build up too much in armaments, and become infinitely rich with their petrol, and capable to conquer the planet simply with money. The right way of course to have dealt with this, would have been to end our dependence on what these countries have, petrol and oil, today, we could eliminate our need for it. However, as I just said, the world is controlled by rich corporations, and those rich corporations are petrol and oil oriented. I suspect they won't suddenly switch to other form of energies. Yes, they do pretend to be doing so, but in reality they are not.

When I said that people already thought of my idea of a single religion to top them all, universalism I wanted to call it, it is exactly true. They have created such a religion, or theology if you wish, but it still has God, it still believes what most religions believe in, and it is still open to endless debates and bloodshed. So they missed the point, and now they will prevent me from starting my own useless religion which, let's face it, would have been the only way to save the world. Because even though religion is not the basis of most wars, it is often the pretext or the pretence by which we go to war.

I would even have extended my concept of a new religion, which would have given you the freedom to be a die hard scientist not believing in God at all, to the political arena. Something I realised reading 1632 and 1633 by Eric Flint, where a town of West Virginia from today is shipped to 1932 Germany, is that democracy is not much different from the political world in those days, you still have powerful parties trying to take over the world and control everything and get richer, and yet, it is done in a more subtle way in order to avoid unnecessary wars and killings. By not alienating the people you control, you stand a much better chance to insure trust, insure people will obey whatever law you put out there, hopefully if they can prosper, they will bring in more money for you. For more about this, just read *The Prince* by Machiavelli.

So politics is no better than religion, politics is after all what cause us to go to war in the first place. And despite our democracies, once a few men and women decides for millions of people that it is time to go to war, no matter how much the majority can protest, we will go to war. So that's not truly democracy in the end, is it?

Another example, many governments in the past decided one day to suddenly imposed new out of proportion taxes that everyone knew would cripple everyone to the point of starvation, at that point, you are no better than Germany in 1632, you might as well kill them all at that point. And despite all the protests and the violence, these taxes have always gone ahead, and they never disappeared with any new government afterwards. New governments can raise more taxes, decide not to raise existing taxes, they never eliminate taxes. In memory, only one man achieved such a thing, the Prime Minister of the province of Alberta in Canada many years ago, and he was only able to achieve such a feat because his province was rolling in money due to petrol. So, it's not that he wanted to eliminate taxes, it is more like it would have been immoral and obscene to raise any kind of tax considering how rich the government was (when you assume that the government is supposed to be the people, something we always forget).

As I identified in *Destructivism*, is that the solution to these governments is to eliminate the parties. By eliminating the parties, you don't vote for a Prime

Minister or a President, you vote for the person in your own locality you feel is the most apt. What if I am not a Republican or Democratic, what if I am not Liberal or Conservative? What if I am extreme right, extreme left then or completely centrist? Then I fit in no parties whatsoever, no one who thinks like me could ever win a seat in any assembly or parliament. Things are not so black and white, I could be a Republican, and yet still abortions and gay people (since we often put both these issues in the same bag, as horrible problems that we simply never go away).

So the political party I wanted to create, since I realise it may take a long while before we decide to move away from parties, I thought, needs to be equally meaningless and not prone to any kind of ideas and beliefs. So, within that political party, you could find all variances from the left to the right, and there would be no general consensus on any topic. It would then become important to find out who is running in your area, and based on that, you decide if you want to elect that person. In no way should you look at who is the President or Prime Minister that will take power to make your decision, because then you elect someone based on someone else, and ultimately this is electing someone for the wrong reasons.

A Prime Minister or a President at the head of such a party composed of a variety of opinions on different issues, could not so easily take over the government and insist that everyone should follow the party line, since there would be no party line. Within the party everything, every issue, would have to be voted separately by everyone. There could be a future for such an idea.

4 November 2007

I have to admit, I am sucker for checking out on Google what my name and a few other key words will turn up. Of course, I am always pleased to see that finally Wikipedia almost always turns up at the top, I didn't thought that as a consequence of being on Wikipedia, I would suddenly appear everywhere else, like on a website as huge as answers.com, for people who might eventually ask the very question about who I am. But that is just the tip of the iceberg.

When I am deeply drunk and depressed, nothing cheers me up like doing a search on my name, such an unusual one at any rate, and discover how much I am talked about all over that virtual world, if nowhere else.

I can then dream that I am actually someone who had some sort of impact on this world, this planet. It should be comforting, however, as you might have guest, it is far from being enough. By that, I'm not certain if I mean that I would wish to become global, or if in the end, to have so many websites and so many people talk about me, is of any consequence at all to me.

In a way, yes, I would wish it to be global, to reach out beyond belief, that instead of a hundred websites talking about me, it would be millions. At the same time, I think I am immune to that kind of thing, and that no matter how popular I may be, it makes no difference to me or my life, and I wonder how it could possibly change anything one day.

At the moment, it is very much all my mind, isn't it? Who really knows that so many people and so many websites talk about me and my work? No one. I am even worried about my Manager suddenly deciding to put my name in any search engine and discover to her astonishment that it turns out 275,000 hits. All right, I'm not stupid, most of those have nothing to do with me. But consider this, when I enter the name of my managers on Google, I get no result whatsoever. It is like these people simply don't exist. I'm afraid, I have become so delusional about this existence, that if Google does not turn up anything when your name is entered, then you might as well not exist at all, because if you die tomorrow morning, no one would care if you ever existed, they would not even know you ever was alive at all in the first place.

I don't know anymore how important that stuff is to me. I'm sure there was a time when achieving immortality as an author was crucial to me, but now I think I am more concern about when I will die, and hopefully that will be soon, and never mind all that bullocks of being an author and how many pages all over the Internet talk about who that human being I was once might be.

However, I am still alive, and I still do searches under my name in most search engines, whenever I am depressed or bored out of my mind. And I still love to see how far reaching I am, and how far whatever I have written might have gone. It cheers me up when I need it most, even if for most of the time, I don't even give this a second thought. Only when I am drunk, I believe, I do sometimes wonder about that. Not sure what that means.

To be honest, I wish so much would amount to something concrete really, and as far as I can tell, it amounts to nothing, except that, perhaps, I am alive, and I have already left some sort of mark on this world, even if at this time, I have no idea how big a mark this is or will be, and I'm afraid, that perhaps, it will all be in vain and insignificant. And yet, am I truly worried about that? I wonder even if that is something that truly could inspire and motivate me, as somehow, I fear, I have lost the will to live a long time ago, and perhaps nothing will change that kind of state of mind, once one has reached it.

6 November 2007

God I don't know what to do.

I am in some sort of panic state tonight, probably because I just awoken from a deep sleep after my return home from work, and I did need that sleep badly. Also because once again a crisis happened at work today, and as usual I am being blamed for it. All I did was to pass a phone call to the Chief Clerk, however that phone call was the worst one possible, it was a bitch who previously complained about the Chief Clerk and has recently done so again, about a stupid grad fee claim of over 60,000 pounds.

I had not been told anything about that crisis, the words about that claim were that there was an issue about it, from there I was supposed to understand that it was sensitive enough that anyone dealing with grad fees was standing to lose his or her job over that claim. That obviously, if someone is to lose his job over this, it will be me, even though I have nothing to do with the decision of the Chief Clerk to pay that counsel only 40,000 out of the 60,000 they claim they have a right to.

How on Earth a claim could have reached that high is a mystery, I had never seen such a high invoice before, I tend to believe the Chief Clerk is right in her judgment, though, what do I know? Anyway, what could possibly have cost so much, what have they done to this defendant apart from the three trials? Get him to smuggle weapons of mass destruction to a weird country, and now they wish to bill the British Government for a job well done?

And this new episode happens at quite a critical time, as I am considering applying for a transfer to another Crown Court in order to become a Clerk. There are three such positions available not too far from here, not Central London, however it would still take me 30 to 40 minutes drive each morning to get there, and the return most likely in bottlenecks, could take an hour. No more getting to work within three minutes or sleeping for 40 minutes on my lunch hour. The 2000 pounds increase in salary would be useful just to pay the petrol and my lunch, however that money would go straight to my creditors, and so I stand to make even less money despite the promotion.

There are such positions all over Central London, but I draw the line there, that I refuse for now to work in Central London if the job does not warrant it. That other Crown Court is a good compromise, and will paved my way back to my own Crown Court once the construction is over and that they open four more courts on top of the eight already existing. They will then need clerks, and I am



bound to be able to get a position then. So that job would be temporary, about a year at most.

There are other factors which make me think it is time to move on. This book is now going nowhere, after a year, it is finished. Either I write part two, or I radically change my life and start a new one. I don't want to be stuck at the same place for more than a year, in my case, for some reason, it is not acceptable, though I admit stretching anything to two years is not that bad.

Also that my track record at my Crown Court isn't that great. I have lost patience more than once, have already three or four official complaints to my name, I was sick for seven days in the last year, and that, I am about to find out, will play a crucial role in me getting my promotion, and what else. I am certainly about to come to blow with my new Line Manager, as it happened two weeks ago, when I told my other Main Manager how incompetent she was, right in front of her no less. How much guts one needs to have to do such a foolish thing? Or, how insane one needs to be? I have no future there, that much is certain. It is very difficult to work with control freaks, and there is no doubt I could possibly work with worse than them in the other Crown Court, but I guess starting fresh with new control freaks, without any history, might be better than trying to maintain oneself after so many screw-ups. Also that most potential screw-ups, from what I could gather, do not require me doing anything wrong, one phone call from one angry bitch is all that is required, and no matter how helpful you wish to be, it can so easily end up as a major complaint to the top Manager of the Court, it is often completely out of your control. Better the bitch with whom you have no history, than the bitch who has already everything she needs to use it all against you in a Court of Law, and certainly willing to annihilate your useless and insignificant career.

So, it seems that I have already decided that I will be applying for that new position. And I have not even considered what it would actually mean, there is one main argument that I have forgotten. I will be in court all day for a change, I will hear the cases, that is bound to be inspiring and interesting. That alone tells me that I should go for it. One way or another I will get the application form ready, and even if I have to wait until the very last day before I send it, I somehow feel that more crisis until then will absolutely convince me that it is time to move on. So if I am not convinced now, I will be by the time I reach the closing date. I am almost certain of that.

By the way, I am not the only one in the General Office applying for that job, the Pakistani guy is also applying. As a Muslim who feels that he has suffered much discrimination in the last 8 years of his employment at the Court, like me he is looking for a quick getaway. By the end of the year we both stand to be working at the other Crown Court, while our youngish colleague has already been told that he will work no more than another month there, and I bet that it will be the straw that will break the cow, the other old Indian man will probably finally retire, skipping the last remaining 10 months he has to do before by law he has to retire. He was sick for three weeks this month, and even though somehow I could feel responsible for the nightmare he is going through (we are no longer on speaking terms, we do not even say good morning to each other), it is clear that his problem is more with the new Indian Line Manager. I have no idea what happened between them and higher management, but hearing all his sarcastic comments about our new Manager tells it all. Thank God I am not the only one with issues with the little "Figure Montante" of the Court. That 24 year old girl is so ambitious, I doubt she will remain manager of the General Office for long, she will probably be promoted to the Court I will be moving to.

God I don't know what to do.

I have another big decision to make. One which will eat away the next year for me, all my free time, all my thoughts, all my energy, my next project, the new book I will write. I have thought of little else in the last three days, from the very moment the idea came to me. It also has many layers of deep

considerations and thinking involved, and many problems to solve, it could easily be a two year project instead of one. It is about history, you see, research and reading will be required, a lot of it. Though I can probably managed and might actually benefit from staying away from too much history, which is bound to taint the book. In other words, with a great imagination, I can stay away from actual events and invent everything. Invent a past history for my people? Why not, this is fiction, isn't it?

Two years ago, perhaps even before that, I made the decision to put on my French website that this last book I was finally putting online would be the last book I would ever write in French. I understand now how stupid it was to state such a thing, dramatic as well, and I admit that it was some sort of a dig at them all, that if I had no more any wish to write in French, they could not possibly blame me, since after writing over 20 books in French, I was still not recognised as an author, and there was no reason at the time to believe that this would change anytime soon. Yeah, six published books, but that means nothing if they are not published by a large publisher with marketing money and with all the connections with journalists.

Moving to English gave me a second life, a new hope, that perhaps I would not be so misunderstood there than I was in French. The truth is, I have never actually written a book in French which could actually sell massively or be commercial in nature. When you study French literature, you get a somehow distorted view of what is great literature, through the study of classics, none of which would actually find a publisher in this day and age. Well, I simply actually never wrote something in French which could actually reach them right through the heart. Something I intend to correct right now with my next book.

I will give the French world something big to swallow, their pride, some pride to be French or French-Canadian, so much pride that they will feel the need to choke on it. It will be like those ridiculous American films and books about how great it is to be American, how wonderful we all are compared with the rest of the planet, and finally how without us the whole world would simply die without even having lived before.

There will be that great moment of those two American soldiers in the desert, one White, one Black, walking towards the President of the United States and his wife who has just been saved by the wife of one of the soldiers (Independence Day), but, they will be French, and they will save the planet from certain doom (without having to kill an alien invasion, though believe me, they will be killing many alien invasions, the British, the Spanish, the Portuguese, anything that went out there to populate America. Because you see, North America in my future will be 100% French, and that way, we will avoid the Third World War and the annihilation of humanity.

I wonder if someone should not right now come out of the wood work and simply shoot me before I write such a book. And yet, I can no longer deviate from that purpose, I have to write that book, for my sake and the sake of my people. Québec, in Québec at least, is about to become a whole lot bigger. And this is the only way I will ever be published in Canada instead of France, and the only way my people will ever know I actually exist, since none of them seems capable of appreciating French literature. I might as well give them American Fast Food and take my rightful place as the most important author of my nation, as I always inspired to be. I am sorry I have to admit it, I am sorry if it offends you. Get lost.

I am not certain if I should be admitting all this here, however, by the time anyone in Québec actually gets around to read this very passage on my website, and feels the need to denounce me as some sort of traitor, it will be too late, for that I would first need to become a bloody success in Québec.

Because, you see, I have a devious mind, I am all about irony. In the Canadian debates of French against English, I have never taken sides, I was never a separatist, neither a federalist, and so, who better than me to write the

most separatist book ever written? Who knows, I might even get caught at my own game, and start being a separatist for good. It must be difficult to remain neutral when you start reading such a depressing history of the one of the first French colonists to the New France. I understand all too well the nightmare it must have been to try to colonise such a cold place, that most of them died before the end of the winter, either of cold, disease, or being killed by the Iroquois and the British. They were only 60,000 when there was already a million British a few States below. British were much more serious about colonisation, they also had luck on their side, since many who wanted to flee the country because they were not protestant, were welcome to be shipped on the first boat available.

I am under no illusion, the whole literary world in Québec is about gaining independence and create our own little country away from the horrible English rulers who made our existence such a miserable one over the centuries. If you are not a separatist, or if your books are not about it, you have little chance of getting published in Québec, since for them it is an obsession, and they cannot see anything beyond that.

So I will give them that, I will give them the ultimate nationalistic book ever written. However, it will be filled with irony, because ultimately I don't care to make us look like we are purer than pure, innocent victims, and so perfect, like good Americans. I intend to push their idea of a separation from the rest of Canada to the limits, show them what it will look like in the future, how big a treat we could become to Americans when they might feel we have become the new Cuba, and then, ship a few of them back to the past, far enough that they can change history and turn the place into a French one instead of a British one. And let's see how better they will do, if in the end it would make any difference at all.

I will however be very subtle, none of this will be clearly stated, but yeah, they will go around killing everyone, just like the British did, and the Spanish, because in the end, if you truly wish to see the America of the future wear your own colours, well, you have no choice but killing everything that moves which does not wear your colours. And ultimately, this whole concept of nationalistic pride becomes ridiculous, because it leads right to another World War, the very last one humanity will ever witness.

So I still need to be a philosopher, but I need to hide that fact. It is going to be quite a challenge indeed. For the duration of this project, I will be a pro-separatist. I will be that completely. And once it is over, God only knows what I will revert back to be, I'm still living in London after all, and by then, I certainly hope to have become a British Citizen. After an absence of 15 years, how am I supposed to feel? I'm only pleased I have moved beyond all that, as it seemed to me that you could not open a newspaper or a book without having that old story pushed back into your face until you could only puke and request that they return to you your sanity. Political self-obsession is not exactly what I intended my life to be. There is something else beyond all that, and that is what I have discovered through my international existence, and through my literature which never or barely talked about the only subject eating alive everyone else from my nation, and that, since forever. I just want peace, you know.

So this next book will be my last gift to my nation, some sort of reconciliation to prove that I was not that insensitive to their plea, and that ultimately, all I wanted was something more than that simple obsession of theirs. By all means, let's create our own little country, I'm sure we will be highly successful as countries go. By all means, let's change the future right here right now, let's become the greatest nation on the planet. By all means, let's also change the past and make our little nation the nation it could have been in an alternate history, the United States of America could have easily been called New France, and it will soon be. I might alienate every single English Canadian, British, American and Spanish with that book, but it doesn't matter, does it?

Books published in Québec are never distributed outside of Québec, or very rarely. And if they are, they only reach France, another one of my target market for that new product I am about to manufacture from scratch.

I am devious indeed. And Americans have always been alienating us anyway, so to give them some of their own medicine might not be a bad idea. Not only Americans in this world can be proud of being who they are. Other nations have invented and adopted democracy and freedom and rights and capitalism, even, much before Americans did, in fact. Of course, no one was crazy enough to push all of that to the limits, to the breaking point, but then again, no one's perfect. And in the end, such extremism is about to be proven to be a real bad idea, and will also be proven to not be so immune against corruption and totalitarianism.

Oh, sorry, have I already given away too much of the book I am about to write? Have I already said too much? Don't worry, tomorrow morning I will be back to my old job as a simpleton Civil Servant for the British government, which by law, is not allowed to have any kind of political opinion whatsoever (except of course the higher end of management, which is quite free to go into politics). Another irony of this existence.

Oh God, have I got the courage to write such a book? Will I actually see the end of it before I die? I have no reason to believe I will die any time soon, but being as suicidal as I am, there is a realistic chance that I won't survive the end of this book, especially if I have to write it between 1 and 4 am every night, before sleeping 2 hours and then go to work as if my life was the most ordinary one there is. No doubt such an enterprise will bring me to the brink of insanity, history always does, and I am about to read a whole lot of it. It could very well change my mind about a lot of things, I have to be prepared for that too. It will definitely be one hell of a psychological adventure, like a journey in one's own mind, a virtual world of the past, of what has been and will be.

I feel very powerful right now, I can get that book to state whatever I want, I can let it go as far as I want, I can do whatever I want, and it will be like rewriting history, presenting one possible way of how it could have been. And knowing my nation, there is a great chance that book will be published, win all the awards and become a French-Canadian best-seller. I doubt such an explosive book could go unnoticed. But I wonder.

Gosh. I've got to be very careful here, and not take anything for granted. This needs to be a real piece of French-Canadian literature, the best book ever written to come out of the French province amongst the English island it survives in. It has to be it, I have no choice, and so I will have to give it everything I've got. Which means, a lot more thinking will be required about the way I go about it, the level of the French language I should use, how deep in the joul or slang I should go into, etc. Important questions, it could make the book or break it.

Ah, this is quite depressing in a way. I have to think about these publishers who will read it, and what they could possibly criticise, or decide to reject it because this or that. Will I write this with them in mind or not? I think not. Ultimately there is only one person to please with this project, it is myself, and if the book is condemned to my website, so be it, everyone will be able to read it forever then, unstopped by every imaginable copyright law.

This book still needs to be a great piece of literature though. Any kid these days can go on and write a piece of crap about that very same subject and put it online on his blog. Shit, I haven't gone that far, and achieved so much, just to end up being confused for such a kid. In the end, this book needs to reflect something not many people could actually achieve, considering that one needs to work and feeds himself and his family, and that a lot of determination and motivation is required to start and finish such a work of art.

A lot of thinking will be required indeed, before I can start writing. How can I achieve the unachievable? How can I stand out so completely and write the ultimate novel? All that whilst I fight all day long with my manager at work, and

then come back home to fight all evening long with my impossible and out of his mind boyfriend. To get this book written, a few murders or radical changing life events might be required. As to the nature of these radical life changing events, I better not think too much about that right now, I have enough on my plate. Moving to Venice with my portable broken computer might be an idea. Writing that damn book alone at night by the filthy canals, might be what is required for this book. If only I could do just that.

And after such a speech, I wonder, could there not be a better idea for my next book? Perhaps I should think some more. One thing for sure, I need to finish that Anna Maria as quickly as possible, and if I don't have the courage to write the tenth short story, then I should quickly delete it, edit and re-read the book, and consider it done. I can no longer waste any time on this novel. It has been one year now, in two weeks actually, and I need to move on. Might have been the greatest book I have ever written, however, in doubt, I need to forget it as quickly as it so suddenly became my whole life for that last year. I have an oeuvre to leave to posterity, and I cannot for one second get stuck on an idea that will never go anywhere, as I have every reason to believe Anna Maria is destined to be, even though I have barely started to try to gauge the interest in it. I have no time for that, my whole time is required for writing, that is all, and I don't care about anything else.

I am so angry, so unhappy with my life at the moment, I can see that I actually need a radical change, one way or another. I can no longer stand this job, that is one. I can no longer stand my boyfriend, that is two. Return to Los Angeles is out of the question, not only it would be impossible to do so legally, but I don't think I have any need for it, as I was so depressed there... so that is three. It leaves the question of Great Britain. Do I want to remain here? It's either that or go back to Québec. No real choice here, I have to remain here. Speed up the process for this damn British citizenship, and then, my decision is now made, I'm moving to the South of France, where I will finally be allowed to work un-harassed by all these immigration laws. I now have a new goal. Get the citizenship, move to France. Simple. I have to somehow achieve this.

I am tired, I am so tired, if I don't set myself new realistic goals, I will shoot myself. I cannot wait for success or celebrity, these will never come, I have to find ways to do what I want independently from money. Money is not everything, it is not freedom. Before it can be, you need to be able to make radical decisions. If you are not capable to make those without money, there is little chance that you would ever be able to make them with money.

I am tired. Tonight I would be ready to move to Bahrain, and I'm not even certain if I have not just made that city up or if it truly exists. I heard there was no more torture going on there, I wonder about self-inflicted torture though. Has it been cured as well? And are they ready for such a religious-less flamboyant gay as I am? Or that might be what will get torture re-instated?

One quick search on the Internet told me everything I needed to know, Bahrain does exist somewhere on this planet, and I would not be welcomed there: "Bahrain is known as one of the more tolerant Muslim nations in the Middle East, and has recently undergone a period of political liberalization. However, homosexuality remains a crime, and the government has periodically deported expatriates living in the nation for their sexual orientation."

One thing for sure, in Bahrain, I wouldn't be suicidal, I wouldn't be thinking about self flagellation, I would be far too busy trying to survive. It bares some thought. Perhaps I could work hard at making the most tolerant Muslim society to become even more tolerant, until the very day that they would accept me as their son in law, that is. I am bound to meet a nice good looking Prince in Bahrain, a young Sunni or Shiite, ready to marry me? I'm not particular about which sect my husband will come from, all I require of him, is that he will be a sex addict and will need sex at least three times a day. If he wants to talk about Allah in the middle of all that, I don't really care, as long as he doesn't abuse me

verbally, I had enough of that lately. I'm always horny, you see, something else society needs to cure me from.

God I'm bored out of my mind. Some Prince Charming will have to save me somehow.

God I don't know what to do.

Well, perhaps a few words about the writers' guilds in America, bringing the whole Hollywood to a halt. I have been so badly treated in my short experience with Hollywood, I can only but applaud that the ones being so badly treated have actually the power to bring such a money making machine to a stand still. Had it not been this casual way of treating writers, I bet I would be working in Hollywood right now, but there is just so much crap one can take before deciding that perhaps America is far from being what it is all cracked up to be, and that there is actually, maybe, a future with writing books instead, or even, being a 100% free author online without any kind of bastards in the background trying to make a buck or two out of what you worked so hard to get out there.

Since I make no money out of Hollywood at all at the moment, despite all that I have done so far, I don't really care if the strike goes on indefinitely. Hopefully the day Hollywood wants me again, they will then play fairer. I found out the day I landed in Los Angeles, that the film script I was working on was not to be, and was already a television series written by others, advertised on every single bus in the San Fernando Valley where I lived. No wonder I was that suicidal then! Bastards! My only consolation was that as a result from rejecting all my ideas and all that I had suggested, the series was the biggest flop in history and was cancelled after 8 episodes, all over America. There is a God after all.

They never thought of giving me a contract, I never dared to ask. Will I ever make that mistake again? Nope. Let's see if I will ever write again something on demand for free, fuck you suckers! I prefer to take my chances as being an undiscovered author who will remain so for the rest of his life, than ever ever be again exploited by such vampires. Any young writer out there, I am telling you, if it is too good to be true, then, don't bother, it isn't true. Write a book instead. Once you're really worth something, it is with a contract that they will approach you, and then, be merciless, because they will fuck you every step of the way.

I am amazed that with such a small experience with Hollywood, I have already learnt so much about the industry. It is very simple, you work very hard for free, and in the end, they steal everything from you and run away to make their millions somewhere else. And you are left there alone, stranded, wondering how you will survive the month, and yet, without you, none of it would have been possible. Bastards! I hope they lose a billion dollars this time, or two. Perhaps they will finally get the message. Bastards! I only hope they all die of a heart attack. Never again, never again, never again will I be so shamelessly exploited.

I have no doubt that this strike could last indefinitely, simply because writers in Hollywood and all over the U.S. cannot survive on their salary, and write all those shows and films you see during the night, before going to their normal jobs during the day. Out of the 12,000 in the Writer's Guild of America, I wouldn't be surprised if there was only 1% actually living out of it and working full time as a writer. It might explain why so many shows and films are simply plain crap, after two dozens writers have given it the finishing touch, taking over from the others who are unaware that such a travesty happened in the first place. It might also explain why some shows and some films are so great, out of misery can come great things, and such misery, I tell you, is the life and bread of every single author in this world, except perhaps for that 1%, and perhaps it is more like 0.01%. God, they do need to sort themselves out!

That's it, I just found my title, for my next book, and it ain't anything to do with Hollywood. Made in Quabac! Fabriqué au Québec it will be in French. It is midnight on 6-7 November 2007. I have found my title. And I tell you, this will be a revolution, dear me, it will last for generations. It may very well be what will

ultimately cause Québec from separating from Canada. And to be honest, truly, I don't give a shit anymore, I'm just a shitty poor, very poor, writer, how could I make any difference in this world? None, surely? And yet, I am about to destroy a country, a top one at that, one of the best in the world. Just watch me go. I will walk all over you in the end, if nothing else, I'll show you just how important and powerful a single rejected and starving author in exile from just about everything, can be. It will be my masterpiece, the only single book and series I will be remembered for. Just because one boring night, I decided to have some allegiance, to people who certainly never supported me in any way. And yet... you will see.

14 November 2007

I am so annoyed! Someone called my mobile twice, phone number goes back to a switchboard in Central London, a house filled with companies, one of them financial advisors, the other television production company. Now, maybe someone wishes to contact me to convince me to declare bankrupt, or someone important wants to hire me for something, or perhaps wants to buy one of my television script, or maybe even my last book! Whilst I still don't know, I might as well dream and hope about all this, this is basically all I have left.

Then I thought about that magazine in Brighton who did a big article on me, and it is distributed in the UK, France and Belgium. I just saw on their website that their October issue is now out, no way to know if I am in that issue. They contacted me at the end of October, 25 I think, that must have been for their November issue, but maybe that issue is out now and they have not updated their website. Some big producer might have seen the article, and now wishes to contact me, but perhaps after trying twice they will give up! No, no, no! Please call again!

It would be so perfect as well, I took the day off today. I would have ample time to fuck about on just about anything. And I thought the morning was so boring, you never know what could possibly happen on any day. I feel so isolated and miserable in my little bubble universe, I tend to forget that I am out thereon all those websites, I am talked about in many places, and I have a full article on me on that magazine right now about my novel Denfert-Rochereau published some years ago in French. With photo, excerpt and all. It is possible that people will contact me. It never happens, or did not happen for many years now, but you never know. I am in a much better position today then I was years ago when I had no experience at all working for television. Maybe it is time I pay my subscription to this TV and Film job website, maybe the reception will be different now. The BBC is not the only place someone can work on this planet, even though from my point of view it seems like the only place I could work. That will never happen until at least I have achieved some success elsewhere, and then again, they just fired a few million employees lately. This army must have now filled every single job there might have been anywhere else. They've got the great experience of the BBC, you see. Bastards!

Something will change for me soon, one way or another. I was thinking about it this morning whilst I was pondering on applying for this job as a Clerk at another Crown Court near here. I was wondering, really, would I choose to make it easy for myself and keep that miserable job around the corner instead, for another year at least, until the construction is over and that I can become a clerk then? There is no doubt that if I can sustain myself in this job for a while longer, I will get what I want, I will be a Clerk around the corner and the salary will no longer be so miserable. It would make my creditors happy. Then again, I could easily burn myself, have a huge fight with either my Line Manager or the Chief Clerk. This is so likely, and perhaps I have already damaged myself beyond repair, that one reason I might decide not to apply for that new job is because I need all three of my managers, from the small one to the big top, to write

comments about my performance in that application form. I have no idea if they could decide to be spiteful, then again, it would be a perfect opportunity for them to get rid of me if they wish so.

My Muslim colleague cannot wait to get out of his job, he is also applying for this Clerk position in the North-West of London. He too in the last 10 days never found the time to fill out the 100 pages application forms, unlike me he didn't have to fill these out something like six times within a few months at the beginning of last year. I will be doing a lot of copy and paste for mine, however, the main section which requires a five page essay, needs to reflect management work, so this needs to be rewritten. I worked hard initially to tone myself down and pretend I was just an assistant, or else I would never have got the job. Another problem.

I also learned, and that is wonderful, that my new Line Manager had a huge fight with the Old Indian man, and right after he went sick for three weeks! He said it before, when they were freaking out because he was virtually never at work, he affirmed that he only need to speak with his doctor to get three weeks off, since he is anyway so sick, he should not even be at work. And he did it, and now it looks good on me, cos I am not the only one with trouble with the new Indian Manager.

I also got a confession from the Pakistani guy, he said that his way of dealing with her, was to make it impossible for her to have anything to say against him. He says he does his job as quickly as he can, never so much as answering her back whenever she goes on on her litany of bullshit, and so far I'd say he has been highly successful avoiding her wrath. However, this come as a price, the man is but just a sheep or a robot, take your pick. Not sure if there is a human being behind that face anymore, hopefully he comes back to life once he leaves the office at the end of the day.

And the kid, the kid, he is on his last mile. They have now accumulated so much evidence against him, through these multiple meetings they have with him on an almost daily basis, writing down everything that is being said, that now he is damaged beyond repair. That also helped me a great deal, it shows how great I am that I am always there every morning, doing my job, even if you can't avoid the occasional crisis. As soon as the kid is gone, that is it, they will concentrate on me full time, because this what Managers do, create problems, making sure you don't have any time to do your job, and get you so crossed, stressed and angry, you no longer wish to live anymore. Fortunately they can't attack everyone all at the same time, so I'm next on their list, and boy, I'm sure they will find lot's of evidence against me and build up the case of the century for the prosecution. I can already read the indictment in my mind. It will all be details, insignificant skirmishes, but add them all together over a period of a few months, referenced them all to perfection as they do to make it look as bad as can be, and you have the strongest case ever.

I am still on grad fees, these invoices from counsels, and it won't change now. I have moved to another level, I am already now doing the job of a Clerk, I am a real determination officer. I had not realised there was quite another dimension to these damn things. Now when it comes out with mistakes (all the time), I have to find the problem and correct the bill. It is so damn complicated, I wonder if there is one single Clerk or Counsel in England who could claim he understand anything about these codes. The proof being that whenever we get one claim without an error on it, we cheer in amazement! These added responsibilities get me closer to becoming a Clerk, even if I lack the required management experience within the Justice system. However, that experience is vital, and it might be difficult for me to become a Clerk. It has rarely been seen at my Court, that an administrator will move to become a Clerk, the Pakistani man has been trying for 8 years without success. And anyway, I now prefer doing the grad fees at any rate, otherwise it would be post trial, and I hate post trial. Too many orders of all sorts and paper work to fill out and print and photocopy and



distribute. DVLA is the worse, whenever I see a driving offence, dear me, I choke. There must be a fine to pay, then other forms to fill out, it is never ending. I thought many times of losing these files, in the bin. Confiscation orders are actually the ultimate worse, but I won't get into that now.

I have been a busy bee this afternoon, did two loads of washing to supplement the one I did yesterday. Today it was the bed and the sofa. It was smelling really bad around here, as you can expect from having a zoo around here. I have also started copying all my files, my four websites are moving to another provider, I will end this horrendous amount of money I have to pay every month to maintain four miserable websites that cannot by any mean be called popular, and yet, two millions visitors a year are crippling me to the limits of my small resources. I should save something like 95% of what I used to pay. And it was not even reliable, every month I would go over my bandwidth limit and one to three websites would go offline. So much money down the drain, it is about time I make the switch. My laziness will have cost me a great deal in the last decade, I know no one who actually pay anything for their own website, and their websites are much more popular than mine could ever be. Minus the French Literary Forum, which seems to have gotten a life of its own, with so many postings, and yet, none of them apparently seems to be aware that I exist, or else, surely I would be halfway across to Paris by now, via the Channel Tunnel. Thank you, thank you for providing such a great and lively literary forum, but who the fuck are you? I must have helped so many poor French students all across France by now, the ones incapable of even writing an essay on, for example, André Gide. They all end up on my website which is filled with French teachers anyway, and they will get their grade.

French in France has always been top notch, they were so great compared with Québec, it was embarrassing. I am glad to confirm that the opposite is now true. France has gone down terribly in their standards, to the point that many of them don't even know which accent to put on the "e" in most words, the most basic thing. I am pleased to report that in Québec they went wild, and the new recruits are but masters of the French language. Ah!

And look who's talking. This idea of writing in French again has brought a panic in my heart, that I could not even remember this week the past tense of verbs in French, I might have to get back to my grammar books. Yes, French is not the easy language around here, easily forgotten too, but hey, I strongly believe it could be ten times more poetic than English. Or my English is too limited to see the extent of the poetry I could write in that language, and if my English is still too limited after 15 years living in London, than I give up, I might never know how poetic the English language could be. It might have helped if I had read a few British poets, but they all bore me to death, just like most poetry whatever the language it is written in. Yawn. And I call myself a poet. Well, I feel a poet should first be an anarchist or a revolutionary one, or else, they should not have bothered. Who cares anymore for "I love you baby"? Give me a gun so I can start shooting people. However, don't give me too much ammunition, I might start shooting the whole world.

Yes, I guess, I might as well admit it. I am proud of being some sort of French person. Yes, I wish I was born an English speaking person, might have been easier for me as a writer, but I am proud of my origins, of being from Québec. I love Québec, I love Québec people, I perhaps more proud of being French-Canadian than I could ever have been being French. Not sure if I could have been proud of being American right now, or even British. If only I could have been born in Québec, but then move to London almost immediately, and grow with both languages. That would have been perfect.

Both my French and my English will have been great, now, both are halfway there. Is it possible that I can't write anything good enough both in French and English? Because I was born in Québec instead of Paris, and in Québec instead of Toronto? Fuck ya then, see if I give a shit. I will do whatever I

feel is right, what I feel like doing, who cares for being published and sold to millions? I am being read, I know that much, I run out of bandwidth every month. Could that all be spiders and robots? Maybe, perhaps. Who knows.

Have I not proven how capable I was? How I might deserve a job better than being a civil servant? Who the fuck goes out of his way to write so many books in two languages, no less, and still is nowhere? What's wrong with you? Can't you recognise someone who may be worth something, at least a bit more than others, when you see such an achievement? At that point, it wouldn't be important if all 30 books were all crap or badly written, it is still there, it still exists, someone has spent decades writing it all, how can you be so blind to that? And you wonder why I can be so suicidal after such an amount of work that has amounted to nothing. I might as well just kill myself! There's nothing for me here, there never was and there will never be!

I am sad for you. That you cannot recognise talent when you see it. I feel that if you had two children, one extraordinary, capable of achieving so many wonderful things, rewrite the Constitution and all, you would still prefer and spoil the other who has done nothing and could never achieve anything. Perhaps because he is straight or something, whilst the other one, the extravagant one who does not touch the ground anymore and is halfway across the ocean by now, is gay. Maybe that's it, isn't it? I wonder.

There was a time when I felt I would prove them all wrong, that I would make my mark on this world beyond any doubt, and that suddenly these people I once knew who could never be proud of me, suddenly would be beyond hope. I don't think I care anymore for such folly. I was plain stupid to even wish for that and hope. There is only one person who needs to be proud of me, and that is me. I can die happy now, I feel I have done as much as I could do, even more than I ever dreamt I could be capable of. I can die now a happy man. And yet, I can see that I could so much more, and so I decided, sometimes, that I will achieve much more, that perhaps, I am still just at the beginning.

I could easily write for another 50 years, 50 more books at least, and who knows, maybe one of them could go on to become a classic. Perhaps this is what all this amounts to, for me to write that one classic that will transcend the centuries. It is possible, I feel it is within me to write such a thing. Not sure what it could possibly be about, but I may find out in time. I suppose it will be a love story superimposed over a war story. I guess this cannot fail to become a classic. And yet I wonder how much luck an author and a book would require in order to become a classic, as it seems to me that most classics have been imposed upon us, whether they were great or not, how else would you explain how such boring books as Albert Camus wrote, won a Nobel Prize? Are most classics simply manufactured, marketing gimmick? I believe so. Which explains why I am an anarchist when it comes to literature, underground, and perhaps this is where I belong. I already have a fan club, let's see how far they will go, how far I can take it. I won't stop, if I need to live another 50 years and write 50 more books, I tell you, no one will be able to ignore me upon my death. And if they do, so be it, I will still feel like I have achieved the impossible and that I can be proud of that achievement. And I am proud of myself, I truly am. Try it, and then you might realise what is involved in achieving that kind of thing. At the very least, I should not be a simple starving Civil Servant. For God's sake, I even foresaw the new Physics before Mark McCutcheon came up with such a better explanation of it all in his book the Final Theory. I must have some sort of brain?

17 Novembre 2007

Déprimé cette nuit, est-ce qu'écrire en vaut vraiment la peine?

Il y a des choses que j'ai oubliées de dire. Il existe des choses que j'ai oubliées d'être. C'est une renaissance. Je suis même prêt à accepter que peut-être, à quelque part, je suis Catholique. Un aveu monstrueux, lorsque l'on

considère tout ce que celui-ci a dit sur le sujet. Oui, c'est monstrueux, et certes, ce n'est pas exactement ce qu'il dit. Une appartenance, des symboles, on n'a pas le choix à un certain niveau, d'appartenir à sa nation. Quelle est-elle cette nation? Le Québec ou la France? Les deux, aucun doute, je suis Français, et fier de l'être.

Il y a tellement de choses que j'ai oubliées, et je me demande, qui suis-je vraiment? Français? Canadien? Canadien-Français? Et qu'est-ce que ça signifie vraiment? Quelles en sont les vraies conséquences? Les conséquences, en sont, que je suis maintenant à la limite d'être britannique. Comment expliquer ça? Merde! Si j'étais en position de demander ma citoyenneté française à l'heure actuelle, pensez-vous que je demanderai ma citoyenneté britannique? Si je pouvais vivre dans le sud de la France à ce moment même, pensez-vous que je vivrais à Londres? Il n'y a plus rien qui me retienne à Londres, et je ne retournerai pas au Québec à moins d'être obligé par la loi ou les circonstances. Et ces circonstances, elles sont ici, à ma porte, cette nuit. Je suis aux aboies.

Que je me souvienne comment écrire dans ma langue, sans recourir à une grammaire française, tabarnack!, j'ai une maîtrise complètement inutile sur le sujet. Combien de mois et d'années ont passé depuis mon dernier livre en français, que j'eusse déjà oublié qui je suis vraiment? Pourrais-je jamais être pardonné? Oh oui, considérant que la reconnaissance n'est jamais venue, je serai toujours justifié. Quoi d'autres aurais-je pu faire, dites-moi?

J'ai longtemps été en christ, contre la planète, contre vous, contre moi-même, en crise existentielle, ce n'est pas nouveau dans mon cas. Je suis en christ, et en crise d'identité. Non! Je ne suis pas Michel Tremblay, je ne suis pas né à Montréal. Et mon premier livre n'a pas été instantanément publié, ouvrant devant moi une carrière brillante d'écrivain. Non. Pour moi ça a été le chemin tortueux, d'une vraie littérature qui vient du cœur, et sans doute, de la tête, avant même de penser au produit, au marketing, aux ventes. J'ai toujours pensé que la vraie littérature venait du cœur, et non de quoi que ce soit d'autres.

Je ne me permettrais pas de parler ainsi si je ne pensais pas avoir déjà accompli l'œuvre d'une vie, si je ne croyais pas que la mort n'était pas juste au prochain tournant, et que la chance de terminer un autre livre était indéterminée. Certes, j'ai ça en moi, je peux le faire, je vais le faire, mais chaque fois, encore, j'ignore si j'en viendrai à bout, et même, si ça a aucune importance. Se motiver dans ces conditions, requiert un miracle.

Et c'est mon inquiétude, que ce miracle finalement disparaisse. Les idées, l'enthousiasme, le désir, ce désir de créer quelque chose par pur besoin, alors que la vie pourrait être si simple sans ce désir, que je me demande, maintes fois, il existe peut-être un vaccin contre cette maladie d'écrire, et combien je me sentirais libéré de ne plus jamais à avoir à écrire un seul mot.

Et ce serait une triste histoire, parce que je sais, moi, que rien n'est vain, et qu'il importe peu que j'en reçoive les gains durant cette existence. Il est fort probable que je mourrai oublié. J'aime croire qu'au contraire, ce sera une renaissance, et j'ai le droit de garder cet espoir, après cette existence infernale, de misère, après cet accomplissement qui n'est pas donné à tout le monde.

La poésie. La poésie n'est rien sans la musique. Je me demande souvent si je suis un poète. Je me demande souvent si je suis un écrivain. Je ne l'ai jamais vraiment cru, et c'est vrai ce que je dis ici. Et pourtant, quand on regarde les évidences, ne suis-je pas un écrivain? Je ne l'ai jamais cru, et pourtant, en même temps, j'ai toujours cru que j'étais l'écrivain. Donc pas un écrivain, mais l'écrivain. Je doute que vous comprendrez la tournure de cette phrase, but I don't care to explain it right now.

Je vais être excusé de toutes les libertés que j'ai prises. Je serai pardonné pour ce cheminement bizarre qui m'a conduit à accomplir des choses inexplicables, impardonnables. Vous auriez pu penser que j'étais un traître, vous comprendrez plutôt que vous étiez aveugles, et que vous avez provoqué ma vie, mon existence, ce cheminement, et que seuls vous pouvez être blâmés pour les conséquences.

C'était mon excuse, ça l'est toujours, je ne pourrai rien regretter de ma vie, j'ai simplement suivi le chemin là tracé devant moi, et ce chemin, vous avez certes aidé à le tracer pour moi. Autrement, en ce moment, je serais ailleurs, où l'on parle français. Si tu te trouves dans un magasin, et que tu découvres rapidement qu'il n'y a rien que tu puisses acheter ou vendre dans ce magasin, combien de temps resteras-tu dans ce magasin?

Ne rien pouvoir vendre est une chose. Ne rien pouvoir acheter en est une autre. Et je dois l'admettre, je vais l'admettre, je n'ai rien voulu acheté dans ce magasin, et je puis l'expliquer. Pourquoi? N'était-ce pas ma nation, ma culture, tout ce que j'étais supposé être et représenter? N'était-ce pas mon drapeau à l'entrée? N'ai-je pas rencontré à l'intérieur tous mes voisins, mes amis? Qu'est-ce qui me poussait vers l'ailleurs avant même d'être rejeté complètement par ces voisins et ces amis?

Je me demande si je devrais l'admettre ici ce soir. Sans doute que oui, parce que c'est clair de toute manière dans tout ce que j'ai écrit. Et pourtant, ça n'a jamais été dit aussi clairement que ce le sera maintenant. Je ne suis pas Martine St-Clair, je suis Céline Dion. Je pourrais arrêter maintenant, et je pense que vous comprendriez exactement que je vais dire. Mais je vais l'épeler pour vous, pendant que je suis encore complètement saoul, quitte à l'effacer demain matin alors que je réaliserai la folie de l'avoir écrit.

Conquérir le Québec pour moi, ce n'est pas assez. Il me faut conquérir le monde. Martine St-Clair et Céline Dion, pendant des années, c'était la même chose, toutes deux ont atteint le Québec entier, une cependant est morte au Québec, l'autre a été conquérir le monde entier. Céline Dion, c'est ce dont un Québécois peut et doit aspirer d'être. Je suis Céline Dion, j'ai toujours été Céline Dion, et même si je mourrais cette nuit, sans même avoir été reconnu ni au Québec, ni ailleurs, je serais fier d'avoir tenté cette chance d'atteindre le monde entier.

Cet espoir que j'écris plutôt pour la postérité, l'humanité, plutôt que pour une nation quelconque. Et personne aujourd'hui ne peut cracher sur Céline Dion et affirmer qu'elle est une traître, personne. Parce que le monde français est fier d'un tel exploit, que pour la cause du français dans le monde, qui se meurt, soyons honnête, Céline Dion a fait plus que n'importe qui d'autres, et elle n'est même pas française. Et il n'y a aucun doute que si j'avais réussi au-delà de toutes ces espérances, moi aussi j'aurais été un fervent défenseur de la langue et de la culture francophone dans le monde.

Je parle au conditionnel imparfait ou quelque chose du genre, au passé en tout cas. Est-ce que je crois maintenant que je ne réussirai plus à percer un jour, peu importe quel marché? J'aurais pu parler au futur. Si je ne croyais plus que je réussirais un jour, je n'écrirais plus. À avoir continué à écrire en français, j'aurais certes déjà arrêté d'écrire, puisque ça m'a mené nulle part, après six livres publiés.

L'anglais m'a donné un second espoir de réussir, après que j'eus été convaincu qu'en français je n'irais jamais nulle part, pour peu importe les raisons, be it que je n'aie aucun talent d'écriture. C'est peut-être possible, un jour peut-être je l'accepterai et arrêterai d'écrire, mais pas avant d'avoir tenté ma chance en une autre langue, en un autre marché, un autre public peut-être plus réceptif que le public francophone.

Il est vrai que je n'ai jamais vraiment tenté d'écrire quoi que ce soit de commercial en français, et que peut-être que finalement je suis à blâmer pour cet insuccès. Alors, que je pense que je devrais être reconnu aujourd'hui serait vraiment pure vanité, prétention. Tout à fait vrai. Mais je n'ai jamais eu l'intention de me prostituer, et Dieu sait que j'en ai maintes fois eu la chance, et même, qu'aujourd'hui je regrette de ne pas m'être prostitué alors que j'avais cette chance. C'est tout dire.

Je suis à blâmer, aucun doute, ces principes. Et ce qui doit être blâmé, c'est ma prétention d'être quelque chose de différent. D'avoir pensé que d'écrire

quelque chose de nouveau, de marginal, devrait être reconnu à un moment donné.

Certes, j'ai toujours eu cette capacité d'écrire un grand roman québécois qui aurait été un best-seller au Québec. J'ai encore cette capacité en moi. Je ne l'ai jamais fait, je n'ai aucun désir de le faire. Sous prétexte que j'écrivais pour l'humanité, et non une nation quelconque. Que j'écrivais ce que mon cœur me disait d'écrire, ma raison, plutôt que la raison d'un département de marketing d'une maison d'éditions quelconque.

Et pourtant, en anglais, ça a été tout le contraire. Oui, et non. Cette année. Un roman commercial, mais un autre essai impubliable, et une série d'autres textes non publiables. Je n'ai pas changé. Sans doute parce que j'ai constaté avec le temps, qu'il n'est pas nécessaire d'atteindre les masses commercialement afin d'être lu et entendu, et certes, je crois avoir atteint un certain public avec l'Internet, et pas juste monsieur tout le monde. Je sais que j'ai déjà eu un certain impact. Ce n'était pas exactement ce que je souhaitais, mais c'est tout de même fort encourageant, que le tout n'a pas été tout à fait inutile. Mon impact a été marginal, même si je sais qu'il a atteint plusieurs personnes importantes dans le monde artistique. Mon impact est underground.

Je parle comme si j'en étais à la fin de ma vie, comme si une œuvre ou deux de plus, et ce sera fini. Je donne à croire peut-être que je souffre d'une maladie incurable, comme le sida, mais ce n'est pas le cas. Je n'ai aucune raison de croire que je ne vivrai pas encore 50 ans. Pourtant, j'ai sans cesse cette impression que j'en suis à la fin, car je n'en suis certes pas au début. J'ai déjà toute une œuvre derrière moi, et ça n'a rien donné. Oui, certes, je vais continuer à vivre, mais peut-être que je vais arrêter d'écrire, et c'est cette mort que je ressens, que je sens venir.

J'aurais déjà dû arrêter d'écrire voilà longtemps, mais je ne l'ai jamais fait. Sans doute je vais continuer, mais alors il me faut trouver une motivation. L'anglais en était une voilà quelques années. Mais je vois que peut-être cela aussi ne donnera rien. Je n'ai pas encore tenté de faire publier Anna Maria, mais je vois que je n'en aurai pas le courage. Ça fait longtemps que je n'envoie plus mes livres aux éditeurs, dix ans de rejet te guérit d'envoyer quoi que ce soit qui ne soit pas sollicité, alors tu espères que le hasard sur l'Internet te mettra en contact avec les bonnes personnes.

Alors, vais-je écrire ce nouveau livre ou non? En français ou en anglais? Et le sujet, l'idée, la motivation...? Ou peut-être est-il temps que la prosecution states that it has raised its case? I wonder.

Je me demande. Je ne crois pas que je vais arrêter d'écrire mon blog, mon journal, ma vie. Mais de la fiction? Anna Maria m'a redonné courage, ce roman de science fiction anglophone, qui a comme redonné un sens à mon existence, à ma vie d'auteur. Que je pense déjà à mon prochain livre à écrire, de fiction, en anglais ou en français.

Il me faut juste continuer, ne pas trop me questionner, écrire ce qui me semble juste, au moment où la décision doit être prise. C'est tout, oublier tout le reste, construire mon propre univers. Ce qui doit être écrit, se doit d'être écrit, et jamais il ne me faudra me forcer, que cela devienne une corvée. C'est là mon secret, ce qui a toujours été mon secret, pour un public aléatoire partout dans le monde. On ne sait jamais qui s'arrête pour lire sa propre histoire, là est une certaine motivation.

L'alcool amène les bilans, alors que sa propre existence est remise en question, mais il existe une deuxième existence en parallèle, celle de l'écrivain. Aucun bilan de vie ne devrait remettre ça en question. Mais voilà, lorsque l'on en est encore et encore à penser à la mort, tout s'éteint, tout se termine avec ce dernier bilan qui servira à décider s'il faut continuer ou non. Car c'est de tout qu'il faut décider, la vie sociale, son emploi, la vie personnelle, son chum, la vie professionnelle, l'écriture. Laquelle est vraiment importante? Laquelle est vraiment sérieuse? Dieu seul sait.

Un écrivain a besoin d'un partenaire compréhensible, parce qu'un écrivain perd la majorité de son temps à écrire, durant la nuit. J'ai seulement eu deux partenaires dans ma vie, et cette double-vie d'écrivain a certainement détruit mes relations personnelles, à tel point que je pense maintenant que si je désire vraiment continuer à écrire, il me faudra être seul. Et j'en rêve. Si j'avais l'argent, j'achèterais ma liberté, comme un esclave qui désire se débarrasser de ses maîtres. L'amour, le sexe, l'affection, la tendresse, ça ne compense pas pour l'écrivain qui n'a qu'un seul désir, celui d'écrire, peu importe s'il écrit au paradis ou en enfer. Pas de compromis possible.

Au diable le monde entier! J'ai quelques pages à écrire, et il n'existe rien de plus important au monde. So get out of my way! I don't give a shit if you're dead or alive, not tonight anyway whilst I am writing away all night long, never mind that I have to go to work tomorrow morning.

C'est pas facile, mais c'est possible. En autant que l'écrivain soit capable d'envoyer chier le reste de la planète lorsqu'il le faut. Et il le faut. Peu importe les conséquences. Peu importe les conséquences. Pour un écrivain, une seule occupation compte, celle d'écrire.

Combien d'entre vous ressentez ce profond désir d'écrire, comme seule raison à l'existence? Au point où tout le reste peut et doit être sacrifié? Suis-je le seul? And what have you got to show for this life of sacrifice?

21 November 2007

Sometimes I do feel lost, and find myself re-assessing everything about my life, everything I do, if I should do it or not, and finally, what is my motivation after all? I can really reach rock bottom fast, don't even need alcohol for that.

There must have been something in the air today, everyone was a little boiling pot and everywhere it has exploded around me. Thankfully I wasn't part in any of it, but I'm afraid when everyone's an exploding cooking pot, it splashes everyone around without exception, and we then all become cooking pots which will explode on another day, tomorrow perhaps, unless I can be doubly careful, because I can sense I am about to explode as well.

It was supposed to be the return to work interview of the Old Indian man today, after his little stint of taking three weeks off and making it clear it was retaliation. Such a great opportunity for management to torment an old man could not be passed by, and so they went on to question what the note from his doctor. The result was a huge opened fight in the department, ending threatening that he will soon be sick again for a whole month! Boy, and I thought I was in trouble. Except that he is in no trouble at all, they will not sack him for that, they won't do anything. As the British woman told me long ago, no one gets sacked from the civil service. Once there, you're there until you die, it is like the papacy. You can kill a lot of people, and tomorrow it is all forgotten.

Today however you will suffer the torment, the mind games, the bullshit of management. The stuff that do actually make you sick and suicidal. That is a more serious offence than serial murders, when it is widespread everywhere in the world and that it goes on on a daily basis. And I learnt something, no matter hoe many threats they do, how many mind games they play, in the end, it is just that and nothing else, empty threats. Why they do roll themselves in that shit then? Especially when most crisis in this job happens as a consequence of all that bullshit they're playing at? I guess after 25 years in the service, it has become their existence, their reason to exist, to scheme, to fight, to stir trouble, they make us all as miserable as can be. They're must come a point when you actually enjoy backstabbing and shitting on people and make their existence a real nightmare. Petty world for small minded people. If it was not so depressing, that sentence could be a great title for my next book, it would also do for my epitaph, though I don't want one cos I want my ashes thrown out at sea.

So after that blow that went horribly wrong, they had another victim to attend to. A long meeting of two hours with the Kid. After all that they asked him to leave for ten minutes whilst they considered his sentence. I have not heard the sentence yet, we were disturbed by a woman and we could not talk about it. I will know tomorrow what is his faith and how quickly it will come. I guess you can be dismissed from the civil service after all, until you are actually permanent, which I am now, but the kid isn't. And yet, even though it was clear after the first week that one more week would have been enough for him, they dragged it for a whole year, and even now they are still not doing anything about it, they simply wait until his contract runs out in two months. What we wanted to find out is if they would actually decide not to wait and kick him out one month early, just so they don't have to pay him paid holiday over Christmas and the New Year. The kid is so used to that crap and bullshit, because he is so laid back and not caring about anything, and either too stone or too tired anyway to care, that it rolls over him like water on an arsehole. I suffer for them, terribly, even the old man, and I am under no illusion that it will be my turn once they're finished with them.

Then I come home after such a stir at work, and it is the turn of Stephen in his job. It exploded as well, he ended up in the office of his boss, with the other bitch who has consistently backstabbed him for over a year now out of jealousy because all the clients love him and they all hate her, and the whole office could hear. I don't know how it is going to be for him tomorrow at work, but here it ended up in us having a huge fight and, once again, I feel like shooting someone or kill myself. Either would be acceptable to my predicament.

We're both completely wired and stressed out by small minded people in shit jobs, and so this relationship has become untenable. And I no longer know what to do to escape this dire reality. Reading science fiction books, playing adventure games, writing pages and pages of whinging here, no longer suffice. I can no longer escape this kind of existence. I cut off the television completely, I have not watched it in months, neither when I was in Los Angeles. I can't stand it anymore, it is all part of the nightmare where you can no longer think at all. We will soon all be dead without even giving a second thought about the meaning of our existence and the universe. It does bother me. And I understood only recently that if I had lived in the past, I would have only one way out, I would have had to be a priest, because then and only then could have I had time to read, think and write. All I ever wanted from this existence, whilst I find that these simple things are simply not compatible with life as we made it. That would do another good epitaph: and all I wanted from this existence was to read, think and write, but could never find nor the time nor the freedom to do so. I realise I am saying this whilst I have now reached the 500<sup>th</sup> page of a normal book of this blog (unless you're now reading an edited version with hopefully all the whining filtered out), but what you need to understand is that it is just a blog, another escapism, it is not what I have in mind when I am thinking of writing literature and philosophy and politics and most especially theoretical physics. What I am doing right now is not writing, it is venting frustrations, and it does make me feel better up to a point. In the short term, certainly. In the long term, I have now a collection of whinging blogs that could very well go up to characterize who I was as an author, and this is a disaster compared to what I wanted to achieved and what potentially I could have achieved. And of course I may never get the chance to prove any of it. I know I am at the beginning of my writing career, and yet, I also know that in many ways I may very well be at the end of it, leaving behind all that could have been but never was. Another good title, or epitaph. I'm full of them tonight (why is it that what would do a good title would also do a good epitaph? I'm getting worried here...)

I've been trying to switch from one webspace provider to another in the last two weeks, it is quickly becoming more tiresome than getting a mortgage or being refinanced, or getting a new citizenship, something else I need to do after collecting on all the too much taxes I have been paying both in the U.S. and in

the U.K. in the last three years. Something I might never do, getting back that money, or ask for my citizenship. I'm afraid at some point I will crack and just get out of my life so quickly, I might erase all my websites and my unpublished books in the process, one drunken night.

At the very least, the fact that I am switching hosts, made me think that it was time for a major update of my website, an update that will finally once and for all move me away from the word anarchist, something that never characterized me, as it is hopefully obvious, but might be responsible for all these vans outside my flat constantly spying on whatever I might do tonight, wank perhaps? Better call the Vatican right now to denounce me, or the Whatever of Canterbury in my case.

Shit, too late, I mentioned it now, I will talk religion. No matter how much I read about the Catholic and the Protestant faiths, I cannot see any discernible difference. To me it is the exact same thing, give or take a few minor and unimportant points which could be argued is the difference. That difference is only that you have a different boss, and enjoy more freedom being a Protestant. As such, if I had to choose, and thank God I don't have to, I would choose Protestantism. Shame millions of people had to die in order to understand what the real difference is, something I have still to figure out (the difference, and why so many people had to die for this small difference). I suppose Catholicism went too far and too wild at some point in history, and some people finally woke up and severed themselves from such an inflexible and overwhelming faith. Shame they simply did not give up religion at that time instead of going on to create worse on their own. Must be God's big plan, I guess, whatever that plan is. God's big plan must be the total annihilation of the planet, that is what anyone can gather from reading the History of religions. I wonder if I will end up on some religious hit lists for stating such things, I hope so, it would be good publicity, wonderful PR. One can never think too much about marketing and sales these days. Once it was a question of survival, as it is in my case, for others it is a question of greed whilst more millions come their way. (My God, I am the little anarchist, am I?)

Right now I am only thinking about one thing: How to drink myself to death tonight whilst surviving tomorrow at work. Another great title, or epitaph. If anyone out there has any solution to offer on that little conundrum of mine, which I go through so many times every week, please contact me immediately.

One previous girlfriend of mine found me recently on some website, yes, I did have girlfriends in my youth, whilst I tried so desperately not to be gay in order to escape your wrath, and she put me in contact with a friend of hers that she felt was similar to me. Well, apart from the fact the guy is young and astonishingly good looking (the bastard), it turns out that he is heavily into philosophy and has written a few texts on the subject, along with other opinions and convictions he has.

Normally this kind of thing would have gone right over my head, I would not even have spent a minute on anyone else's website because someone told me that this person was worth a look. After all, the rest of the world is a hostile place, it is foreign, and I've got things to write myself. But there you are, he is French-Canadian, and as such, where I am right now, I feel that he is like my brother (and wish secretly that he was my husband). So I spent some time reading him, and was quite pleased when he announced that he would read my book *The Eclecticism*. Why would I care when I have millions of visitors on my website anyway, I do when it is one isolated good looking French-Canadian who could be and perhaps is my brother. I would like him to read the book and tell me that he is impressed, and that would be more powerful than anything else that could be judged great in my life, which truly didn't not affect or reached me the way it should have.

We have totally different writing style. I can tell that the kid just got of university, three degrees no less, that every single thing he has written seems to



be the words of another great thinker out there. Many citations of many great authors, many analysis and other works, and some final arguments, just like essays. And written in such a clinical style, you can still smell the carbon tetrachloride after reading it. (I'll save you the work, tetrachloromethane (a synonym) was widely used as a dry cleaning solvent, as a refrigerant, and in fire extinguishers. However, once it became apparent that carbon tetrachloride exposure had severe adverse ill and health effects, safer alternatives such as tetrachloroethylene were found for these applications.)

It re-assured me to read him. Don't ask how and why, but it did somehow. Perhaps because for a long time I remembered how I was writing whilst in University, and now that this is far behind, I write completely unlike if I were in university. I was afraid it was a bad thing, I understand now that it is the best thing, because then you are not a parrot just repeating what everyone else said, adding your few lines of conclusion at the end. And you writing in a completely clinical and uninteresting style, you can be comprehensible and actually mean something which can reach someone somewhere.

No doubt he would stop talking to me if he were to read this, and it would be a shame, because I feel he's got great potential, and capable of leaving his idols behind and think for himself for a change. Especially that his idols are Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Montesquieu and Jean-Jacques Rousseau, please give me a break, I'm surprised that Karl Marx was not on his list, and actually the fact that it isn't is interesting. However, his biggest idol is a poster called "Power to the People!", in English no less. I guess he is more the little anarchist than I will ever be, I feel like puking right now.

Why? I don't know. I feel so out of it, so out of this existence, that I truly do not care about anything my fellow citizen feel or believe in. For a long time I thought it was pretence, that somehow I thought that there was only one thinking machine here, me, and no one else could input any idea or philosophy into me but myself. I realise now that it is just that I am so uninterested by anything that is going out, out there, that it also explains why I feel nothing when people mention to me about a genocide of half a million people somewhere in Africa. It is not that I am careless, insensitive, it is just that I simply do not feel alive at all in the first place, so how could I care about any genocide? I had a dream, and that dream is my life. Another great title, or epitaph.

In the sense that I feel my whole existence is just like a dream would be, perhaps I would go as far as comparing it to a virtual world inside some sort of computer or thinking processing thingy. I have never felt anything was real to begin with, and getting motivated in that kind of thinking, is damn hard if not impossible. And yes, I felt like that way before the movie The Matrix came out.

I learned something else that is important, reading that kid (who is actually just five years younger than I am, but I feel so old already), it is that I have no idols, no great political or philosophical thinkers I could consider my idol. Of course I have favourite authors like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Arthur C. Clarke, but this is entertainment, escapism from this nightmarish reality which I never thought truly existed in the first place.

And it is not like I have never read these great thinkers, I have read them, and certainly enjoy reading Bertrand Russell for example, but none of them really had any impact on me, certainly not to the point that I would be declaring them my idols. What they have done, I can do for myself. All they do for me is to give me food to develop my own ideas further, they do not replace or give me an entire new set of ideas that can sit comfortably in my brain, and up I am now a revolutionary guy who will make sure everyone else on the planet will inherit the same set of ideas. If anything, I am a great believer that everyone should develop their own set of ideas about who they are, their place in this world, what this universe is all about, and whatever meaning one could or should apply to it. Total freedom, and that includes, no brainwashing of any sort.

I don't admire anyone on this planet, I don't admire myself either, I know my place in this world, I am the centre of the universe. Only because the rest of the universe is but inexistent, that it only exists in my mind, and in the end, I am the only source to whatever it is that hits me in the face or that I go through every day. I am the God of my own universe, you are all my creation, and shit, I chastise myself everyday, how can I lack imagination to such a degree that no one in their right mind would wish to live in such a universe?

And so, in my mind, such delusion of grandeur, or godlike figure, is not pretence, since in my mind, in this world, only me exists. So yeah, I am God, but at the same time, I am the only one here who's actually real, and even that could be debated. So no, I don't feel pretentious, superior or better than anyone else, there is no one else. The better you realise this for yourself, the better you will feel about yourself. There is only one God in the universe, creator of everything and everyone, it is yourself. And then have a look around, and see the mess you've made of this place, of your universe. You have only yourself to blame, just like from my point of view I have only myself to blame, and so, there is only thing to do, think a better world and work towards it, until things become at least bearable around here.

Funny, I actually do believe that bullshit. Perhaps it is another escapism for me, some way to escape this reality I can't stand. Every single written book, every single piece of music, every single movie, every single human being out there, you created it in your own mind, you are the source of all that you can see and hear. That Nietzsche's book you despise so much? You are the author, you created it, just so you can despise it and that it can give some meaning to your frivolous existence. And that Mozart opera, which is definitely the best thing any musician ever composed, and these weird theoretical physics ideas from Einstein and others, and even these laws of nature, you created it all. It is all in your mind, it is all your dream, this great capacity to invent, on demand, and to think the unthinkable. You can give yourself more credit than you feel you deserve, everyone in this world is but the fruit of your imagination.

And now I think I am truly ready for the asylum, because I do believe what I just said. And not only that, I believe that many people who will read this, will actually believe that it is true, that intrinsically inside, they will feel that it is true, somehow. I cannot explain why, I just feel it is true. I admit it could be escapism from this reality, that I have created my own kingdom in my mind and that my father is the King and my mother the Queen, and now I will take my rightful place from Prince to King, but somehow I don't feel that decades of therapy could cure me. I am well aware it could all be an illusion, and yet, I choose to believe my make belief world, because it is only on those terms that I will accept to continue living in this world of yours which only can incite suicide. If I am right, and perhaps I am, then it is not a world of yours, it is all but a world of mine, in my mind. And then, I must have some power over it, I can change it the way I want, I can make it liveable and acceptable. And I have been pretty successful so far and making this world liveable, with no means whatsoever. I have been highly successful at overnight changing this world to make it a place worth living in. And so, I will need a lot of therapy indeed to convince me that I am delusional. What is more likely is that this whole existence is but a huge illusion and you can influence it at will, as much as you want, as long as your are determined to do so. That's all.

And now I am peaceful and happy again, until the shit hits the fan again, but there is no reason why it should, or that at the very least, it should affect me at all.

And now that I have drunk myself to death, how am I to survive tomorrow at work without exploding and killing a few managers? Damn good question. Well, I guess I better dream myself a better existence to wake up to tomorrow morning, once I go to sleep tonight. Yeah! Tomorrow is a great day! I will wake up somewhere else, something better, full freedom to read, think and write, I

will. And even if I fail miserably in this simple exercise, because we are so trained to believe we cannot affect reality, at the very least I can still extrapolate on this miserable existence. Tomorrow I will receive this magazine distributed at thousands of copies all over France, Belgium and England, it will make it real that it has happened, once I see what has been published about me. And from there, God knows, anything can happen. I am free to dream about it, hope about it, create it, make it happen. Tomorrow once again I am a celebrity, and this time something will come out of this, something that will bring me the freedom I crave so much.

And now, if I don't go to bed, there is no way I will be able to survive tomorrow at work. It is one thing to suddenly be the most celebrated civil servant for one long minute all over the country, it is another not to tell your manager to go fuck himself or herself when he or she comes close to you to tell you such bullshit that God himself must be crawling and spinning in his or her tomb, wherever he or she is buried.

I would so love to analyse this last entry of my blog in a university course paper. I feel I would have a lot to say about the true meaning of it all, and what it is that the author truly wished to say, especially an author so ironic at all times, that you can never tell when he is sarcastic or not. I just hope that I won't wake up tomorrow morning, once I am sober, and delete the whole entry, as I seem to be doing a lot lately. One could start to wonder what it is that I am so afraid of, when it is actually so clear that whatever I may be writing here, it does not have any impact whatsoever in this world. Yes, it could possibly give you the wrong opinion about me, eat some of my credibility, and what else. Am I worried? If you have read so many pages already, and still are prone to any kind of final judgement, then why should I care?

I could be on the Moon tomorrow morning, if I truly wished it. I guess I don't, or else I would be. But perhaps I could be halfway across the galaxy right now if I truly wished it, and that I truly do wish, so I better sleep well tonight and thing hard convincing myself that it is true, and so it shall become the truth about this world. Did I say halfway across the galaxy? I meant halfway across the universes. As to the nature of these many universes... now we're talking.

Read, think and write, all I ever wanted, and ended up with no time to read, think or write. The result is that I am completely alienated and delusional, and still write, but wild stuff out of this world. I guess I can only blame myself.

23 November 2007

When I read any novel, there are always parts that bore me to death, and other parts that I could read forever. A good writer, I guess, is one capable of only writing these bits that people could read forever. The other major problem is the reader, since one could care only about cheap love stories, whilst the other could only care about politics, and the other about religion.

In this actual blog, I am uncertain what will turn out to be what I would like to read forever, and the other stuff I will find highly painful to read. And what about any other potential reader? I could make a wild guess, that if you have lasted that long, what might particularly grip you is any kind of confrontation with my Managers. Well, tonight you will be pleased then, because I went for a drink with my Line Manager, and she lasted all night, for the drinks and the food. I don't know yet everything that I have said to her tonight, how damaging it has all been, I will only find out once I wake up tomorrow morning, perhaps at 5 or 6am, once I wake up, and suddenly everything rushes in and comes back to my mind, everything I have said, which whilst still drunk, I have no idea.

We were not supposed to talk about work, and I would certainly not have brought it up if they had not. She couldn't help it, she had to brought up my big mistake of this week, as I do one main one at least once a week, unfortunately for this big one, I felt justified, I felt like I had to it, if only to be efficient in my

job. It is however the job of any manager to be blind to that sort of thing, and to be honest, had I been the Manager, I would also have been blind to this mistake.

It is true that I have spent a whole day auditing every single file there are in the building, and making a list of where every single file was. This could be considered a big waste of time, and yet, we spend so many hours, every single employee, tracking down files every day, ultimately it saves us all a lot of time to have a list telling us where every single file is. I had to do it, because I still had a thousand invoices on my desk, for which I had no idea where these files were. After wasting a full day making my database, it took me two hours this morning to eradicate my pile of old invoices. Not only that, I helped everyone tracking down every single file, and saved the whole court something like hours of blind search, and will do so for at least two weeks, after which my list will no longer be up to date and will be useless.

So it is a big gamble when you have to ignore the orders of your line manager and do something forbidden in order to be efficient. And if I had to do it again, I guess I would, but I also suppose that I won't be doing it again soon, unless I do it one day that she is not there. Well, that was her big thing tonight, how I wasted a whole day doing nothing, and emptied her heart about it, whilst giving me no chance to even justify myself. And I was clever enough not to insist, even though I insisted more than I should have. At the end of it all, if this is all she has to complain about concerning me is that, then I guess I'm safe, considering the other problems she has with the others, so nothing really to worry too much about.

One important has been said though, she asked me why I was giving her a hard time. To which I naturally answered, why do you give me a hard time. There is always two sides to a coin, and yes, I would agree that I am not an easy person to deal with. I had trouble with management for as far as I can remember. I have an attitude problem, I am unable to be a sheep and to blindly listen to orders. And I always felt that has long as I was working real hard at any rate, I should be left alone to do my job. Some philosophy no manager in their right mind could actually live with, I have to admit.

So the only question remaining is can we make it work? Probably more than I was ever able to do with any of my previous managers, that I have to say. And not only that, it seems to me that within six months she will be out of there, will have found a better job and up she will be becoming rich on the management wild path of the world. It seems to me that I might actually be, for once, there for the long haul. I have by-passed this unique chance to become a Clerk, whilst there were 10 positions available all over London, I didn't apply.

I don't regret. The whole point of this job, is that it is around the corner. To suddenly get a promotion in Central London would defy the very reason I took this job in the first place. As a consequence, I either have to make it work somehow, or leave her Majesty Court Service altogether. I'm sure there was a time when being a Civil Servant was a respectable thing, but it is no longer. Nowadays, if you are young, no one can be called a Civil Servant any longer. Because you could only be one for a very short time, before getting a real job. And that is what she was saying tonight, that all the young ones around her all left by now, to double their salary working for the private sector in Central London.

Nowadays, I reckon, the only way you could still be respectable being a civil servant, would be if you lived in Wales where there are no other jobs anywhere within 1000 miles of your home. And why I am mentioning Wales here is not because it is a shit hole, no matter if it is or not, it is because I wouldn't mind myself to move to Wales and be a civil servant, and only then would I be proud to be one. I need to get out of London, no matter what it takes. Scotland is already way too disconnected from England, the same goes somehow for Northern Ireland. Wales is the only place where I could still be the British I am pretending to be, and still feel at home as the conqueror of these people. Wales is

the least independent British colony there is on this planet. And I couldn't tell you if it is because they wanted it this way, or if they still have to wake up and make their revolution. All I know is that if and when they do their revolution, I think it will explode on a massive scale, and could be followed by Cornwall's revolution, as their as well there are talks of some sort of secession from England.

Dear me, England will soon find itself very much alone and completely isolated, thank god they now have Afghanistan and Iraq to control, hopefully that will be enough, though I suspect they wouldn't mind adding the whole of the Middle-East to their controlled states. I guess it makes more sense anyway, there is after nothing in Wales or Cornwall worth controlling apart from people. And that will not make anyone rich, it can only bring problems. So let them go and go conquer some other worthy people, Muslims for example. Given a few decades, I'm sure we can turn them all into respectable British citizens.

In a way, I'm glad. History is not over just yet. You read the horror of the past, and you think, well, at least these were somehow great times, with powerful empires, moving about to conquer the world. And you turned around to read the daily news, and thought, shit, has anything interesting happened lately for the books of history? Well, yes, we're building a new empire, we all know that it will lead to disaster, however, it ought to give us a few good paragraphs for the history books of the future. Something is happening, at the very least.

Canada is a weak country, some people say. Canada is too honest, fair and pure to go out there and conquer the world. My country will never be a great one, on that level. It does not need to be. Because Canada is already a great country for these very reason that it is a genuine and fair country that every single person in this world can trust and do trust. No one has ever questioned the intentions of my people, when we are out there somewhere, and call it humanitarian aid, it is true, and no one questions it. It is also true that under Nato perhaps we were all mislead a few times, but for that you can only blame the United States, the big bully out there misleading everyone. We still went there armed with ethics and morals, and still, no one can deny it or question it.

In fact, for the security council of the U.N., for all these other countries fighting to get in and have their word in what next country to annihilate, I think we should deny them access. Moreover, I think we should eliminate the five countries already controlling the planet, these countries being the United States, United Kingdom, France, Russia and China. None of these countries can be trusted, I think everyone can agree on that one. I think we should only put one country at the head of the United Nations Security Council, Canada. As this is the only country anyone could ever trust on the whole planet.

I am often inflammatory, conspiracy theorist, anarchist, and all, but this time, I bet no one could actually give me any arguments that could actually convince anyone that I am not right. And what is even better, is that Canada is actually much stable than any other country, that I would actually, and the world could actually trust, any future Prime Minister. Because I know that no one who could ever become Prime Minister of Canada would act any different than all the previous ones. I trust all Canadians, that all of them are honest and fair people.

I can vouch quite easily for all of them, that any of them would die before being responsible for anything that could be judged immoral, unethical, and even, one death that was not justified before an International Criminal Court. I am proud to be able to state such a claim, and I wonder, how many of you could actually say the same thing about your own country. And don't mention Switzerland to me, their neutrality has never been a real one, when this neutrality has only been motivated by financial gains, and the fact that one third is German, one third is French and the last one is Italian. It is already explosive enough without anyone saying anything in order to destroy that kind of weird peace they have enjoyed for so long. Maybe Norway could claim to be like Canada, I'm not even sure about Sweden. And maybe there is an island in the middle of the Pacific who never cared for international politics that could say that

they are as moral as my people, but let's give them ultimate powers and let's see what happens. I could only trust Canadians. At any rate. Whether they were English or French Canadians, I trust them all.

I guess it could be called a weakness, and I suppose it is easy to take advantage of us. However, I think anyone can learn quickly about this world, and that you can only be fooled once. I don't think we're stupid, I don't we're weak, and if it came to it, I think we could be once again right at the forefront of any new World Wars. Hopefully, only after assessing if we have not been played for fools by Americans and British, but I think we're wise, we didn't go to Viet-Nam after all, and had no part in taking over Iraq. And when it explodes in Iran, Syria and North Korea, I still think we won't be part of it.

I think Canada does not have the best intelligence in the world, when it comes to spying on everyone else, but we have the right intelligence to figure out what's really going on. I know, I worked indirectly for Canadian Intelligence, in media monitoring, and I know the government hears every single word anyone says about any of the main topics worth monitoring. And what I am saying here, you can bet they will know about it, and that even the Prime Minister will read it.

I don't think people realise just how far reaching whatever they say actually is. State anywhere at any time that you are displeased with your government, and even though no one might hear you except a few dozens, you can certain that you're government will hear you, and will be influenced by it.

So in a way, you have the potential to be much more powerful than you ever dreamt you could be. And it don't matter if you have only three readers on the other side of that miserable website you have painfully built for yourself, I know that you're government, quite high up, is reading everything, and certainly more often than not, it reaches the top, at the very least, it does reach all the people that matter within that government.

The Internet universe is not that big. When you do a search on one specific subject, it is rare that you will get more than 10 pages of 10 relevant results on any search engine. And if you speak about anything specific, you can be certain this does turn out on any search engine after ten pages, and your government goes much further in its search of anything that is said about anything, to guide itself in what to do next. Because, public opinion is everything, if not the only thing. It is true that it seems today that neither the American President or the British Minister seem to care about public opinion, but those are exceptions, and you have to wonder why they would forego that public opinion in order to continue their personal agenda. Since any government that no longer cares about public and international opinion, must be, by definition, a government not fit to rule and should be impeached immediately. It is obvious then that these governments no longer act for their people in some sort of democratic society, they went on to ignore everyone to pursue some agenda which makes no sense to anyone. In this day and age, no one should find this acceptable. Civil war is the only answer if impeaching has failed. And civil war is perhaps what this world needs right now, to remind leaders that they cannot pursue personal interests or hidden agendas, bringing such horrifying consequences that any citizen in his or her right mind, could say: I am proud of my country and my leaders and I could trust any of them to the last, just like I just did for my own country, Canada.

I think you can trust all Canadians, after you verified that their orders come from the Prime Minister himself or herself. I'm afraid that right now in the world, whenever you meet Canadians, they may be under American's orders. And so, I think that there may come a time, and I hope it is not already, when you might no longer be able to trust Canadians. Though right now, I think this is not a worry. Americans hate Canadians at the moment, because we have not reacted as they did to these dubious terrorist attacks. This is a healthy sign that we are still in control of our own country. If that changes, then you can worry.

And at that time, another clear sign will appear on the horizon, Quebec will want to separate again for good. It is one thing to wish to separate from Canada, when we still compose a big chunk of the Canadian government at the Federal level, it is another to be controlled by Americans. And that, I cannot believe, will be acceptable to anyone in Québec. Any early sign of it will create a revolution all over Quebec, as it is the only and best new argument to create a new wave of freedom sentiment. Over it, I could finally come to see reason and vote for the secession, and it is known that I never really particularly cared before now about that. But this is where I would draw the line, and I know that we would all do. And in some weird parallel universe, you could actually witness a few liberal American States being annexed to the New Quebec Country, including most especially the New York State. Since I believe we all share the same beliefs, wisdom and ethic, no matter the language we speak. Freedom on every level is the only language anyone can speak.

I was asked a very insightful question this week by the Kid from Ham at work, the very one who has already been technically sacked, who should have been sacked months ago, and yet, I appear to be the only one to truly realise how much potential he has for the future, despite the fact that he is but a moron right now. He asked me quite out of the blue, are all Prime Ministers in Canada French-Canadians?

You can see how such a question is a question that no one in Canada would want to be asked. I know why, and I will answer why here for you tonight. Yes, every single Prime Minister in Canada has to be French-Canadian, otherwise he could never win his elections. At the same time, the only way he could actually become the head of his own party, is if he is a double traitor to his own people. There is no other way to describe this conundrum. Every single Canadian Prime Minister has to be French-Canadian and a double traitor. He or she has to make it look like they are anti-French, and yet, they are French, and you could not take that away from them.

So as such, any Canadian Prime Minister cannot be but hypocrite, and quite a liar in order to get to the top. He has to be convinced both side that he is the one who should lead the country. As such, I reckon you could still buy out a Canadian Prime Minister, impress him or her with visits to the top of a Pyramid in Mexico accompanied with the American President and the Mexican President, where the leadership of the Americas will be given to one man, the American President, but you could never buy out a French-Canadian Prime Minister. Never. They wouldn't be impressed by anything, just as I would never be impressed by anything. Too much history and fights dictate such things. So it may come a time when only Quebec could be trusted, because Quebec's leaders could never act selfishly or for their own petty interest. All of them are already completely immersed in the vocabulary of the revolution, a revolution they have seen and fought for over 40 years. At the same time, it is a quiet revolution, no blood will be spilled over it, we all know that much, even considering the skirmish of this extremist group in the 70's which used bombs and the army had to be called in, something I am not proud of, even less proud of the fact that they are all now in Quebec and still placed quite in high places, but hey, that is perhaps the only time in history when my people fought back against such a great oppressor, and that is 40 years ago. I'm sure that now none of them would even kill a fly, they are all vegetarians (right?). Anyway, that's nothing compared with Ireland, and it is the exact same problem. Shit, I'm running out of arguments. Damn you, in the 70's, what were you thinking! I hate you! Oh well, I have forgiven you now, I have to, just like the Canadian government had to, and did in some sort of weird amnesty, amazingly. And that's Canada for you, something to be proud of, no matter how this amnesty came to be.

Funny, I think the future of Quebec will come from people like me, clearly a traitor. I love British people, I am proud to announce that I even have a cockney accent. I can't wait to become a British citizen and start fighting for

Indian and Pakistani rights in my county, we are all immigrants in a weird land after all, and right now I identify more with them than with the French, who are after all first class European Citizens, whilst I am immigration scum lost in the bureaucracy, and will always be, it seems. Because I am also gay, and so it took me only 15 years to reach the point of finally be able to ask for my citizenship. Fuck, this is Hitler's State all over again, where Jews, Gays and Gypsies (have they ever existed those ones?) have no right to anything. Took a fucking long time, let me tell you! And now I lack the energy and the money to cross that last step to becoming the ultimate traitor to my nation, becoming British, and I will cross that line with a big smile on my face. Because I would have then succeeded where not many have succeeded. I wonder how many French-Canadians have ever been naturalised as Brits? Not many, that's for sure. Like all Australians and New Zealanders attracted to Britain like flies on horse shit, French-Canadians dream of France before anything else. No one cares for Great Britain. I don't even know why I care. Must be because of the Commonwealth, without it I wouldn't be here now, I would be in Canada, or Bahrain if the chance had presented itself.

Which means anywhere else but Canada, as I will never be far away enough from my past than it will ever be possible, and that must be because I'm gay, somehow. I agree, my youth was wonderful compared with what it could have been in any other country, and yes, it was nice and happy and all, and yet, I still need to get away from my past as fast as I can for some weird reason.

And far away enough for me would be beyond the solar system. And believe me, if I don't commit suicide prematurely, I can assure you, I will be the first man to be shipped outside this solar system eventually, even if I have to figure out how all by myself, and re-write all physics in the process. I can no longer stand any of you, no discrimination, as simple as that. I do need to get out of here, and by here, I do mean this planet, whether it is doomed or can be saved, I don't really care either way, and I do mean it. I never felt I had anything to do with you anyway, I have always been but a witness to your downfall, your own self-destruction in every single detail. I have come to hope for it. By all means, press the damn button of self-destruction, this is all any of you has ever been taught to do. We're not civilised yet by any means, I doubt we could ever be. I have not seen any sign that somehow we could be salvaged as a species. And again, just like you, I don't really care. I only care to get out of here and have nothing further to do with any of you.

Weird behaviour puzzles you. It also puzzles my animals, in the zoo I am living in. If I do anything weird, my parrot looks at me like if I were some sort of weirdo. He doesn't need much to begin puzzling about me, just like I don't believe you would need much to begin puzzling about me.

I may be drunk, I am still able to assess my situation. There are truly two personalities inside of me. The sober one, the drunken one. Someone wrote an eternal book about it, it was called Jekyll and Hide, and that took place in London, the very place I exist in.

Right. I can see that I am not normal, that I am marginal, not that I am extremist or anarchist, no, but certainly mentally sick, as soon as I am drunk and only then. It appears that I wouldn't care if everyone and everything on this planet were to disappear and if I were to be the only remaining living thing left behind. I'm sure that by now this disease has been identified and a Latin name given to it. It is just not normal, and it has nothing to do with being gay, since most gay people are not that extreme. So what's wrong with me? Yeah! What's wrong with me! Is there not a drug out there that could cure me instantly? Is there not a drug out there curing your very soul and existential crisis? I believe there is, but only a fool would take that pill and gobble it up as if it would solve all humanity's problems.

The truth is, I have nothing to complain about, no real good reason to be freaked out about anything. And yet, I am so freaked out about everything, I cannot explain it myself. Yeah, I have no money, I can't eat to my satisfaction



every month, but I don't really care about any of that, I always felt I was very rich and eating way too much, following the idea of the American Dream which states that even in poverty and uselessness, we could all dream that overnight we could all be filthy rich and powerful. I'm a strong believer in capitalism,

I was never hungry even when I was, because there was always hope that tomorrow morning it would all be different. So that's not the real problem here, especially that I had great jobs in the past, I was kind of well off, and could still be if I wanted to, and I gave it all up because ultimately none of it made me happy. I could easily have been rich by now, I could still start my own company tomorrow morning, and I have no doubt whatsoever, despite all my doubts, that it would be highly successful. And yet, I have no real interest in any of it.

I certainly have the brain to do anything I damn want. I could go into politics, and as hypocrite as I would dare to go, I could go very far. For me there would only be one end to all of it, it would be to write about it and report back for some weird reason everything I would witness in this lifetime. There is always an ulterior motive to everything I do, the purpose to report back something worth reporting, be it the most single useless reaction of the first loser on my path, confronted with the big monster than I am depicted to be (which I probably am, because I will never go down peacefully, I have never a sheep and will never be, I'm afraid).

I don't think I'm sick, but I do understand why people might think I am, and would not stop at anything in order to cure me from this disease I have. I have to be brought back in line, I have to become that white sheep that everyone else is, I need more brainwashing in order to be brought back to order, no doubt about it.

I am not worried about any of that. What I am worried about, is how extreme I can be, in everything. If there were a whole field filled with sheep, I would be the black one kicking out the door opened and leading all those peaceful people to chaos and perhaps destruction. After all, the fence was only there to protect them all from the M4 motorway, wasn't it? It is clear that none of them has any brain to figure out that if you cross that door, death is certain. Who could ever doubt it when cars are going at a whopping 30 miles an hour?

I didn't mean to be more sarcastic. I meant to truly figure out what is wrong with me. After all, I am suicidal, and could easily end my life any night that I drink one glass too many. Surely such a person has a sick mind, even if he would never admit to it. So what is it that I thought I could decipher about that now?

The origin of it? I was born with it. I can't deny it, there is nothing humanity could do, which is worst than whatever happen in history, that could me to such disgust that I would wish to kill myself. And no genocide so far has ever got my heart to flinch one bit, unless that genocide, of course, was to happen in Canada.

There was something insightful I thought of, I can't remember it now. Shit, and I thought that for one long second I had figured it all out, and now it is out of my reach. I think it had something to do with what you were projecting, saying, as revolutionary and controversial it could sound, ultimately it had nothing to do with your own internal crisis. That finally, you must be misreading so many people out there, that you cannot pinpoint the real problem out of all the consequences and headaches they cause. I'm afraid, a psychologist here might not be of help.

The thing with me, is that I never actually found a cause to fight for, because I was way too disinterested in everything around me. So I have never been political or ecological or religious, or whatever. I am a rebel without a cause. Can you imagine the problem? As soon as I wrote it, I knew I had heard that one before. It is a book, it is film, nothing is new under the sun. And yet, I guess this is me, I am a rebel without a cause. And it makes so much clearer that I have a deep psychological problem, and that perhaps I could never be cured. I guess my

only cause is existence itself, for which somehow, for some unexplainable reason, I find offensive. The whole concept of it, perhaps because somehow I feel there is something else, much more concrete, though I can't put my finger on it, and could never do.

I wouldn't mind being cured. I do mind about the result, what it would look like to me. I don't want to be cured if it would mean becoming such sheep I have seen, no ambition, no question to ask, perfect slave. I would prefer in that case to lose all my jobs within the year than become institutionalised, to the point that no one could spot you out of a dead room, the archives.

Why are you making it so difficult to me? This is what she said to me tonight, my Line Manager. Why are you making it so difficult to me? I answered. Why are we making it so difficult to each other, then? Good question. It might have something to do with free will, free thinking, the whole concept of manager and slave, that we all know that management would prefer to run over computers instead of human beings, and that slaves would much prefer that too, though we're not there yet.

Perhaps it has something to do with humiliation? Patronising? And I wonder, am I not over that by now, having been a slave all of my life? I certainly do accept it. Who does she think she is? Yes, I do tell myself that quite often, and yet, can answer the question, she is my boss. I don't know. The fact that she is 24 years old does not seem to matter much to me, though she loves to repeat it every single day. I don't judge people on how old they are, I only judge them on their personality, and their actions. I would have no problem following a 4 year old, as long as I thought he or she was right. And the fact that she is a woman? Makes no difference to me. And the fact that she is Indian? Makes no difference to me. I really do judge them over their personality and actions. As long as I could get along with my Manager, I wouldn't care if it was an alien from outer space, this is after all, all that I am asking for, not to be depressed, to be happy. And fuck, this seems to be too much to ask from anyone on this planet.

But this has nothing to do with why I have decided to write more tonight. I was to figure out why I am the way I am, identify my sickness, and suddenly find solutions to all my problems. Which could explain why I am suicidal, why I wish to see everyone disappear instantly, my agoraphobia which I have identified that I suffer from whenever too many managers bang me on the head for whatever reason, and this desire to get out of the solar system, and even this desire to re-write all of physics in order to make it come true.

And dear me, if I were you, I would worry, because I have identified the physics that could potentially get me out of here now, I wouldn't need much to start experimenting with weird instruments in order to make it come true. As soon as I identify the chemical reaction which could actually stop electrons from constantly expanding, that's it, I'm out of here!

I have to say, there is something sweet about a delusional man who actually is intelligent enough to make his wildest dream come true. I might after all get out of here. Still, the question will remain as to the why I felt like that, why I was so completely beside myself about anything about this world. I'm afraid, the machine needs to shut down. Perhaps I am not so much a slave, but a robot or computer, or an extension to a computer, inputting numbers all day. And even computers need management, dear me, there are ways to enter numbers into a computer, and there are ways to enter numbers into a computer, and there are ways to enter numbers into a computer. This is the key to figuring out what management is all about. The all many different ways machines can actually enter numbers into machines. This is the key.

Well, this machine has to turn itself off. And I'm sorry if this machine has forgotten what was so insightful about the bug burning it to the ground, not so efficient or impressive machine after all.

I think I am neurotic, I don't think there are many other authors out there who are that far gone. So, I should rejoice, I am different, I am marginal, I am

anarchist. Surely I am some sort of a bit of fresh air amongst the all eternal boring stuff out there? I sure hope so. So at the very least, it wouldn't be wasted. I am no longer connected with this world, that much is clear. But God only knows what I am connected to, if not simply completely disconnected from everything. And most of time, I would have it any other way, because to be honest, there is nothing worth connecting to out here.

Phew! Whenever I feel it is the right time to come out naked into the street in search for a gun to point at my puny brain, I sometimes find enough vanity left inside of me to go and do a search under my name on any search engine out there. I just did now, concentrating for once on the French universe of France.

I realised a few things. I'm embarrassed by the books that have been published and that are talked about. If this is all that would remain after I'm dead, I'm fucked. I have found many websites of many weird people that frankly, I can only be proud when they state out of the blue their ten best authors, and my name creeps up in there somewhere. And then I'm wondering, what is it that they have read exactly? What is it that made them think I could be one of their top 10 authors? How this came to be anyway in the first place? Shit, top 10 authors, think about it, I'm thinking Nietzsche, and... Nietzsche (please now, don't go read Nietzsche on my account, I have never read the man, I only like the idea that he went completely mad just before exploding onto the world, and here it sounded grand). And look at the crap I have written for so many years, the only stuff I could truly be proud of, the only thing I feel would deserve to have my name on their list, has been, let's just say, my biggest commercial failure, and perhaps the only thing that motivated me to continue existing. It might not seem to be much for you, but I don't want to be remembered for any of my published books, except *The Eclecticism*, and it was my biggest failure.

What I mean to say is that perhaps it is better to remain true to oneself. Living its own grand existential crisis in style, instead of writing puppet shows for whatever reason. I seem to be reaching out anyway at any rate, so why should I worry? I don't think I will write that stupid French-Canadian book now. I should concentrate on stuff like *Destructivism*. I should write another one like that, or perhaps completely different, but something I can be proud of when someone on his or her website states that I am one of the best. I feel it should at least be justified, and writing bullshit does not qualify. Maybe it is time to get into philosophy in full gear. I could only truly feel justified to be in their top 10 if I had written something worthy of this world.

My next book needs to be so out of this world, I need to try to read it back and wonder, what the fuck was this all about! Then perhaps I would truly deserve to be on their top 10 list of best authors of all time.

That is one of the kids I am most proud to have as my fan, and he is only 17 years old:



He said: - Écrivain favori : Tolkien, Anne Rice, David Eddings, Bernard Werber, Baudelaire, Roland Michel Tremblay, Froideval ...

There are many others out there who talk about me, and name me, but that one really impressed me. And dear me, what has he read of me? God, I hope it is not one of my blogs. I suppose I could make a wild guess. Tolkien is fantastic, monsters, and Anne Rice are all about vampires, Beaudelaire, that is *Les Fleurs du Mal*, anarchist poetry via Arthur Rimbaud, and Froideval is all about *Dungeons and Dragons*, so in all it is fantasy.

Right, I guess what he read is my poetry, *The Anarchist*. Something I am actually quite proud of, and it is published. Yeah, that fits the bill. This is what he must have read of me. Otherwise, I guess we both like Nine Inch Nails, and maybe he does not even know that Type-O-Negative exists, and then, we have nothing else in common whatsoever.

Perhaps I should send his photo to my publisher, their PR and marketing department, and tell them: this is your target market for that particular book. What do you think? I am obviously joking, in case all my sarcastic comments go right over your head.

I wish this could motivate me somehow, I wish I actually cared about that kind of thing, that I could have some vanity. Somehow it only works for the few minutes I go online and do a search. It changes nothing to my existence, it is like, it is all virtual or a dream, and I always wake up the next day and, god, I have to continue, to go on.

And right now there is only one thing I am afraid of. Is to go to bed and waking up sober, and realising all the damaging bullshit I told my Line Manager

tonight in that pub. To be honest, I am not certain if I will survive the shock and horror of what I was capable of stating whilst I was drunk. Frankly, I might not survive it.

30 November 2007

Just been watching all the Indochine videos tonight, it is Friday after all, and I have been sick like a parrot all week, gastric flu, off work for 4 days, still, unable to write anything for all that time. Today's Friday, I am still sick like a cockroach, however, if I was okay enough to go to work today, I'm still okay enough to drink myself to death tonight and write whatever comes to mind.

This blog has become anyway a long whinging cry for any kind of help, and I could not care anymore about anything. If I have to leave any sort of témoignage (witness account) of my existence at the turn of this century, then I guess I cannot simply censor myself freely once I become sober. There will come a time after all when they will censor me themselves freely, they being whatever authority deciding what is acceptable or not in this day and age, forgetting that it was very much acceptable for centuries before they were born.

Drinking myself to death however might prove difficult. My partner has drunk just about all the alcohol we had left in the flat. So I was reduced to searching for old bottles of stuff we never thought was drinkable in a million years unless of course a civil war or some of other world war were to make alcohol not so readily available anymore. And then, these bottles would reach such a high price on the black market, that there is little doubt that we wouldn't be drinking them. I had a choice between Gin, Pernod or Ricard Pastis de Marseilles, with water. The smell of all of these makes me sick to my ganglions, and so the choice was most difficult indeed. I decided to try the Gin, I am already sick, God only knows what Pastis would do to me right now. I have to say, Gin is a vile drink, but I have no choice, I will drink myself to death tonight one way or another.

Today at work I brought the magazine which had an article about me, and my books. Funny, no one was that interested in any of it, especially managers. Not that I really care one way or another, I suppose we're all living in different universes, mine already far away from here.

Isn't it amazing how quickly one can adapt to undrinkable drinks? I might actually get to like Gin. The taste of it, I can only describe as if one would try to drink a pine tree, with the pine pike thingies at the end. Well, it is near Christmas after all, might as well get into the spirit of things. I sure will be puking pine trees at around 5am this morning, but in the meantime I might actually write some worthy pages, if only I were to move away from this blog for a start. Oh shit, I take it back, I almost just vomited on the spot this very minute. Maybe I'll switch to Pernod for my next drink. Or is Pastis more drinkable? Great idea in any case, Gin is vile. Still, you have to admire how one eclipsed job 15 years ago provided me with the alcohol I needed on night like these, where I was desperate enough to drink whatever I could find. Still have six bottles I think, amazing. I guess this is the best job I ever had, and to be honest it actually was. I was a miracle worker in this job, and yet, I was just a secretary. Makes you wonder, perhaps these crème de la crème secretaries they are all raving about are actually poor substitutes for people like me, when I decide that being a secretary is not below my station. I am a civil servant after all right now, a job nowadays which could only be described as a McDonald job whilst you are waiting to bounce back into a great job. I almost said a career job, but there is no such thing anymore. No one can remain in any job for more than a year or two or three at the max. This is the way of things. This is how long it takes any HR department to finally gather enough damning evidence against you in order to kick you out without fears of being sued by any work tribunal.

Being sick for four days has given them a lot of fuel for their little scheme against me. I have now been sick 11 days in the last 12 months, 5 number of absent spells, whatever that means. They even invented their own vocabulary, to make it more confusing to all of us, so we can no longer figure out whatever it is they're talking about whilst they plan our destruction. Unless 5 spells is some sort of weird reference to Harry Potter? And then, it is completely understandable to any younger generation? Somehow I doubt it. This is not Hogwarts, this is Isleworth, though sometimes I feel it might be the same thing, it certainly sounds the same to me, and the old train they used in Harry Potter must be stored around where I live, because I have seen it passed many times on the train tracks of my station whilst waiting for the train for Waterloo. Very surreal, which makes things even more confusing to me. Perhaps I do live in the world of Harry Potter after all. If only. Perhaps there is a way for me to convince myself that I do live in that fantastic universe. I have been trying very hard after all to convince myself that I was living in some sort of science fiction universe.

It is now may hours later, since I wrote that last paragraph. What I have done in that time? I wrote another email to Indochine, to Nicola Sirkis. If I consider it a waste of time to write here instead of writing fiction, I certainly consider writing emails to pop stars who will never read them, instead of writing here, a double waste of time. And yet, I did take the time to waste so much time, just in case they might actually read it. Anyway, if I write enough letters to him, enough to fill a book, I will then put it online as a book in its own right. So perhaps it will not be so wasted. Whatever I spent the time telling him something about, might not be as important as the whole world reading what I have written to him without him knowing anything about. I don't know how I came to think like that, but this is so now. I don't really care if he ever reads my messages to him, as long as the rest of the world gets to read them. The only thing that truly matters.

So I guess I am at a point that I can write to anyone on this planet, and put it here online for everyone else to read. And it won't matter if the person it was destined to reads it or not. Fascinating. In the end, my message will reach through in no uncertain terms, in better ways than it might have otherwise been if only the real receiver had received it and forgot it instantly. Great, you no longer need to reach the people you truly wish to speak to. You only need to speak to them but send your letter to everyone else. Eventually perhaps it might get to them and they might finally get the message. I suppose this is how revolutions are made.

It may not seem like it, but this paragraph might actually be quite important. I need to remember it. I believe there is a name for it in English, it is called an open letter to whomever. A letter that everyone will read except the person it was destined to, since that person is most likely out of reach now, being so self important and all. But you can bet that by then they will read it, it is an open letter that everyone else has read after all... and even then, the destination at this point is no longer important, as long as you know you can reach out, and at the very least, I know I do.

This is quite a statement, I know, but I know that I do reach out. Who I am reaching is a good question, and I won't elaborate here before everyone starts saying that I am delusional, but I know I am reaching out. Who? Everyone, important or not, and it is perhaps in the individuals without any kind of power that it is truly significant. Because to be able to reach many individuals is where the power lays, ultimately.

Influence the people, showing them other ways to think, things they might not have considered, and so on. I wish I cared, perhaps I feel I have nothing that significant to communicate to them, and yet, I have that communication channel in order to reach them now. The mighty giant fell silent when put on the spot. And perhaps this is good. I am not a revolutionary guy after all, well, perhaps I am, but it is only in the overall achievement of a lifetime that it will speak

volume, perhaps not right here right now in this paragraph. Phew. I don't need more obligations or responsibilities right now, I just need to survive the next few days, that's all. And fuck the rest. I don't need to save the world tonight, though I am quite aware that this world needs saving. From politics for a start. And stupidity, which I am afraid to say, is plaguing this world right now. This lack of common sense, where we're all human beings sharing this world, and somehow, we've got to make this place a liveable one, where everyone can be happy to actually be alive. Right now I wish to commit suicide, I had that wish for 35 years. How much does this tell you about your rate of success? It speaks very poorly indeed. Everything you do, everything you say, seems to make me wish to die. Surely you can do better? Change something, I don't know, fundamentally change somehow? See the world the way I see it? Can you? Or is despair the only thing I can and we can all expect to meet along the way? Desperate I am. Grasping at straws, finding some sort of way out, anything will do. Or is this truly a hopeless world? I think it is, I think there is no hope. If you think otherwise, please do contact me to let me know how this wonderful existence of yours could make it all look so bright, when it is so dark. The future is not bright, the future is not orange, I'm afraid to say. The future is depressing and there is no bright light on the horizon.

And I guess it all starts with the small mindedness of my managers who could not even inspire a snail on the sidewalk on their way to work. At least, hopefully, they will not get that snail to become suicidal just by their sheer presence? I always hoped somehow that snails were oblivious to the sort of miserable existence us humans have made for ourselves. The future is not bright, it is doomed. Because happiness is not allowed in this world, and it was such an important and simple concept to grasp in the first place, how did we just forget all about it, I wonder. I am not happy with this world, I wonder who could. I think we have to create another one. I have been working hard at it for many years now, I do hope I have made a small difference.

9 December 2007

It was a mad week, I feel bad for everything that happened, things I have written that I don't even think or believe, and yet, it was coming out of my fingers and perhaps some altered mind state, that I truly certainly was someone else. Now I understand how these stars in Hollywood, or those politicians can instantly destroy their career with one small sentence, for which they must be at a complete loss the next morning to find out where it came from when ultimately they think nothing of what they said. I also understand how a man can go to a pub, drink a few glasses, hit someone, end up in a Crown Court and then in prison. It can happen so quickly, through alcohol, I'm afraid.

Thankfully, my big marketing PR stint, in my case, will have no consequence. And nothing that I have stated is that bad at any rate, my career could only suffer from it years to come, if ever success knocks at my door and someone clever gets their hand on it and use it against me. Much more efficient and damageable than a Crown Court judgement.

I learn a few things though, about myself mostly, it really made me think. I am such a funny and nice human being in real life, but when I drink all by myself late in the night, to the point of even developing a taste for Gin, then I can become a real monster. The worrying thing is also that a lot of what I have written really comes from there, and I am getting worried now that most of my writing is down right anarchist in nature, someone I always claimed I was not, with reason, but eventually one will have to wonder how true it is, if this is how you are when you drink, and only write when you are drunk.

For a moment there I thought it might have been a mistake to change the title of my website from The Crowned Anarchist to The Marginal. I don't think they would let me get away with it, because what I have written can be so

extreme, that it truly needs the backing of a title that states so quite openly, so you have some idea of what you can expect, and then it will be more acceptable. If I were to change my website's title for "White Flower" right now, with nice images of saints and virgins, and people were to start reading, they would have a heart attack. Because it would be the total opposite of what they would have expected, and would have quickly move away from a website called Crowned Anarchist in the first place, and hence, I would have spared myself a few headaches.

After all, if Marylyn Manson was to say that he hates every single one of you and would be willing to kill you all, you would not bat an eyelid. Because in a way it is expected of him to state such foolish words. If Céline Dion was to state the same thing tonight, I think it would be worldwide front page news tomorrow morning and her career would be finished overnight. However, it is unlikely Céline Dion would drink a bit too much one night and say such a thing, and if Marylyn Manson states such a thing, you can bet it is a calculated move and comes with his PR department's and record company's blessings. I have no such excuse.

This is quite an important decision I am making right now, because I was about to eradicate the word anarchist from all that I have done so far in my life. I already did get rid of the offending word on my main website, but now I wonder. I thought it would prevent my chances to go mainstream, especially when most of my books have nothing to do with anarchy or revolution or anything like that, but now I wonder if the mainstream could ever be ready for me. Without realising it too much, I think I am quite provocative in everything I say, whether I am drunk or not, as perhaps I found it to be the only way to make a point when you do not have a voice in this world. If everything I were to say, like Céline Dion, was to be splashed the next around the world, only whispers would be necessary for me to make any kind of point, and believe me, it would have the greatest impact. Otherwise, I guess, you have to shout to be heard, and hope someone will listen. Because without journalists to over amplify everything you say, and be scandalised by the most simple sentence, which could easily be considered inconsequential in the first place, then you could never be heard.

Which brings another question, do I want to be heard, how important is it to me? I don't have any kind of message to get out there, there is nothing I feel so strongly about that I would need to get a microphone and start crying about to the world. For anything I may want to say, hundred others in far better places and better connected than I am do so, and in better ways than I could ever do myself. And so I found that it was not necessary for me to add my voice to theirs, they don't need me.

So what then, I am just entertainment, a bit of fun? I must be if I am not strongly motivated by anything, political or other, or a strong message to get across out there. And I certainly do take myself seriously in every way, I do feel what I am doing is important and will add up to something concrete one day, and then, what is it all about then? Good question. Nothing that specific I guess, I just do what I do, like I feel like doing at that time, and that is it. If any message comes out of it, it is perhaps more or less of an accident.

Do I want to go mainstream and make a lot of money out of my books? Or do I prefer to remain marginal and continue to do as my heart tells me to do? Is it preferable for me to cut myself out from most of the world by remaining under some sort of revolutionary banner like Crowned Anarchist, or should I spend time and energy to move away from something which I never felt represented me? And what about The Marginal, in itself this is already out of the mainstream, but certainly more readily accessible. The truth is, any grand-ma who would read my website is likely to choke on her own bile. Might as well keep her away from me by sending all the warning signs right up: anarchy, revolution, serial killers, annihilation of the planet, wow!, she would not dare enter my world then and I won't have to hear her complain about me, someone should shoot her right now!



Even what I just said could be misconstrued, judged heretical, scandalise a few people. I just can't help it. I simply find it funny, it is all sarcasm, I always have a big smile on my face when I write, laughing my heart out, as I find it quite funny. Unfortunately at the other end people miss that irony, that sarcasm, they believe firmly that I am serious, deluded, sick, and would certainly need to be interned into some mental hospital. They too need to be shot, I'm afraid (I'm just being sarcastic here).

And now you must be wondering what was that crisis this week which brought such a turn into who I am and what I wish to move towards. Well, I would think you would think that I did something horrible, but I did no such thing. It was quite innocent, and started with the best of intentions. It never works that way in my case. I always write way too much, and there are always a few lines in there that seems to send everyone completely insane!

I just wrote four letters to my actual idol, a French singer from a French band, and put the letters online on a forum. Instant crisis, thousands read them, hundreds expressed how scandalised they were, and then my answer was so radical and out of mind, that I ended up completely alienating them all. Only me on this planet could achieve such a thing, writing letters of admiration to someone, and end up creating a big stir with thousands of people freaking out in the background and all instantly wanting to kill me, all in 24 hours. Somehow, I have to admire that as well, I must have, without knowing it, a great sense of PR. And this can only work as long as my website is called something that justifies being such an extremist. So in the end I can tell them all to fuck off, and still be in my character, as if it was expected of me to do so, and so I did.

How controversial. And so perhaps I should not shy away from this state of affair, I should embrace it, just like it seems I did when I chose my website's titles so many years ago, before I had even written anything controversial. I knew then what I was like, that I couldn't be control, and that in the end, you might as well just embrace it. It could very well be my last and only line of defence. Perhaps it will be a good thing for me to never reach the mainstream after all, or perhaps only reach it once I'm dead. Because then everything is said and done and no one will get another word from me, I will never need to defend myself about anything.

All right, so that was what I learnt about myself, so now let's see what I have learned from others. Before the Internet, before the forums, I would think it was quite difficult to feel and understand what most people thought about anything, and how strongly they can feel about anything. Now you can have it all to your face instantly, and let me tell you, it is ugly, because they are opinionated about everything, as much as any critic, and are even less afraid to shit all over your face when I feel that you don't even deserve it. They don't need much to go into overdrive, any detail can tick them off, they're like time ticking bombs, an accident to happen.

A lot of courage is required to get such a raw feedback from anything you do, and you need to be strong, or else, they can so easily send you off the wall and in deep depression, it is amazing. They did for me, but only for one long night. The next day I was peaceful again, happy go lucky, even, if I have to admit it, proud of this self-made crisis I was able to manufacture, even though I had no intention for it to become as such in the first place.

Any publicity is good. And as long as you are pretentious enough to think that you are superior to them all, and I am obviously only talking here about an internal sense of feeling, because it could never be justified in real life whatever your accomplishments, then you are ready for confrontation and the consequences.

It must very hard for these little new artists putting a record or a book out there, after a big record company or big publisher decided to trust them (it wouldn't matter if no big record company or publisher took them on, no one then

would ever talk about them). And then suddenly everyone turn against them, criticise them to death, kill everything they are about and worked so hard for.

I think I have reached the point where I can be immune against it after my initial outburst of freaking out about it, which lasts maximum a day. However I would not have thought so when I started, because I am so emotional, paranoid and so on, the smallest offend can send me into a spin, and getting down from this madness is certainly difficult, because it does hurt beyond words could express, and in my case, I jump right up to the idea that I might as well commit suicide on the spot. So it is hard indeed to get back down from such crisis. You certainly need to be strong, and whatever you could think, you can never be that strong, and it will always take some time to calm down, forget, move on. And then, no be deterred by it if you still feel that you are on the right track and that you made the right decisions. If you don't feel that way any longer, well, time to re-assess yourself and move into new directions. It is not the end of the world... yet.

The truth is, you have only one decision to make in life. Either you decide to remain a mute for most of your life, and so you will never be attacked and destroyed, but then, you may wonder, are you alive at all or just an observer of life and what is going on around you? Or you decide to speak, and as soon as you speak, of course you will be attacked and destroyed. And then, you can only try to deal with it the best way you can think of at that time. In either case, somehow I feel you will live a most fulfilled existence if you decide to confront the world, even if it has to be on their terms. In the end, you are still alive, you are still standing, you are still free to do whatever you want, you are now in a better position to plan your next move, and that next move is what is important. One has to do what he or she has to do, at any rate, in any case, nothing can be stopped by whatever a few disgruntled bastards might say or do. Ultimately you are building something, for posterity, and "la racaille" does not matter, can not stop a train from reaching its destination. S'il faut être un écrivain maudit, soyons un écrivain maudit jusqu'au bout.

Now, if I only knew about the destination, I would feel much better. But I guess I am only building it as I go along, and anything that happens in my life, must be helping shaping it.

Finally! I have just spent 2 hours reading everything about Céline Dion, and I have found what I was looking for, the perfect human being that she is, is not entirely perfect, for once in her life she did express one opinion, a feeble one at that, and she was ostracised for it, and it created perhaps her only controversy. From Wikipedia:

"Dion is rarely the center of media controversies. However, in 2005, following the Hurricane Katrina disaster, she appeared on Larry King Live and tearfully criticized U.S. President George W. Bush regarding the Iraq War and his slow response in aiding the victims of Hurricane Katrina: "How come it's so easy to send planes in another country, to kill everyone in a second, to destroy lives? We need to be there right now to rescue the rest of the people."

Shit, this is something I could have easily said, without any consequence, and yet, it was her controversy number one, and only one. After that she learnt her lesson, the hard way, and never ever again expressed any opinion of any sort. Still from Wikipedia:

"She later claimed, 'When I do interviews with Larry King or the big TV shows like that, they put you on the spot, which is very difficult. I do have an opinion, but I'm a singer. I'm not a politician.'"

Dear me, what a bad boy George Bush must have been, in order to get me to talk about politics, something I had never really done before, and now, even Céline Dion, who never before expressed any opinion about anything, suddenly became all political. And then, the machine went to work, she was criticised, she backed off, she apologised, even though what she was saying was

so damn true that even most Americans agree with it, and now she will not speak again.

Well, had it been me, I would not have apologised. I would not have said I'm just an author, I am no politician. If we live politicians to deal with international affairs, all we can expect is a Third World War. We all need to say what we think, and no need for apologies. How come it is so easy to send planes in another country, to kill everyone in a second, to destroy lives? And when a flood is coming our way, we are unable to send even one plane to rescue a few of the thousands that died.

There is only one conclusion to that true statement. The human race has become master at killing people, but we are still useless at saving one life. We excel at exterminating people from other countries, the better if they are from another religion, but we are incapable of protecting our own citizens. We can only think of death, plan for it extensively, spend billions for it, we never thought of thinking about life, or spent any significant amount of money on it.

You see? I am just like everyone else. I also only think of death, never the living. I also think that we easily kill everyone else, just like I am also thinking of killing everyone else myself, and no one truly cares about life or living or saving the planet. Just like me. So I am not an absurdity, an oddity, someone weird, I am the product of my nation, Canadian by the way, I guess they are not as perfect as one could think.

I am just like everybody else. Sorry if I sometimes actually say something, express myself, state an opinion. And frankly, if it is your desire to silence us all, well, we have to fight you, and we need to speak louder. Today we are not just farmers, singers or authors, we are all politicians, and we will all express our own opinion about what is happening out there in this world.

Go for it Céline! Tell us all about George Bush! We want to know.

I am incorrigible. I am witnessing the whole of the gay literature going bust within the next year, talking with my publishers and some important authors, and I am almost playing them, as I am again drunk. Well, I have never read a gay book intellectual in nature, it is all about quick sex, and if we can throw a few murders in the mix, then this must be publishable, the only thing that will actually be published. It seems that intellectual books about homosexuality, that was reserved for only two authors, and only in two books, André Gide who must have financed Gallimard, the biggest French publisher ever, and Marguerite Yourcenar. After that, or before that, it seems that no gay author was allowed to be intellectual, or serious. Not that I particularly care about such things, with all my pretence. And how intellectual am I when I can only think, at this very moment, if I should go to sleep or get myself a whisky, after those four large Kronenbourg I just drank? I wonder. Well, that author will probably never speak to me again, I guess I deserve it. Until the very day I am all alone in this world, with no friends left. To be honest, I would actually celebrate. I don't want friends, I don't want anyone in my life anymore. I just want to be left alone. I don't have that many decades left to live, and they do pass quickly. I cannot waste too much time on anything.

15 December 2007

Just went for the pre-Christmas due tonight, down the Thai pub, everyone was there, including all the Managers who made a point to come and eat. I was careful not to drink too much, just in case suddenly I went mad and started to tell them the truth and insult them all. As a result I was bored to death, I might as well have drank myself to death. I haven't insulted anyone though, however I doubt I would have. To tell the truth, I don't hate these people, they are not making my life a misery, a living hell, where at the end there is only one outcome, commit suicide or find another job, and is there a difference? Quite the contrary, they're a little click, and somehow, if you can succeed in being part of

it, then there is hope for you. Not that I would say I am part of their click, far from it, however I do not feel excluded, they are reachable.

Normally by now I would have ripped their head off, but not this time. It has been a full year now that I started working at the Court, and to be honest, I think I am comfortable there, I am not thinking like in all the other jobs I ever had that it is time to move on, as I have been burnt too many times and virtually destroyed myself over the months. Perhaps there is hope for me after all.

I have avoided every single crisis for weeks now, simply by obeying every single rule there is, never giving them any reason to freak out at me or call me in the office for yet another mistake which deserves extended investigation. No doubt it could easily become ugly, and it sure will in the new year, because it is not possible to be 100% perfect all the time, but it may be bearable as long as I can maintain my status of the miracle worker and model employee. I just wonder how many bottles of Gin this lifestyle will require over the next year. I have only three bottles left.

I don't hate them, I believe my last two drinking sessions with them in the last month, and the Christmas party next week, will seal the deal. These are people I can work with, these are nice people, perhaps, maybe, I have a future there. The Chief Clerk made it clear to me tonight that soon there will be 18 Clerk positions available, there are eight right now. I didn't ask if she meant in one or two years, or within months.

Usually any talk of promotion goes right over my head, since I know I could never maintain myself in any job that long to actually expect any kind of promotion. After all, that first year was all about learning about listing, the general office, and there is a second part of this job which I still know nothing about. Being in the Court room itself, working for the Judges, listening all day to the cases, writing notes and all. I would love to become a clerk, it would be like a totally new job. And they would be mad to not make any effort now to keep me on board, since I know almost more about graduated fees than anybody else in the building. I know because since I am now allowed to be a real determination officer about taxation and payment of counsels, I can see all the mistakes the others do. I haven't yet had the courage to read the whole book about that very topic, it seems that learning bit by bit every day is okay anyway. After a year, you really get to know the stuff, and I have to say, it takes at least a year to get to learn about it, it is that complicated. I cannot imagine how being a specialist of tax returns could be more difficult than this, that not only all the info about the hearings on the computer are wrong, but all the clerks from all these chambers claim completely incorrectly as well, add to this that none of the senior clerks at the court know by heart all the regulations, and you have an explosive mix indeed, where incorrectly paying the counsels and the solicitors is simply to be expected. It could all change one day if they upgrade their software, and God knows it is long overdue, at that point we might actually no longer have to learn the regulations, and the computer will be able to finally figure it out for itself. So my actual skill is good for now, but might not be in the future. It doesn't matter, I would have proven myself by the time they upgrade that old system.

Wow! I cannot believe what I just said. Coming back from a Christmas due, still completely drunk, and yet, I am saying nice words about my bosses? And it took me only a year to reach that point? Shit, I so hope that nothing nasty will happen next week, the last week before the holidays, for me to do a 180 degree turn on this. I need to at least finish the year with that kind of mind frame. Let's wait until next year before the bullshit comes in all over again and that I start looking for a new job.

In fact, it seems to me that it is time to find a new job. It appears that I have learnt everything I had to learn there. I went through hell and came out in paradise. What else is there to learn in paradise? Nothing. Usually when you reach that point, life throws you right back into hell, so you can learn some more, see new horizons, explore this world and what this life is all about.

And that kind of entry in that kind of blog, means usually that it is coming to term. I could easily see myself write "The End" and move on. I have finished writing all that I set myself to write this year, I am now on a hiatus. It does not seem like I will finish that last short story for Anna Maria. I think it will be too much anyway, it is fine as it is. Let's not over do it and destroy it in the process. And anyway, that last short story, should and will be a whole book on itself one day, but just not now, not next year.

I don't know what I am going to write next, but I can at least admit that it is getting heavy on my shoulders, I have this need to write a new book, and once again, I don't know what and in which language. I tend to think that it should be in French, I am just not sure about this time travel story about the New France. I feel more for another weird book, something out of this world, something that I can truly be proud of, which I consider real literature. Unlike a simple fictional novel, which in the end, would not matter much who is the author, anyone can write a nice novel once you tell them exactly what to write, which might explain why writers on these television series are one penny for many dozens, and are so interchangeable and disposable, that no one feels the need to cultivate them, keep them on, give them any respect. I don't intend to be an interchangeable or disposable author. I will not write one book in a series of ten, amongst many different writers, and in the end, leaving anyone unable to distinguish who wrote what, and if your name there on the title matters at all.

Yeah, some authors are really special, they have something more, and that little something more that no one could really tell you what it is, their style, makes a whole lot of a difference. But then again, the distinction between them and the others is so small, people could easily bypass it. Which explains my need not to become a great author, but instead, to become an author that is so distinctive, that no one else could have written that but me.

It does not seem that hard when stated like this, but believe me, someone could drive himself crazy thinking about this. It would be like a musician at the turn of the 1980's trying to figure out a new sound, which came via new synthesizers. A musician today trying to figure out a new sound would be quite lost I would imagine, it is not like a new generation of synthesizers with a whole new bunch of sounds will suddenly burst into our life, everything has already been done, tried and tested, there is nothing new under the sun.

What you are left with is your own imagination and your own skills, to recreate a new world with the tools at your disposal. And tools for me are words, sentences, style, tournures de phrases, however, not grammar or vocabulary. I don't think any author will now revolutionise anything concentrating on grammar and vocabulary, all they could do is to lose everyone. I suppose it is some sort of form of hermeticism, and perhaps it cannot hurt to explore these avenues, however a genius will require much more than that in order to revolutionise anything in literature. And will probably need to die in the process before anyone notices his or her existence. But who cares about that? It is the price to pay in order to be revolutionary, in order to move away from the main path.

I love it when I think like this, it really is an eye opener and get my imagination running wild. I feel free to get on a new project that not even I could predict where it could start and where it could end. But it is exciting. I think it will have to be in French, but something that no one would ever have read before. If I felt confident that my English was good enough for me to start playing with words and phrases, I would surely go for it. However, I wonder if right now this could only be achieved in French. I wonder. Am I that confident that I can distort the English language to such an extent that it would bring clever results? I wonder. I guess I can only find out once I start writing the book, which could happen at any time now, on one drunken night.

Out of place, out of context, vague references, a whole book about nothing, indefinable, and yet, with a great content which can hit right at the heart. And definitely about something, even though, nothing obvious. I could

easily get lost out there, got to be careful, stay focussed, remain on topic and style no matter where such an adventure will bring me. Remaining faithful to the whole, until the very end. Ne pas sauter du coq à l'âne, de la truie à la morue, de la rivière chenu à la ouananiche grillée. Very important, as in such a project, one can easily get lost and lose sight of that so important illuminating initial vision.

For example, right now I am drinking Pernod. I feel the need to talk about it, because it is disgusting, but that's all I have left in the flat. Well, I made that mistake before, I talked about Pernod for pages and pages in my book Eclecticism, and all these pages are in great need of being deleted. Except that now it is too late, the book has been published and is now in the French grand bibliothèque de France in Paris, or whatever, forever there for posterity, and now posterity will know all about the fact that at the time of writing that book, I was drinking Pernod. Makes you wish to kill yourself right now, on the very spot.

Moreover, I guess I made that very mistake here, I did talk extensively about Gin a few days ago. Well, for God's sake, Pernod and Gin have nothing to do with the final result of an author's work. These are things happening in the process of writing, but should not, cannot be mentioned, as it is clearly external to the process of giving birth to an oeuvre d'art.

I re-read The Revolution lately, I spotted something like a third of the first part out of three that should immediately be deleted. I am the only one to know or to notice these things, the difference in style and writing between what needs to be deleted and what was originally written as a whole, because most readers are blind to these things, but it bothers me greatly, and I know it is responsible for being the one book I have written that no one can actually finish reading, they give up before the end. If they had read it the way it was originally written, they might have actually have finished reading it and appreciated how different and new this book was.

And that book is not yet published, and I can assure you, it will be edited before it goes anywhere near a publisher. No, this book has not seen more than ten publishers in Montréal something like 15 years ago, when I was 17. It was rejected forcefully, I never tried again. I have no doubt however that one day I will be recognised for such a book, more than for anything else I could ever achieve in my life. And this is what I long for, that I need to get back to.

Fuck, how disgusting is Pernod, no one could suspect it until they tried it, and develop some sort of masochist taste for it, which I am doing right now. I hope you won't miss the irony here. I feel the need now to constantly tell you when I am being ironic or sarcastic, because one thing I learnt over the years, the readers almost always miss it altogether, they prefer to think that the author is a moron who doesn't know what he is saying. So be it, I always thought I was a moron, and yet, I also know that the simplest books ever on the market could only have been written by the most intelligent of us, and that somehow, that intelligence does not come across within the books themselves. Overall you realise that only a genius could have written it. That is what I aspire to be and to do. And I will achieve it one day. In fact, I could die right now satisfied that I have already done better than I feel I could ever reproduce. But perhaps I can do better, and I ought to try.

Writing Anna Maria and Destructivism this year truly opened my eyes that there is much more that could be done, that I can potentially do, as I did not feel that I had the imagination and the energy to write such books, as they are quite out of character for me. And then, it is perhaps that there is no limit to what one can achieve, if he gets on with it and finishes it.

I started writing in a very hermetic style, and I was proud of it. Since then, every new book was more reachable, understandable, commercial, mainstream. To the point that I ended up writing what everyone else write. I understand now that there is no longer a need to have a publisher and get your books published on paper in order to reach out. My books have always been downloadable integrally on my websites, and these websites have become quite

popular over the years. So now I can slowly move back to my initial vision. Something new, something different, something original, something I can be proud of and read over and over again without ever tiring of reading it. A literature from the heart.

I do seem to take myself seriously. I always did, from when I was 10 years old and started writing my first short stories. How could you spend so many years of your life on such a futile enterprise without taking yourself seriously, no matter how insane the enterprise is? It is a big risk, the ultimate one in fact, of an entire life being wasted away. If you didn't believe in it at all, you could never find the energy, the resources and the time required to the accomplishment of such a dream, of succeeding in being recognised one day for such a sacrifice. I don't know how you could be so motivated and enthusiastic for so long without some degree of pretence and superiority complex. If you do not believe that you are the best out there, even if you do know that you are not and could never be, frankly, why bother at all? Why continue for so many years? You couldn't, you wouldn't. This kind of determination requires special fuel, which cannot fail to turn you into an oddity of a human being, certainly a dysfunctional one at the very least.

And then, how could you think so differently than everyone else if you were not dysfunctional yourself in the first place? The Bible has already been written once, there is no point in writing it again and again on a different theme until the end of days. We all know how that story ends, in utmost disaster. At the same time, if you feel that you could write a new Bible, and that somehow it could be imposed on everyone like the first one was, God knows, it may be worth writing it. A certain Monsieur Smith certainly did, only took him ten years, it was met with some sort of success, the end result being the Mormon's religion.

I am not that deluded yet that I wish to become a prophet and create a new religion, maybe in my old days, and then again, it will most certainly be my last ironic and sarcastic statement, and yet again, it will go right over their head.

It gives me some ideas, perhaps I should write a new Bible. Already done that though, when I was 17. Not that you will ever read it, it was in French, and it has now been deleted. I don't know why I deleted it, I guess it was too extreme, just as it could be expected coming from me. The irony and the sarcasm were too obvious, perhaps this is where I failed. Should have made it believable and see the fools create a new religion out of it.

Everyone is so eager to follow any kind of religion and give up their existence for it, might as well be for my own self-made religion and my own philosophy of life, than any other more destructive and soul destroying one.

You've got to be totally insane in this day and age to follow any kind of religion at all. You are the only God of your own destiny, you control it completely, you just don't know it. But what the heck, let others exploit this in you, for their own benefit. Let them control your destiny for you. If that makes you happy, who am I to tell you that you are but a brainwashed idiot, and will be so for as many years that it will take you to finally understand it and realise how a fool and taken advantage of you have been? I guess there are things you truly have to go through and learn for yourself.

21 December 2007

Right, where do I begin? It goes in every direction, and all over the world. Today, I was in investigative mode, I existed as a writer, in search for people stories, in order to bring it here tonight, and my God, I have learnt a lot.

It had been a while since I left the house and thought, yeah, tonight I am going out to learn something about my fellow men, and report it back here, just like a journalist must do, I imagine. Well, I have a lot to report back, where do I start?

At the beginning, even though the latest events are the fresher ones in my mind. Today was the last day at work, and I was late by 20 minutes. Never mind, my Direct Line Manager was also late, and arrived seconds before me, so she couldn't say anything.

Her, that overweight Indian girl, 24 years old, who has become my Line Manager, who somehow has become the most important figure in my entire existence, that I so depend on her, I have to say, there is no one else in the whole world who exists for me, but her. How in hell a 24 year old can become so bossy, is a mystery to me. How she managed to alienate us all in such a short time, is also a mystery, thought a bit less. Lack of experience, no doubt, and now we all wish we could kill her in our dreams.

It was the traditional Christmas dinner today, traditional because it is my second time around. I sat at the exact same place as last year, one other person was also sitting at the exact same place close to me, his name is Peter, but I have only learnt that tonight. One year it took me to get to know the name of that Usher. And now it does not matter, I have alienated him completely and he will hate me with a vengeance for years to come. I will talk about that later.

Right, so there we were again for that dinner with all the Judges, and I have to say, I still only knew one of them until very recently. How can someone work for a whole year in a Court with only eight Judges, and still only know one, is a mystery to me. The one I know is the main one, and I have to say, I have nothing negative to say about him. I would have thought that after a year I would have been able to dig something, however I never truly had a real conversation with him in all that time. So he is a stranger to me, I have no idea what he is about. He is good looking, despite the age, I would marry him. He almost looks Republican, perhaps he is, or Conservative, since we're in England. Who cares.

I succeeded once more at being drunk, and yet, being civilised, diplomatic, which means, as hypocritical as hell. Didn't get myself into trouble. But the kid did. On the very last day that I will ever see him as well. The Court Manager showed up, and started to talk about drugs, and all the places where drugs are usually taken, and how it seems that he went on and took many drugs himself in his lifetime, and yet, never go so much as to admit it outright. It was obviously a trap, a big one, and the kid fell for it. It took him less than five minutes to admit that he was himself no stranger to drugs. I almost exploded right there. I had to tell him that he needed a cigarette, that I would go with him, and let's go right now.

Once outside I told him he fell into the trap of the Court Manager, and went as much as admitting that he was not a stranger to drugs. I told him that in whatever situation he might ever find himself in, he must always deny it, even if they have proof. Deny, deny, deny, don't say anything, never, ever! I knew it was now gone, this job, for him, but he needs to know for the future.

As it turned out, my ex-Line Manager was with us, and I learnt that perhaps this was not a trap as such, the Court Manager has been taking a lot of drugs in his past, and was even completely stoned one night on the sofa of my ex-line Manager, some years ago.

What? Yes! The top man at this Crown Court, which sends to prison everyday at least a few people caught with drugs, is no stranger to the world of drugs, that he even admit it so openly at a Christmas dinner in front of all the civil servants. That he took drugs does not matter, a high percentage of the population does, that he is the main guy responsible for a Court sending so many people to prison for crimes he is himself guilty off, I can't even begin to freak out about. Society, is hypocritical. As simple as that.

I was there, but dear me, I don't think I really was, and God knows where I was. When we were finally able to leave, I went back home, drank three bottle of beers, and decided to go on, reach the leaving due of my ex-Line Manager who is leaving for Australia, and meet more of my colleagues there.



It was in Old Deer Park, right after Kew Gardens, and it was not easy to get there. It sobered me up completely. There I met the Chief Clerk and my new Line Manager, and some other losers. I really don't know why they felt the need to get there in the first place, I was only there to learn something I could spit back here tonight.

Strangely enough, tonight has been the closest I have ever been to the Chief Clerk. We went outside for a cigarette and even a walk, with another woman from listing. I didn't want to, but I was kind of forced to, almost as if this was some sort of job interview before I could become a Clerk. Well, I think I past with flying colours. And if I have failed, at the very least, I can say that she has passed my own test.

The woman is truly remarkable. She has a unique personality, a strong one, she should be an actress. She has inspired me a character in Anna Maria, my novel, and I told her so last week. She asked me how I named that character inspired from her, and said that I had not changed the name. She was herself in there. Adding her character, I feel, was one of the great ideas of that novel. In a sequel she would go on to become much more important, but at the moment I do not intend to write a sequel to Anna Maria.

And that is the woman I was virtually at war with for the whole last year. She is merciless, she is a nightmare, and she says so herself, she does not have a boyfriend because no one would have her. That I can still respect her despite all that, speak on those terms about her, and turn her into a main character in my novel, I have to say, is beyond my own comprehension. It is like, I do not take this job seriously at all, like if I felt so disconnected from it, after all that I have gone through in my life, that I take all of this as a joke, a game. I even sat down with the Old Indian Man tonight, and told him that I liked him, that I always did (despite all our fights and the fact that we have not talked to each other one word at work in the last six months).

The thing is, despite all our problems, all our fights, for the first time I am actually able to remove myself from it all, and see them for what they really are, nice people that I actually truly care for. Even my new Line Manager. All three of them are Indians. To be honest, this job has taught me one thing, Indians are really good people, I believe that they may have more integrity than most other nationalities I have met in my life. It may change quite soon, however, at the moment, I think I could more readily trust an Indian than anyone else on this planet.

If the Indians I know are a reflection of what Indians are in India, and nothing at the moment contradicts this in my mind, India must be a great country where I would certainly love to visit and even live. There are a billion of them, one fifth of the world, one day they will have quite an impact on this world, and I don't fear that day, I welcome it. Indians are morale and genuine people, perhaps more civilised than we could ever hope to be ourselves.

I seem to be fascinated by the Indian culture. It is a miracle in my case, believe it. I never thought for a moment that I could actually admire another race which is not Canadian, British, American or French. I'm not afraid to admit it, I am full of prejudices. Yes, I did admire Chinese people before, but I was never truly put into such contact as I was with Indians. I love in Hounslow, you could call it the Second India, and yet, no one on their right mind could compare Hounslow to India. It is just that most Indians in England live in Hounslow, around Heathrow Airport. It used to be a poor place, not any longer. Soon only rich people will be able to afford a house in Hounslow. It has happened in the last few years, our own flat has doubled in price, and is most likely to quadruple soon.

Well, anyway, there tonight at the Old Deer Park at the Kew Gardens, was one of the ushers. I got friendly with her a few weeks ago, because she was working in the general office. She showed me photos of her family, and dear me, she must have the most good looking kid in the whole of England, and I told her so. Anyway, tonight she brought her husband in. I immediately knew I needed to

Speak with him, as he seemed to be the only intellectual person in the whole room. So I spent some time with them, talking, and when I felt the conversation was going nowhere, I left and never came back. The man would not tell me what it is that he was actually doing in life, and I didn't push it. In his case it was humility, he knew where he was, a room filled with civil servants on one side, the other side filled with caterers. He didn't want to appear pretentious, he has his own business, recruiting business actually, in the catering industry as a matter of fact.

Well, good thing I didn't go back to talk some more, I think we had exhausted everything by then, since he would not open up and tell me more about himself, and I had to guess it all, and I certainly guessed right. The art of reading between the lines, is an art I mastered centuries ago.

When they left, I told her that I intended to speak more with her husband, I don't think I said anything more than that, and yet, she instantly understood what I meant, she stated something like we were on the same wavelength. It was speaking in codes, since the Chief Clerk was there with us, and we had to talk and understand each other, and yet, make sure the Chief Clerk wouldn't understand. I was basically telling her that her husband was the only light bulb in the place worth talking to in the place, and she answered that he too thought the same about me. And all this conversation took place under the nose of the Chief Clerk, and yet, I don't think she understood, even though she is quite bright herself. Maybe she did understand, I hope so anyway, she is to become my next boss after all, it wouldn't hurt for her to understand that the only bright man at that soirée, thought I was the only other bright man there, at that soirée.

It may seem highly pretentious for me to talk in those terms, but you have to understand... well... civil servants... anyway. I wouldn't be surprised if I get a call in the new year, from him, offering a job somewhere in management. I will refuse it of course. He will be puzzled by my decision. It doesn't matter, the man cannot understand what I have gone through so far, and where I am going. Though I am sure he would understand if I explained it to him, or if he were to read my books, but none of this really matter.

His wife is an Usher. Ushers in a Crown Court are the lowest of the low, they are perceived as brainless people. Some of them are, and yet, most of them are actually much more experienced and clever than the others. God knows how people end up being civil servants, and in what position they end up in. The last one to join our ranks is a television producer, highly respected. He just turned down The Bill, once again, because he wants peace in his life, so he can start to live again.

Some ushers though, are totally brainless. There was one there tonight, the one who was sitting exactly at the same place at the Christmas dinner, as he was last year, just like I was. I ended up sharing a cab with him tonight, along with the Old Indian Man no less, charming. Thank god I was already so drunk by then that it seemed to me to have been a breeze. Something that would have easily been my worst nightmare without alcohol.

Well, that usher had his own business for over 25 years, he was a butcher, quite successful at that. So perhaps he is not so brainless after all. I told him that I was vegetarian and have been so since I was 15 years old, after I actually worked for a butcher, cleaning all the machines and the floor, and witnessing what goes on in there, I was disgusted for life.

Well, it turned out that our cab driver was from Somalia. Somalia. Has any light bulb lighted up in your mind? I hope so. Gosh, I went on and on about how horrible and unacceptable it was that 500,000 people in Rwanda were exterminated in one of the main genocides which actually took place whilst I was alive. Many people say that what is happening in Somalia could quickly become a second Rwanda. And without knowing nothing about it, I asked the driver, well, who was ultimately responsible, Americans and/or British?

Would you believe that I actually asked that question? Shit, I was drunk, or else, how could I ever make a link to Americans and British in that genocide in Africa? I had no reason to. I would not have said it had I not been drunk. But this guy was from Somalia and he said that the Americans were the real culprit of that genocide. They provided the weapons which made this genocide come true. How did I know? God knows.

However, that is not the real problem here. My main mistake, a gigantic one at that, is that I have proposed as the guilty party not only the Americans, but also the British. And there was one British man in that car. He didn't like it at all, he was angry at me, he said only one thing: "How dare you!" And that was enough for me to understand the extent of my mistake.

For this butcher of 20 years, ushers for another 10, for that British man, to actually come to say those words: "How dare you!", well, a whole lot is required. The man never said a word in a year, the man cannot express any opinion whatsoever, we often wonder if he is actually alive! And then tonight I seem to have awakened him, he finally reacted to something, and that something was something I said.

I thought he was already dead, and if not, well, he might as well just die, since it didn't seem to me that this world had any need for him (I guess this is how genocide starts). And now I have given him a new reason to exist, and that reason will be to hate me and destroy me at the Court. After all, how dare I accuse the British for being responsible for some genocide on this planet in the last 50 years when they apparently had nothing to do with it? Yeah, how do I dare? Well, I was drunk, and I was talking bullshit. And considering everything that was at stake today, I think that if this is my only mistake, it is one I can live with. Since the only one I have alienated is an usher who never so much as squeak. That might change now, however I think it does not matter in a Crown Court controlled by Indians. Who would care if the British caused a genocide in Africa in that Crown Court? No one. Just like no one cares that Americans might have been indirectly responsible for another genocide somewhere in the world.

Who cares? No one. They are just Africans after all, aren't they? Is that not what everyone thinks? It is not like if they were actually Americans or Brits or Canadians. That would have been a totally different story, a story we would never have heard the end of. Well, I have not seen or heard anything about that genocide in recent years since it has happened, in fact it is damn hard to find anything about that genocide, it is as if it didn't exist. However that cab driver confirmed to me tonight that it was still going on to this day, the genocide is far from being over. Maybe we should bomb them to kingdom come right now, so their nightmare would finally be over. That is how we solve our problems these days, since we all know that diplomacy and embargoes just don't work. And how could they?

I am tired of hearing about Rwanda, Bosnia or Somalia, just like you are. Let's finish the genocides, let's make it complete, so we will never have to ever hear about it ever again, and hopefully never end up having a Somalian cab driver in London willing to destroy our own career one Christmas night, when accompanied with British colleagues all too willing to backstab us to death. That was not the right night! Dear me! Shit! Sometimes I wish I was like everyone else, I wish I wouldn't give a shit about genocides. So I could keep my job, once in a while, it would be nice...

How dare I, accused anyone? How dare I? Well, I dare accuse, and I accuse you, since you have done nothing to stop it from happening, and you are still doing nothing to stop it from happening now. I accuse myself, not many genocides happened whilst I was alive, so I must be responsible somehow for having let them happen, and for letting some continue to this day. Shame on me, shame on you. I should have paid more attention to it, I should have said something before. I did, but I could have said more, and I am doing so now.

I used to work with a Somalian girl a decade ago. She was highly intelligent and practical, she was really nice. Even then I didn't react to what was happening in her country. She never said a word about it, she never tried to explain to me the turmoil inside of her. She was just trying to be the best friend she could be to me. The friend she thought I would find acceptable. I am crying right now. What was she thinking!? Trying to remember all our conversations, I see that she bypassed altogether the fact that thousands of her own people had been exterminated and that the genocide was ongoing.

I wish I was still in contact with her now, as a friend, because she was quite powerful as a human being. She was so intelligent, down to earth, nothing could reach her, she was above all our petty disputes and management mind games, she seemed like a goddess to me, a pillar of wisdom, she must have had a unique perspective on life, its true meaning. I understand now why she didn't give a shit about anything that was driving me insane at the time. She was a great human being, and I wonder, I just wonder, how many people like her have been exterminated since then. I wonder.

I am ashamed about how I complained to her about all my petty concerns at work, whilst she listened patiently, whilst inside she must have been thinking about everything else she must have gone through, and thought, rightly so, that this guy, me, had no clue about what was going on in this world. How innocent and beautiful it is when one worries about someone not saying good morning to him or snubbing him in the morning, when my whole nation is being eradicated as we speak. Nice.

I can't even remember her name now. Can you? Can anyone? I deserve to be shot in the head for my blindness. You too. There is no possible excuse, which could stand in any court of law.

26 December 2007

Dear, dear, dear. The end of 2007 is at my door, a new year is about to begin. I guess nothing particular happened this year, just like nothing particular happened in all the previous year. I mean, a key year which changed everything in the world or in my own life. I wonder if it was worth living 2007, and if there is any point in living 2008. No, no, I am not completely drunk right now and I am far from being suicidal. I just wonder.

This is supposed to be my decade after all, the end of my 20s up till my late 30s. If I cannot make my first million by 2010, I will have failed miserably, yet again, as my mom keeps reminding me that when I was 5 years old I was already saying that I would be a millionaire before I am 30. No doubt I would have been if I had not decided to write instead of concentrating on a real career. However I am much more likely to become a millionaire now than I would have been without studying literature, because then I would have been an engineer or a lawyer, and I have never met an engineer or a lawyer who was a millionaire. Now I have to start a business in order to free myself from the nightmare of having bosses, and I will one day, and then become a millionaire. I guess I should start it in 2008 if I wish to make it a success before the end of the decade.

It is already too late to make a million before 2010. I could only establish the base for it to happen. I cannot see myself moving global within two years of starting a conference company, planning barely 3 to 4 conferences a year, to be on the safe side. Of course, it is still possible that both my partner's parents would die in the next two years, and my partner as well, then I would be a millionaire in England, and twice millionaire in Canada. This is my kind of millionaire, becoming rich without the hard work. However that view is very morbid and so many deaths around me would be so painful that at that point being a millionaire would simply be secondary to the nightmare my existence would have become. It would be my style to give it all away to my partner's brother's family, as I feel it should

be going to them instead of me. Anyway, I would be surprised if I am still with my partner in 2010, and then I will be written off his will. As it should be.

Of course, I don't really care to become a millionaire, what I am ultimately after, and have always been, is to gain my freedom to do whatever I want whenever I want. Like leaving right now for France and Germany and travel around, get to know these people. A million is not required for this. And starting a conference business will tie me up so much to that business, that I could become a millionaire, but certainly not my freedom. Which might explain why I have not started that business yet. I am way too well aware of this.

I don't think much of this last year, I may have written my second real novel, in English no less, and yet, I cannot but feel I have failed somehow to gain my freedom. And I am wondering about that next year. Writing yet another book, or two, or three, might just not be enough. I really need to free myself from a 9 to 5 job, from Managers and the rest. All I have to look forward to now, in that job, and the decision has been made, is that I will no longer work on paying the counsels, and I will be the IT Assistant Manager. Cool! This is so exciting, this is my reward for still be working at the Court after one full year. They finally show me the respect I deserve. I need a gun, so I can start shooting people.

Actually they do show me the respect I may feel I deserve, if they could offer me a position as a Clerk right now, they would give it to me on a plate. I guess you do need to work somewhere for over a year before seeing any tangible result. Or else, you will never know what could have been, as no one could trust one within a year. If you can survive the first year, and that you are not incapable or unmotivated, then you can expect something of your job. Despite the fights, the calls in the office, your outbursts, the hell they build up for you, etc. That's what I mean by surviving it, it doesn't seem to matter after the first year is over, all their and your crisis, you've proven at least something, you can survive it. And that is not to say that in the second year, you will survive it.

It is so rare that I worked anywhere beyond the first year, I think it only happened once in my entire life. Not sure how I did it. I can at least say that nothing special happened after the first year, and I left after the second year as puzzled as to what they thought of me as on the first day. It is true that they had no way to know how hard I worked, and I did work hard, since I was working on the side of the business that was not doing so well, as they convinced themselves that it was my forte, turn conferences they were certain would fail, into conferences that made at least some profit. Nothing there to shine, since they had no idea that if someone else had worked on these conferences, it would have failed miserably. It was a dead end job for me, that much was certain. Only one conference that was supposed to fail was a great success two years in a row, and I certainly spent a lot of time making it happen, in their mind perhaps I spent too much time making it happen, I don't know, I don't care anymore. I'm sure today this annual event is still going strong though. WiFi it was, you could say I made it happen, so at least I have done something in this world. Though I'm sure WiFi would have happened anyway at any rate, doesn't really matter if I was the first worldwide to produce the main events on the topic.

And yet, if two conferences were enough to change the world in the wireless area, and that I felt great about it, then building a conference company now by my own, might actually change the world further, make other things more important happen. Right now I'm thinking about a conference about genocides, who knows, a series of successful conferences on the topic could perhaps prevent further genocides in the world. I could save millions of people. AIDS, there have been talks that the HIV retrovirus was actually harmless and that AIDS does not truly exist. Conferences on the subject have all been shut down, and all the main scientists working on AIDS who dared to talk upon the subject were ostracised and forced to retire or resign. A string of conferences on the topic could help see the light at the end of the tunnel, prove who's right and who's wrong, and perhaps ultimately save millions of lives.

I could help change the world by creating a conference company. Might not get my freedom, might get rich in the process, but in the end, most importantly, I could have an impact on anything I so desire. How democracies in the so-called free world can still be a breeding ground for despots, is another topic which could have an impact, as long as I remain away from the conspiracy theorists. Of course, in order to actually help their cause.

I could easily be a real anarchist, a real threat for the powers that be, more than I ever was. And all of it in a subtle and intelligent manner, that no one would see it. All I need is enough money or some sort of security in order to start my new business. However, as a civil servant, this is unlikely to happen any time soon.

Anyway, I guess I do not feel that concerned about anything that is happening out there outside my own little bubble universe. Sometimes I wished I had been such an idealistic person, some goal external to my own selfish desires, and then have the required motivation and enthusiast to start that conference business and change the world. But if I had been like that, it is unlikely that I would have made a success of any of these events, because I would then not have been motivated by money and my desire to freedom, the only true motivations which would get me into that adventure. So I guess that in the end, what is required, is exactly what I've got. Half capitalist motivation, half idealist motivation. Perhaps this is how I will turn this into a success, if I can finally move from sitting on my ass and get going. After all, I don't need money or security to start this business, as long as I don't care about failure. I only need motivation, time and hard work. The time factor here is important, when you have a full time job in parallel. It would mean that I could no longer write anything at all, except conference programmes. It would mean the end of my career as an author, even though there is no career to speak of. It is still losing my last bit of freedom, my freedom to write whenever I have a minute, which I wouldn't have anymore for sure. All my time would be spent trying to convince people to attend conferences.

Pure capitalism, I'm not sure if I would ever be ready for such a call to reality. Perhaps I am a socialist at heart. By all mean, have no one being rich or free in this world, let us all eat whatever is left in this world, and suffer in silence. But then, let me be free and rich whilst everyone else is starving. This is how we went about it for so many decades. Then, once again, one has to strike the right balance in everything. A good mix of capitalism and socialism in any nation, might just do the trick.

This is what the most successful countries in the world are all about, including Canada and Scandinavia. Not sure about Switzerland, as that country is completely routed into capitalism, secrecy and neutrality. That made it so rich, there was no need for any kind of socialism intermixed with capitalism in order to become a successful model to follow. In fact, no one could ever reproduce the success of Switzerland, it is an oddity better left to its own.

At the same time, Scandinavia can only afford to be the way it is, because no one is interested in it, and they have no intention to conquer anyone. The only reason Canada can afford to be the way it is, is that they do not need to consider being conquered or conquer anyone else, since the United States will do Canada's dirty work every time. Destroy the United States overnight, and Canada will have no choice but to become a monster of a country, armed to the teeth with nuclear weapons.

France or Germany today have no such protection, they have no choice but to prepare themselves for a possible Third World War, just like Japan, India and other countries. It is easy to be idealistic when you are insignificant, like Scandinavia or Canada, the latter being just an extension of the United States, another State. Canada is perhaps not so great after all, and can only afford such perfection because of its neighbour, the most powerful and frightening country in the world. Oh well, nobody's perfect after all.

About these conferences, I do have some sort of passion, that if money didn't matter, I would go for. It would be theoretical physics, intermixed with philosophy of our existence. In fact, now that I think about it, money is not really the matter. My publisher in Paris made me understand that as long as he keeps his full time job working for another larger publisher, he is free to continue his own publishing company on the side, and have the freedom to publish what he feels really matter, no matter if it barely breaks even. Well, I don't really need to make money, I only need to produce conferences on subject that truly matter to me. As long as I keep my job in parallel, then I have nothing to worry about, I will survive, no matter if only 50 people end up at my conference. These 50 people will be the right people, the only ones that will truly matter in the end, be it just the speakers themselves, since I will have chosen them carefully, and then it will not matter if anyone else attends apart from the speakers, that will still be a significant conference, one I will actually be happy to attend, for once.

There is only one conference I would love to produce, under such conditions that money would not matter. Expansion theory, the Final Theory, Mark McCutcheon, that Canadian guy I feel has got all the answers for the new revolution in physics ahead. Apart from him, I have no idea who else could speak at such a conference. But he does, surely? And must have some ideas about who could or would wish to attend such a conference?

Yeah, I feel this could be the only important topic right now, the only conference I would feel 100% confident needs to be done. The only conference for which I would not care for losing money over. Then this is the conference for me to do in 2008, September, that gives me nine months, like what is required to give birth to a human baby.

All right, it needs to be either in Oxford or in Cambridge, on campus would be better. Teachers and students from these universities need to attend for a minimal fee, in order to insure some people there. The rest will need to pay a bit more.

Now, Expansion theory on itself would be a failure, an absolute one. I need to be clever about this. I need to make it more general, and yet not so general that Mark McCutcheon could not be the main keynote speaker. No matter, these are questions I can ask Mark McCutcheon when I call him on the phone in order to probe him in order to make this event a success.

I also need 4,000 pounds. 2,000 would do. Without that, at least, I couldn't go for it. I need the money to secure the venue, and the plane ticket and accommodation of my main speaker coming from Australia. That can be paid with the delegate places. But not the venue, that I need the money up front. Unless I can reserve the venue for quite a while without having to pay anything or commit myself too much. I need to start my research for a venue. Then any money from this conference will first go into securing the venue and the main speaker. Any other speaker, I cannot afford and will need to get there and attend on his or her own.

It is unlikely that my first conference would then make any money, but at least it would be exactly about what matters most to me. Nothing else is important.

First step, find the venue, reserve it for September 2008. Second step, contact Mark McCutcheon and see if this is realistic or not. Get all the speakers and topics from him, confirm the speakers, write the programme, and then get delegates. Simple. Oh dear, if only it was that simple.

There, I just sent two emails requesting information for venues both in Oxford and Cambridge. Let's see what happens.

Would you believe, as destiny would have it, in between sending my two emails I received another from a publishing company, the only one I sent my novel Anna Maria to, and so the most important one. That it was also a publisher is an accident, they also have an online magazine, which is why I sent it to them.

Well, it is more than a Dear John letter, and I'm not sure what I will do about it. Here it goes:

"Several of us here have taken a look at ANNA MARIA and it has provoked some discussion among us."

-Several of them, that is a good sign that it went beyond the reading committee. The word "provoked" is also quite strong, it wouldn't be used unless they have been considering publishing the book, however not everyone thought it was a good idea.

"The consensus is that it has great potential but could still use more work."

-Do you know any publisher who would not tell you that? But I've been there before, and rewritten a book twice to no avail, just to get back to my original version.

"We fully appreciate the amount of effort you have already put into writing a piece of this length and simply offer our comments for your reference."

-One full year it took me! And I'm still decompressing.

"Your basic writing mechanics - grammar, punctuation, coherence, etc. - are all sound. Your concept (the story of a clairvoyant) is interesting and your depiction of the British setting is quite good."

-Phew! My English is not an obstacle. I was so afraid of that, but ultimately even if it had been a problem, it is nothing a good editor cannot quickly fix. I am pleased to hear that they noticed the depiction of the British setting, because this is quite important to Sherlock Holmes stories, and so I made sure I would bring the reader to England.

"What the novel could use more of, at least in our view, is plot action. We feel that reader interest could be more readily sustained if some intrigue or conflict were established at the beginning by means of a compelling event."

-I suppose I could input a compelling event at the beginning of some intrigue, and develop it across all short stories, to get the mystery resolve at the end. However, would such an addition be enough for them? What do they mean exactly? I am talking a few more pages here, would that do it?

"Additional significant events, paced in the narrative, could be used to build tension and then, ultimately, in the denouement, to resolve it. If your characters were put into conflict (or even simply faced with obstacles) at the outset and the narrative proceeded through an escalating series of dramatic events towards the conclusion, we believe it would go far towards hooking the reader into the story, grabbing his interest and propelling him through to the end."

-Mmh. To be honest I was quite stuck after reading this, I really didn't know what I could do to enhance the story like that without rewriting the whole book. But then I went to the toilet and I had an idea. Perhaps there was a reason why I could not write the last short story. Maybe it could become that main initial event, and build up in many of the short stories, and finally get the whole picture in the last short story. So what they suggest is not impossible, however I wonder now if it will add anything that significant to the story and if it would make them change their mind. If the answer is no to both, then I won't do it. If the answer is yes to any of these two questions, then perhaps I should go ahead. Many more days of thinking will be required in order to answer these.

"If you don't disagree with our comments and wanted to try some reworking of the novel along those lines, we would certainly be happy to take another look at it. We would also be most interested to see other works of yours, if you had anything you wanted to show us."

-Unfortunately that is all I had to show them, and it was my best shot ever. If that doesn't do, I feel that perhaps nothing would. And isn't this not often the case with recommendations from publishers? I wonder how many times J.K. Rowling had to rewrite the first Harry Potter book before her publisher decided to go ahead? Or was it perfect the first time around? The question is, is the book



already perfect but no perfect book could ever satisfy any publisher because they always feel the need to contribute somehow? Will I be wasting my time here? I cannot see the people who said no over there suddenly changing their mind after my modifications. I feel in their mind they already said no, and that only a complete rewrite would be acceptable, extensive changes. I will have to think about it.

Well, at least this is encouraging. I wanted some sort of feedback, and I finally got it, before the end of the year. And it is positive. Perhaps Anna Maria was not a complete waste of time. How close I came tonight to receive a slightly different response to my submission which could have changed all my plans. Dictated what I would have been working on next. Another Anna Maria book in English, no doubt, something I was not considering at all, just when I was thinking about reverting back to French and absolute obscurity.

Well, it certainly came faster than anticipated, two months ago they asked me if I still wanted to submit the book, considering the waiting line on the slush pile was minimum a year. I wonder what happened there. Did I jump the queue somehow, or they found a way to achieve in two months what it would normally take them a year to do? Oh! Upon acceptance it will take them a year to put it online or publish it. I see. Shit, I'll be dead by then. I'm looking at two years overall now before anything happens after my modifications. Two years, I'll be a millionaire by then and in a far far away land, probably in an asylum.

Should I be celebrating, or is this after all a Dear John letter?

29 December 2007

My God, I'm listening to my playlist, songs from the 80s mostly, a few songs which resumed the whole thing, great songs like they only come over a whole decade, I'm in awe before so much greatness, and yet, I remain un-phased by it all. This is history, before my eyes, and I feel part of it. I feel alive.

And such pretention, is weird. That I can feel so strong sometimes, like nothing could ever reach me. I do live in my own bubble universe, where nothing, no one, could ever reach. I don't know how I could explain it without losing you all. At the very least I can safely say that any of us can be great, as great as that. I feel that at some point I may have been, don't know when, don't know with what, but I feel I have achieved it, this one hit wonder, that something will remain from my passage on this Earth. At this point it doesn't really matter if nothing remains, I feel I have done a lot, a lot more than I thought it was possible to do, for me that is. I can now die happy at any time. I feel I have done everything I set myself to do, that I could do. I'm ready to move on. Doing anymore, continuing to live, would be a waste of time.

Maybe I am deluding myself, it doesn't really matter. I cannot top myself, I cannot do better. I don't really believe that, however I feel that bettering myself is of no importance at this point, I don't really care. Which might explain why I remain un-phased by anything. That I not only feel part of it, I feel I am actually outside of it, in fact, never been part of anything, with actually no interest in being part of anything. Dear me, was I alive in the 80s? I'm not sure, I don't think so, I don't want to have been, then I guess I was not alive then. As simple as that.

I remain un-phased before anything humanity has ever achieved, I don't feel pride in anything, I never did. I don't feel I am part of the human race. They tried so hard to reject me by any means at their disposal, one day you just turn around and tell them all to fuck off then, you don't want me? I don't want to have anything to do with you.

I was always the last one to be chosen in physical education, where kids had to choose who they thought were the only human being worth existing and have in their teams. I also believe that if they would have to choose in a maths class, I would also have been chosen last, no matter how good I was in maths.

I didn't know I was different from everyone else at the time, every single one of them seemed to have immediately spotted it. I'm afraid it has not been any different later in life, I was always out of place, not really belonging to anything, and eventually you wish it that way, you do not wish like belonging to anything, you no longer want to have anything to do with anyone.

When you go to the Moon, you went to the Moon, I didn't, I have nothing to do with it. Even, I'm unimpressed. I would be unimpressed even if you had put a man on any of the planets from this solar system. Because my world has always been way beyond that solar system, this is where I always lived, and the day you reach that other world, then I may be impressed, but don't count on it.

What am I doing here? Everything is meaningless.

I guess this is what greatness in others brings in me, how insignificant I am, how useless my whole life is. How if I were to die tonight, it would make no difference whatsoever to this world. I guess we all feel like that sometimes, I just feel that perhaps I feel it more than most, having been so forcefully rejected by everyone, as if I never actually existed in the first place, as if I should not even have existed in the first place.

Maybe I should not have. Believe me, I didn't ask for this life, if I could have chosen or decided to come alive one day, in this kind of world you had to offer, I would have forcefully refused to be born, as forcefully as you rejected me.

I don't really feel I have something to offer to anyone either, I don't feel like I deserve to be alive and to make any contribution to this society. I also have to say that I have never met one single human being on this planet that I felt really deserved to be alive, that his or her contribution really was worth for them to be alive.

So I may be insignificant, I may not deserve to be alive, but neither do you. And if you were not rejected, you got away with it, but in the end, you are as worthless as I am. Keep that in mind next time you reject someone else as unworthy of living in your so-called wonderful world filled with love and happiness. Such things don't exist, they never will.

This was my end of the year speech. Sounded more like my end of life speech. So be it, this is the end.

3 July 2008

## **Fighting racism within the Ministry of Justice with my Muslim colleague**

### **High Crime within the Ministry of Justice**

**By Roland Michel Tremblay**

I will probably be sacked from the Ministry of Justice for writing such an article, but if we cannot speak about racism, it will never go away.

Wow, exactly six months later I am re-opening this book/diary about this job in the Crown Court, I thought I had nothing else to say. This is something I have never done before. For six long months nothing happened at work, barely any crisis, barely any heated discussions with my bosses, still stuck on paying counsel's claims though, and suddenly, I find myself right in the middle of a huge racist conspiracy of which I am one of the victims.

I knew that if I stuck there long enough, I would uncover something worthy of denouncing, this time has finally come: open racism in a Crown Court in England. And not any kind of racism, some sort of reversed racism where, unless you are a Sikh Indian, you have absolutely no chance for promotion. I will explain to you what happened, and hopefully you can judge for yourself if this is racism or not.

First of all there are about 30 people working in the General Office, List Office, Clerk's Office and the Ushers. Of that, more than half are Sikh Indians, and most new employees are Sikh Indians. Until the latest episode, I didn't think much of it, in fact, these people are intelligent, nice, friendly and all, it made no difference to me. I have always worked in multicultural offices. This was before I tried to become a Clerk, before I tried to get a promotion. They sent me a clear message. By the way, I am French-Canadian, I am a "White Other" on those supposedly anti-discrimination forms.

I have worked in this Court for over a year and a half. I have worked so hard, I can easily say I worked twice harder than many of my colleagues. I have been so good at my job, they left me to fester on paying the counsels' claims for nearly most of the time I have been working there. Because no one else wanted that heartless job, and no one else seemed to have the capacity to do it, as it is that complicated.

I became so good at it, I have written a manual of over 100 pages about how to go about paying those claims and figuring out the whole payment system. I also wrote another long report about how to find files, which turned out to be a great initiation to the software we use at the Court.

How many Civil Servants do you know can have such a capacity to understand what he or she is doing, to the point of writing manuals about the job? Would you not appreciate such a Civil Servant and help him in his promotion so as to not alienate him completely and see him find a job somewhere else in the private sector?

And now the cashier, the Old Indian man, who has the second worst job of the Court after paying claims, has decided that he no longer wanted to be cashier. For six months he has tried very hard to land that job on me, just as initially he was responsible to give me not only the graduated fee claims for advocates, but also the standard fee claims for the solicitors, and the National Taxing Team files thingy, all in one nice package (enough work for three people).

He only succeeded in getting out of being the cashier of the Court by threatening them with more weeks of sickness and absenteeism. He is very sick, he retires in six months time, and his doctor will sign him off whenever he wants. He uses this as leverage in his personal negotiations. To insure that the job of cashier will be given to me right now, he is actually sick this week, all week. Also because he had an argument with our Line Manager, one of many arguments she has with everyone, because he wanted the afternoon off. She refused, and then he said: no problems, I will be sick for the rest of the week.

This is what is expected, after all, of lazy Civil Servants, right? This is the prejudice everyone has, right? The British woman in the General Office was sick for a whole week two weeks ago, in protest of the flood and the lack of carpeting following the construction at the Court. Do you think I would ever do something like that? I am far too professional, and now I am about to become cashier for at least a year and a half. I will be told tomorrow morning, everybody else already knows.

Recently, for the first time since I started, three Clerk's positions have opened. Three of us in the office went for it. The Pakistani man, a Muslim, who decided to try once again to become a Clerk after his third or fourth attempt, which have all been killed by management before he could be truly considered. Twice he somehow succeeded in getting an interview, just because the Top Manager of the Court was on holiday, but that Manager quickly stopped any of his chances soon upon his return. This Muslim has been working at the Court for nine

years, he has also been deputising for the General Office Manager for over a year every time she is absent. That man has just been refused even an interview to become a Clerk in this Court, he has all the qualifications and more.

The second one is the Chinese guy, everybody loves him, he has been working there for three or four years now. Instead of getting a really shitty report on his application form from the Scottish guy, the Deputy Manager of the Court, like the Pakistani guy and I did, he got a glowing one from the head of the Listing Office. It was clear that even before I sent my application form, with such a neutral and almost negative and unjustified comment by that Scottish man, I had no chance at all. I thought at least I would get an interview. I even failed to get that, despite sending them the manuals I have written. The Chair of the committee reviewing the applications is our Top Manager, the Indian politician man. With one hand he disregarded our applications, and both the Pakistani man and I believe it is because we are not Indians.

Up until now you might think it was in our mind alone, especially that a Chinese man is still in the running. And perhaps it is true that the Pakistani man does not have such a great command of the English language and he is a bit slow in his job. And perhaps I have been identified as someone capable of answering back when I am, as usual, accused wrongly of having done a mistake which always turns out to be the mistake of someone else. True, but I would be capable of admitting this, I have done it before, probably in this actual blog, and certainly in my previous one called "Corporate America" whilst I was working in Los Angeles. But not this time.

I have worked my ass off for them, I have worked three times harder than any of them, but to be a bit modest, I am willing to say twice harder. This cannot be denied, everyone can see it, I can clear bookshelves of files and work in one afternoon, when for others it takes them days. Which is why I feel there is no reason whatsoever to deny me at least an interview for a promotion.

And then, if they truly feel like not hiring me for whatever reason, at least it would not be so obvious what they are doing, shutting the door to anyone who is not a Sikh Indian. How can you deny an interview to your best employee? I'm sorry, it is not the time for false modesty.

But the best is to come, which confirms everything I am saying here. There is that new pretty Indian girl who started to work at the Court just before or after the New Year, I heard her say recently that she has been working at the Court for eight months. Like me she has a Masters degree from University in a field which is not worth anything in a Court, psychology or history I think. She had no previous experience, freshly out of University. They all took her under their wings and she won the heart of everyone at the Court. They even found her a new husband from the North, and they are now pushing her into this arrange marriage which, clearly, she is between two minds about it. She is already engaged, and desperate to find another husband before the wedding sometimes this year.

She is not very good at her job, she makes countless mistakes even after eight months of doing the exact same thing, pre-trial. All she has done since she started working there, is making up files. We all tried desperately to get her to learn at least post-trial, closing files up, and so desperately tried to get her to learn about paying the claims, but somehow she was judged too incapable of doing what any Administrative Officer in the General Office should know by now.

Imagine, they were afraid of overwhelming her with claim payments, which I can understand, but even post-trial? Come on! The girl has a University degree! Surely she can print a record sheet and a few community orders, and distribute the whole lot to all the different parties afterwards? Even that was too much for her. And when they realised it, she was shipped to the List Office without anyone being told about it, when they all knew I was that desperate to move to the List Office so I would no longer have to work with Master Bitch in the General Office, my Line Manager.

It is that girl, who had no intention whatsoever to apply for the Clerk's position, that at the very last minute Management closed in on her and obliged her to fill out the 20 pages of the application form. What it took us days to fill out, she did the day before within two hours, it is how desperate they were to get her to apply for the post.

And whilst all she did since she started was making files up, and that she did that to a highly unsatisfactory level, she got positive comments from the Deputy Manager, who basically just wrote what the Indian Chief Clerk and the Indian Top Manager told him to write. And now she is going for the interview, and most likely will get the job.

Now, on one hand I am a hard worker, and I am denied the chance of an interview. On the other hand, here comes an incompetent young Indian girl who did not wish to apply for this job, who was obliged to, and is now going for the interview. If this is not favouritism, preferential treatments, discrimination and racism, really, tell me what is, because I am at a lost to describe what it could be.

Oh, I forgot to mention, I am gay, and I have been told that the Top Manager does not think much of gay people. It does not seem to matter that the Deputy Manager is also gay, he has however been working there for 15 years.

I have to say, without the Pakistani man who has suffered the same treatment year after year, I would not stand a chance of justifying this racism/homophobia. I have to say, without that Indian girl they have put on the fast track to becoming a Clerk over us, so obviously and instantly, I would not stand a chance to justify this racism. Even, I might even have thought there was something wrong with me.

But you should have seen my application form. They say I do not sufficiently demonstrate the core competences at the standard required for this post. This is such a joke, my ten years experience in conference management is so clearly above and beyond those core competences, and I explained it so well, you would have to be blind indeed not to see it.

All right, they could say I had not acquired the relevant experience within this job. That would have been better, but unfortunately for them, I have written manuals about what it entails to do the most complicated work of the General Office, which I proved beyond doubt that I went way beyond what was expected of me, practically doing the job of a Clerk as a determination officer of those claims. What they say could not stand in a work tribunal, I would win so easily. This is discrimination, and such a betrayal!

When I found out today, I was so angry, I was so numb, I became physically sick. People were talking to me, and I could not hear anything, I passed them by without answering them. Meeting any management person was simply disgusting me, and I looked at them as if I was revolted by their mind games and their little conspiracy.

They all knew this since the beginning of this week, four days now, and the Chinese guy was even told a few days ago that he had the interview. He did not have to wait for his letter today, he already knew. I was wondering how it was possible, because he had not gone home for lunch to open his mail.

The Scottish guy, the Deputy Manager, was acting weird all week, and I tried to understand what was wrong. I was so afraid I had said something down the pub last week and it had been reported back to him. He could not look at me in the eye, he was avoiding me, at certain times he almost even seemed angry with me, and I could not comprehend why. Now I understand.

And what hurt me most today, above anything else, is that when I was deflated sitting at my desk, after I had done nothing for two hours, just sitting there looking at nothing, something I had never done before in my life, he went out of his office to my Line Manager. He started to talk to her just by mimicking with his lips, as to insure I would not hear, and he made a movement of his head in my direction to indicate to her that he was speaking about me, and they were both laughing.

I cannot describe what happen in my mind at that point. I felt like something had broken inside of me, that I had reached the point of no return. It was just a bad nightmare, that people can be so evil as to destroy your entire career, alienate you completely, and rejoice in doing it, revelling in it, and laughing in your face. Whilst you are thrown in a complete existential crisis, re-assessing your entire life, and wondering what you should do next, what you can do next, realising that there are no options left anywhere, and perhaps you might just as well die.

I spent 20 minutes in the bathroom, 20 minutes in the dead room of the archives, 20 minutes walking outside, 20 minutes doing whatever else wherever else, I have never seen an afternoon go so slowly, I thought it would never end. Up until then my whole life had been this obsession of paying those advocates and those lawyers, so worried I was that we were not paying them in the time limit allocated. Well, I can tell you that this afternoon it was the last thing on my mind, and I find it hard to conceptualise that I will ever again worry about that, not in the kind of circumstances I am expected to do this job. When you can only worry about yourself, your own existence standing by a thread, you cannot worry about anything else.

I don't know how I will be able to go to work tomorrow. I have no idea how I will be able to confront these people and act as if nothing happened. I'm not sure what to do, I just know I have to do something.

My Muslim colleague proposed to me to make an official complaint against the Top Manager of the Court, a complaint of racism. How could I? I am on such shaky grounds, I have no idea how they could justify me not getting an interview, I have seen people lie through their teeth before. I can't even stand the idea of getting the feedback justifying why I did not get the interview. Because I know there is no justification for this, and hence, it can only be lies. And I will not be capable of simply sitting back and listening to this patronising stuff. I am in deep depression right now...

The Pakistani man had a heart attack a few years ago, he blames them for that heart attack, everything they have done to him. He's got five kids and a wife taking care of them. I cannot comprehend how he survives, how he can pay for all of this on the salary of a Civil Servant. I can't even afford a second hand car! He called me tonight, we spoke for half an hour, he told me much more of the conspiracy behind our backs, everything he had heard, and it depressed me even more.

But what he said after was even more frightening, he told me he had such palpitations in his heart today when he finally opened that letter and realised he was denied even the interview, he thought he was going to have another heart attack. To be honest, considering what I went through today, which I believe has been far worse for him, I would not be surprised if he were to die during the night.

You know what is the most ironic of this story? This happened before, to the Pakistani man, he told me, and I told you in my book (the link for this book is at the end of this article). And yet, it seemed so insignificant at the time, almost like if it did not concern anyone, and certainly not me. And now that I have experienced it myself first hand, such injustice, such racism and homophobia, you can see how deeply it has affected me, to the point that I could no longer function, that I became suicidal.

In one afternoon it has all changed, and I suddenly learnt the lesson I was supposed to learn when this Muslim man told me about it. I should have felt it then, understood it then, what it truly means, discrimination, racism. I was unable to, I could not conceptualise it, I was heartless. And now that I have gone through it, I know how evil people can be. And most ironic of all, my only friend at work, because he is in the same predicament as I am, is a Muslim.

Many Muslims at the moment in America and in the United Kingdom might be going through the same thing, and it breaks my heart to understand how the

human race can be so soulless. I am not proud of us, we have a long way to go before we can call ourselves civilised.

You can read the full story called "Madhouse Crown Court" in the online book available for free on Roland Michel Tremblay's website:  
<http://www.crownedanarchist.com/madhouse.htm>

7 July 2008

This is lunch time. It has been four days since I got the news that I would not get an interview. On Friday I found I was unable to remain in the office, I asked for the afternoon off, and it was granted. Today, Monday, I have no such luxury and I just walk the corridors at work like a zombie, as if life had been drained from me. I am shadow of who I was, I still don't answer people when they talk to me, hoping they will go away, as if they didn't ask me anything.

I am still in shock, I am still depressed, I am still angry. I however had enough energy, in some sort of defiance today, to request a feedback as to why I was denied the opportunity of an interview when the Indian girl got this opportunity. It was like a dig to them, telling them I was aware and unhappy that someone far less qualified than I am, could get an interview when I couldn't. There was a hint of unfairness in my message to the Top Manager, suggesting this favouritism, perhaps even racism and homophobia.

Probably a mistake to bring her into this, I can already hear them telling me that we are all individual cases and that her promotion has got nothing to do with mine. I can already see them being scandalised at the idea that I could compare myself to anyone else when I have no idea yet why I was denied even the interview. Probably not very wise, but what else can I do? I had to make it clear why I am so surprised and depressed and can hardly do anything at work at the moment.

I am physically and mentally sick, and I am wondering how I could go on to prove all this. I feel so powerless, because it could be so easy for them to come up with any reason to justify denying me a promotion, or even the interview for it.

I have spent the morning returning in my head what they could say to justify this. I have been sick for 13 days I believe in the last year and a half. This is still a better track record than most people I am working with, except of course the Chinese guy, the Indian girl and management. If this is what they bring up, it would mean that no one who is not management in the department apart from those two could get an interview for a promotion. It would be unfair indeed.

Then there is that there were a few complaints against me from the Magistrates' Court we're dealing with. Such complaints, we have received many for just about everyone else in the department. It is not possible to work in the public service for that long without ever receiving a complaint from an angry or disgruntled person already stressed to death by the bureaucracy and inefficiency of the Ministry of Justice.

Yet, it would be their only justification against me, and I should prepare to hearing this. But compared with the fact that I worked so damn hard, and learnt virtually everything to such a level that I know what is involved in becoming a Clerk, cannot justify what they did to me.

I find it very hard to hear the Indian girl and the Chinese guy laughing in the office, happy go lucky, I am barely able to say good morning to them. The Chinese guy today is shadowing a Clerk in the Court, and there has been much discussions with the Indian girl of which I am not privy to, no doubt she too will be shadowing a Clerk soon.

She is not happy that I am not happy that she got an interview and I didn't. She has been talking behind my back all morning to everyone about it, even my Line Manager. She does not understand how I feel, how I can perceive this as an injustice, how perhaps I could see this as racism or homophobia. She is Indian herself, and therefore, much more likely to suffer from racism in her own life. She is shielded right now because she works in an environment where everyone is Indian, but one day I have no doubt she will understand and suffer a great deal, just like I am now.

The thing is, I still like her, and I wish I could be nice to her. She has nothing to do with this, I cannot blame her for events for which she had no power over. I can only be disappointed right now at how she is going about to destroy me in my back to virtually everyone in the office, from her lack of understanding in this injustice. She asked me if I was going to the Summer party next Saturday, I said "non", in French, once again some sort of re-affirmation and defiance of who I am and where I am now.

My Muslim friend is so much better than me at hiding the storm which is raging in his heart. You would think it has not affected him at all, and he has more reason than I to feel betrayed. He asked me how I was today, I answered that I was still depressed, angry and there was no calming me down. From his look and embarrassment, I could sense that he felt the same. Even though, from his point of view, I wonder if it has crossed his mind that I have nothing really to be upset about, compared with him. I have after all only been working there a year and a half, and unlike him who has been there almost a decade, I never deputised for the management of the General Office. I agree that it is almost laughable that I can feel like this, when there is every reason for him to come with a gun at work and shoot them all.

In fact, if the Indian girl never had an interview, I would not be where I am now. I would be cheerful and it would be like nothing happened. I would have thought it was simply difficult to get a promotion in the civil service, nearly impossible perhaps, but it would not have affected me at all. This is the event that changes everything, that points to an injustice, to victimisation of some sort. And then again, I wish I could see why she got an interview when neither my Muslim colleague nor I got one, I wish I could believe any reason they could provide, but there are none that could justify it without being a lie.

And what I am most upset about, is that everything is already forgotten at work. She got the interview, we did not, there must be reasons for it, as simple as that. No one see an injustice, at any rate it does not seem that serious.

After all, everyone had to fight to get a promotion in this place. The British woman in the list office, the only way she got moved from Usher to the List Office, was by applying externally instead of internally, so no one in management was aware that she applied, and luckily for her the interview process that time around happened entirely in London instead of at our Court. When the Top Manager found out, he who has done everything to prevent her from getting a promotion previously, he was enraged.

Her son used to work in the General Office, he also install most of the software we are using now, and he too deputised for our Line Manager. He got a temporary promotion, then was demoted. He was so angry he left the Court almost instantly.

I spoke with another White Usher today, she said that she could not get an interview for a position of Usher, and my previous Line Manager, a White guy who has now moved to Australia, fought for her and ultimately she got it. No one will fight for me now, they are all working against me. I am alone in this fight, and this is fight I have already lost. I can only accept it and move on. I wish I could.

I'm back for the evening now. They found a solution to their conundrum. The Top Manager told me today that the decision for not inviting me to an interview was not made at my Court, it was made at our nearest Court. So they



cannot be blamed for the injustice, they can now say that if we were not invited for an interview whilst others were, it had nothing to do with them, it was impartial.

I would be stupid indeed to believe this, I know our Top Manager spends most of his time on the phone and knows everyone else in every other Courts. I will not believe for one instant that he did not make a phone call to that Court to give an idea of who he thought he wanted for Clerks, and who he thought was not good enough. He is always asking who it is that gave the interview, or who it is that will give the interview, and last time all the CVs came to our Court prior to London HQ inviting the candidates. They have a say in this, it is not impartial.

However this is a lie I can live with, and suddenly it seems a lot of pressure has been lifted from my shoulders. If I can just suspend disbelief for a minute, I might be able to move on. I even had a meeting with my Line Manager right after, and she asked me why I had been so quiet recently. I told her I was depressed because I did not get an interview, but that I would get better soon, and get out of my lethargic state. And suddenly it seemed all ok, I can start tomorrow as a new day and forget all of this ever happened.

I still have however to ignore the fact that the Chinese guy was in Court all day instead of the List Office, and tomorrow it is the turn of the Indian girl. I also told my Line Manager that the neutral almost negative comments the Deputy Manager had written for me, certainly did it for me, I was not going to get an interview after that. And so to speak, I meant that it does not matter if the Top Manager did not intervene to stop my application, it was doomed from the start, and so, I still have reason to be angry, they sabotaged my career.

I however need to move on. Tomorrow I am becoming the cashier. She stressed to me how important a position that was, and how much trust they had in me, giving me that position. If I had been that naïve as to believe that this was true and let my Ego get inflated, I would be innocent indeed. The truth is, no one else is available, the British woman does not want that position and would certainly fight it to the death. She was cashier before, so she knows what is involved, she knows it is not a desirable position at all.

I was clever enough however to let my Line Manager believe that I was happy with this change, that yes, it was true that they must trust me. I didn't say that, but I led her to believe that her little manipulation worked. She is like that, she thinks she's the reverend mother and that we are her children. Today at lunch time, she stated: oh, you can go to lunch early as an exception to the rule. She thought I would be all excited, like a child would be, when in fact it angers me even more. Because we all could go to lunch at the time we want, because half of us wishes to go late, and the other half wants to go early. She insists on causing trouble over this, and it makes no sense at all except alienating us all and giving her the chance to flex her muscles and show us who's the boss. I could write a whole book about not what to do as a Manager just observing her in the last year. And when it would be finished, I would drop it on her desk and resign. How nice that would be. At any rate it would be better than shooting her, another one of my big dreams.

If I am patient, someone else will crack before I do, and shoot her for me. The Old Indian man must be getting close to cracking, he is once again sick all this week, second week in a row, and we know he is not sick, he said so himself last week, this is retaliation. He is really pushing it, I don't understand how can get away with it, and why they are not firing him on the basis of gross misconduct. The problem is that he does get a note from his doctor, more difficult then. It would take them one day to get rid of me if I was to attempt anything like that as retaliation because I would not get what I want, once again, just like a child.

It has been my observation that adults can be more childish than children, especially in a work environment. And the older they get, the more childish they are, and the less they will obey and do what is asked of them. They become

rebellious. Maybe there is hope for humanity, as the population is quickly aging and the birth rate is going radically down. Soon this world will be full of aging anarchists. That would be the day.

I am still in a total panic state. I was so afraid this afternoon of the message I sent that morning to the Top Manager, of their reaction at me pointing out the injustice so clearly, that the Indian girl got the interview and I didn't. I was expecting fireworks. I thought the meeting with my Line Manager was going to be about that, however we never mentioned it. I was wise enough not to push it further, as I'm sure she was prepared to answer me quite directly, and it would not have been pretty. I made my point in the email, that's good enough. And if somehow eventually it gets worse, and that I can really prove racism and homophobia as reasons to prevent any promotion, that email will be all that is required to show that already then I officially questioned it. In French we have this expression, I'm sure it exists in English, but I never heard it before: spoken language (words) flies out but writings remain (les paroles s'envolent mais les écrits restent).

I'm glad I did not submit my previous entry as an article, as I was going to. It would have indeed attracted much attention, the title was going to be something like: A High Crime within the Ministry of Justice. I'm sure everyone would have read it, thinking it was about George W. Bush, ignoring no doubt that the Ministry of Justice is a new British invention which has nothing to do with America. But as I guessed rightly, they had a perfect defence, they cleaned their hands stating that the decision was not made in our Court, so how could there have been any foul play on their part? How indeed. I could not have proved anything. It might as well be part of this blog, and I think I will at least put it online. It is now over 600 pages of a normal published book, and as such, it will take a while for anyone to reach that part. So I can avoid a scandal for which I could not possibly justify or prove. As it is, the reader is the only Judge, he or she is free to believe whatever he or she wants. All I know is that I have been hurt badly and it threw me into a spin for which I am not certain I can calm down from. Perhaps it was all justified, perhaps it was not. I will never know, because anyone is still free to lie and there is just no way for me to find out the truth. They are not likely to admit any wrongdoing.

10 July 2008

I understand the reader might get bored of hearing about this story, however this blog is not intended for publication, and if ever it is published, more than half of this book will be deleted. The main reason to be writing this is for my own benefit, I am my own psychologist, you see, writing everything down, no matter how many times I might repeat myself, is the only way for me to make sense of my existence, to find solutions and give me direction.

Today has been hard, just like yesterday. The Chinese guy and the Indian girl had interviews with all the managers yesterday in order to help them with their interview today. Today they had their interviews, and so all day that is all anyone could talk about. Even the old woman at the top of the Probation or Prosecution office was fully aware and made a special call and a personal visit to the office to find out the outcome of those interviews.

I lost patience late afternoon yesterday, and again today, but I managed to keep my dignity, I hope. My Muslim friend said he had such a headache for the last two days, he left at 1pm and did not come back for the afternoon.

As we initially thought, the interviews were not in Central London, they were in our Court. The Chair was not some loser at the nearest Court, it was our Top Manager. No one can claim this was impartial, in fact, the Top Manager was so afraid I might succeed at the interview, impressing the two others on the panel from other Courts, I had to be prevented from even reaching that stage. I'm sure it would have been easy to convince them both that I was inadequate, however, I

can assure you, had I been in that interview, I would have had got the job. I am excellent at interviews. No wonder I was able to get my last job in Los Angeles over the phone, whilst initially they were not offering me a position in their conference company.

Incidentally, both my colleagues today came back in the office totally defeated. Apparently there was some lunatic on the panel who seemed to wish to destroy them. Some weird interview tactic that I know very well, but which defeated both my colleagues. I would not worry if I were them, the last word remains with the Top Manager, and there is no doubt in my mind that they will both get the promotion.

I have been thinking lately about why I did not get the chance of this interview. I wondered, and if truly the initial comments of the Deputy Manager were not a large factor, and if truly the Top Manager never received the CVs of all potential candidates like last year, and if truly he did not make a call to that woman at the other Court to influence the outcome, then, it is still puzzling as to why I would not be offered the interview.

I am highly qualified, I am over qualified for this position. It was alright not to get the interviews for Administrative Officer, I was over qualified. But now, over qualified does not play in this decision. I am an Administrative Officer. If I am too qualified for Clerk, why leave then to rot in the General Office?

Second, my Line Manager tried to sow the wound by saying that they had an elaborate survey to fill to justify who would come to the interview or not. They have questions to answer and points to allocate to each. In this case then, the more studies you have, the more qualifications you have, the more experience you have, the more you are unlikely to get the promotion. As if they were looking for morons without education and intelligence. Which would explain why the civil service is filled with losers who, in 25 years of service, never wished to get a promotion, never wished to do any more work than necessary, basically, never wanted to work in the first place. I now share their feeling completely, I am now officially a civil servant. I can no longer go out of my way to help anyone or to do any extra work. I just want to die.

For one hour yesterday I thought that perhaps I was the victim of my own success and abilities. I thought they insured I would not become a clerk, because they desperately needed a new cashier at the Court, and that they somehow decided it would be me and no one else. I was grasping at straws to explain why I was refused even the interview. My Muslim friend quickly put a stop to this idea. For a start, himself know all about being a cashier, the British woman also, and it is not that difficult. They did not need me as a cashier.

Then I tried to give this a meaning through philosophy. The last resort of the mediocre and utter failure. I thought, it is best if I do not become a Clerk. Because in time it could pay up to 25,000 pounds a year, 10,000 more than I am earning now. It starts to look like a career, not a job I took on the side out of curiosity, in order to write this blog.

It remains that right now there is no reason for me to remain in this job. I was once earning 40,000 a year. Right now, at 15,000, I am living under the poverty line. The convenience of being so close to where I live will not motivate me to remain in this hell hole. Then it is likely that at the first great opportunity, I will be moving on, explore more of this world, learn more, and yes, write more. Becoming Clerk might stop all that. I could get stuck and remain there forever. And look, in the last six months I have written nothing. True I started a French blog instead, but I am barely talking about my life and what is happening. I don't think I mentioned that I work in a Court in England. Perhaps I did, but I certainly did not get into any detail. This must be one of the worst routine I ever got into, that my job no longer inspires me anything. I do need to move on, even if I have no motivation or intention to look for a new job. That thought is too depressing.

Remaining in this job might highlight more occurrences of this racism and homophobia, but it would not warrant me keeping the job just to find out or

prove this discrimination. Anyway, I should know fast enough, I have applied for other Clerk position in other Courts across London, and then if I do get the interview, that would be proof enough. The Top Manager, I hope, is still unaware that I have applied, it should be difficult for him to make a call. However, the negative comments of the deputy manager are still on those application forms, and so, this ultimately is a clear message to anyone looking at those forms. And so I may not be able to prove that any time soon, I do not expect to suddenly get an interview. I don't suppose HR HQ are stupid enough to ignore the fact that days ago they denied me an interview on the basis that I was incompetent. Surely I cannot suddenly become competent, can I? I have been told they were that disorganised, that a candidate can be incompetent one day, and over qualified the next. We'll see.

I am not expecting any justice from the Ministry of Justice.

I almost forgot to mention the behaviour of the Chief Clerk. She has been on my back all day, little digs here and there. She gets like that sometimes, and there is always a reason why. I don't think she even realises it, because I feel she is brainless, whilst at the same time she is intelligent enough to be the Chief Clerk. Go figure.

Well, she has tried very hard to alienate me all day. Telling not to do this, not to do that, and especially, never to print out a record sheet, because if I do, it needs to be confirmed or allowed by a Senior Clerk. This is laughable, because we all do it, we all print record sheets when we need to. It prevents us from having to find the file of that defendant, and let's face it, most files if not all of them have disappeared into black holes. So many files, and yet, the one you are looking for is never where it should be.

So, this is once again a case of one rule for me, and one rule for everyone else. We all do it, we all print record sheets of the crimes of the defendants when someone calls, and we need the information on the spot without practicing this new sport of finding a file within the whole Court buildings. And today the Chief Clerk tried to make a big deal of me printing such a record sheet, something like months ago, and said with determination that this is not allowed. I don't give a shit. I am a cashier now, probably forever a cashier, I will never need to print a record sheet again. But everyone else will need to. So I said very calmly: well, we will have to tell everyone to stop this practice, because we all do it. I made a point of telling that we all do it, and we must all be told.

Of course, this was not the point of this exercise from the Chief Clerk, her point was to add to her previous digs of the day, her fourth one against me in fact, on the very day that I would have had every right to explode out of proportion and it would have been excusable, understandable and forgivable. Funny, for some reason she goes out of her way to give me shit, on the worst days of my career within that Court.

Obviously, the reason is simple. Whenever I snub the Deputy Manager, because he hurt me badly, it strikes right through his heart. Because that man is too stupid to understand the pain he causes. He cannot understand why suddenly, after we have been hurt so badly, that we may wish to tell him to get lost. And so he runs to the Chief Clerk and cries. And so she defends him, she comes back with whatever reason she can find, and try to make an issue of it. However, today was not the day, it was highly poor judgement on her part. I could have exploded at any time, and perhaps secretly this is what she wanted. Getting rid of me then would be child play, gross misconduct.

But I was already in a bad mood the day before, and my Line Manager knew it, and the last thing she wants right now, no matter how good friend she is with the Chief Clerk, is to get to explode. Because it would definitely look bad on her, since everyone else has already exploded at her in recent days. She defended me, would you believe? Also because this was so ridiculous a crisis, as we all print those damn things. And yet, once again, I am the only one to get into trouble for it. And the main problem, is that suddenly, if I am trouble for doing it,

no one else will be able to do it. And that will make our life so much more difficult in the General Office, because every time we would have to find the file, and my Line Manager knows that files simply cannot be found, ever. We have simply lost all of them, all the time, always. And one rule for me, of course, must become the rule for all. So in her pettiness against me, the Chief Clerk just annihilated us all, thinking she would annihilate only one, me. No wonder my Line Manager took my defence. Bitch!

The problem of the chief Clerk, is that there is nothing she can say against me. She has to dig real hard indeed to get me into trouble, and consequently, when she finds something, it affects everyone else, because I certainly don't do anything that everyone else is not already doing. And then it is up to me to say out loud that this is the new rule, because I was told so by the Chief Clerk who once again went out of her way to make my life a living hell. And God knows why exactly, because I am such a hard worker. But never mind, I think you already know that.

And she knows as well, because yesterday she had to sit with the British woman who is now responsible for the Grad Fees, those advocates' claims. I listened to the conversation, and it was so hopeless. The woman still knows nothing about how to pay these claims, and yet, she has done this job for three months! Is this not proof enough to that damn bitch of a Chief Clerk that she should not alienate me so badly? I figured it all out on the very first week of inputting those damn claims, and it has been so for a year and a half!

Human nature. Deny everything, be blind to everything, cause injustice wherever you can, insure this planet goes bust within years. I'm so glad and so happy to be alive and share this wonderful existence with just brainless bastards. By all means! Make your life more complicated if it suits you! I don't give a shit! Pettiness till the end. I am not surprised, I have learnt to expect it. That Chief Clerk has dug a hole so large for herself over the years, I just cannot explain why she has failed so far to dig her own grave. I keep hoping that this next crisis will be it, because I know it would be it for me if I were at the centre of any of the crisis she is responsible for. And yet, every single time she succeeds in digging herself out of the nightmare she created in the first place. Have I told you that we were actually at war with some Chambers and some solicitor firms? Because Madam was not happy with a little detail, and as a consequence, she refuses to pay them at all, for months on end, and insuring that we pay them much less than they truly deserve? People like that needs to be shot, and I dream of it every single night. Every time, a larger gun, which would insure that not one molecule of that bitch will still remain after I shot her.

Is this graphic enough for you? It is that graphic in my mind. Is that graphic enough to translate how I feel? Not in the least. Next, I will be imagining, over and over again, a nuclear bomb exploding right where this Crown Court stands. It is that corrupt a place, that to think like our American friends, we might as well nuke the damn place. I will not compromise here, I will say it the way I feel, and this is how I feel.

I am not expecting any justice from the Ministry of Justice.

Shit, I thought I was finished talking about that shit, but there is something else I really need to address. That is my moral and ethical side now talking. The truth is, the devastation these stupid new openings brought, is so much larger than we imagined, it has annihilated the friendship we built together over the months and years. The truth is, I love that Chinese guy, I love that Indian girl, I feel for them, they are my friends. As a result of this crisis, they "were" my friends. And no matter how I would hope to bypass all that has happened, I am incapable.

I find it painful to look at them, to listen to them. Their sheer presence simply kills me. I cannot even imagine that it might change any time soon. I have ignored them, I have remained silent when they talked to me. I have shown extraordinary impatience with them. I can't even look at them. This whole thing

brought me somewhere else, I am no longer part of this team, I am thousands of miles away. But they have remained where they were.

The thing is, I realised today that they are actually human beings, unlike management. They are incapable of suspending their human nature, they still like me. Unintentionally, because I can no longer be responsible for what I do, I have pushed them away in no uncertain terms. I made it clear that I will no longer go down the pub, that I will no longer joke around with them, that I simply will no longer have anything to do with them. Because in my mind, whether they are responsible or not for this injustice, it does not matter. By default they are part of it, because their presence is so painful to me, that I cannot help it, they have to disappear from my sight, so I can still pretend to some sort of existence.

But they are hurt, and it hurts me. Unfortunately, there is nothing I can do. I cannot pretend, I have never been known to be capable of pretending. To me, they have become part of the conspiracy against me, it cannot be bypassed. I cannot suffer hearing them talk, I will no longer be friendly with them, I will no longer go down the pub with them on Fridays. I need to find some sort of other life and meaning to existence outside of this small minded and closed up world! Or else, I will definitely commit suicide.

After such injustice, how can we ever even conceptualise teamwork? Dear me, how is one supposed to be thinking about teamwork when their only thought is to go to work with a high definition gun? As I always thought, team work is simply wishful thinking, has always been, will always be. It was one important question in their interview today, I wonder how they responded. I would have been so great at lying my way through that question! Just like anyone else with half a brain.

But these people are simple minded, they are pure, they have not thought that far yet. They have no ambition and no experience. Which is why I cannot ignore them, I cannot hold them responsible for what happened, I cannot hurt them anymore. I will have to resume going down the pub with them, pretend that nothing happened, and that I am no longer hurt by such injustice.

And this is why I am writing this damn blog. To realise and understand such powerful and exceptional ideas. That if I am true to myself, I will act appropriately. You need to be superhuman to understand such things, but I think I am enough of a human being to understand this and to know what I should do. I will go down that pub, I will get re-acquainted with them, I will learn to see them as the friends they were, even if they become Clerks and that I am still stuck forever in a dead end job. This is the mark of someone who can think and can place himself in the right perspective. I wish everyone was like that in this world. It won't happen any time soon, but I least I will be true to myself.

I am not expecting any justice from the Ministry of Justice.

However, the Ministry of Justice can expect justice from me.

And that is it. This was the lesson I needed to learn out of this whole episode. I cracked it. I am so pleased! The game is over. You will see, suddenly everything will change, none of this will matter anymore. I was able to see through it all. Gosh, how difficult it was. No wonder I am always going through hell, the lessons I need to learn from life are way beyond anyone's simple destiny.

Perhaps I am still just deluding myself, trying desperately to give meaning to things that have none. But if it makes me feel better about it all, I will buy into it any day.

You might as well believe in God if God can justify every fucking bitching happening to you, from any other human being alive, and somehow help you accept it and go through this nightmare of a life as if nothing happened.

Jesus Christ is my best friend, just before I commit suicide and end this nightmare for good. This life is well worth living, I tell you. I am learning such exciting things! Another excellent reason to annihilate this planet.

Oh dear, no, I am not playing in your leagues, I am way beyond. I do hope you will pay attention. This is the most important thing I will ever say. This is the real lesson to learn here. Being able to see through the mechanisms of existence, and simply reject them.

I am my only Master! Mark my words, I will rebel against everything, until the very day I can actually feel absolute freedom from everyone and everything, be it from the government, be it from humanity, be it from the universe, be it from God.

I have learnt the true lesson of life, the ultimate truth. I don't expect you to understand this illumination. I will go beyond everything that ever was. I will understand beyond anything that ever was, as it is all meaningless. I understand now, I am my only Master.

Alright. I will have to develop this further somewhere else, in some other blog or book. Whatever is this breakthrough I feel I might have reached.

I just asked my partner where this gun was hidden in this flat. He said there was no gun in this flat. I asked him if this gun he told me about, was hidden in his mother's house. He said yes. I asked where. He dismissed me. I asked if it was his dad's gun, a remnant from the war, he said yes. I asked where is it then? He said there was no gun. So many lies! I cried: I bet there is a gun in this flat, I just have to find it!

He freaked out. I freaked out too. I shouted: I just want a fucking gun so I can shoot myself in the head! Is there a gun or not, and where the fuck is it? And in the state I am in now, I was actually quite serious. I am no longer joking. Where is that gun?

This life ain't worth it. Perhaps I have finally learnt the real lesson that was worth learning here tonight. Gather around so I can tell you all about it. This life ain't worth it.

14 July 2008

All weekend I was mentally sick, I was in a total panic state at the idea of going back to work today. Before I left, my partner told me: do not show this business over our holiday and getting these days off bothers you, go with the flow and accept what the bitch does, even if she is mean for the sake of it. Ha added: at any rate, do not be angry or show anger. He added: and especially, do not have an argument with her. And added: overall, please do not explode. Of course, all of the above happened today.

I couldn't help it, I am permanently angry and I cannot help it. It no longer matters if I don't drink any alcohol the day before and if I go to bed early. And if I tell you, you will think I exploded for such a futility, you could not understand my behaviour if you were to start reading here. It is obviously the accumulation of the whole nightmare of last week.

I simply ask for week off next week, I had already told her I was going to ask for it two weeks ago. She said it was refused. All right, the week after then. Also refused, because on one of the days of that week, two people are off out of 20. This was being petty for the sake of it. But then, she turned around and stated: in fact, you cannot take any time off until mid September, for two next months. You can imagine I hit the roof! I said I would find another job, because there was no way I would go that long without a holiday (considering that everyone else is always on holiday, they have worked there for so long, they have two months holiday each over a yearly period!).

Then a drug addict who badly needed his fix showed up today at the counter of the Court. He suddenly remembered that we owed him 25 pounds, and we should have paid him a year ago. How desperate he must have been and how hard he must have thought to realise that...

He was so angry, he said that if we didn't pay him cash right here right now, he was going to commit a crime today and end up at Wormwood Scrubs

Prison once again. I was not impressed. Then he said that he would kill me if I didn't give him the cash. I was impressed. I thought, here is the solution to all my problems. I thought, I just have to tell him that we will not pay him until mid September, two months time, and watch the reaction. Say that, and that's it, I'm dead! Better yet, I'll tell him we won't pay him for two years. I would definitely be dead then. We paid him in the end, so I guess this is one less crime in society. He used to steal handbags at Heathrow Airport. Probably from American tourists, there are the only ones with still loads of cash overflowing from their pockets.

I know there is a recession now, even though it is not quite official yet, but that does not matter. I remember my teacher of Economics in College stating that a recession was essentially a transfer of money from many people, rich or poor, to a few extra rich ones. And so there are many rich people during recessions travelling and spending their easy made money.

This is a mean to insure that anyone crazy enough to invest in the Stock Exchange market, or depends on fluctuating interest rates to pay their loans and mortgages, will definitely lose all his or her money within ten years. There is a recession every ten years or so, and most of the time it is artificially caused.

Usually this is hard to see, but this time around it is obvious that this recession was artificially made. George W. Bush and his friends have made no excuse for it, they did not bother hiding their agenda. I should research this further and write a new article.

At the end of the day, I was stuck with my Line Manager, alone, in the office. Something I have been able to avoid for so long, I accumulated minus 20 hours on my time sheet in order to avoid those destructive moralist talks of the end of the day. I couldn't get away, I am cashier now. I am stuck there until the daily balance is done. An over complicated process which requires two members of management, and I cannot do anything until they give me the cash tray. I will finish late every day now, and suffer the arguments every day.

At one point she told me: do you think I enjoy telling you that you cannot have any holiday? I answered yes, you do.

Wow! Do you realise that I virtually told her that she was evil and enjoyed every single minute of the torment she causes? This is as close as I will ever get to telling her that.

All I can do now, is hope. My Line Manager was very sick today, a terrible flu that the Muslim man also got, in the middle of July. Oh dear, it gives me ideas. I should research some Voodoo or magic spells and wish her to be sick for two weeks. At the very least, God, please, please, please, get her out of my life for two days, three if you feel we all deserve it down here.

he needs some time off, just like I do. Who knows, I may catch that flu and be sick for a week myself. I really don't mind being sick to death, if it can keep me away from that nightmare of a job. Maybe I could then take this opportunity to write a whole novel and get my sorry ass out of there. One can only dream and wish away the perfect reality to live in, one which can bring happiness and love and peace and justice.

17 July 2008

Everything was going so well until 2 pm, just before I left for work after my lunch hour. I received a letter, I was once again denied an interview to become a Clerk in every single Court around here and in Central London. That affected me, but I was expecting it, and so I did not go then into crisis mode. Not one minute after I arrived at work, the Chinese guy, all happy, made an announcement to the whole office. That both he and the Indian girl passed their board and are now officially Clerks. To tell you the impact that news had on me, I don't remember ever be so pain stricken.

I became incapacitated. I went outside to sit on a bench, reflecting upon all this. Then I went to the bathroom just to sit and think. And then I returned to



my desk to discover that suddenly time had decided to run so slowly... so, so, slowly... And despite the fact that I was quite certain that the laws of physics had changed, I could not tell you exactly now what I have done from 2 pm to 3 pm, as I cannot remember.

My Line Manager, as extraordinary as this may seem, had no idea that I was dying inside, whilst everyone else was celebrating the good news. Instead she went into authoritarian mode and not once, not twice, but three times she turned around to me to freak out about insignificant little things I had not done, like writing a date on the latest indictment.

The third I could no longer stand it. I stopped her in her track and I said plainly that I needed to leave the office for the rest of the day. She was just about to add insult to injury by saying no, when I had no choice but to tell her how I felt, about the injustice that I could not even get that interview once again, when both the others past their boards and were now officially Clerks! I thought in my mind, why? I have the exact same experience than the Chinese Guy, even if he has worked there for a year and a half longer than I did. In fact, I have more experience because I know all about the new scheme to process the counsels' claims, he knows nothing. On top of it, those damn manuals I have written, they count for nothing! He has no other experience than this job, I have! And this is worse for the Indian girl, who truly has no experience at all and did nothing else but making up files. And yet, they past their boards and I can't even get the interview!

No one else in the office can see this injustice, they cannot comprehend that this is unfair! How is it possible that whatever happens in an office can hurt you more than the death of someone near you, and yet, no one else is aware or can even understand after you told them the impact it has?

I asked my Line Manager, when I could see that she did not understand: have you ever gone through this? She answered yes. But I do not believe it. Once again, for her, this is first job ever, and she was never denied any promotion, she has been in fact protected and put on a fast track for every single promotion. Also, even if she had been denied a promotion or even the interview, I'm sure it was nothing like feeling an injustice, where others who did not deserve it at all, suddenly went far ahead of you.

I'm sure she never yet experienced what racism and homophobia are all about. Because there is no other reason to explain why they would have insured stopping me from trying to get this promotion, because I certainly deserved a chance to at least try. They did not even feel the need to pretend I was given a fair chance. And now that I see that no one truly cares, and that no one can understand how I feel, I see why they did not bother to give me the interview just to reject me afterwards.

So now I am at home. I am about to drink my second glass of Gin. I'm quickly running out of fizzy water. I will next jump into Whisky. But do not despair. Because as I am closing this file, I am about to open my business plan for a conference company that I started in Los Angeles and never finished. Suddenly my ass is on fire, it gave me the motivation to spring into action. If I don't start my own business, I am condemned to be a slave for the rest of my life and suffer all the discrimination in the world.

Just spoke with my partner. He, too, does not understand what I am going through. Instead of being supportive, he tries to find reasons as to why this happened, blaming me for everything that I may have done wrong. I am truly alone in that crisis.

21 July 2008

I have great news! I have my proof! My confirmation that the Indian girl was protected and put on a fast track to become a Clerk! Seven months ago, no less! I was gossiping with the only two British women in the office today, and

dear me, have I learnt a lot! The one in the General Office said that already at Christmas, and that must have been soon after the Indian girl started, the Chief Clerk presented her to all the Judges of the Court and said every time: as soon as a Clerk position is available, the Indian girl will become a Clerk! It is clear that it is that fear that I would have got it over her, that made them unsure I would not get the interview. Moreover, we already know that the Deputy Manager never told me that my answers were not right on my application, my examples were supposed to be about my actual job, not previous jobs. Every single person who applied for a promotion was told that, but not me. He had my application for a whole week before I sent it. Also, his comments were very neutral, verging on the negative, and it was totally unjustified. But I wanted, I needed to also prove that the Top Manager of the Court had a hand in preventing me for a promotion as well. And now I have it. His daughter has been working for years in that famous other Court where it was decided who would come for interviews. She is apparently quite high up over there. Also, I finally received the reasons was I was denied the interview, and it is so ridiculous, that if truly this was an impartial process, they would indeed shut the door to just about every single remarkable candidates and instead let in the worse of the crops.

So, I have my confirmation, they conspired to prevent me from getting the interview, and for over seven months they already knew the Indian girl would become a Clerk no matter what, over me and the Muslim guy, no matter our seniority, our experience, our qualifications. It is definitely racism, as if there is also homophobia, I cannot and probably might never be able to prove it. After all, the biggest blow was done by the Deputy Manager, himself gay, even if he acted the way he did because he was told to by the Chief Clerk and the Top Manager.

And that is not all the good news. It is extraordinary how whenever you do something wrong to someone, you will pay the price eventually. I certainly do, such a high price, for such small futilities which are still, let's admit incorrect. I do learn from my mistakes, I have however observed that most people don't.

Well, let's see. I wanted to move to the list office. Everyone else was shipped there except me. I wanted to become a Clerk, everyone else has passed the board except me. And now, the Chinese guy had an interview this afternoon for another position somewhere else in a Court in Central London. He wants to work in IT, he has a degree in IT, he lives so far away, to come to our Court he needs to go via Central London. And so, it has always been his dream to work in IT and closer to home. It is doubtful he would have got that position before, but now that he has passed his board, he has every chance of getting that other job. And so, pop, he may be gone within weeks. The Indian girl never hid the fact that she hated working in our Court, and that she was always applying to other jobs elsewhere, and would move on as soon as she could. I know she has applied for Clerk's position in the other Courts around here, he she no longer needs to apply for these positions, she has now passed her board. She can decide to work in a Court closer to where she lives, and something tells me she might just do that, because she said it so many times. The third person in the List Office, her house is for sale and has been for quite a while. As soon as it is sold, she's gone. And the fourth one, she's already gone. Married within one month, gone within one month, shipped to Canada. And even if the Indian girl ends up a Clerk in our Court, they worked so hard to confirm her arrange marriage to that Manager in the North of England within the year, she most probably will be gone at any rate before the end of the year.

So soon, there could be four positions available in the List Office, the very place they did not want to send me. Moreover, in the General Office the Old Indian man retires in two months. The Muslim guy knows too much about the General Office to be shipped to the List Office, the two other girls were in the List Office and are too happy to have escaped that nightmare, none of them wish to go back there. It leaves only me to move to the List Office. Right after spending

three long weeks training me as a cashier. Oh well, it will look great on my next application form, if they happen to actually read any of it.

And possibly, the two new Clerks they hired, at such a cost and crisis and injustice, virtually committing a crime in the process, within the Ministry of Justice, is just about to fail spectacularly. And two new positions will once again be advertised. And my main question is, will they again prevent us from getting the interview?

I could not resist passing a comment when I went to the Clerk's Office today, I asked the Chief Clerk if she had any news of how the Chinese guy interview went. I stop myself from asking as well if the Indian girl has succeeded in getting the position at the other Crown Court, as it was her desire to escape all of them, as there is no doubt she is suffocating here and is struggling for peace and freedom, and a way out of that arranged marriage.

The Chief Clerk then lied so blatantly to my face, I almost laughed. Five minutes after I was told that she herself presented the Indian Girl to all the Judges seven ago stating under no uncertain terms that she was to become a Clerk fairly soon, she said: oh, we have no power over these interviews, we know nothing. It would be nice if we could hire whoever we wanted, but we can't. I almost puked right in front of her, how two face can one be?

I'm not stupid, she is now realising that she needs at least another Clerk, and that was my point. And she obviously now understand that it should be me, and so she is paving the way to my great ascension to becoming a Clerk, once again over the one who truly deserves it, the Muslim man. Which is another reason I don't like the idea of being promoted to a Clerk, it would be a great injustice to him. That's why I need to leave that place.

Incidentally, when I was gossiping with the two Brits, there were telling me all that the Indian girl said behind my back, at the idea that she was promoted over me, and *bladibli bladibla*. They said they could not believe how she was acting, in such a patronising manner, and apparently rubbing it all in my face. I have to admit, I am paranoid by nature, I did not sense that. Quite the contrary, I felt that she was not happy at losing me as a friend over this. But of course, I was not there to hear all that she said behind my back. I prefer not to think about it. I see her more as a victim than anything else.

The funny thing is, I do work so damn hard, I know all about being a Clerk, I live around the corner, I have no interest working in another Court or in Central London. Same for the Muslim guy, he has been working there for nine years. We were the best candidates they could have gone for. And if this time around they suddenly want me, what I would really like to do is to find another job and leave them in the shit. After they treated me like a Third Class citizen, I don't want that job anymore. I feel way too humiliated to now become a Clerk as if nothing happened.

Anyway, I have learnt all that I needed to learn. There is no justice at the Ministry of Justice, it is rampant with unfairness, favouritism, preferential treatments, racism, homophobia, and just about every other form of discrimination known to human kind. I never thought I would be the one targeted and suffering from it, but I guess a third party's point of view would not have done in this case. The full impact of this book would have been lost. Mission accomplished! I can now move on! Though, I have to admit, I don't feel like it. After all, it is convenient to work two minutes away from where I live, no matter the nightmare, as it is everywhere the same. And that is what is so sad about this world and the corporate environment.

21 August 2008

Oops! My ex-Line Manager who left for Australia contacted two days ago, to tell me he had read this whole book/blog. Oops! I thought it was safe on my website, after all, the link was simply Madhouse, no explanation, one link out of

one hundred at least, at the bottom of a long page. And yet, he found it and read it. I immediately decided to take it offline.

It certainly brought me back to reality, of course any of them could have found it, perhaps others did closer to home, and never said anything. It would have one advantage, it is in a way my little revenge on them, that they could read in black and white everything they did wrong for quite a while, as I continue to learn the truth about them. And hopefully perhaps they will think twice before shitting on me, since it would end up here, for posterity to judge them. But it would damn awkward, as it was when my ex-Manager told me he read all those things I said about him, I certainly did not spare him.

Originally I was not too worried, I know I had been nicer to him than with the others. I read bits and bobs, and realise, no, I went mad about him as well and said horrible things. I guess it took me many months to finally realise that I truly liked him and he was the greatest Manager I ever had. I felt I treated him unfairly, but was it unfair? I don't know. Easy afterwards to only remember the positive moments, the rest all forgotten.

I am not certain now when this blog will go back online. I hope not many people were reading it. I don't think so, it was well buried. But my uncle last week contacted me to tell me that my father in Canada had been reading my blog as well (I assume the French one), and he was now living in fear that I would commit suicide. And now I wonder, perhaps it is time I go underground. Re-invent myself a new pen name, change the titles of all my books, and re-establish new websites without telling anyone who the real author is. So I would not need to censor myself.

I have been dealing with a few problems recently, mine less serious than the ones of my partner who has reached a complete nervous breakdown. He is permanently in a state of shock. I have never seen so much rage for so long, like all the time, coming out from someone. He comes to blow with everyone he meets, especially his Managers, me, and complete strangers on the street. This will end horribly, I would not be surprised if he ends up in prison, or at the very least at the Crown Court where I work.

It would be easy to explain his behaviour by the fact that he does not accept the death of his father, but the real problem is how badly he is treated at work. All of his colleagues have left their job, because the managers are out of control, they multiply useless mind games until people explode, and then they enjoy a great fight which can reach the low end of what humanity has best to offer. Swearing, vulgarity, racism, anything goes. Stephen's colleagues had the intelligence to simply find another job and move on before reaching breaking point, but for Stephen it is not that easy to find another job. He is dyslexic. Finally, he has a job interview tomorrow, and I so hope he will get it, so things can get back to normal. Because he will never leave that job otherwise. A driving job that pays 9,000 pounds a year. Come on, the poverty line has been drawn at 21,000 per annum. There is no reason to remain in that job, just like for me, at 15,000, there is no reason to remain in there. For me, it close by. For Stephen, at least most of the day he is just in his van driving around. These arguments are insufficient if anyway we are all now in deep depression and ready to kill someone out of pure rage.

For me things have calm down at work, it seems everything has reached stagnation. Nothing changes very fast. The Chinese guy and the Young Indian girls are still in the list office, they have no idea when they might finally move on. I am so eager for them to move on. Despite my best judgement, the relation between us has not gone better. I have barely exchanged a few words with them since the whole affaire exploded.

Most of the time I just remain quiet at the very end of the office, on cash, sitting just behind my Line Manager. In a way, it made things better for us, we have developed a better complicity, or at least, a pretend politeness. We really work hand in hand, she counts the cash on my very desk, and everything I do

now, needs to be verified and sign by her, as such is the nature of what a cashier does. Micro-management to the extreme, you would have thought it would have sent both of us off the wall. Perhaps it is this understanding that made us so much more careful with me, she goes out of her way now not to alienate me. We still come to blow now and then, rarely. Nothing like the blows she has with the Old Indian man and the Pakistani man.

My only big worry at the moment is that the British Old woman has gone so good now in pretending doing grad fees, my old job, she appears like a miracle worker and makes me look so bad. She has been stuck on it for so long, she has finally master the perfect way to eliminate the work, by simply eliminating it literally. Every time I look at her computer screen, she is sending back another claim, she has now become a master at finding reasons to return the claims. She sends back at least 75% of them. The other way she found to make all the files disappear from the shelves (the two great bookshelves that have always been full of grad fees to pay for as far as I can remember), is by simply enter all the claims without thinking, looking, using her brain so they pass and can be paid. She prefers to get them to fail, all of them, so she can save a lot of time, and then simply sends all the claims and files to the Clerks.

So it seems that she is a miracle worker, because she successfully makes the pile of claims and the pile of files disappear through utter laziness and avoiding doing any real work. So it is totally useless, and yet, she convinced everyone that she is a miracle worker and that I was utterly incompetent.

There are other causes as well. Scheme 3 is now completely gone, instead of getting 24 claims per file, she only gets 1 per file. Also, there are no more standard fee claims, we no longer pay the solicitors. So the work has considerably been reduced since I am no longer in charge.

All that would be all right, I am not so childish. If they wish to believe I was incompetent when I know I was working so hard, I don't really care at this point. But the Old Indian man will not leave it alone, he loves to repeat it all the time and to dig it in my face. How good she is compared to me! I don't know how I was able to contain myself. I would just so love to rub it in his face, that the very reason I was unable to do my job properly in the first place, was because he was never at work to do the payment run. Never! So I was always stopped from entering more claims. Also, whenever he was there, he was working in such a slow motion mode, if I entered too many claims one day, I had to stop for three days, sometimes weeks, so he could eliminate the backlog. Of course, it turns out that I am the most efficient cashier this Court has ever seen, there is never a backlog in all my new responsibilities. In fact, I have now decided to work in slow motion, because otherwise, on top of being the cashier (and don't get me wrong, it is a lot of work), I could spend half my time doing the job of everyone else in the office, because I quickly run out of things to do. I certainly will never prevent the British woman from ever entering a claim on the computer.

These people have no brain. They are all blind, and there is nothing I can do or say to make them realise it. I am surprised my Line Manager recognised my hard work as a cashier, I never thought it would be possible for her to see it, and to say it, and even tell the Chief Clerk. And now, I wish I could make her understand that I was much more spectacular on the grad fees, but unfortunately all I got for it from them was shit.

So in a way it is going well, on the other hand it is going bad. And despite the fact that my Line Manager recognised that I was good, she has now in her bonnet that I go way too fast and that I do too many mistakes. Because three times now I thought I made a mistake, but it turned out that it is just that my training was not that great and there were things I did not know, and it turned out I had not made any mistake. She is however convinced that I am careless and that I do lots of mistakes. We almost came to blow this week about this. She sees me typing on the computer at the speed of light, and she knows this is all important stuff, money, you know, and one mistake does not forgive, because

there is no way back and no one knows what to do when a mistake is done, it is that complicated. She does not understand that it is possible to work very fast, and yet, double check everything I do. I only made one mistake so far, and I think it is excellent. I cancelled the wrong claim once, big deal, it simply had to be re-entered. But we might as well say she will remember that in years to come, and still think I am incompetent as a result. Hell, the Pakistani man replaced me for week whilst I was on holiday, I pointed out a whole series of mistakes he did, including a whole batch run of printing cheques that went haywire. If I had done that, I would have been sacked. The Old Indian man, whilst he was cashier, was not doing anything. There was such a huge backlog on everything a cashier needs to do, it was six months long. I eliminated it all within two weeks. Bastards, why can't they see this? There is no hope for management.

3 October 2008

It is 3h30 in the morning. I cannot drink, sleep, watch TV, listen to music, read or play cards on the computer, I can do nothing. This is the message I just sent to two friends of mine, one being the editor of a magazine in New Zealand, the other a powerful woman who writes political articles:

Hi,

Stephen has been arrested, whilst I was walking outside. The door of the apartment has been broken into by the police (I hope they will pay to get it fixed). I was told by a neighbour that they took him away. I called everywhere and they would not tell me anything. Finally they told me he had been arrested, but they would not tell me where he was, why he was arrested, nothing.

He finally called a few hours later from a local police station. He said he was not allowed to tell me anything. He asked me to call his boss tomorrow to let him know he cannot come to work (on his second official day of work in that new job!). I said I was not going to work tomorrow and that I would not sleep tonight. I am to tell his boss that he was assaulted by someone, he lost two teeth, he had been in hospital and it was a homophobic crime. Well, I certainly will not tell his boss it was a homophobic crime, the delivery industry is still very homophobic as it is.

I don't even know who did that, why, if they arrested anyone else. Stephen told me not to call his mum in order not to worry her, her heart, and she recently lost her husband. But I did leave a message on her answering machine saying that Stephen had been arrested! God! How brainless of me. Well, I didn't know what to do, Stephen has got the only car key we have in the flat, I can't even come and help him or come and pick him up tomorrow after he sees the solicitors. I don't even know if he is in prison or in hospital. I know nothing!

The only person who would know is the neighbour upstairs, the one I told you about before, who causes so much trouble around here I'm surprised he does not have an ASBO in his name (police surveillance). I hope he has been arrested as well, I have no doubt that either him or his son must be responsible for hitting Stephen. It will be charming living here after all that!

Of course, perhaps it is another neighbour who hit him, I don't know. All I know is that once again the wisteria growing along the wall, the large tree which made the building looked so nice despite being such an ugly building, has been taken down once again, no doubt by the neighbour upstairs who tried desperately to get it cut by the agency taking care of the estate, but we intervened before they could do so. It is probably what is at the root of this crisis, a tree! And lots of complaints from these neighbours upstairs who recently alienated the whole building against them.

When we finished the phone call, Stephen said: I love you! I was quite taken by surprise that he would say that whilst in a police station, perhaps not

the safest place to advertise that one is gay. I did not answer back, and only understood afterwards that this was a homophobic crime, so of course, they already knew he was gay and that I was his boyfriend. Well, anyway, I did tell him that I was not going to go to work tomorrow and that I would not sleep tonight. If this is not better than I love you, I wonder what is.

What am I going to do now? For a second there, seeing the mess the police left behind (and I do wonder if they went through everything, every light was on, all the animals in a panic state), I thought I would never hear from Stephen again! Then I remembered that we are in England, there are still some laws in this country... I don't trust there is much justice though, but I keep hoping that there is.

I will keep you posted.

RM

I got one answer back from the editor:

-What are the charges, if any?

My answer:

-I have absolutely no idea! I am toying with the idea of contacting a local solicitor right now, at 3 am! They have 24 hours line. Or preferably let Stephen deal with it on his own tomorrow. They will give him a solicitor, and though I work in a Crown Court, I could not tell which solicitors would be best! I don't want to confuse the issues, especially that I know nothing.

I did finally try to contact three firms with whom I have become sort of acquainted at work, the three most memorable names for me. The first one, I searched and searched for half an hour on the Internet, I could not find their website. Second one, I called their 24 hours emergency line specifically for when you are in distress because someone close to you has just been arrested. No answer! Finally I contacted the third one, spoke with someone, he told me that even if I wanted to hire them, they could not possibly get the case because I am not the one who has been arrested. The best thing to do is for Stephen to be allocated the solicitor who will be standing in tomorrow at the police station. Suffice to say, I am unimpressed.

I suppose this book/blog could not possibly be complete without a first hand experience from the point of view of someone actually being arrested, my boyfriend! Hopefully it will be short and sweet, he will be out of that police station tomorrow (the very one who hung up on me when I called), and it will be over.

The police lied to me. When I called to ask if they had Stephen in custody, they said no, not at least for another two hours, and then the man hung up on me. When I called a few minutes later, I was told he was arrested, but no more. And when I got his call at 1 am, he was at that very station where they told me he was not!

I've got the feeling this is just the beginning of a long nightmare that will never end. I fear this will first go through the Magistrates' Court, then the Crown Court, and perhaps even the Court of Appeal. The bureaucracy, the worries, the arguments, the uncertainty, it will finish me off.

I can't believe it! My boyfriend is in prison! And I don't even have a vague idea of what he is being charged with, if anything. Why are they not releasing him? Surely they know he is no danger to anyone? Is it not obvious that all he would do would be to come home and sleep? He has not slept in over 24 hours, and I am quickly reaching the same schedule.

I cannot possibly see how I could sleep. I thought of making myself some coffee at 1 am, but realised that it was not necessary. Some sort of adrenaline rush is going through my veins, I feel I could remain wide awake for the next few days without a problem, especially if he does not come home tomorrow.

I know Stephen, he certainly did not hit anyone, but he can certainly speak, as he is a speaking machine, and speaks non-stop. So why are they keeping him at the police station? For that matter, why have they felt the need to break down the door?

I've got the feeling something horrible happened and the homophobic crime angle, though certainly true, still does not eliminate the fact that there must have been some sort of altercation, a fight, and both of them have been arrested. I sincerely hope that two people have been arrested, and not just the one. Because then, it certainly looks bleak.

I'm freaked out. I have closed all the curtains, I never do usually. I'm not sure what I am afraid of, certainly not the neighbours, I know I can deal with them without a fight. Then it must be the police that I am afraid of. This is what has traumatised me tonight.

The fact that they just destroyed the front door, came in in force, created the most unreal atmosphere of some sort of crime scene, and simply left with my boyfriend without leaving a word, and refusing to give me any information when I was condemned to call everywhere in such panic for any information about what took place here tonight.

I live in fear, afraid they might come back for me, or that they might be lurking in outside, watching me, hoping to gather the evidence for the prosecution or something. I'm afraid they may be monitoring my emails and that it will be used in Court against Stephen. I wonder if they bugged the place to gather that evidence, and so I am now so careful of anything I say, even, anything I think.

In this day and age, at this moment in time, in this police state as we let it become in England, I feel justified in my paranoia. I feel afraid, I am terrorised by the police and the law. I wonder if I will ever sleep again. I am so cold...

I also need to start to think about how I will deal with this, not only in my own mind, but with Stephen himself when he comes back, if he comes back. I have a hard time believing it. At the moment I am imagining the worst things, that God knows what he has done, and perhaps he will be in prison for years! And what about his job, the flat, the finance, all is gone overnight! My job as well, God, I don't know how I could continue in my job as if nothing happened if Stephen goes to prison over a tree. Especially working in a Crown Court and dealing with these cases everyday, constant reminder of the nightmare we are going through.

And if he does not go to prison, the nightmare will be as bad. It is obvious that Stephen will blame me somehow, as I am always responsible for all his problems, no matter how far removed I am from anything that happens to him. It gives him a reason to shout at me, and then of course, he accuses me of fighting. I will have to remain silent, listen to him, bypass his digs and blames, pretending that I am not hearing anything.

And I hope it will calm him down, that he will finally get the message that there is no point in stressing over a tree, and that when it becomes heated with the neighbours who cannot help themselves in alienating us all, the best course of action is retreat in your own flat before it escalates to the point where the whole place is filled with a SWAT team swarming all over your papers after they tased you or shot you.

Which reminds me of a very similar case that happened in the flat next door not long ago, when finally the police tased the man, and we were told they were about to open fire if it had not worked. Very similar situation. The neighbour was alone in his flat, his girlfriend had just died, he called the police, but then refused to open the door. So they certainly stormed the place and escalated the



whole thing until there was only one ending: someone had to die. If the police had left, or never came, five minutes later we would all have been sleeping soundly, never to mention the incident again.

Within a police state, what else can happen but everyone being harassed constantly by the police and every single small situation quickly escalating to shooting and arrests and prison sentences, wrecking the lives of good citizens who are no danger to anyone and deserve much better from their institutions they pay at a high price.

I walked from the train station to a McDonald a few miles away tonight, and I was counting the time between the police cars I met. Every minute or two, a police car passed on the street. I could not believe it. And this was before I knew that whilst I was playing that game peacefully walking, they were actually in my flat storming the place and taking away the person I love.

And I have been wondering if this was entrapment. Funny, a CCTV camera appears at the beginning of the week, then the tree is being taken off the building and thrown in our entrance door. A crisis occurs, an arrest is made, at least three lives have been utterly destroyed, perhaps irretrievably changed forever.

I have to contemplate the idea that my 15 years relationship is over. If Stephen goes to prison, he will lose the flat, and I can't make the payments with the salary of a civil servant alone. Which means I may have to go back to Canada.

And if Stephen does not go to prison, he may come back in some sort of shell shock state of being absolutely traumatised by what happened, and he will turn this relationship into a living hell for both of us. I cannot see how he could come back peaceful from these events, no matter how supportive I intend to be. And since at this time I don't even know if he is coming back, or what he has done, or what was done to him, you can understand how my head is about to split through furiously thinking about all this.

I am now physically sick from this mental ordeal. I can't even describe the state I am in, I have never been in that state before, and I have no idea if tomorrow or in the next few days I will already feel better, or if it is all about to get worse. I am so terrified, I cannot get the dog out for a pee. I prefer she shits on the carpet, because I am not opening that door tonight.

Nearly 5 am, I better try to sleep if at all possible. I just called my dad in Canada, telling him pretty much what I have written here. He feels I should go to the police station and bugged them, let them know that time is of the essence, and they better let him go, because each single minute that he remains in custody whilst it is not truly justified, is a crime against all known laws about freedom and liberty. When I think about those terrorist acts they recently established and are still trying to pass as well, to be able to keep in prison anyone for no reason indefinitely, and had to settle on something like 46 days without having to justify anything to anyone! It drives me mad!

As far as I know, despite George W. Bush and Tony Blair terrorist acts, the rights of the citizens still count for something. This is still a free democracy, even if it is just a pretend one.

They will be sorry for taking me on, because I certainly will make a lot of noise about this! I will create an international crisis! I expect total transparency and fairness from the police and the Ministry of Justice. And if we don't get it, I will start a crusade that will continue to rage long after my death.

12 October 2008

I am still sick like a dog, even though I still try to continue to survive as normal. Tonight is Sunday, and the thought of going back to work tomorrow is sending me off the wall. I can no longer suffer the view of my Line Manager, who cornered me when I took that day off the next day when Stephen was in prison. I was not allowed to tell her anything, nor did I want to tell her anything, but she

certainly made a big deal out of it, and I had no choice, according to her, to tell her all my private problems and personal life.

I said you can sack me, you can send me to any board you like, I will still not say the nature of the crisis which prevented me from coming to work on that Friday. In the end I simply said family problems, and told her it would have to do. She went to the Top Manager of the Court and he accepted that as an excuse. She said that they would now grant me a day off retroactively, something that cannot be done unless you are willing to tell them your whole life story.

And unfortunately, I made a mistake on cash last Friday. Instead of entering £14.45 in the staff claims' section, I entered it into claims receipts. So at the end of the day the computer wanted that money that was missing. You should have seen the crisis! It proved everything my Line Manager had always said: I go way too quickly on cash and I make lots of mistakes. It was actually my first real mistake, but they made such a big deal out of it, you would not believe. And she wanted to make an even larger problem of it later on, once everyone had gone, but I quickly left, and I could see on her face that she wanted to fry me for another half an hour.

I first called in the last two cashiers, one is about to leave the job, the Chinese guy, the other, the Pakistani guy is now in Listing. They both did not know what to do, or did not want to help, and listening to what they were saying, they had never made a mistake before for all the time they were cashiers, which I cannot for a second believe. Such liars. I know the Pakistani man made a few crucial mistakes, worst than mine.

So after them, I had my Line Manager and the Deputy Manager, and for 20 minutes we were all wondering what to do, and they both freaked out at me, and finally the Chief Clerk was called in. It so happened that she had to enter three letters on the computer and suddenly my mistake was erased. It was a 30 second problem, they made it last over an hour, and it's far from over, it will go on tomorrow with my Line Manager giving me the speech of the century. And that is why I can no longer stand her, and now I am sick because I have to go back tomorrow.

In the meantime, a new position for a Clerk has arisen, my Line Manager told me about it, trying to be nice to me, motherly, a misplaced sort of motherly love which is more like a master and slave relationship, patronizing to the max. I don't know if this time I will get it or not, but they are pretty desperate now and there is no little favourite left to whom they could show favouritism to. Even then, going through this again, I am not certain if I want to. Perhaps it would be better to find another job. If only I had the courage and the time.

And now, let me talk about another very important subject, and it is wise that this book is now offline, otherwise I could not say anything that I am about to say. The affair of Stephen's arrest is taking a turn for the worst, because of police corruption and lies.

It's funny, you get this image of the police on TV, nice guys and fair and all, you quickly realise that in real life they are bastards, they suppress evidences, they conveniently lose track of previous cases, they lie to you on the phone, and most serious of all, they illegally enter your apartment without any kind of warrant or justification.

I have denounced the police a lot in my articles, they are going too far with their anti-terror laws now applied to us, and have granted themselves absolute powers and a surveillance network of cameras that is unsurpassed in history or in any other country. But I never thought for one second that personally I would be confronted with deceit, opened homophobia and illegal moves from the London Metropolitan Police.

Oh, they certainly succeeded with their public image. We were led to believe that the police in the U.K. act within the law, consider homophobia a serious crime, and that homophobia within the police had been eradicated. Well, just read the following.

Stephen arrived from work exhausted and was not pleased when he saw that our tree climbing the building, along with the pole that gets the water in the Earth, had been cut and thrown in our doorway by the neighbour upstairs, a man probably in his sixties who has abused and harassed us for years, with his daughter clearly stated in a previous police case as saying homophobic things to us like: fucking queers, go live somewhere else, and much worse that I can't remember now.

So Stephen was not happy and he voiced his concerns a bit loud, so the family of four upstairs came out and were all very abusive, with lots of homophobic comments again. Eventually they returned in their home, but then the old man without warning came out and hit Stephen in the face with his fist. He knocked a front tooth, made all the others shaky so Stephen has not eaten anything for over a week, he knocked Stephen unconscious and then, of course. both parties called the police.

When the police arrived, Stephen was outside and our front door was shut. The neighbours were quick to invent any lies they could think of, fearing suddenly that the old man would be prosecuted for Actual Bodily Harm (ABH). So they said Stephen had threatened them with their lives, that he kicked their front door and broke the glass (that somehow they must have damaged themselves), and the police believed them. From that moment on, the police were all biased and they decided to work against us. Now Stephen is on Bail, case to be heard in a month for a preliminary hearing, and to decide if they will press charges. And if he breaks any condition of his bail, he goes straight to prison until his case is finished, it could easily take up to a year.

The police requested the keys to our apartment to Stephen. He said he did not have them, they were in the flat. Not only at this point the police had no right to ask for these keys, since they had no right to go in the apartment, moreover no reason to go there, but once Stephen was inside the truck, they forced their way in. The whole door was all broken, all the inside of the wall and the plastic corner thing, we could no longer shut the door. I arrived only perhaps an hour later to see the mess they have left.

Now, Stephen's mother and I thought the police had to force their way in, in order to get to Stephen. At that point we still knew nothing of what happened. But the next day when I came to pick up Stephen at the police station, he was surprised, he could not believe they forced their way in, since he was never inside the flat. So Stephen reported the break in to the police, which in itself is also a serious offence, whether it was done by the neighbour upstairs or the police without a warrant.

Then began the dance of the police. First they said that the police had entered our flat, but how could they? They had no key. Suddenly they denied it, the police had never entered the apartment. Well, it so happen that after working for two years in a Crown Court, I was able to find out that the police did indeed entered the flat, and since there is only one way, breaking in, they have done it illegally.

Not only that, we got a second confirmation, the police, seeing that they could not close or lock the door, borrowed a hammer from our next door neighbours, and tried to put back together the mess they had made. It was not possible, because a hammer would not do in this case, it was not nails that kept together the lock, it was a screwdriver they needed. And the whole thing was so shaky after that, there was no way to lock the door.

Now, I know the law, not only they should never have entered without a warrant, unless Stephen had been inside and it was necessary to get to him (which was not the case), but also, they should never have left without padlocking the whole door. So, that is another serious lie from the London Metropolitan Police, and a serious indictable offence that could make a few police officers lose their job and be prosecuted in a Court of Justice.

And now we come to the homophobic part. One of those policemen made a lot of anti-gay comments to Stephen whilst he was in the truck, and of course Stephen freaked out. That policeman made no excuse for his derogatory comments. He was young and from the North, and that is no excuse when you are in the police. You cannot make racist or homophobic comments to anyone, hell, if we do that ourselves, this could go to a Crown Court and could lead to prison.

Since then, it has been a nightmare. Stephen has been too traumatised by being knocked out and by his night in prison to do anything. He more or less quit his new job and has not gone all last week. In prison he nearly froze to death, with only the lightest ever and smelliest ever blanket provided. They kept his coat. They also woke him up every single half hour for a reason or another.

I was reading on a website that, supposedly, the treatment of prisoner's guidelines included the right to 8 hours of uninterrupted sleep, and certainly not freeze those prisoners to death. Stephen came out so sick, he was near death. I thought I would lose him. I asked him if the state he was in was due to his teeth being knocked out, but no, he said it was that night in prison that did it!

Every time I called that police station, I was told another lie! The very station where they told me he was not there initially when he was, the very station where they hung up the phone on me saying they could not help me.

And now, Stephen has been on the phone about our breaking in. This usually requires the police to come and take photos. They still have not come, they still took no photos, they are trying to bury this. We took photos, and God only knows if it will be of any help to us to prove this police corruption.

And now we come to the police latest lie, again, quite an important one. For our case, it was normal that we brought in all the previous problems with the neighbours upstairs. If you remember, I have already mentioned that they once accused me of destroying their car, something totally untrue, and they sent the police after me. Now, they changed their story, and they accuse Stephen of having destroyed their car.

The fact is, our car was actually damaged and someone did steal our tax disk a few months ago. This was reported to the police. We don't think it has any bearing on this case, but who knows. And there was another crime reported to the police. When a previous crisis had erupted when the neighbour upstairs had cut all our trees once again at the back, killing a whole family of birds living there in the process. Stephen ended up calling the police hoping to save our trees, which are not even going over the line of where their apartment starts. It had also gone very bad and a lot of homophobic abused had been told, especially by their daughter.

The police told us they could not find anything about these cases. Of course, it would help us tremendously in court to prove our point, since not only we have the neighbours against us, but so it is confirmed, we have the police as well working against us. As if a sense of fairness and justice was not possible coming from the Metropolitan Police.

Well, it so happen that I had no trouble finding the crime numbers and the relevant information about those cases that the police said they could find nothing about.

And now we wait. For them to press charges for disorderly behaviour and damage to a property (the last one certainly a lie), and we wonder if we should press charges for ABH against the neighbour upstairs. Considering how the police are lying through their teeth and determined to cause Stephen as much damage as possible, it does not seem wise to bring the man upstairs to Court. He would not plead guilty, because he arranged his story so he can claim it was self-defence, and we have no reason to believe the police or the prosecution will try to reach the truth or some justice in this case.

It would be easy if all charges could be dropped against Stephen, because then we would not press charges and avoid the corrupted police and Court of

Justice. But no, the neighbour upstairs is not the one pressing charges, it is the police, and so, this thing will not be dropped, it will go ahead and end up in perhaps two trials! Or I don't know if they will link it all together.

And if this goes to trial, we will have to prove that the police entered our flat illegally without a warrant, we will have to prove the police lied, we will have to prove the neighbours lied, it is going to be a nightmare. I have no doubt a jury will not believe Stephen in such circumstances. And yet, what choice do we have?

It seems, when a crisis occurs, everyone ends up doing something wrong. In this case, Stephen only talked a bit too loud, by far the least important charge. And yet, I fear they will turn this into something horrible and we will pay dearly whilst none of them will be affected. The police and the neighbours will be celebrating their victory over the queer bashing. Another fucking queer to the floor... let's all laugh our heart out!

And this is in that kind of state of mind that I am about to go to work tomorrow, reading about similar cases turning my stomach, and that terrible line manager that I can no longer stand. I am sick, just like Stephen's mother is and has been since this whole thing started. She is so weak now, if it does not kill her, I'm pretty sure it has already taken a few years off her life.

13 November 2008

I am in a state of shock. I am so disgusted with this world and everyone within it, there is absolutely nothing I can do right now, nothing I wish to look at. I am not exactly suicidal, I am angry.

Everyone turned against me this week at the Court, it has been the worst nightmare I have ever gone through. People I have been working with for over two years, so suddenly backstabbing me on such a scale, that I am now facing being sacked for gross misconduct, is beyond belief. All a self-made crisis from a build up from the Fat British woman and my best ally there, the other British one, the beaten woman with whom I have become such a friend in the last year, enjoying herself at going to all the management to denounce me on what I had done.

And the Chinese guy now, you might as well say he despises me openly, he does not do it at all, with a smirk on his face, enjoying making nothing into something so serious, I might be out of there before he is. Three months now that he and the other incompetent Indian girl got their promotion, and they are still stuck where they have always been. If only they could both be gone by now! Things move so slowly in that Court, who can live like that nowadays.

You know, when your friends turn against you like this, you have to wonder if somehow it is not your own fault. I have tried to find out what I might have done, which was different from before, but I can't see what I could have possibly done which could explain this turn of event. I am left simply disgusted at how quickly people can turn against you. It makes me wish to squeeze my cats, my dog, my parrot, and have nothing more to do with any human being.

I told them this afternoon. There was a man at the counter who received a fax of eight pages. The first five are free, he had 30 pence to pay. When I said: just give it to him, you should have seen how they all went into panic mode, especially the Chinese guy. I said that when he was cashier for over a year, almost every single fax or photocopy went unpaid, that I heard him say at least many times a day to simply not charge for it. And it was the same for the last cashier. Well, it was the very first time that I myself said to just give the fax to the man. Of course, it has always been a rule for everyone else and a rule for me.

When the British woman freaked out and started to comment on how things were when she was cashier, something like eight years ago, I cut her dry and stated that I already knew that she knew everything, that I was in a bad mood,

and that "certainly you made my life a misery this week!". By "you", I meant the whole lot of them.

I was hoping it would make them feel guilt, that perhaps they would think about what they did, all their little meetings with management to denounce me. On the contrary, they loved it, with a large grin on all their faces. I was digging for myself a larger hole, they enjoyed every second of it. There is only one word for this, even though you might think this is just small minded civil servants, it is in fact evil. It is certainly bullying, and that, mostly from this Chinese guy himself who confessed to me down the pub many times how bullied he has been whilst he was a child in school, being Chinese in England. Well, I always thought that people who had experienced first hand what bullying truly means and the impact it can have on one's life, could never themselves bully anyone. How wrong was I.

And now, you must be wondering what it is that I did which created this whole nightmare, that could possibly lead to my dismissal for gross misconduct. And if you want to know the truth, I at least do not regret anything I have done, I would do it again, no matter the consequences. I will fight this to the bitter end, and I don't care if in the end I end up with an indictment to my name.

After all, all I did was to offer real customer service, something that these civil servants I work with know nothing about, since they follow the rules of laziness, about how to get away with doing the minimum and be as unhelpful as possible for an easy life.

What they don't understand is that what I did for this French woman, I do every day for any other defendant. But you see, it happens in English then, and they have no clue that this is the kind of help I offer everyone. In French, they immediately go into a panic mode, they feel I am doing something which is unfair compared with what I would do for anyone else, in the end, in their mind, it seems I went too far and compromised myself, did something illegal. Nothing could be farther from the truth, which is why I am not afraid to confront management about it. I dare say, I don't think they will see it that way, now that the whole thing has reached such momentum, but I certainly feel justified.

The worse thing is that it was all for nothing. The French woman today was declared guilty unanimously by Jury, she is going to prison for at least a decade. Overall, forgetting everything else, that alone has put me into a state of shock tonight.

It did not even make the news. If anything like that had happened in my home town in Québec, it would have been everywhere. And it did. Two older women caught with lots of class A drugs at an airport, fooled by some heartless bastard too pussy himself to get his drugs across countries, that he has to pray on innocent tourists who then go to prison for ten years on his behalf. When it happened in my region 20 years ago, we never heard the end of it for at least two years. Now it is so common, the only consequence is prisons packed to the brink, and entire families completely destroyed, developing a new philosophy of life. The one I acquired tonight, disgusted for life of humanity.

She is so nice that French woman, so intelligent, so philosophical. And you should have met her young daughter and her boyfriend, such a nice young couple who to London to support her mother, just to witness such an injustice. I have no doubt that it is not possible for any of us to feel what is going on tonight in their heart.

I have to say, I knew already that she would be found guilty. I know enough about this sort of case, that it does not really matter if you packed your bags yourself or not, if you had all this drugs with you with or without your knowledge, the result is always the same. You are found guilty and go to prison for ten years. There is no real proof, I might add if you knew or not, but you are always found guilty. It is again a case of being guilty until proven innocent, and of course the Jury never believes a word you say, when you have all those prosecutors and police mounting such a case against you.

Did she know or not? Who can say? There is no proof one way or another, and yet, she has been found guilty. And so, the justice system we have is still guilty until proven innocent. And if you can't prove it, you are finished, you are about to find out a whole new way of life, a new perspective on life.

My only consolation is that she spent her last two weeks of freedom with her daughter and her boyfriend. The only positive thing about her going to prison for so long, is that she will be such a nice inmate to spend eternity with, I would not mind being in prison if I had to share that time with her. Because I believe I would get more from life just being her friend, than sharing such misery with my wonderful colleagues at the Court. Ultimately they are ten times more miserable than my French woman, and they deserve a ten years in prison more desperately than any of our defendants.

I would hope they would then learn something about life and what ultimately they are responsible for working in a Crown Court, however I know there is no hope for them, they could never learn anything. For them, dealing with people who might be going to prison for a very long time, often because of the ruthlessness and audacity of others, is like serving burgers in a McDonald, so easy it is to become detached from what we actually do.

I am guilty of helping that French woman because I speak French. That is my first charge or count on my indictment. It seems like favouritism, when I can assure you it was not, even though I felt more closely her situation than for most other defendants. I would have and I did the same for many other defendants before. My second count is that I have offered her case for trial on the offer list on her behalf, at her demand. Usually we get these offers from the solicitors. What difference does it make if a defendant requests to be listed earlier rather than later, or ask their solicitor to do so? Well, I guess I should have first contacted her lawyer, she has been totally unavailable for the last two weeks. Finally, third count, I contacted the defendant to let her know her case was on the next day, when the proper procedure is to let the solicitor know, so he or she tell his or her client. The solicitor, a right bitch from what I have seen so far, is so offended by what I did, she told the British bitch I work with that she would write a letter to the Court Manager against me, hoping to seal my fate along with the one of her client for which she does not care at all.

That solicitor who does not provide translation for her client who does not understand English, who ignored her completely whilst bail was being breached and her client would have ended up in prison without my help whilst awaiting for the trial, has now succeeded in sending her client to prison for a decade. As if this was not enough, she is going after me, she will lose me my job, because I contacted the defendant first, instead of her.

Hours after it was known that her client was on the next day, that solicitor still did not know anything about it. Her client would be in prison now, as a result of a misunderstanding, a miscommunication between them. She failed to ensure that her client understood what a warned list was, that it means the trial could come up at any time within a two week period. She failed to communicate with her client on the Friday preceding the beginning of the warned list, and so her client showed up in court on that Monday when the trial was not on.

The only way she could be in Court by 9 am was by breaking her bail condition, something that once again her solicitor failed to make her understand. By the time this French woman showed up in Court on Monday two weeks ago, with her daughter and her friend, there was no one in the world who understood what she was saying, and none of them could understand anything of what anyone was telling them. So, no wonder she broke her curfew and now the whole police force in England was after her. And they had bothered looking at their computer, with the dog tag she has on her ankle, they would have realised she was in Court that morning.

I stopped the machine for her, I called the monitoring company and the police force off for her. I sat her and I explained to her what her solicitor failed to

explain to her. I made sure she would not be arrested and go to prison before her trial. Unfortunately it took me two hours to achieve that, which is one hour and fifty eight minutes too much for any task of any civil servant. Hence the trouble I am in now, facing gross misconduct and losing my job. My colleagues are outraged, and they are working very hard to assure my downfall. It is lucky for them that most of the ones involved are not Indians, because then my outrage would be so far reaching, you would not believe it. I have seen my Indian colleagues going many extra miles in the past in order to help their own kind, far more than I did. No one said anything. I guess I am an easy target, one rule for me, one rule for the others.

I wonder how British defendants cope in the French justice system? I wonder if their solicitors understand them, or at least provide translators to ensure they understand the situation they are in, and prepare a suitable defence. Or if, like in England, no one really cares about them, not worried about explaining anything or preparing any defence, how could they when they can't even understand their clients and are not bothered to be reachable or provide the services of a translator?

You think I am nationalist, that I care for French nationals because I speak French? You don't understand, I have actually uncovered the truth about this, because of it. Two years working in that Crown Court, it took me to understand what is going on, simply because one day I started to care about one single defendant out of thousands, and only because she speaks French, and was so lost one day at the Court, I was requested in an emergency by the receptionist of the Court to come and explain to her what was going on around here.

99% of all our defendants at this Crown Court are foreigners and have names you could not pronounce. None of them speak English. None of them have translators provided by their solicitors.

They get a translator at the Court where they can discuss the case five minutes before the trial begins. Now, ask me if justice is being served, or if we are sending thousands of human beings to prison because of a lack of communication and understanding? How easy it is to break bail conditions when you are incapable of understanding what they are, and your solicitor could not care less?

And now I tried to help and sort out one defendant too many. It has been perceived that I was acting differently just because she spoke the same language as me, and we will all pay dearly for this.

Should I have let her go to prison before the trial? She I had let her go to prison for an eternity because no one around gives a shit about what happens to her? No, every time, and I don't care what language that defendant speaks, or what nationality is concerned. I do my job with a conscience, unlike any of my colleagues, unlike the police, unlike the prosecution, unlike the Juries. If I have to end up in prison for that, I don't care. Let me go to prison. I will at least have a clear conscience, that I did everything I could to help humanity, no matter where they are from.

But I am telling you, the real culprits, the real guilty party, is the Court system. I already have one thousand pages of a normal published book about this, and I feel I am just at the beginning of denouncing everything I have witnessed. I am ready to write a new book upon the subject. It would be damnable, worthy of being censored. It would also be illegal for me to write it, as a civil servant, there are a string of laws preventing me from becoming a whistle blower, to talk about politics, and this is politics, this is the law.

Never mind. I will just go on drinking myself to death tonight, hoping somehow it will compensate for the nightmare I found myself in, and the injustice I witnessed this week, all around.

I have a new mission, a new determination. Monday morning I will organise a trip to Wormwood Scrubs prison for the staff of the Court. I already mentioned it to the Chief Clerk, and she said that this was showing initiative. I



will make them understand, I will ensure they will get there in a prison van, and left there standing in Hammersmith at the end of it. I will specifically request from the staff at the prison to treat us badly, as they would their prisoners. I will try to organise at least an hour being locked up in a cell for any member of staff willing to see further what we do every day. I do not believe I will succeed in this endeavour, I can only try. And I will.

There, I have written my letter to the head of Wormwood Scrubs Prison. I have no doubt that my anti-VIP tour of the prison will be a VIP tour. Still, it is worth organising. I will first get the approval of the Court Manager. And so, it will definitely happen.

At any rate, act local, if you feel for some reason that you cannot reach globally. And that is exactly what I am doing now, acting very local. What they don't know, is that I will write an article after that, and it will go international big time. There is no law against acting local, and then, making it go global by reporting it worldwide! They have no idea who they are dealing with here... as I am the only one left in the whole Ministry of Justice, still feeling something, still having a conscience, still hoping to help the very citizens we are paid to help. I suppose I need to be shot for that, and don't worry, I will be.

9 January 2009

I simply cannot believe that I am still writing here, after more than two years, because by now I should really have moved on, or killed myself.

Instead I am still swimming in that filth, of what it means to be a civil servant, in any country. If there is a better definition of what a slave is, I still have to find it. I'm so drunk and out of everything right now, I could easily put this all back online this very night.

After all, a policeman in England did the very same, wrote an anonymous blog about his job in the police force, and it became an overnight sensation, made him at least a million pounds. He had to resign as a consequence, he now lives in Canada. Well, sort of. He lives in North Alberta, Edmonton. Is that Canada? I'm not sure, is it?

Well, it so happen that I went there, I was in Edmonton, I lived in Alberta for a few months. It has been a mix between living the time of my life as a teenager, and the worst nightmare you can imagine, as someone who has no clue, and suddenly is thrown into mid-America, and all that it means for teenagers.

Useless to deny it, I never felt so much in America than in Alberta, they might as well just become a new American State right now, none of them will notice the difference, except perhaps becoming instantly richer. After all, is this not all that is really important? Oil, natural gas, whatever, Alberta is a waste land. Filled with out of their mind screaming teenagers, living under such a police state, that they found a way around it, and hence, they are freer than any of us.

The more the State wishes to control your life, the less it will ever control it. If you have to wait until you are 21 years old to have sex and drink a beer, you can bet you will go wild very early on, and might not survive to be 21 before you can live normally. That defines Alberta completely.

What also defines Alberta, I found, is that they don't actually exist for real. It is like a fake life, a life in the waiting, waiting to escape and find freedom, and finally live for real. Until this can actually happen, nothing exists. Just like a bad video of The Smashing Pumpkins in the suburbs of Chicago, going down the 7/11 as a way of life, for a teenager. Buying an already dissipated burger, and a Slush Puppy, blueberry if possible, or Raspberry Blue, however you can manage to make raspberries look like blueberries. I always did think raspberries were red after all, is it not so? That I should know that much, makes me so American, and it simply kills me. As for most of my life I have only tried to escape that kind of destiny. I am only American by accident, I never intended to be. You have to

believe me, I am 100% European, I have always been. And my father was the King of Britain, never mind how many people he killed in order to maintain his kingdom.

I think it is the same in many American States. What comes to mind now is Minneapolis in Minnesota. I think they suffer the same. Rationally though, I suppose it would be more like Oklahoma, where women still cannot hope for any sort of equality, but who cares? This is America, they should by definition eventually be able to sort themselves out. If not, who cares? This is America. This is America! Where everything is possible if you have the guts, if you have the drive, if you can walk over everyone in order to reach the top.

Well, this is not my blog. I cannot so freely talk about everything else that is happening to me and that I think within this world. This is a very specific blog about my life, working in a Crown Court in England. And I have been so disillusioned by it all, so hurt, that frankly I can no longer be bothered talking about it, when I could talk about so much more. Which is why this blog should be finished by now, because in my mind I have already said it all, I have already moved on.

So far, this is too good an entry to be part of this miserable blog, of a miserable existence, stuck in a fucking Crown Court with so small minded managers, it would require a nuclear war to eradicate them all. I did intend to tell you more about them tonight, as I was down the pub with them all night. I guess after two years I just learned to exist outside my daily life. I have learnt not to exist whilst I go to work for 50 hours a week, and suddenly, by miracle, come to life, as soon as I escape my prison, my sentence, this Crown Court.

I no longer exist, I no longer live at all, and this is the secret of survival within this world. When you can bypass your life completely that it no longer exists, and that if you are still alive at all, I'm afraid, it can only be in a world of imagination far away from anything you have ever known.

This is the secret of all civil servants, all of them have been dead for years, they only exist in their own mind outside of this reality. The only way to survive, I'm afraid. Oh no, we never get the chance to become slaves, we reach insanity far more quickly than you could ever imagine, and then, God knows where and how we exist and survive. As I was saying, way too good an entry to be part of such a boring and life sucking blog. We'll have to once again thank alcohol to give me the only freedom I will ever get to know within this world.

Wow! I cannot believe that I will tell you nothing of all the pettiness I went through tonight. It can only mean one thing, I am beyond pettiness and I live totally somewhere else than within this reality. And so, I am now, as a civil servant, totally insane! And there is absolutely no hope of saving me.

I have become just what I thought I would never become. I have become the slave, the third class, of British society. I have accepted it so heartedly, there is now no way out of it. I am nothing, I will never be anything, because even promotions mean nothing to me anymore.

I am a destroyed soul within this world, where life means nothing, where I mean nothing, but I just don't die, short of being a soldier fighting in Iraq. Still, I am as good as dead, and I am not required to think or do anything any longer. I might as well be dead, and I so wish it, because this is the definition of what it means to be a civil servant. I wish I was dead, because I have no future, no reason to even exist.

Alright, maybe now that I have calmed down, sort of, I am ready to tell you all the futilities of this very existence. It was after all quite a day. I'm not sure where to start. I could start chronologically, or altogether all at once. Let me roll myself up a cigarette, and then decide how I will proceed. After all, this involves the top of what society has to offer, and the bottom of it all. The Resident Judge of one of the most important Crown Courts, and ant slaves working at that Court.

First of all, I have to describe the very last crisis of today, after all that I have gone through. Was it too much to ask, to be able to watch and listen full

blast that damn DVD I bought in Los Angeles three years ago? I have about 20 devices in this flat in England that can play DVDs, but none that could play that Region 1 DVD I bought in good faith years ago. Three hours it took me, but in the end I was able to connect two computers together, build a home network between them after 50 attempts, and get the one computer that works between those two, to play a DVD plugged into the one computer that no longer works, but still capable of playing DVDs from America. I tell you, this nearly killed me, but I succeeded in watching that damn Smashing Pumpkins DVD I bought for \$9.99 in L.A. years ago.

Anyway, this is all about the Chinese guy, finally, the bastard is leaving, and dear me, I cannot believe he is finally leaving, and that I will never see him again, and that, finally, I can become the shining blue eye boy in that fucking Crown Court. By the way, I am aware there was a Chinese guy in the band Smashing Pumpkins, and my eyes are black.

As I shouted tonight, I am the next best thing after that over performing overnice Chinese Guy that everyone in the Court has come to love over time. So much so, that despite the fact that I AM the IT SYSTEMS MANAGER, and that I have been so for over six months, the Honourable Resident Judge never called me once, he still called the Chinese guy every time he needed help.

So today, on the great leaving due, the overdue leaving due, of that Chinese guy, who took six months to move on after being promoted (what can you expect in the civil service), the great speech of the resident judge was that he expected every single Judge of the Court to suddenly be totally lost and be incapable to get their computer to work because our dear David is now gone.

I was listening in the background, I didn't say a word. It has become obvious to me that whatever IT degree David has, it must only have been a NVQ certificate that you can achieve in three months. Because I, a kid born within a computer to begin with, quickly realised that I knew much more than he about it all. And I certainly did sort out every single Judge in that Crown Court in the last six months except the Court Manager and the Resident Judge, who still believed that David was such a wiz kid about it all. Tonight when I shouted that I was the next best thing to him, what I meant was that I was the only thing and that he never truly existed.

Still, I kept my cool, I didn't say anything, whilst the great speech of the Resident Honourable Judge went on. In my mind I could only think of one thing, that within a month it would be I who would leave that fucking Court. And there would be no fanfare and such a leaving due for me, I would disappear unnoticed despite the fact that the whole damn place only works because of me.

Of course, none of them can recognise that. The reason being, my attitude. Everything depends on attitude I'm afraid. It does not matter how good you are, how great a job you do, if with it you do not have that smile and brainless capacity to ignore all the bitchiness, all the authority and all the bullying that goes on, you might as well then kiss your career goodbye.

And that is exactly what that Chinese guy had on his side. He was so afraid of being nothing in this world, that being a civil servant was like a dream come true. And so he had this extraordinary capacity to be blind to everything around him, and be so helpful to everyone. What everyone never understood, is that whilst he was so helpful to everyone, he never did his job, and it would just pile up and pile up, until I had to do it for him. Well, I do my job, I eliminate everything within an hour instead of days, and yet, I help everyone, and I certainly am worth ten times that Chinese bastard. Unfortunately, I have an attitude, I cannot stand corporate bullying, or any kind of authority. I feel that if you work so hard, well, there is no need to cry over spilled milk and alienate us all.

Anyway. I was listening to the second most important Judge in England today, because after CCC, the Central Crown Court (The Old Bailey), I am working in the most important Court in England, and he acted as if I did not exist,

as if I had not been the IT Systems Manager of the Court for the last six months. And I didn't really care, because past that day, just like everyone else, he would have to contact me to get his computer going. And the security around these damn machines has now gone so crazy, since one stupid civil servant got a whole database loose in the market, that only I can sort them out and get these things to work, after the five levels of encryption, and ten levels of security before your computer will finally log on.

Anyway, unexpectedly my Scottish Manager came to my rescue. He stopped the Judge right in his track, and started on a long discourse about how I took over the Chinese guy so successfully. Might have had something to do with the fact that I told him today that he did put on weight (and that, in my mind, he must have stopped taking so much class A drugs since his father died a week before Christmas). But the Resident Judge would not hear any of it, he went on to say how the whole IT network will break down the minute David left the building.

And just as I thought, he felt guilty afterwards. When my phone rang, I knew it was him, the Resident Judge. He asked me the phone number of our IT people, which I gave him, knowing full well he already knew it.

I don't really care, this is so sad, all this bullshit. I used to think that I would love to tell them that I am leaving. I have come to realise that none of them would give a shit. It does not matter how hard you work, how much you know what you are doing. It does not matter if you are replaced by someone who knows nothing, and cannot do one tenth of what you used to do. None of them are worried about it. In the end there is just me, and if I wish to continue to work there or not, because then it is practical, and I don't have to travel to Central London everyday.

Well, at the very least not all is lost. Starting Monday I truly do replace the Chinese guy. I will now be part of the secret alcoholic club of the Court. Once in a while they lock all the doors after hours, and from smuggled alcohol with the help of the corrupted security guards, they drink themselves to death. I call it the Southern Comfort Club.

I have been aware of it for over a year, some people in the Court have alcohol and do drink like fish. I did not feel like investigating it any further, it was not as interesting as the whole upper management being drug addicts, and even that I have not gone into too much detail. Well, I will be part of the Drunk Club starting Monday. Not the drug club, the alcohol club. Holy shit, God help me!

I guess it doesn't really matter, as soon as I drink a bit, like I told my Line Manager tonight, I get into my natural state. Happy go lucky kind of guy, so nice to everyone, I could shag the whole planet. So who cares if I am stuck in one dark room with all the overage alcoholics of the Court after hours? I can still have fun, even if they feel like this is the end of the world and wish to commit suicide or something. And if they feel like shagging the planet, well, I'm ready for it.

[rm@themarginal.com](mailto:rm@themarginal.com)  
<http://www.themarginal.com>