

Kiddo Blog in L.A.

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Kiddo Blog in L.A.

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Kiddo blog in L.A. 1

I have now an anonymous blog in parallel to this one, for the people who reads this independently of Mycroft Holmes Blog in L.A. (this blog appears at two places, but I assure you, it is unlikely that you will find out about where the second place is).

At the time of writing this, it is too secret for my main blog that I wish some close friends to read. Unfortunately these close friends need not know that I might have met someone in L.A.

Lucky you, people who read this right now, it is going beyond the call of duty to let you read this. It means that this blog will forever need to remain anonymous and secret.

His pseudo is Norton, he calls me Kiddo. I've met him over the Internet. Where else? At least it kept me out of the bars and clubs so far. We have been discussing on the phone every day this week. I had to fight to get to him, it took

him a while to get back to me. For more than two weeks I did not think I would ever hear from him again.

So I went crazy, I multiplied the messages, I insisted, it was melodramatic. I somehow connected to him even though I have only one photo of him and had read some stuff he wrote about himself. I kind of connected because he looks so much like my Stephen who's still in London, and might take a few months to sort his visa and come over here, if he comes at all.

It is because he might not come, though I know he suffers a lot over there without me, after ten years together this is quite normal, that I decided to meet someone else. I thought there was no need that I suffered too, like I did in my first month alone in Los Angeles.

Maybe it is not wise to start a new relationship over here behind his back, especially if he arrives sooner rather than later, however it happened like that and I wanted it. It was not part of my plan but sex has become a stranger in our relationship, and I certainly would like to meet that stranger again. I'm only 33, too young to be an old maid without even affection and tenderness.

It is however quite interesting that Norton is basically the double of my little Stephen. They are both very skinny, have a great smile with soulful eyes (as would say Norton), and are very simple people in their own ways. They are both little fiery things and appear to have great amount of energy screaming to get out. It would not take much for them to start a fight or suffer from road rage. My Norton was involved in many fights in pubs, strangely often on St. Patrick's day, as he mentioned.

I knew Norton before I even spoke to him. He believes a lot in horoscopes, but he is a Virgo and Stephen is a Pisces. I believe in genes and chromosomes a bit more in this case. Norton has a deep voice, more than I would have thought from his photo, but I find it very sexy and comforting.

He also has, weirdly enough, a Scottish, Irish and British accent (all of them) even though he is certainly American. He says he has many friends who are from Scotland and Ireland, and he spent too much time with them down the pub. I know this kind of behavior is usually fired upon, but one has to stop and think about why someone would try to change his accent like this. He must have a

deep desire to be British, and his life is perhaps not that wonderful or complicated enough for him to suffer anyone because of that fake accent. So why not?

At the same time I have spent ten years in London, so for him I may be that missing link with the world he probably dreams of. We also have a lot of things in common, much more than I ever had with Stephen. We already speak on the phone like old boyfriends missing each other, even though he is only 11 miles away from me and we have never met. It is difficult to meet during the week, we both travel by public transport, but I should buy a car soon and then I would hope to never see the interior of one of those monsters running on the Orange Line.

This week was a wonderful week. No problems at work, even though I feel I have not worked as hard as I could have. I had something else to make it nicer. I had my Norton to think about all day. It was like falling in love again, something I have not felt or experienced in more than ten years.

To be honest, I never thought it possible for me to have a crush like this, almost like a little girl would have. I thought it was all over for me, until at least I went through an intensive Atkins diet for at least six months, or something even more radical like stopping eating altogether. I understand now why I was not that motivated with my inexistent diet, I needed to fall in love first. So it is like the chicken and the egg, which one comes first, and without either of them, love or losing weight, neither are possible.

Thankfully I think Norton is getting tired of his sex life with morons in Los Angeles. He appears to have connected with my personality and intelligence, more than the idea that I am an author and scriptwriter. Over here it does not impress anyone either, though at least here it might depress a few people who wish to succeed themselves. But not Norton. All I know about his sex life is that he has slept with a few people and that he was picked up by nice and young guys, but that he refused a few and he is quite picky.

That he would suddenly be interested in me without having met me is quite something special. In fact, I think it was destiny. His photo, as I told him, spoke to me. I really needed to meet this guy. I was sure at first sight that I would be capable of loving him very much.

He was not frightened by how opened I have been, on the contrary, he appears to have connected at my first message. This is quite extraordinary. You would have told me this a month ago and I would have laughed. But not anymore!

Norton has worked for twenty years with actors, but now he feels a bit miserable in a computer survey job. He would like to have a better job so he could pay his bills. He too seems incapable to satisfy his boss, so life could not have been so great. His sister lives with him and, from what I can understand, most of his family is no longer living.

He is also two years younger than Stephen, and they both have a similar body. The difference is that Norton does not have, to my knowledge, a heroine and vodka addiction. As a consequence, as he says, he loves sex anytime anywhere. He is kind of explicit over the phone, he feels like me, certainly looking forward to fall in each other arms and enjoy love and sex all night long. Even if he has strange ideas like covering me with food and eating it there on my body. Not sure if I will enjoy it.

We will meet Sunday, unless something happens, which is quite possible. Tomorrow, Saturday, he is working, and I guess I will be too, transcribing to a file all that was said in the hour and a half conversation with a lawyer about my conference. It is not going to be easy, especially that I still need to buy a car and a TV. After that, I've got pretty much everything I need.

Oh Sunday, will you ever come?

3 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 2

Oh oh, I think I have asked too personal a question tonight to my dear Norton. I asked him about his family, he had no trouble telling me about his sister who lives with him, or that his parents are dead, but he blocked when I asked him about his other brothers and sisters, if any. What could it mean?

I already knew he had something going on about his family, since he did say before that his special someone would have to be understanding of friends and

family. I wondered what he meant by that, and I am afraid to admit that this is what prompted my question.

And knowing myself, I will ask it again soon, embarrassing him even more. I should not, he will tell me in his own time. If I insist, I feel he might cut all bridges. It is one of these things that are very serious. What could it be?

First thing that came to my mind is that he has a brother in prison. Somehow I feel he could admit to that. Perhaps he has a sister in prison. That would be more difficult to say. Especially if she was there for something shameful, like, well, like what? Why do women go to prison for these days that is shameful?

Stealing is of no consequence, sexual abuse could be shameful enough, but somehow I don't think this is it. People who have a rotten apple in the family, are usually quite capable of dissociating themselves with that member of the family and continue to live on ignoring that the person actually exists.

What could it be then? Mental illness? He said I had a lot of imagination tonight, I guess I just don't have enough to figure that one out. I did a quick search on the Internet about shameful things about family members. One of them is incontinence or Female Bladder Control Problem. Again, I don't believe that would be something to get you into depressing mode and send you into a spin whenever we mention it.

Actually, death is probably something that would do that. They are dead, or one is dead, and it has affected him terribly. He still feels a lot of pain, so it must be recent. And if he blocked tonight, it is because he did not want to get into it since he is sick and wanted to go to bed. That must be it.

I should be ashamed with myself! I think my life has become just a film script since I have arrived here, I can just imagine the weirdest and impossible things. But everyone knows that life is weirder than movies. I heard many people say that they often base their stories on true events, and have to tone it down for the films since it would be too unbelievable and people would not buy it.

I am also ashamed to say that the word pretentious came back a lot tonight in our conversations. Well done! One month in L.A., and I feel already so insecure,

that I feel the need to boast about myself at every minute of any conversation. I should be shot for this, considering that I have nothing to boast about.

I hope he won't hold it against me, I tried to correct that the best way I could, under the circumstances, I haven't been convincing enough. He said that my pretentiousness was part of my charm, I hope he believes it.

There is another big worry here. He has kind of cancelled tomorrow, saying that he nearly froze to death waiting for the bus tonight, and the wind brought upon him all these particles which makes him sneeze. So now he has a cold. We're in Los Angeles! Catching a cold waiting for a bus? If I had not frozen to death myself less than a week ago while visiting Universal Studios, I would not have believed him. And then it occurred to me that he could have easily invented any other story which would have been more credible.

So will I see him tomorrow or not? He will let me know in the morning. He seems to be a home bunny, so I guess any idea of a cold kills any motivation to get into a bus for two hours to cross 10 miles, and the thought that you will need to do it again to return home when you work the next day, and I will be lucky to see him once a week, on Sunday. And come to think of it, I would be lucky to even meet him once in this lifetime.

I also know now why I have been repeating myself a lot to him yesterday on the phone. I was so drunk the first time we spoke, and perhaps the second time as well, that I had forgotten a lot of what was said. I also went right over the fact that he had been quite sick on the last three years, in a coma actually. He was pushed down the stairs in a bar on New Year's Eve, he does not know why or by whom, ended up in hospital and was virtually given up for dead. On a scale of 1 to 10, 10 being the best chance of recovery, he was classified as 1. Can't believe I did not get into that subject then and did not remember about it tonight.

He was not drunk, and he has to take pills every day from fears to lose consciousness and never wake up again. Apparently a nerve has been severely damaged and he has fainted over a dozen times in recent years. This is why he lost his job working with actors and now has a rotten job requiring little abilities. However he says he suffers no disability except that he cannot lie in job interviews since he could lose consciousness, and he has been discriminated against for years now. He did say that he was not happy about the government of

California stating that he was 100% healthy, possibly for financial reasons, it suggests that he is not 100% OK. I bet this is why he does not have a car, which in these day and age, and especially in Los Angeles, is quite amazing. He said it is because he has no money, and his family helps him financially, however it could be because he can no longer drive, possibly because of the Californian State, caring as much as they do, could not let someone who could lose consciousness drive a car.

You know you are living in a paranoid state when at 33 years old they ask you for ID whenever you buy beers. I found it funny the first time, but now it is getting on my nerves. Do I look 16? Or do they ask ID to grandfathers as well? What else is this State paranoid about that I don't know yet but will suffer from eventually? And the worse fact is that California must be the most liberated of all American States, then again, they voted for a Republican Governor. Obviously, probably, because the Republicans are so desperate to win California, that they hired an actor to play the part.

I digress from my topic of conversation, typical me. My blog is like a phone call to Norton, we can jump from topic to topic, at least there is no blank in our conversation. One favorite subject of ours is Sherlock Holmes, as his favorite film of all time is Private Life of Sherlock Holmes, I am watching it right now on my computer. Why is it his favorite? Because a friend sold to him a laser disc player and he inherited I supposed this laser film with the machine.

That is one way of getting into Sherlock Holmes, I discovered the books because my Manager in my first conference job gave me the book. This is a case of developing a new passion because of technology, and limitation of technology. Not many laser discs were made before these laser disc players died as if they never existed. So he must have watched them over and over again, until that film became his favorite of all time. Anything Sherlock Holmes turns to gold. Oh mighty Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has done it. My favorite of all time is the series of Sherlock Holmes played by Jeremy Brett, also my favorite actor.

And on this note, I will go to bed, just in case Norton comes over tomorrow. I doubt it, even if I would love to. However this is more like a love story, and I admit that love does not require sex at the beginning. Only preliminaries that can last weeks. It is like an investment for the future. I am not that desperate for sex

anyway, the thought that he exists, that he cares for me, that he calls without fault every day, is ample for me, for the moment.

Oh, before I turn the computer off. One thing he has said that could definitely be a lie. Especially that it even contradicts things he said before, according to my blog. He has met two persons in the recent months before but he claims they did not have sex, as there was no connection. He apparently did not have sex for more than a year, perhaps more. It would be too good to be true, but highly improbable, since he claims he loves sex anytime anywhere, and certainly talks about it a lot on the phone.

Something interesting though, if he really met two guys and decided to not go any further with them, maybe he is afraid of meeting me for some reason. I have not lied to him, I showed him my recent photos. Now, perhaps he is also afraid that I might reject him, and the two other guys perhaps rejected him. I don't believe so, but his photo is at least three years old, it predates his serious accident. Could he have changed? He says he still looks the same, that he is still slim. I'm not worried anyway, but he could be holding back meeting me until he is sure I am hooked by his personality and charm, as far as I can find out from our phone conversations, that is.

We'll soon find out, or would we?

6 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 3

I called Norton tonight, I asked him if it was a good time. He said no, and that at least he was honest. I asked him if I should call back later or tomorrow, and he said tomorrow. I wonder now if he realizes the impact of that sentence.

In my mind, now he finds me an annoyance. I call too much, he needs his breathing space. We have not even met yet! That is what is the killer, of all stories.

A second ago I thought he would feel guilty and call me back later. I thought he had become addicted to our daily phone calls. But now I think he won't, because he knows our phone calls last forever.

My brain is going in higher drive. To think that today I was actually wondering how I would tell Stephen that I have met a new boyfriend and that he should stay in London to die alone, wondering what he has done wrong with me in the last ten years. Perhaps more sex would have done the trick? Less winging? Perhaps it would have done the trick, in fact I'm pretty sure it would have. Now it is too late.

There are no longer only two persons in this equation, but three. Breaking up a relationship of ten years is hard, but this is something I have been practicing in my mind in the last few days. I was prepared to announce to him the news that I had met someone else, sweet, lost, alone. And that we had developed the most wonderful relationship. That I was sorry, but that was life.

Useless to say that I don't feel like that anymore, since I was blatantly rejected by Norton tonight. I suddenly remember the lie I told Stephen in my email tonight, that I would be so happy if he were to come to Los Angeles with our two baby cats. And now I feel I was right to lie. This relationship is solid, I want him to come over here, I want to continue this relationship.

Anything else is just a whim, uncertain circumstances. This is what will have to work around and with, in parallel, my real relationship of ten years, in secret if necessary. No need to sacrifice anything just yet.

It turns out that Norton did not have any other brothers and sisters. He actually did not blocked when I assumed he did. Understanding of family means that his sister lives with him and they never discussed the fact that he was gay. Though he is gay and it is obvious, because he has photos of naked men in his room, but they have actually never talked about it.

So it means that I need to understand that I will need to be discreet with his sister. Also, the friends part, was about two gay dying friends with Aids that he needs to visit on a regular basis. All that stuff is shameful enough, or simply not easy to say upfront, no wonder it took him days to say so, weeks now.

Oh Norton! What are doing to me? I feel so alone, I need comforting, and you reject me just like that? I'm suffering! I have already drunk five beers, and I now have a glass of Rosé from California. I don't need much at the moment to be thrown out of this new reality. Getting back to reassessing what the fuck I am

doing in the South-West of America, never mind that it is called Los Angeles or Hollywood. I'm lost and alone!

I now feel like calling my baby in London. Tell him I'm coming back by the next flight, since he appears incapable of getting a fucking transcript of his studies. Ridiculous in this day and age to take months to get that sort of thing, when you can buy a convincing fake diploma overnight from any website. Bastards, they are destroying the very institutions they worked so hard to build in the first place, with this bureaucracy.

Norton's annoying me now. All the very small details about his personality are now surfacing. I don't like the fact that he does not like to have his toes or his ass licked. Just that! And that he is very grunge with his holes in his trousers without wearing underwear, so every other straight guy can look at his dick and judge him. I don't like the idea that he has two earrings and try to convince everyone that he is an interesting chap, looking like Popeye on his photo which is three years old at least. Has he got something to prove to all these actors he has been working with? That he is better than they are? By leading a life trying to convince everyone that he is different and interesting?

It is useless, I love him already for all that and more. He has me under his spell. I would be ready to sacrifice everything at the first demand on his part. I should be ashamed of myself, but is this not called love? And is it not normal to sacrifice everything for love? Even for someone you have never met?

Just when I thought that my life had reached a new low. Who could have predicted that? No one, except God! If that bugger actually exists. I call it destiny, which makes me as superstitious as any of those Mexicans or Salvadorians I meet. Am I not in control of that damn destiny? Controlling all the details of it despite everything that seem to fall into place as it should, out of my control? Damn!

I'm not in control, or am I ultimately? Is it possible that my subconscious knows more about what is to come, and makes sure everything around me falls into place, while I'm trying to convince myself I have free will in this world? No I don't! And a few déjà vu I recently experienced proves it. Even though it was so vague! I still see through it all.

There's no freedom here! Just the hope that there is. Just the impression that there is. I'm following a destiny, all right, I know that much. The path is all laid out in front of me, for me to follow without even have to question it and wonder if something else might not be more suitable.

I got what I want, that's for sure, but is it enough? Am I still free? God knows. I don't feel like it at the moment. Everything's too perfect, even if life throws a few problems and dilemmas along the way. I see through it, and I would not want it to be less perfect. It would only mean more troubles, more obstacles to overcome, and ultimately I could give up.

I guess I'll just have to live through all of this, and understand later what it was all about, when I read this blog again. Thanks! Have you thought of my happiness in all that crap? Should I not be happy? Do something about it then! Make me happy, make it simple, make me appreciate life for the simple pleasures we have down here. Make me happy to live! Being in Los Angeles is obviously not enough.

7 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 4

It is lunch time. I fear I might lose Norton. He said he was quite direct and when he is not interested he says so right away. Well, yesterday was a bit of that. And today he is online on that dating website. Not sure what he is doing there, he is not reading my blog or visiting my page, as far as I can tell.

I thought of not calling him tonight, to see if he will. I don't want to play mind games and I don't want to lose him. We have not met yet, so he could still decide to walk away. So I will call him and see what happens.

He says he never lies, and yet, that he did not have sex in a year, being on a dating website like that, should have sent me the alarm bell. I would not want to jump to conclusions too quickly, it is just that I am very insecure. Perhaps also I should not dream to start a new relationship on a website like that. Maybe it is just a crazy idea. I am faithful to him right now, I still think he is, but I think he also has an addiction to porn on that dating website, and this could also just be normal.

I have porn myself here, I risked bringing it over to the United States. I would have had a hard time justifying this at the customs. But it went well... I guess they are more worried about plastic knives these days than CDs.

I need to go back to work. Oh Norton! What are you doing to me! I hope we will meet this weekend, otherwise I think I will just forget about him and try my luck elsewhere.

It is 6h27 pm, and Norton is still online!!! It makes no sense! Is he at work or at home? Has he been home all day? He sometimes does not work on week days. He did say he could only use the computer when his sister was not there, she works full time but arrives home early. Being online all day means that he opened his profile and left it on. I hope. Otherwise, he is more addicted to porn than I thought, or he is actively looking for sex with cuties around where he lives. 17 miles separate us after all, in public transport that is a big de-motivation.

Following what happened today, I decided not to call him tonight. My first idea was that perhaps I was there in his life too much. He needs some breathing space. And then I kind of reaffirmed my independence. I don't need him and I can survive without him. I'm already in the process of flushing him out of my life and system. So I won't call him tonight, I will study for my driving exam on Friday instead. Hopefully he will call, otherwise, I guess it is over. And I will need to live with it. Sooner is better than later, as would say Mila Jovovich in Joan of Arc. It's over! As would say Morrissey. Sad I never even met the guy! Better be over now than in a few weeks time. As I would say, since no one said that as a memorable expression, to my knowledge.

In a way, I would feel a bit more liberated. I owe nothing to this guy, why should I be faithful when I could meet anyone else in town? It is quite tempting. Short of catching bugs... and not have someone to call every day to reassure me in my crisis... there are definite advantages to have Norton on my side. He seems to have a very nice and unusual personality. He says he feels the same about me, and that he is interested in a relationship with me even though I'm not one of the cuties without a brain. Let's give him until the weekend to make a move.

It is now 10h26 pm. Norton has not called. I dare not go and see if he is online on that dating website. I just checked, he is no longer online. Either he has met someone or his sister came back and he finally turned off the computer, whether

or not he was surfing most of the day. Considering that he was on the dating website today, I think he won't call. And for the same reason, I won't either.

God, I had the time to finish reading the Californian Driver's Handbook tonight, I thought I would never get the chance since we were spending so much time on the phone. I guess it is reasonable for his to still want a life. I am now going to read the online tutorial of the driving test... oh someone please shoot me!

It is the third time, yes you have heard, the third time I had to pass my driving license! Once in Canada, once in England and now in California. Can't the U.N. come up with a standard international test for all countries and states? At the very least I should not have to do the behind the wheel test! I have been driving for 17 years!

I have noted that one third of the Californian Driving Manual is about Drink and Driving and the consequences and punishments. Way to go, paranoid state! And if you are under 21, beware, they don't want you to drive and they will severely punish you for any infraction. On top of it, you can have to wait another year before having your driving license, or lose it at any time, for infraction not related to driving or the road.

Who's in charge of these rules and regulations? We should pass them all, one by one, to a general population vote. I would only be prepared to accept this madness if I was certain that more than 50% of the population supports it. However, I would not be surprised to find out that most Californians would support even harsher rules and regulations, if it was possible. Because people have gone crazy. As simple as that, no other explanation.

It is now 11h39 pm. One look at the photo of my little Norton, and I bitterly regret not having called him tonight. It is now too late to call. He is worth it, I will him tomorrow. And now I am debating whether I should send him a text message. I think I will. Well, I can't, my mobile is still set for the UK for the text messages. That settles it.

Let's just hope that tomorrow he will be willing to speak. If not, then the message could not be any clearer. And I will get it. And then, he can spend as much time as he wants on the dating website, I'm sure with a bit of luck it won't be another year before he meets someone up to his standards. I just wish then that these

people would not just let you believe all that crap just before letting you down. I never experienced that before, which is why I still give him the benefit of the doubt. Tomorrow night everything will be back to normal, we'll have a long conversation and I will understand that I was worrying for nothing.

8 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 5

After all my adventures with my phones, I came back home, called my baby, he was not in the mood to talk. He was awaiting a call from some colleague and could barely speak to me. Four miles I did for him tonight, to hear his voice! Almost destroy everything in my flat for him and he could not speak to me! I was in quite a mood. Thankfully I did not let him see this side of me.

But everything I said was bitter, negative, on the edge. You should have heard my speech about the turn of the new century, and any significance it could have had, when Jesus-Christ could be just a figment of the imagination of some twisted people, and that his date of birth has been established as, at the very least, 24 years after the year zero. God, I could have gone all night about that crap! But I stopped myself, too late I'm afraid.

What do I care about Jesus-Christ anyway!? What meaning does this has on my wasted life in Hollywood? And my conference? Nothing! I don't see him coming to help me any time soon, neither his father...

All right. I will calm down. This has been a weird day after all. And everything still works, apart from my phone. It's going back tomorrow...

10 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 6

The one sentence in the song Nothing's Impossible from Depeche Mode that was not applicable to me is:

I still believe in love at first sight
Nothing's impossible

My Norton. Whom I fell in love with without even having met him. A photo. If this is not first sight, what is? Same for him, if I can believe what he said tonight on the phone. He would not bullshit me, would he? He had plenty of opportunities to tell me to get lost.

On the contrary, another long phone conversation tonight is very much a contradiction to everything I had been thinking lately, as I felt he was trying to avoid speaking with me on the phone. And now it looks like he might work on Sunday. I cannot accuse him of trying to not meet me again, unless he is inventing it and he is not working. Which I doubt.

Perhaps he has something to hide. It could explain why he wishes to make sure I am really biting the bait before meeting me. It would make things easier if it was the case, I doubt what it is that he hides is that bad anyway. And on the phone, his voice, it is so comforting, so reassuring. His personality is so wonderful, everything about him.

And I know he is still slim, his ID has been verified along with his weight and height. Maybe as he said, it has just been bad luck from the start. In the meantime we have developed quite a love relationship at a distance. It must mean something.

My biggest pain is the pain I would cause Stephen by going any further with Norton. I would so hate to have to tell him that it is over, I've met someone else in Los Angeles, why don't you die alone in London or meet one of these cuties that you told me were buzzing around you at work? It would destroy him, and me as well, as I do love him, as I did for the last ten years.

It might not come to that, at this time I don't need to think too much about it. The chances it would actually work with Norton are very slim indeed. I would be lucky to even hold him in my arms for one night. I'm afraid of how he will react, because I'm very much under his spell and I would cuddle him as if I would like to melt into him. He might not be prepared for that.

I'm too ready to just fall head over heels, and become his slave. However I don't need much to get back to reality and accept that none of this is real or would ever be, despite his nice words to the contrary.

So cheer up people, it might never come to that. With any luck this is just something to help me survive the loneliness in L.A., it won't work out, and Stephen will come over. And we will be happy for ever after...

That would also be acceptable. With a bit more sex than what we have been used to, or even affection.

Well, if I succeed this trade in, almost as if I was speaking of a car, I would be very lucky indeed. My third boyfriend might be my best yet, physically and mentally, and they've all been great. I never thought it possible that I could strike a third time lucky, and perhaps experience something even better.

Of course, perhaps all of this is just in my imagination, but it looks like it could become real. And I don't remember having wished for it consciously either, must have been unconscious. But it still works, you can dream the life you want and it happens. So let's wish a lot of happiness, at work as well. Let's change our attitude and start to finally enjoy this life in Los Angeles. I do a little bit more every time I speak with my kiddo. Could it be that simple? Throw a little bit of love into the equation? Was Freud right?

13 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 7

Something is developing with my Kiddo, we speak on the phone almost everyday, we sound like we are very much in love. Even if I have not seen him last Sunday and that he has already told me that I won't see him next Sunday. He has to visit his aunt again, to celebrate Christmas earlier since they won't be together at Christmas.

I know many people who would have already told him to get lost, but our phone calls give me a lot of hope. His deep voice is very reassuring, his whole personality also, I just wish I could meet him once. God knows when that will be now... in the new year perhaps. At least it prevents me from meeting other people, I am still faithful to my baby in London. Only something serious is worth it, just in case Stephen never shows up on my doorstep in L.A.

And now, what you have been waiting for. I have made a new friend who is connected with the great world of Hollywood. If it sounds too good to be true, it usually is. So I walk in this path very carefully.

My motto is to believe them until they give me a reason not to. Of course, once you start wondering about the truth, it is difficult to judge. Since there is the unlikely or improbable to take into account, which could very well be true. We are in Hollywood after all.

After reading my Mycroft Holmes Blog in L.A., this 43 year old man contacted me saying he was a writer. I thought he would never contact me again after seeing my photos. However, he appeared to have a genuine desire not to sleep with me, but to help me here in L.A., to get somewhere.

Now, I know it is unlikely and improbable that someone would like to help you, after seeing a glimpse of your potential through an anonymous blog, however I have not found any crack yet in his arguments and he has now seen my full website and my true potential.

Already that he does not wish to have sex with me is a good indication that this is not what he is after. Ok, he did not tell the whole truth. He is no body builder and the first time I saw him, I thought I could not kiss him as he is not my type. I don't really like people in a sexual way when they're from the red headed league (reference to Sherlock Holmes).

However after one full night speaking to him and his creativity, imagination and genius, I was quite ready to jump in his arms. Weird how life can make things happen. It did not happen however and it is just as well.

He is a heterosexual kind of block who apparently had a series of misfortunes with the ladies. And now he believes he should try the gay world, he is not sure of what he is. There seems to be a lot of that kind of strange animal in Los Angeles. For all I know, perhaps all the ladies in town are downright bitches.

However that part of his profile was true, he only wish to meet body builders who are very slim. Not exactly me. And moreover, he says he never had sex with a man before. Now, that is getting closer to the improbable.

However he was not a full member of this dating website until recently, he became one to talk to me. So it would have been difficult for him to meet anyone there until now, even if he says he receives something like 300 messages a day, which is also improbable. I can go days without receiving a single message. However I am not stating that I am body builder who is extremely good looking, without a photo to back it up. It could explain his success on that website and my failure.

So he spent a lot of time on the phone after our first meeting, apologizing because he thought he misled me since we did not have sex. And I had to tell him finally that I had my Kiddo and that I would much prefer to remain faithful to him, even if we have not met yet in over a month. That seems to have made him happy, I think, and he felt less guilty after that.

The surprise did not end there. He is a writer, but for music. He writes songs, and composes, etc. So first he made me listen to that song that was some sort of a clone of a Celine Dion song, the Titanic. He recorded it in a studio with a woman, and now wants to sell it so some famous singer can turn it into a number one hit, including hopefully Celine Dion.

So he put the CD in the system, and I am listening to it, and then something strange happened. Despite the fact that it is very similar to Celine Dion, the song is actually different and certainly a number one hit! I looked at his bedroom that he rents, how poorly he lives, and then I realized that this guy had a lot of talent and would soon live in a mansion.

At the end of the song he looked at me puzzled, he thought I would say that I did not like the song. In fact I was speechless. For the first time in my life, I would imagine, as it takes a lot to impress me. I am so disconnected from everything.

Of course, I thought right there that this was a fluke. A lucky song, sounds easy to do, he did it, god knows, anyone with any talent might be able to sit down and copy a song? But then he played many other songs of different styles and I was convinced the guy knew what he was doing. He is some sort of musical genius, or at the very least, a very capable one who, as he says, is just about to make it big on the music scene.

I actually enjoyed being there listening to him play on his piano, it reminded me of those long nights when my first boyfriend was playing his compositions and wanted me to listen. He never went anywhere with them, despite being great songs. He did not have the determination, which is an essential component of success.

So, why contact me then if he is a musical writer and composer? He wants to help, he has friends in the business, one main actor who has been around for many decades, who also was in many series of Star Trek. And another writer, who brought us some of the biggest sci-fi films ever made. He intends to present me to them saying that I have a lot of potential, and apparently these people are willing to help people with talent.

That is the part that is too good to be true. And it even makes me feel uncomfortable. What would I say when I meet these people? Apparently it is not the first time that my friend presents people with a lot of potential to his friends. And he says that I am the one with the most talent and potential, of all the ones he presented to them.

So assuming they are his friends - and he wanted to show me that he had their phone numbers on his phone, and I stopped him - then I may actually meet these people and god knows what would happen then. I have no reason to believe he is lying since there is nothing to gain in all of this for him. No reason to lie that I can see. So perhaps the leitmotiv that everyone is a liar in L.A. and just protects their own ass, is not true for everyone. We'll see.

Now, my friend was also a security guard at one of the big studios, and met many actors this way. He was also an actor, he failed to mention that until very late in the conversation. He showed me autographed photos, and one of them was him with, at the back, all the films and series and plays he appeared in. He has mostly been a special guest star on series, or small roles in movies, but surprisingly enough, all the most important and interesting ones. He has now put that on hold until he can succeed in music.

As if this was not enough, the guy is also into Theoretical Physics, and has read a lot about it, and developed his own theories about the structure of the universe. At that point I did not think he would be able to impress me, however he came up with this extravagant theory of how the universe could look like and I was

genuinely impressed to the point of being convinced I was sitting in front of a genius.

I know enough to not be fooled in this matter. I was ready to laugh internally at his great discovery, which in essence would not have been one. But this image of the universe is haunting me now, and even if somehow it could be disproved, the sheer fact that he had the imagination to come up with something like that is sufficient to tell me that the guy is no ordinary guy.

I am the sixth person in the world to whom he has told what his ideas were. All of the others had to sign an agreement of non-disclosure. Why did he decide to trust me? Especially that many people before, apparently, have stolen his things. I come across as someone very genuine, apparently. And I am, he certainly does not need to worry about me, I would never steal any of his ideas.

However the concept of having to get friends to sign agreements of non-disclosure is quite remarkable. Only in L.A. would you find such a thing, I would say. This is so much like the total opposite of my own personality, I have everything online for everyone to see and steal.

And now I have to go back to bed. I feel very sick.

I have been awakened by my new friend from North Hollywood. He says he is visiting a friend around here and was asking if I needed anything like water, that he could drop on his way here. It is the second time that he proposes to drop everything to come and help, since I am sick.

This is a very interesting dilemma. Because even if I needed help, of course I would never ask him to come all the way from North Hollywood. It would be taking the piss and no one in their right mind would keep a friend taking the piss. So why ask? I don't want to read too much into this, I think he is just a kind hearted person with a lot of time on his hands.

He called to let me know he contacted his friend actor to tell him about me. Apparently that actor asked him many questions about me before considering meeting me. And then, he asked the magic question. He was wondering if I knew anything about parallel universes.

Now, this would also be time for alarm bells, and would be from the domain of the impossible. How probable is it that they are working on a film about parallel universes (now in post-production), that something is not right and they would need me to sort it out? As a matter of fact, I am an authority on the subject, having written the only full report about it you can find on the Internet. Could not be better, really.

If all true, I will meet that guy within two weeks, close to Christmas. I will probably impress him with my potential and aptitudes, and start working with them on their projects.

From the point of view of destiny, once again I must have built up this whole reality, as it seems so unlikely. I don't even need to wish for my future to be bright, it seems all of this was put in motion at the time when I was hoping for some external help to get me out of the conference world. I might be seeing a way out of this after all...

15 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 8

My first day back in the office after being sick for three days. I was expecting troubles. However yesterday I stopped myself to work on this changing the future or parallel universe thing, I said to myself that everything would be fine in the office, everything will be great from now on, and being sick will be fine. And sure enough, everyone else has been sick, my valley girl has missed two days and a half work, three other people missed days as well, so there was no way they could think I was faking it. Thank God. And everything is fine.

I also said to myself that I would meet those actors/producers and I will definitely work with them. That is not very hard to imagine that it will come true anyway, from a destiny point of view. It is obvious I am here for just that and that it would have happened eventually. But sooner rather than later is what counts, I need to get the ball rolling before Christmas and I need to work very hard at convincing them that I am indispensable, because of my imagination and knowledge in the science and science-fiction areas.

And the third thing I wished and convinced myself that would happen, is that I can no longer wait another maybe two to three weeks before meeting my Kiddo, things need to move faster and something needs to develop now. Sure enough, yesterday on the phone my Kiddo said that his sister was sick, and might no longer wish to go celebrate an early Christmas at this aunt they have somewhere in California. I might meet my new baby in less than three to four days. I'm sure it will happen now.

Yesterday my conversation with Norton was very deep indeed. He told me more than I could have ever imagined possible, especially that I am still a stranger to him. Again another one of his generation, he took a lot of drugs in his days and still is addicted to some pills called Vitago or something. I don't understand how painkillers are supposed to give you a high, but somehow he always manages to get 200 of them and get through that within a few months. If that was all, it would still be OK.

He told me something that disturbed me so much, I could not sleep last night, and all day today I could only think of it and him, the poor guy. This would have happened in a film, and we would not even think twice about it, but when it actually happened for real, it is something I can't even begin to grasp.

I feel I should not be telling this in my blog, by respect for him. It is something after all that he never told anyone in his family for decades. And it took his mother to be on her death bed for him to admit to her that dark moment of his existence in New Mexico.

This will remain in my hidden blog and will only be published much later, in a book, if ever a book is published out of this blog. It will not go online.

He told me that in his early 20s he married a wonderful American-Indian who looked like Catherine Zeta-Jones, but even better looking. They had a baby girl together and lived happily in New Mexico for a while.

Until the ex-boyfriend, a Cherokee, came up with a gun and shot both his wife and his child in the head. After that he went back home to his family, depressed for a long time, and never told anyone even that he got married to the most beautiful woman on earth and had a wonderful little girl with her. All that was

now gone as if it had never existed but in his mind. Not telling anyone also helped I'm sure to convince himself that none of it actually took place.

Strange enough he mentioned parallel universes to me, as if I could not run away from this. When he was in a coma three years ago, when he woke up two months later, he said he was convinced he was with them both. I asked him if she had given him a message, and he said yes, that it was time to get back to reality.

This was difficult thing to admit to me, and he kind of surprised himself in a way afterwards, as if he could not believe he could have told me this so early on in a relation. He says that he feels so comfortable with me, he feels he can tell me anything.

The poor Kiddo has not gone through one life crisis, but two. The comma and the killing of his family by an American-Indian who never had to pay for his crime, since this fell under the law of the American-Indian community and they perhaps felt it was justified or did not know how to deal with this, and finally did nothing, I'm not sure.

This story certainly did add a new dimension to my Norton, he is now certainly a four dimensional person to me, the fourth dimension being time, his past. I really feel for him and it makes me love him even more. I can't wait to take him in my arms to reassure him that there is more to life, and that someone can still love him genuinely and share great moments together.

Of course all of this would be at the expense of my long time relationship with Stephen. And this is also something I will eventually have to deal with and is not going to be easy. I sometimes wonder how all of this will turn out and if I can actually decide myself how I wish this to turn out. And if so, what I should decide. But I guess I don't have all the data to make any decision yet.

Norton often wonders how his daughter would have grown and if she would have children by now. He said he could now be a grand father. Heek! What a thought! He is only 43. I kind of don't really like dealing with people who were heterosexuals in their younger years and decided to be gay much later in life.

He says that without this horrible event, he might still be happy married right now. And this pushed him to the limits of the existence, and it would explain why

he took so many drugs afterwards, though he says it is mostly in his past now. Thank God.

I suppose one generation over mine, you could not be gay even if you were, and you had to marry. It would explain why so many forced themselves into marriages and babies, and are now sort of regretting this, though none of them would change anything to how everything in their lives happened.

Maybe I should go for people my age, who have been gay all their lives and were not pushed towards a life they never really wanted in the first place. They seem to have awakened quite late in the U.S. compared with other countries, probably because religion is still very strong and politicians can still openly talk against the gay lifestyle, pushing everyone into a corner from fears of living the life they are destined to live.

However people my age are like me. They have experienced nothing, they could be over 30 years old and not have experienced anything. Not to say that I would have liked them to have been drugged to full capacity for ten years of their lives, but still, I would like to have something to put my teeth into, so they too could become at least three dimensional.

Which bears the question, am I at all a three or four dimensional person myself? Or just two dimensional? I have not gone through any real crisis, and yet I have been more than willing to end my life many times because I could not see the point of living. I have not even known what death really meant, since no one really close to me ever died, except my grand-parents and I was not close to them at all. I was already gone when they died, and sometimes I have to think hard to remember if they are still alive or not.

Perhaps it is better this way. I did not need more life crisis just to be able to say that I have lived and that I have a lot of experience. I suffered enough without crisis, anymore and perhaps I would no longer be here right now. And I will eventually have to deal with the death of my parents, I guess. Though it could still be a long time before that happens.

Oh Norton, my poor little baby, who has gone through so much. I know you probably don't need my support, but I would love to give it to you all the same. And I look forward talking to you tonight and meeting with you this weekend.

18 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 9

I am now outside on the balcony of my studio, it is cold and I am overlooking the car park with all the people walking around. The musician from North Hollywood is still sleeping. He arrived at midnight last night and we talked all night, all morning and finally went to bed at 1 or 2 pm. I only slept two hours and I will need to go to bed very early tonight or else I will be sick again.

I have to say that it has been the weirdest day of my life. He drank something like 12 beers and half a bottle of Porto, and he smoke some grass. He was very nervous, talked non stop for hours on hand and would not leave anymore.

So I assumed that he wanted something more, but since he never had sex with a man except that 18 year old God, I thought he did not know how to tell me. Why else would you stay at someone else's place for over 12 hours, repeating yourself like he did? Well I assumed wrongly, and the next thing that happened was probably the most embarrassing moment of my life.

He eventually came to bed beside me since he was too drunk. He wanted to drive, that would have been crazy. So I got closer, it has been forever since I had any sort of affection whatsoever. He did not push me away. So I got my clothes off, I took his clothes off, and we stayed in bed naked in each others arms for perhaps 10 minutes.

His brain went into overdrive, he spoke a lot about that 18 year old kid with whom it was a sort of a dominating relationship on the part of the kid. It is now turning against him since the kid claims he was not 18 yet, when apparently he was.

He was rock solid, he would not move, he was in some sort of frozen state, perhaps a deep psychological blockage. And we talked about it quite openly, he confirmed it. And eventually he said something like he did not want to hurt me and I understood that this was not going to happen. So we went to sleep.

This whole thing has been exhausting, and I cried again Friday night, and this morning, and I almost did now thinking about my cat. I cannot deny that I am an emotional wreck.

I feel completely abandoned by Norton, who now tells me that the day we will meet will be Christmas day, next Saturday. Except that he did not work yesterday and ignored all my phone calls all day and the previous day.

We would have had the perfect chance to meet, I even had a car for once to come and pick him up, and I said so on his answering machine. And yet it was more important for him to do his washing and go all around town to buy some stuff he ordered at some shop.

This is getting beyond the joke, our phone calls now are just a long litany of complaints on my part and apologies on his part. Talking on the phone has now become too painful.

So I re-invited Stephen to come to L.A. for Christmas, and asked him if he would want me to come over to London. Financially both options are not viable. But I don't want to spend the whole Christmas alone.

You might think that at least I have a friend, however after I tell you everything he said to me in the last 12 hours, you will understand that we are from different planets and that I cannot afford to spend 12 hours talking like this on a regular basis. It is simply killing me.

Well, you remember that I was kind of thinking that perhaps I could influence my future. Well, my friend travels through time and through space using his mind. He can tell you exactly what will happen to anyone in the future, and answer any question about anything. He is connected to some inexhaustible source of information and can get all the information he needs from there. He calls himself an emitter-receiver.

He can also discuss with any dead people, and this in an awoken state. When he composes his music, Mozart and Bach are there next to him dictating what to write. He also met John Lennon and Elton John on the second ring of Saturn. Elton John sang a song for him, and John Lennon told him he was happy, or something like that, I can't remember now.

As to why he could actually meet Elton John on another planet while Elton is still alive, he says that it does not matter, what he connects to is out of time. The past, the present and the future, it is all the same thing.

I am now alone, he is finally gone. It is 9h24 pm, can you believe? He has been here almost 24 hours. Why I did not kick him out sooner, is because he came back with revenge with a new series of statements about his kind of mind powers.

It would take me forever to transcribe here everything he has said, but suffice to say that he is a psychic medium. He can predict the future, see ghosts, feel vibes, tell you anything about anyone instantly.

And then he went on about his vivid dreams about the past, probably of past lives, where he can live periods of 10 years in a matter of minutes. He has déjà vu that he sees first consciously in dreams and then it happens a few days or months later.

He can cure people from any disease and basically cured his own heart problems by thought and concentration alone. Now his doctors are saying that this is a miracle. He also has a phenomenal memory. Never had to study to pass with straight As in school, and can memorize a whole film script of 300 pages after only one or two readings.

However, he never experienced temporal causality loops, or time loops, my favorite. He never relived the same events twice in real life. I would have been skeptical if he had said that he did experience that. Which makes me wonder, how could I not be skeptical about all that he said in the last 24 hours? Oh, I forgot to ask him about aliens.

He said that he never before told anyone all that stuff, and that he told me more than he ever did in his entire life to anyone else. You've got to give them that, Americans are just dying to tell you all their most precious secrets. They barely hide anything once you gain their trust. And I am so curious myself, I always ask just about all possible questions.

So, where does that leave him, then? He is the most psychic person alive. Funny enough, this is the story of one of my film scripts. And yet, he does not come empty handed, he is very much believable, and his achievements so far speak for themselves.

Is it possible? If not, he certainly has a lot of imagination. And his brain is definitely about to split one way or another from a huge surcharge. He lives at 300 miles per hour, he speaks very fast and constantly. His thoughts are running through his mind like fire, and he does have an answer to every question.

At this point, most people would have disconnected and told him that he was full of shit. Not me, whether he is that most psychic person alive or simply just completely disturbed in his mind, I have never met someone like that before and I doubt I will ever again. This is Hollywood for you. This certainly requires my attention and further study. I wish I could dissect a part of his brain and eat it... I'm just kidding.

At the same time the guy is definitely troubled. Such a genius who knows everything about everything, and can fill a room with his confidence, breaks down completely at the simple idea that he is gay. He cannot accept himself for what he is.

I have learnt that he never had sex with any of his girlfriends, finishing the relationship just before sex was about to happen. I guess it would have been over with me in that bed today when he said that he did not want to hurt me. So he also appears to have a problem with men, and I just wonder if he will ever be able to overcome it. In essence, sexually, he is a very dysfunctional person.

What did not help his case, is that young trouble maker with whom some little things happened, before both he and his father turned against him. The kid is a menace, he has a criminal record the size of a dictionary and apparently destroyed many lives before.

You know you are in Hollywood when a young delinquent inspired three people around him to write books that have all been published. My musician intends to start writing his book about this whole affaire pretty soon, he said that the whole book was already written in his mind.

The favorite hobby of that young person is to torture and kill animals, and he does that on a regular basis. He tried to kill both my friend and his father. He was also very much abused and tortured as a kid, apparently he is the most abused kid alive. No wonder he turned into the devil himself. And now they're joking, saying that he has the famous 666 mark on his scalp.

According to my musician who can predict the future, in five years time the kid will be all over the news in a story involving hostages and killings. And somehow, my friend knows he will be involved in that horrible story.

There is so much more I could tell, however there will be at least another few books written about that kid in the near future, and oh, they're making a movie about this. So you will know more than me very soon.

The sexual encounter between that young person and my musician is now destroying the life of my friend. He cannot stop talking about it, it pours out by every pore. You can tell that this is the kind of thing that could lead to suicide.

He better start writing that book soon, so he can exorcize this whole thing. Oh, and he will also write a few songs about this, he has one already done and it is pretty good. That song will end up in another movie, so then again, you will hear all about it very soon.

My God, I had not realized that I just had to destroy a few lives, play mind games like crazy and kill a few animals to become the talk of the whole world (meaning Hollywood). That's where I went wrong!

I would like to be as celebrated as this kid, he certainly can be proud of all his achievements. He is now part of history, and is about to become global very soon. Well done!

24 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 10

I could have met my North Hollywood friend tonight, but I decided against it. Just in case my Kiddo decided to come tonight instead of tomorrow. I insisted, but he

knew he would not come. He said he had to go around town get my Christmas gift, a naughty book that he ordered for me, which actually comes from Canada.

He also took the time to go to the cinema to see that Mountain Brokeback thingy with Jake Gylenhaal, something about a gay relationship. I'm sure I've got both the title of the film and the name of the actor wrong. Again, he preferred going to the cinema instead of coming here.

Something is wrong, it makes no sense to me. After six weeks of talking on the phone every other day with someone I was hoping to start a relationship, I would have jumped at the chance to go and meet him as soon as possible. I guess all humans have not been made the same.

I thought it was fear on his part, and then it would make sense to come in the morning. If it turns out that he does not like me, or that I don't like him, he would not be stuck here for the night. He could just leave or, as he said, we could become friends.

It is also possible that it has been such a long time for him, since he actually had a real date which is not just sex, that he needed to prepare both psychologically and physically.

He bleached his hair today and he will be wearing tomorrow what he most prefers to wear. Something that he rarely wears. I said, oh my god, he is a drag queen! He will arrive bleached with a dress and full make up on! He said no, that what he wears is being worn somewhere else in the United States as a matter of commonality. So I gathered that he will arrive dressed a cow boy, in leather. He did not appear to deny that.

Every person I have met here who are really into films and L.A., either live in Hollywood, or like my Kiddo, lives on a street which reminds us of it. He lives on Hollywood Way. It might all be a coincidence, I hope so anyway, as it is a bit ridiculous.

Though I have to admit that I am annoyed when I tell my friends my address, I write Woodland Hills CA, and though I am one street away to Los Angeles and Hollywood, they could easily think that I live in Northern California. I have also been told that Woodland Hills is the nicest and most expensive place in the

Valley, and I must be living in the most expensive apartment there is. Only because it makes no difference how much I spend on my apartment, the rest of my money goes to my creditors. So I might as well enjoy it. However I hope he is not after my money, because I have none. Though I am quite prepared to help him if certain weeks he does not work very much, as he said would be likely just after the holiday period.

So my Kiddo has been preparing for days for this famous first meeting tomorrow. If not weeks. It is a good indication that he does feel this is quite important to him, that he looks his best for when we meet.

What I interpreted as a lack of interest, was more a worry of rejection, I would say. And meeting once might change all that. And then I would hope to meet him at least once a week. That would be too nice.

So today he really enjoyed himself, he went to Venice Beach, enjoy a movie, had a full day of it. I, on the other hand, stayed at home all day, on Christmas Eve, and did nothing. In retrospect I should have took the bus and drag myself to Los Angeles or Hollywood, or even the Beach. It was such a nice day, the hottest ever since I have arrived. On Christmas Eve... another thing that makes no sense to me. I am the kind of person who thinks that on Christmas and the New Year, it should snow like hell. And I have been very lucky in the past, in the North of Canada my wish has been exhausted many times. Here, it was a day for the beach and swimming in the ocean. I should have done something instead of waiting all day for nothing.

I also have to say that this is my first Christmas where I did not have to suffer Christmas music or the fever of Christmas in the shops, since I have avoided it all. For me, it has been business as usual, with nothing to remind me of it. Considering that last year I had 20 days off over the Christmas holiday, and this year it is merely two long weekends of three day each, then there was no Christmas for me this year. And I have to admit, I prefer it this way.

Dear, dear, dear... tomorrow I will be meeting my Kiddo! I cannot believe it! I cannot stop thinking that somehow there will be an earthquake to prevent me from meeting him. Why, oh why did it take so long for this meeting to take place? There is a reason for everything, though I cannot see why in this case. Except

that there is now such a build up to this meeting, I am expecting to meet God himself. And if I don't, I will be very disappointed indeed.

On the other hand, let's not forget that I am no longer that cute little thing that I was. Without these long conversations on the phone, he might not have wanted to start a relationship with me. So his plans to make me bite for such a long time, to already develop something before we meet, will at least work both ways. He must already feels like he knows me. Like I do know him. And I cannot wait any longer to meet him and fall in his arms. It will be so nice! Especially that I need it so badly. And I'm afraid, it would not work if it was anyone else. You cannot get what I need from a quick sex session with a stranger. My Kiddo is someone I could fall in love with.

It is Christmas in one minute now. That's it, it is now Christmas. I just burped, but at least I did not fart. What a way to celebrate Christmas on my own. My baby has been alone in London all day, miserable because I was not there. It is the first year he does not put the Christmas light and decorate a tree. I should feel very guilty for meeting my Kiddo tomorrow.

It is so dangerous, what if I were to fall in love? Should I have put a stop to all this while I still could? Can we stop our march towards love?

At the moment I can only think of my meeting with the Kiddo tomorrow morning. I don't know what will happen, or what to expect. I have such high expectations, it better be good.

25 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 11

It is already 20 minutes to 1 in the afternoon. I am no longer worried about what we will do once my Kiddo is here, I am more worried about the idea that he might not come at all.

I hope he understands that if he does not show up today, it is finished. I will not be calling him anymore, I will no longer hope to meet him. The only exception to this would be if he were to admit why he has been so reluctant to meeting me in the last few weeks. And if he has a good reason, then I might continue. By a

good reason, I mean some sort of psychological blockage or another boyfriend or girlfriend on the side. That would be acceptable, but he will have to admit something quite big for me to continue this charade.

I have been warned about people making a fool out of yourself on these dating websites. And I have to say, it is starting to look just like that with my Kiddo. Well, it looked like that for many weeks now, and somehow he always succeeded in convincing me that it was not so.

I am about to call again his two phone numbers, it would be the third time in the last hour. He turned me into some sort of freak who now calls and calls his potential boyfriend when there is no such thing. I hate it.

My god, he will be here within 15 minutes! I'm sorry I doubted him...

He is now gone. He stayed less than six hours. The reason being that his sister was coming back from wherever she was, and he needed to be home for her. Why? Because she worries a lot for him when he is not around, he could lose consciousness at any moment, as he did three months ago. This is so touching, that he would need to go back home so his sister does not worry. I suspect it is also the reason why it took so long for him to finally meet me.

The other reason must have something to do with the fact that he is not 43, but 53. And he certainly made the mistake of the century by showing me his driving license, while I was certainly not asking to see it. The number 6 before the 2, on his birthday, has obviously been changed. He claims that they made a mistake and made him 10 years younger. And he needed to be older to take care of his mother affairs after she died.

Nice try, but I don't believe it. I'm not certain when his mother died, but it was within the last 15 years. So he would have been old enough to take care of everything after her death. In fact, the only reason I could think of for changing his birthday, is to look 10 years younger so he could find a nice young boyfriend.

He is also the only single person I have met on that dating website who has a verified identification. And now I understand why, because to fool the system is as simple as changing one number on one's driving license. And a scan or a photocopy of that card sent by post would fool anyone.

So it is pretty clear that he is 20 years older than me, not 10. And I'm sorry to say, it makes a huge difference. It also shows in his face, he has lost most of his hair on half of his head, and his hair chest is mostly white. No wonder he needed to bleach his hair and eyebrows before meeting me.

I have been fooled before about age. My actual boyfriend in London told me he was 29 when I met him, and I soon realized afterwards that he was in fact 36. Today that difference does not make much difference (we have a 13 years age difference), but at that time I was still cute and beautiful and young, and filled with prejudices. 36 would have been too old for me, 29 was acceptable.

As actually, to tell the truth, if my Norton had told me he was 53 instead of 43, there is no way I would have been talking on the phone with him for six weeks and that I would have met him today. So I feel betrayed again. I never thought I could have been betrayed like that. The photo on the website is very old indeed, even if he claims it was taken in the last 12 months.

Gosh I have been stupid. I must be the only damn person on that dating website who's not lying. At the same time, I certainly will avoid any kind of surprise like that. And I certainly also got everyone frightened to contact me in the first place. It is their lost, because they would be more secured with me, since with anyone else it would be surprise time once they get there.

So I was walking towards him, he was waiting on the corner after he got out of the bus. Even from afar, I knew he was not the guy I was expecting. Once I got closer, I even realized that I would never have recognized him if he had not recognized me. I can tell you that I was not happy in my mind. And that I completely understood why he waited so long to finally meet me.

His bleached hair might have hidden his white hair, but it certainly also made them look very much white, so it did not help his case at all. He looked older than he might have been. My Stephen in London is supposed to be two years older than him, so I know how he should look like. He definitely looked 53 instead of 43.

26 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 12

I fell asleep quickly yesterday and I did not have the time to finish my story with the Kiddo. Despite all, he has a very nice body, with a nice dick, nice legs and a wonderful little ass. He is slim and he looks great in his jeans. Only his face looks older, the rest is fine. Which makes me wonder, can a 53 year old have such a great body? So we had sex all afternoon, and it was wonderful.

And call me once he was back home, and I fell in love again with that voice of his, which sounds totally different in person and does not have the same effect. So something might develop with the Kiddo in time, but not really. He will only be able to see me once every two weeks I would imagine, he is not exactly the cute little thing I thought he would be, and all of this made me appreciate my Stephen in London even more.

I am now convinced that I won't meet anyone better than my Stephen and I renew my vows to him on the phone. I told him that I was ready for a second ten years term with him, and that I would very much love to finish my days with him. In a way, it is great news that I now know that I won't fall in love with the Kiddo. His head looks too weird, however I don't know what the future has in store for me.

Today I need to work most of the day on my conference, and I also need to check out the shops around for specials on TVs and DVD recorders. I don't suppose their Tivo machines would be half price? They already have a \$200 rebate on these machines, that you need to get back through the post. Sorry, I can't wait that long and live without that \$200 at the moment. So I can't afford a Tivo box. And I can't spend too much either, since I will have to sell all my stuff before I go back to London, and I would imagine that I will be selling everything for almost nothing.

But God, I spotted Sony DVD Recorder which can also record 80 hours of TV, and that is the same as a Tivo without any monthly subscription. I want that machine, it costs \$800. I would leave with it for England hoping it will work there...

27 December 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 13

The most gorgeous guy contacted me today on the dating website. I had never seen someone so perfect. Of course, not wanting to lie, I send them three more recent photos, and now I know I will never hear from him again. Anyway, for one full second there, I was allowed to dream.

Yesterday I deeply needed to hear the voice of my Kiddo, I called, left a message, and of course, not understand my desperation, he never called back. Well tonight I don't feel the need to talk to him. I'm listening to The Smiths videos, I'm drinking beers (my fourth one now), so I have all the fuel I need.

Funny how Morrissey's songs over the years, always appeared to be perfect for the moments I was living, and how perfectly I was thinking everything he sings about. Must be destiny, I always thought. However, he was just very honest in his songs, and this universal. Which brings the question, is anyone else actually honest when they write their songs? Since I cannot connect to any of them, I guess the answer is no.

Which brings me to my own books and how dark they are, and honest, and how people connect to them. I guess to find people as depressed as you are, is a comforting thought and ultimately make you happy. Glad that such black material could actually help the people on the same wavelength. Of course, it is completely incompatible with anyone who I actually happy to live this life. Those people need to go see their doctor, no matter how much it costs here in the U.S., as they are certainly not normal, as it is quite clear that in the life we all lead at the moment, happiness just cannot be part of the equation. I can see you don't know what I am talking about, never mind. You must be one of those happy ones, go and get lost then.

6 January 2006

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 14

I cannot believe what I have heard tonight! This is just too much!

Dear me, it is nearly 3 am, I am working tomorrow, and yet I have to write down here what happened to me last weekend and tonight. Because both these crisis are so at opposite ends, that I cannot understand how in hell I could have been so blind.

Never in my life did I meet someone I simply could not read. And yet, all these possibilities have ran through my mind, it is why after all I invited Leonardo over last weekend. Leonardo is my musician from North Hollywood. I decided to give him a name tonight, a name he actually likes and that is also part of his real name.

That is why I invited him for a long night discussion that I knew would have terrible repercussions over my life. Sure enough, the next day he was still in my apartment when I had Stephen in England freaking out because he could not reach me, at a moment of crisis where his phone had been disconnected, with no way for him to pay the bill until I had cleared out with British Telecom that they had overcharged us by at least £79.

At the same time, the next morning, Monday morning after the New Year, was the day my Kiddo was supposed to come over. And at 2 pm Leonardo was still in my flat, I could not get rid of him, and I had so many things to sort out. I also had to pay for my apartment and my own phone bill here in Los Angeles before they decided to just kick me out.

It is of course that I did not really care for the Leonardo apart from interesting conversations. That is all he could have provided at that point in time. I had already gone into bed with him once, and I was still wearing the scars of that famous embarrassing night where I have humiliated myself to a level I never thought I would reach in my lifetime. Well, the second time around was even worse, if that is at all possible.

He picked me up early in the morning and we went to a car auction somewhere on Venice Boulevard. It was a big scheme of lies and pressure tactics to sell cars and we spotted it all immediately, so we left quickly.

We went to Venice Beach, walked around the little shops, walked on the beach, it was raining heavily, it was cold, and the waves were huge. You would have thought it was real winter and that it would stay that way for months, but today it was back to summer again, on the 6th of January. It was so nice outside, I could have swam at Venice Beach.

After that we went through the canals in Venice, and walked in front of the house of his famous friend, the writer of science fiction, the biggest ever, which I am still supposed to meet eventually, and that will be my open door to the greatest success ever. I never believed it for a second, and yet, it was pretty concrete when we were there, on the canal, looking at the empty house. And yet, I did not care at all to meet that guy, I never thought I would. Now I think differently and I will eventually tell you why.

We then went to eat in a restaurant serving mainly chicken, so there was not much for me to eat. And I invited him to my place for a coffee. I felt like it, I was hoping somehow we would end up in bed and that this time it would be different.

I don't know what went through my mind, I must have been crazy to think it would be any different from the first time, where he was just a plank of wood on the bed. But this is human nature, hope and faith, so I invited him.

We took the scenic route. We came back to Topanga Canyon Boulevard via the Californian coast, visited Topanga in the mountains, one of the most beautiful village I have ever seen in my life.

A little further down we stopped somewhere to look at the canyon and the mountains, and I knew this was what I needed to see, to appreciate, to witness. And it is so close to me, and yet unreachable without a car. I truly loved it.

So back in Woodland Hills, we talked, and we talked, and we talked. At least we talked about our film script that we are now working on together. I had told him the whole story in my mind that his structure of the universe had inspired me, and it was a starting point.

Eventually it was time to go to bed. What a mistake that was. He was again completely frozen. This time I decided to suck his dick, as he mentioned that, and he also did mentioned it last time. But he was so cold and out of passion of any kind the previous time, I never went that far then. This time I did.

He said he liked it, but that's all, and I don't even believe him. I really did want to take him in my arms, share any kind of affection with him, but it was obviously a one way thing. I was embarrassing myself. The guy had no interest in me

whatsoever, and yet, he let all that happened, he came to bed with me. What the fuck!?

I forgot to say that before that, that night, I was in my underwear all night with a T-Shirt. However it was not supposed to be sexual. The guy stays in my place over 24 hours at a time, I cannot treat him like a guest, I have to go on with my normal life while he is here. Simple.

But he took his shirt off and stayed like that all night. And yet I thought this was just because he thought this is what I wanted. He was just trying to please me, as he is a kind of guy who cannot say no and will do anything he can to please you.

At some point in bed I became more adventurous. I had my dick over his and I kissed him on the lips. Just that, no more. It did not seem to mean anything at the time, but it did a few days later, so I have heard tonight.

And do you know how this second night in my bed ended? I had my dick on him and he freaked out! He said: I don't want a penis on me, it is a real turn off for me!

Now, please, tell me, who in this world could continue to have sex with a man who would tell you something like that? No one in the real world, that's for sure. So we went to bed after that, I can assure you.

The guy cannot feel a dick on him without having a panic attack? Gosh, he must be straight then, but then, he does not like women! He must have the biggest blockage possible in his mind then. And that is even worse!

I was shaken by this whole thing. The next day I had only one idea, to get rid of him as quickly as possible so I could move on with my life which, because of him, was already going into the gutter.

I don't sleep anymore, I cannot communicate with my Kiddo or my boyfriend, I can't even pay my bills since I never get the chance to go to reception. I waste long weekends I could have used to write, just to talk to the guy. A nightmare.

So the next day I told him, I said that we will never again be intimate. It is clear he does not desire me, or even if he does, he is so blocked psychologically that I thought, good luck to any guy who will have sex with him, it will be a disaster. And thank god, I thought, I will be nowhere near them when it happens sometimes in the future.

So time passed, I actually wrote eight pages of that script we discussed, a friend of his had the time to die in between and he spent two days with the wife (that is the second time he tells me one of his friend dies and the wife suddenly calls to him for a shoulder to cry on), and then he read what I wrote.

I was not expecting anything, I thought he would say it was all crap. It seems that it opened the floodgate. The floodgate of truth. Came a bit late, I have to say, and at such an unexpected moment, that I am totally confused and don't know what to do nor can I understand the implications.

Tonight the guy told me he was in love with me! He said I love you on the phone! I could not believe it. Of course, that came after everything else he finally admitted, and as I thought, all of this was not meaningless, something did happen between him and I.

What I did not know, what I could not suspect, is that it had a much more profound impact, and was running much deeper, than I could have ever guessed.

I think telling him that nothing intimate should ever again happen between us, and that he should definitely try to meet a guy on that dating website, that was it for him. It was like telling him that I could no longer put up with this, and that I was not willing to. What we have would remain a friendship and a working relationship, that's it.

I think he then went into panic mode. He clearly never intended to meet anyone else, as he was claiming before. What he wanted all along, was what I suspected, and yet, he managed to convince me that it was not the case.

He wanted to unfroze, take me in his big arms, kiss me, whatever, but he could not. Something to do with his parents who were too distant and cold, and the straight guys with whom he had sex before, where showing any affection would be laughed upon and destroy everything. Because apparently, having sex with

straight guys, is just about sucking each other's dick and that's it. Anything else would be considered being gay, and that is just not acceptable.

Oh God, why do you send me such a retard? A word he cannot actually stand, and when I use it, he corrects me, I need to say mentally handicapped people. And that's what he is.

So tonight he said that he cared about me much more than I could imagine or be aware of. That was news to me. Nothing ever at any time suggested any of that. And now we have jumped just about any steps in between, the guy is in love with me!

I don't know what to think anymore. I don't know where I stand now with my Kiddo and my boyfriend. This was unexpected to say the least. And he even had the guts to insult me. He said that for one full hour that last weekend, he observed me very carefully. This is when he realized that he loved me, that I was somehow very beautiful inside and outside, and that the only thing that was stopping him, was that I was a bit overweight. Well, at least, when I get the truth, I certainly do get it fully. And the thing is I have lost weight since I'm here, a lot, without even trying. Probably because I am so freaked out by what I did, by coming here in the first place, and I am so lost.

And now he seems to have been able to go over that little problem, since everything else about me is so perfect, apparently. What he saw in that hour, I reckon, is what my Kiddo saw instantly after seeing me for less than a minute. My eyes and my smile. The brightness of my eyes. It seems to be able to have quite an effect.

And my Kiddo fell in love right there. It is just unfortunate that his sister keeps him home, or whatever else he has not told me yet. Because it is clear that he wants to come back, but cannot or is stopped by something else, and I don't think it is a lack of time.

So I pretty much already thought it was not going anywhere with the Kiddo. And yet, if he wants and can meet me this weekend, I won't say no. And I told Leonardo about that, and I certainly don't feel guilty since his admission came a little bit sudden and late. I had already decided that we would never again be intimate, and I was quite adamant about it. I'm not in love, you see...

Which means that this guy, sometimes in the future, will suffer terribly. Because I will let him fall in love completely, for a relationship that I know will never go anywhere. I won't be able to love him back, I know that. And I certainly don't want an icicle for a boyfriend. For once, I can truly say, I would prefer my porno CDs. It will definitely be more enjoyable.

He wants to learn, at 43. He wants to learn to appreciate sex, something I am quite convinced that is now beyond his reach. He wants to have his first French kiss ever with me, and somehow I feel it will actually disgust him.

Am I willing to do that? To teach him to actually enjoy something that seems to go against his nature? I tell you, I thought he was either straight or that my overweight problem was just too much for him. I thought he would meet the right guy and all his blockage would end. I'm not so sure anymore.

At the very least, after all that he said tonight, I can expect him to actually move a mussel next time he sleeps in my bed. I might even hope that he will take me in his arms. Can I now hope that he will actually enjoy it? God knows.

Can we fall in love with someone, and yet, not desire them sexually? Is he repeating the same pattern that he did with his only true love with that first girlfriend he had? He wanted so much to love her, to enjoy sex with her, and of course it never came true since he was gay. Now I feel that after 43 years, he is so screwed up, that there will be no difference between me and her.

I don't want that. I don't need that. I don't feel like it. I want to enjoy sex. That is anyway the only reason why I am not faithful at the moment whilst I am in Los Angeles. That my sex life with my boyfriend has become inexistent over the years.

Sex with Leonardo is worse than being inexistent, it is a traumatizing experience. Of being told that a dick on him puts him off. And dear me, I have not even tried to French kiss him yet. And he speaks of that simple kiss on the lips I gave him as some sort of milestone in his life. Please, give me a break!

Well, he did say that in his mind, on that level, he was just like a kid. Perhaps this is the secret of writing great film scripts. Perhaps this is all the innocence you

need to describe what love is, in a way that none of us, normal people, could ever understand.

Maybe we skipped that step altogether, or it happened for one long second when we were 18, and now it is completely forgotten. I certainly have no clue myself about what love is. For that matter, I'm not sure if I am still capable of feeling anything.

I don't want to think about the consequences of what he has admitted tonight. I just understand that, for him, it was the hardest thing he ever did in his entire life. I've got to be sensible about this, I've got to be careful not to hurt him.

I can't believe that all this time I thought he was trying to spare me, that he was trying to not hurt me and my feelings, and that is why I thought he went that far. But perhaps it was his initial idea, and then he got caught at his own game.

One hour of intense observation was all that he needed to change his mind about me. And suddenly, the world he lives in, has changed. Love, real love, got into the equation. And now, probably, he is even more screwed up than he ever was before.

Poor him. And I do feel bad about this. I do not wish to be part of someone else suffering. I do not want to be the object of such attention when it is not reciprocated and especially with someone that I had surmised as completely out of order when it comes to the matter of love and sex.

God knows where this will end. What will happen next. What I will be thinking and saying here after the weekend. And actually, this frightens me.

Funny enough, when I told my mother that I had met this guy in Los Angeles, and that we would be working on a film script, the first question she asked me was: is he gay, is there any way you two could fall in love? And when I said no, she was disappointed.

She said it would have been nice for me to find love and some sort of secure relationship here in L.A. When I reminded her that I did not need that, that I had my boyfriend in London, a relationship of 10 years, it did not seem to have any effect on her. Another mystery of life...

9 January 2005

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 15

Only three days have passed since my last entry, and yet, I feel it has been more than a week.

I wrote 8 more pages for the script, we are now at 20. He wrote 4. He took forever, but my, it is in the style of a novel, and even poetry. When I read that this morning, I fell off my chair.

First I thought this would not do, our styles are way too different. This is a film script, let's be practical about it, we're not writing a novel or poetry. Then I felt inadequate, English is after all my second language, and I certainly could make an effort to write like him, but I don't want to. It is the same in French, I want to write what comes naturally, I don't want this to become painful.

The result is of course that some people see in both my French and English, nothing that could be considered literature. And yet I claim to be an author, I have six books published in Paris, I have even written more in English than most authors in their lifetime.

Sometimes it comes back to haunt me, that perhaps I am no author after all, that I simply cannot write in an interesting style. Then I could just try, make an effort, but I don't want to. I would prefer to stop writing altogether, so it is a no win situation.

Some sort of compromise will have to be reached. I will have to polish my style, and he will have to get down a notch in the literary work. Or else, he will have to rewrite everything I write. And it seems to be what he has chosen to do. At the moment, based on all my descriptions of the characters and my main timeline of the events (the short synopsis), he is writing the long synopsis and the story in detail.

This is something I never thought could actually happen. I have never met before anyone who could actually write or really contribute in a writing partnership. I have always been the one doing everything, or almost. Well, that is not true, let's

just say that I was not expecting him to take over what I thought I would be doing and that I had been doing so far.

In a way, it is remarkable, especially coming from someone who looks like a truck driver (and he has a truck), or a construction guy with no intelligence. In fact, he appears to be that genius guy who can be creative and excellent at everything he does. And that in itself makes me feel inferior. Something I never felt before, as I had never met anyone I thought was better than me, despite my doubts about my abilities sometimes.

The truth is, I need that guy. Without him, without his inspiration and talent with English and at writing, and even the music for the film, and his contacts, and god, what else, there is no way in hell I could even achieve anything here in Hollywood.

At the same time, I also feel that without my determination, my hard work, my 16 pages written in less than four hours, my whole thinking process, all my ideas which were able to bring all our theories and other inventions together, he could not have got anywhere either. I am the fire in his belly. I am the catalyst. Just as he seems to be for me.

Could it be possible? That each on our own could not accomplish great things, but together we will lay that huge egg that could actually rival The Matrix series? Because our film script at the moment is so complicated, and so ingenious, that it could be compared to The Matrix. Not a poor copy, but an equal. And yet, we did not draw any inspiration from it. I am just talking in terms of scale of the project.

We could also just be dreaming, and this is also important. To be pretentious enough to believe that we could create a revolution and write something as huge as the best sci-fi films out there. Better not think too much about that now, let's just concentrate on the job at hand.

We have not mentioned again his love declaration since it happened. We have only talked about the script. Tomorrow he is sending stuff to his friend actor about me, we were supposed to send what we have so far about the story. But we have decided to work a few more days on it, for greater impact, also because we have discovered that what he has written so far is so good, even it is all based on what I have written and my own ideas, at the same time, he can transform it

into something much better. I'm still learning I guess. I just hope I'll be able to do the same in my other projects, once I'm working on my own. Or else, I will be stuck with him for the rest of my life.

Or his life, which should not be long anyway because of his heart problems. Same for his friend actor, he discovered today that he has a tumor, and perhaps cancer got in there. This is just great, they will all be dead before the movie gets into production...

Perhaps I should stop being creative, maybe there is a link with the life span. Everyone seems to be dying at the moment around my friends, at times it seems it is all they can talk about. And since I have never really experienced that, I can be pretty insensitive at times.

I am still living under the illusion that I am immortal, and that everyone else is as well. The others who dies, they are never connected to me, or to the people I live with, it only happens to others and you read it in the newspapers in between the sports results, something else that is totally meaningless to me.

Today I had some sort of memory that came back to me. When we were going around Los Angeles in his truck, and we passed some attraction park on a pier. I saw that again in the movie Bean, and today it all came back to me. These few seconds on the road, actually meant something to me. I could be developing feelings for him, and yet I would not sacrifice my boyfriend for him.

Could I get to that point? Could I fall in love as well? It would certainly make everything much easier for both of us, for both our careers. It is adding a new dimension to it all. Well, he is certainly all that I could hope for, apart from being a Ginger Kid. Even that I was able to get over quite early on. He is a strong man, with strong hands, a well built body, and a bit stupid when it comes to computers and other areas of life like love and sex.

This is so cute, this is charming. He will also do anything to please me, never contradicting me, and yet he is very honest. He is such a nice and great guy, and I am almost realizing this at the same time as I am writing it now. But to replace my baby who is alone now in London? I don't want to! I'm already in love!

Is this not what I wanted in the first place? Is this not what I wished for and dreamt about for many years? It is now all coming true, and I am fighting it, with all I have.

I thought for a second that the Kiddo could have been it, and I have to admit that I wanted it, I built a whole romance around him which has been systematically destroyed by him. He is 53, not 43. He does not look like the photo I had of him. He still has a great voice, and god knows, I will use him for voice over if I can in a video game or a film at some point, but he is ultimately a liar.

He again invented a whole story about waiting for a plumber and a mess in his apartment in order to avoid coming here on Sunday. And Saturday it was his famous aunt again who wanted to see him and his sister. And I am sorry, it is just too much, too many times. Something else is going on, and at this point, I don't even want to know.

It is obvious that destiny is rushing him out of my life as quickly as possible. He served his purpose, he helped me survive the first two months where I was so desperate and alone, I could have gone back to London on a whim, like my boss spitting on me yet again. When it is so important that I try to forget about that and concentrate on what I am here for, to write!

At least what I am writing now for this blog, is different from last year, what I was writing then. Something big was missing, obviously. And it could be just the beginning. Soon I might have a lot more to say here, once I meet these people. And it takes forever, no wonder people drop dead here and there in L.A., they just can't wait anymore for anything to happen. They have the time to die before anything actually happens. Just give me 100,000,000 dollars, and I will show you what can happen, and how fast it can happen.

I will produce a full scale sci-fi film faster than producing a miserable two day conference with 20 speakers on the program. The project will be so massive, it will surpass even the construction of those gas pipelines in Alaska. I will hire the planet! And we will build that spaceship for real, and I will ship myself outside the universe in the process instantly. How nice would that be...

I am beyond the dream now, I will actually get that spaceship built for real. I can certainly dream that, with all that I thought of to actually make it credible, I might just invent the real thing in the process.

All the stars in the Universe, beware, cos' I'm comin'!

12 January 2006

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 16

Oh dear, I smoked more than one pack of cigarettes today. That means at least \$150 a month I spend on that, not even counting what it does to my health.

My new boyfriend must be about to call me. It is 9h20 pm, he should be getting up soon. He lives at night, you see.

He calls me the next best thing that ever happened in his life, I believe. He told his closest friends about me already. They are all happy for him. He already talks of moving closer to me, and what he means, is moving in my flat.

I can understand that nothing would keep him in his miserable room, even though he has been living there for many years, and developed a special relationship with the owner, a Jewish woman who has been more than understanding with him. Letting him work around the house instead of paying his rent. And now he will start paying again in March, and I bet he would much rather move in with me, as he has hinted many times before.

15 January 2006

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 17

Leonardo takes so much of my time, that I can't even finish my sentences in my own blog. As I was trying to say, he sees our relationship so consummated already that he talks of moving together, when the guy has never yet touched my dick or laid a hand on my body.

At the same time, the guy is a psychic medium which manifests itself in his dreams. He sometimes has vivid dreams and so far he said that they all came

true to the detail. So not only he can see the future, but on top of it, he cannot change it. He said that he never tried to change it, so perhaps he could.

Since his father's death, he never had any more vivid dreams. And before his father's death he had a whole string of dreams about it, he even blacked out at his father's funeral and could not remember anything of what happened.

Since I came into his life, he started having these dreams again, and they are now about me. Not my death, and if it was he might not tell me, he said, but about our future together.

He saw me living in a huge house in the hills somewhere around here in California, I was rich and my mother was helping me dress for a special happy occasion. Leonardo was there, planting trees, and in the bedroom where I was looking at the ceiling, feeling guilty about something I had done. Another girl there was saying that I was not being very fair to him. That "him" was the problem.

To whom was I being unfair to? About what? This dream is a vision of the near future, three to five years at most. And Leonardo immediately assumed that the person I was not being fair to was him, when in retrospect it could have been anyone else, including Stephen in London (most likely).

So Leonardo called me this morning, almost in a panic state, asking me what it was that I was not telling him. How was I being unfair to him. Can you believe? He accused me of not really signing the contract agreement between us, that I signed with my three initials only instead of my full name, and therefore voiding the contract. He thought my name was not my real name in the first place.

Is this paranoia that will develop into something that will quickly get out of control? Is it just that he has been so played around in the past by virtually all the people he thought were his friends, that now trust is the most difficult thing for him to give?

My signature is my signature, whether it is my full name or my three first initials. The contract is fine, so it is certainly not what he was seeing in his dream. What could it be then? What is it about? God only knows, until at least he has another dream which will give us more data. And I certainly want to hear about it,

because if I will be unfair to anyone in the future, I better be aware of it and make sure it does not happen. My conscience would not allow it, as his dream appears to be indicating.

Will I be forced to be unfair then? Will I have the choice? When dealing with third parties, I might not ultimately be responsible. And yet, feel responsible in some way. At this time we simply have not enough data. However if he has these dreams now, maybe it is more connected to the present than we think. And maybe we have all the data we need. Something needs to be resolved, but what?

The only thing I can think of, is that at the moment I am very much in two minds about him and our future relationship together. Yes, he can be my best friend, he can remain so forever. But can I fall in love with him? Can I enjoy sex with him? I am not so sure. I still love my Stephen in London, I want to finish my days with him no matter what happens here in Los Angeles.

At some point I am afraid to say, I will have to tell Leonardo that I am sorry, but this will remain a friendship. Now, this cannot be said at this time, since I am between two minds and I am no psychic. I don't know how I will feel tomorrow, in a few weeks time, or even months. Something might grow between us, I just don't know. But if yesterday was any indication of the future, and perhaps this is what prompted his vivid dream, then we have a good idea that it just won't work between us intimately.

It did not help that he arrived here Friday night at the exact time that I came back from work. So I did not have the time to even clean the apartment. He also had to go to the doctor to get his cancer spots burned with frozen hydrogen. So he had all these bubbles over his face and body, and the word cancer spot, even if there is no cancer in this, but could develop in time, is not really appealing.

I was already wondering how I would actually want to be close to him after all that happened the first two times. I am starting to get a blockage as well, from fears that we might do things he might not enjoy.

So when we went to bed, at five in the morning, completely dead I might add, I was not in the mood and he felt bad. He sort of whined that he even used his coconut shampoo to be more attractive to me. It was the whining of a child. I did not know what to make of that.

But I told him he could take me in his arms if he wanted to, and he debated the idea in his mind for quite a while, and decided finally that he would need to have smoke much more grass to do that. He did ask me if I would stop him or reject him if he were to scratch my tummy and grab my dick. I said no, that he was very much welcome to do it.

I was however not in the mood, even if I did not say so exactly. I said I was tired and that we would do more the next morning. And then we did not do anything the next day. It must have left him inadequate, or filled with regrets. I don't know.

I spent more than 200 dollars in our two days together. I am not usually counting my money, but every time I do at the moment, I know I am one step closer to never buy my used car. It does not matter anymore since my phone bill came in yesterday, and it is \$330. So I can no longer buy a car.

We went to eat at Maggiano's, cost me \$70. We went to eat at Bob's Big Boy on Riverside, another \$25. Gas for his car, \$20. Cigarettes and alcohol at my place, \$30. Gay bar in Studio City, \$31. Conversion of a DVD from PAL to NTSC for his actor friend, \$65. And every time, I saw my car getting away from me, and I let it all happen willingly.

I don't blame him, he has no money whatsoever and needs to borrow at high interest rates of 40% just to survive. So I don't think that he is a leech at all, so that is not exactly a problem. However I will not be able to sustain such expenses in the future, that is certain. And I feel he knows anyway.

Well, at least we had an excellent weekend together, of which I will certainly remember for the rest of my life. We had great discussions about our film script and other ideas. We also went for a whole tour of the studios in Burbank. The Moon in the sky and the black clouds at night (unusual for L.A.) were just so unreal, it could have come out of a vampire Hollywood film.

And he looks just like Ron Howard, and I think people believe he is him. When we were at the Bob's Big Boy restaurant in Burbank, it was weird to see people looking at us. It gives me some idea of what my life could be in the future if I get

to be with known people, though I am not particularly looking forward to it. I hate all that crap of knowing the right people and trying to get into their lives.

Leonardo showed me the apartment of his actor friend, and at first he could not find the place, and pointed out to me the wrong building on the wrong street. My God, when was it last that he met with him? And then the right apartment was showed to me, and it was actually almost identical to the first one, so I believe the mistake was genuine.

In the gay bar in Studio City he was especially interested in "if other people would look at him". And many did, as he looks like a truck driver, and therefore was the most masculine guy in there. Also that we were in Studio City next to Universal Studios. The place was filled with wannabe actors and one talked to us. Probably thinking that being older than the rest of the crowd, we were some big wig of the industry. When he realized that we were not, he disappeared quickly. I'm telling you, if I ever meet another one of those wannabe actor in my life, I'm gonna start shooting them.

19 January 2006

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 18

I have frightened the Leonardo tonight. Well, what do you expect? He showed up uninvited again at the same time that I arrived from work. Stayed long enough for me to get very drunk. So in the end he got to see some other side of me. The pessimistic and ugly side of me.

I had to tell him how I did not believe in ever meeting his great friends, and the desire to meet them had nothing to do with us working on that film script. Only him interests me, basically at this time, and what we can create together. Any other option should have been worrying to him anyway, it would mean that I am only interested in him because of his possible contacts, and that I did not care about him in the first place. Not sure if I was able to communicate that to him tonight, I guess not, I was quite off the wall. Too many beers I'm afraid.

The thing is, he is so engrossed in the one project that we are working on at the moment, he thinks there was nothing before it, and that there will be nothing after. For me it is just one project, and we should not forget everything else in

parallel, and other projects we should work on. Because that one project we are working on might not go anywhere, and we need something else to fall back on, to believe in, to work on.

Maybe I am the realistic one of the two, when surely he should be the one who knows best in these matters. He has been in more than one hundred films, I don't care if he only was a figurant or in supporting roles, that's more than I will ever be able to conceptualize in my life or learn from.

What I tried to make him understand, is that despite the great success of his friends, things are different for us. It will not fall from the sky, hard work is required, and we need to be on the dot everyday and work hard at making anything happen.

Others had it easy, and from the day of their big break, everything just came naturally. Which is far from being our case. In our case, hard work is required, and even then, it might never happen, no matter how intelligent and wonderful it is.

He's living in another world, where everything happens easily to everyone. While nothing happened to him so easily. Easy to forget when you are surrounded by success, the success of others, even when they are your best friends.

But then again, I am worried for no reason. The guy has it, he is brilliant. He will get us there, no two ways about it. Why he has not achieved that on his own before my arrival is a mystery, because it is obvious that he has it, more than I. He obviously needed a catalyst, and I am it. So it is going to happen now, only because I came into his life, and that is why he fell head over heels over me. Sad when you meet people with so much talent, but need something to trigger it, me.

God only knows where this will end and what will come out of it. I'm listening to Morrissey right now, and he sings about Battersea Park, a song about a fatty. And I have met a guy a long time ago who was adamant that this song was about him. I have so much history myself about Battersea Park, including a love story with the most beautiful and wonderful young man with whom I worked with in Victoria in conferences, that I don't need Morrissey to dream about that.

And yet, it convinces me that London is for me, and that I will die there. I don't care about how many years I have to waste in Los Angeles, but one day I'll be back in London, I'll live in Battersea Park, and that road that follows the Thames from Earl's Court to Parliament Square. I can't live without it, I understand that now. It is just a question of time. And my baby in London is my only connection to it all. I bet he won't come to L.A. And that I will join him back in time. Might be a year, I'm sure he can wait. As I can.

My baby in London, god, how I love him. He is everything to me, I don't think I could love anyone else like I love him. I miss him so much, even if it is nice to have some freedom in Los Angeles now. Ultimately I'm going back to him, faithful completely, like it has been for many years before.

Oh dear, I love him so much, I'm crying again. And it is not just him that I love, it is London. And it can only come with him, it is a package. And I see that more clearly now that I have got out of it for a while.

If it is all that Los Angeles is, to meet the right people, then the day you have met them, you can leave right away. This connection will still exist, and then you can go back to Old England, the only livable place there is in this world. And still rip the profit from your eclectic and short stay in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles is growing on me, but I doubt it will ever be what London and the rest of England has been able to impress on me. It is too late. I had the time to visit every single town in that country, and this love affair is just beginning. I'm still crying for my huge loss. Nothing could replace it, not even Los Angeles. I'm going back, there is no question about it now, though I'm quite drunk and I may think differently tomorrow. But I would not hope so. Los Angeles pales in comparison to England, there is no question about it.

Everyone I have met here so far, are just not real. They are a caricature of life, and could be described as clowns, totally disconnected from the real life I have come to understand in time. None of them are real, how could they, they are so disconnected, it is amazing. We're not living in the same world, that much is certain.

And that is talking without even having met the celebrities, the ones supposed to be completely off their head, with nothing in common with anyone of us. I'm just

talking about normal people, they don't appear normal to me, they are something I cannot deal with and that I have no wish to connect with. These are people who don't really live, they have gone through a lot, and yet, it is meaningless, as they are so disconnected. I can't explain it.

They do suffer, but it is more like a Hollywood film than real life. That's the only way I can describe it. As if they suffered, but not really, as long as they have a story that could become a film or something, as if their suffering was not that real anyway to begin with. I don't know.

They seem plastic to me, I cannot believe any of them, they don't seem real to me. There is always that idea at the back of my mind that it could do a great movie, and therefore, they cannot live normal lives, and it shows. None of them touches the ground anymore, not sure if they ever did. I don't like it, this is fake, a fake world.

And I have been so fake myself all my life, you would have thought I would fit perfectly into their world. But I don't. I don't care to succeed or die. Better continue my simple life in England then, I do miss it. With my baby, who is very real to me. No pretense, no bullocks, just real life.

21 January 2006

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 19

Two days ago Leonardo told me of a dream he had, about going to that kid's house whom he had sex with and which has turned into a nightmare for him. He dreamt that he went there because he was invited by the kid, but that the father's kid was there instead. And then the kid came home with a friend, almost creeping in whilst Leonardo was talking about the song he wrote about their relationship in the past. Leonardo said that he did not think the dream meant anything because he did not feel the usual twitching when he woke up, and that it did not seem to be like his other lucid dreams.

This morning he calls me to let me know that yesterday (last night) his dream came true. He went to these people and everything happened just as he dreamt it. Something important must have happened last night, and in the dream he

woke up just as the kid arrived. He will tell me all about it later today when we go and meet his other dying best friend, a woman fighting for her life.

Is he lying to me? Is it just that he had sex with that kid again and the only way he could prepare me for it was to tell me he dreamt about it the day before, and in fact, he met that kid two days ago instead of last night? What would be the point of lying about that? To make it more legitimate, part of destiny, that he could not fight against it?

Let's assume it is true. What was the significance of the dream then? To prepare him? Or was it so emotionally charged and filled with some sort of weird energy, that it crossed into his dreams a few days before? And the dream was useless after all? He could have decided last night to not go there in the first place, he had the dream before. Does it mean that he had no choice but to go, or else the dream would have never happened in the first place? These are all interesting questions.

If after the dream he had decided not to go, then he would have gone back in a time loop in his life and he would never had the dream before. Even though he would have had it, in a different timeline or fluctuating reality where past, present and future mix altogether to become meaningless. Perhaps he can learn to change his life for the better, instead of just walking right through the warnings that he appears to be sending himself in the past.

However I have not heard the story yet, and perhaps something positive will come out of all of this. If he had sex with the kid, it would make it easier for me to tell him that I do not wish to pursue a relationship with him, just friendship. Because this is how I feel like at the moment, but since I don't know about if my feelings could change in the future, it is difficult to admit to him at this time. He sleeps here tonight, so maybe tomorrow I will feel different. We'll see.

I just came back from a whole day with Leonardo. I met his friend. We did the usual tour of the canyons around here and a few towns, and Los Angeles.

I was in a weird mood all day. I could have shot myself in the head instead of doing anything today. My deep existential crisis mode came back and lasted the whole day, on the kind of scale I was suffering when I returned to Canada after

London, and I simply could not stand it. I was simply depressed and could no longer understand why I was alive and what this whole world we live in meant.

I call this my moments of awareness. And when it happens, I feel I have let myself be blind for quite a while, especially if it has been sometime since I last felt like that. The feeling that there is something wrong with the universe we live in, that it is all a lie, and that there is something else behind all the smoke that we cannot see. Life is just a game that I just do not want to play. And I am nowhere near knowing anything about what is, what I could call the real world, for a lack of a better word.

Funny enough, it might be this film script that we are working on that brought that crisis. Leonardo's structure of the universe, which by the way goes much further than our own universe, and the idea that I am not allowed to discuss here, might have made me feel that we are much more insignificant than I first realized. And that anything we could ever accomplish in life is completely meaningless and a waste of time.

I can't believe that yesterday I spent hours working on my business plan to start my own business, that I was all excited at the idea of finally get rid of the boss and making money. And today I fall flat on my face, becoming all philosophical and all, and wondering why I am alive and if it would make any difference at all if I were to die tonight. That's quite a shift in my thinking, I tell you.

And what is it that prompted all that? I don't know. Is it that Leonardo met his own kiddo last night, the one he was promising himself he would always stand clear from because he was too dangerous? It had quite an impact on me, I have to say. He was in love with that kid, he obviously still is, it has been less than six months since this whole sexual thing happened between them.

At the same time, I don't think I could ever love Leonardo, and the thought of sleeping with him again, and that he would sleep here tonight, is perhaps what freaked me out all day. I was going to tell him that I did not want sex tonight, I did not want to try, because I think our first two times together really sort of traumatized me in a way that I cannot even begin to explain.

So I forced myself to tell him that he was probably right to go and see his kiddo last night. And now I simply don't care what he does. He was still talking about

“when we will live together in our house”, and that we would invite friends and he will cook for them, etc. Well, I say that he is either not a psychic medium, or today was just a weird day and eventually I will end up in his arms for many years to come. Something he might have seen already and he is not telling me.

In fact, today, going around the mountains in Malibu was about that. Finding that house he says I will eventually live in that he saw in his dreams. He could recognize the two houses he saw, if he could see them now. So we went around the area he felt it was in, but we did not find the houses.

Funny that we were trying to find out about a vision he had about my future here in the mountains, when today I virtually made my decision that I don't like it here, I don't want to live here. And if I have to sacrifice a promising career in Hollywood by going back to London, I thought that this is exactly what I will have to do.

I don't think anymore that if my baby in London was here with me, everything would be fine. It is not only him that I am in love with, it is the life we have led for the last ten years in all these towns in England. It is also Europe that I am in love with, because I include France and Germany in all of this. After living there for 11 years, nothing can compare with it. Not even the wonderful canyons and mountains of Los Angeles, packed with all these great houses owned by the greatest stars, writers and producers the world has ever seen. I did an overdose of that today, I'm not impressed. I am only starting to recover now, since I came back to my familiar little room in Woodland Hills.

Of course, the worst thing is that this little trip around here, despite the fact that I was mostly not in the mood, will probably still have a great and positive impact on me, becoming more familiar with Los Angeles, and will make it harder for me to leave. I know that.

I recognize places now, we follow the same roads, it is becoming familiar to me. We followed the whole Mulholland Drive, or whatever it's called, through the mountains, and this should have been the most exciting thing ever for me. Instead I could only think about how lost I was, and could only remember that I am working on a conference happening in Salt Lake City in Utah, such an alien concept to me. Too much exotism that I could bear at the moment, when all I wanted was to barricade myself between my four walls.

The truth is that I did not want to spend the day with Leonardo today. I did not want to meet his dying friend which looked exactly like my grand mother who died a few years ago. I did not want to be in that million dollar house overseeing Calabasas in such a view, that people would kill to live there.

I wanted to jump in the car with my Stephen, and go somewhere in England to drive somewhere. Visit Yorkshire or something. Go to Earl's Court to a concert, or Brixton, anything. I wanted my life back, see my cats, kiss them, sleeping with them all night long in my arms, as I have been doing for years. That's what I wanted. And leave behind Hollywood, Los Angeles, California, and that office and conference job I can't stand. That white building with a few palm trees in the car park. That run I do four times a day with my bicycle to go there and back to my flat.

I think I have reached my quota of being here, it has barely been three months. And it will be another three before I can leave. God knows what can happen in three months, but so far not much has happened, and so I can guess that not much will happen in the next three months. However three months is not really giving it a chance, and six is certainly long enough for something to develop. So I should not jump to any conclusion.

It does not help either that everyone I speak with has been betrayed by most of their best friends, and that people here don't appear to be nice at all. They all live in this weird state of paranoia, they cannot trust anyone. Well, Leonardo at least, and I just hope that his experience is unique in these matters. I don't particularly feel the need to meet his friends' actors and writers at any rate now.

And his love affair that turned sour with that kid simply disgusts me. I don't want to hear about it anymore. I don't want his deep psychological problems to become mine. They also smoke marihuana last night like crazy, and the kiddo gave him some. And today Leonardo felt the need to smoke it twice today in front of me in his truck. And I really did not like it.

My boyfriend in London might be on Heroine, at least I never had to look at him injecting it or smoking it. I never knew about it. That's another thing I will have to tell him that I don't want him to do in my presence. And I feel bad about it,

because from his point of view it would be like telling him to not smoke cigarettes in my presence.

And I don't think he told me all the truth about his meeting yesterday. Maybe they had coke, maybe they had sex, maybe god knows what else happened. And it is just a bit too much to be worried about that, when I don't even like the guy that way. He has become too important in my life, he kind of imposed himself and stole all of my time.

We either speak on the phone for hours or we meet for days. That's just too much. I want to get back to normal. I want to distance myself from him. I want my life back, even the one I had in Los Angeles before he came into my life. If he can feel any of what I feel right now with his psychic powers, I bet he will have horrible nightmares tonight. Let him call me and ask me if somehow I am not being fair to him. I will tell him all.

His friend that I met today, she said that I was very good looking. I thought he was telling her everything, but she did not know who the kiddo was. I realized I made a mistake there by telling her that Leonardo met him last night. When I asked Leonardo what his other two best friends would say about him seeing the kiddo, he said that he would not tell them about his meeting last night. When I enquired about why, he freaked out and I understood that I went too far in my personal questions. That he was getting annoyed that, for once, he was not the one wanting to speak about the kid, but I was the instigator of the subject. He was annoyed and said that he was not supposed to answer the phone, and that the kiddo insisted three times that he should come over, and he did in the end.

He also said that he would not tell his two other young friends because they would tell him it was a mistake. They have a tendency to tell him what to do and what not to do. And he did not like it. Finally I got something out of him, he was no longer mister nice. He is a human being after all. And I also understood that he tells me much more than he tells any of his other "best friends".

Let's talk about those two other young guys with whom he developed an excellent friendship over the years. One is filthy rich via his parents, the other is totally poor and has issues with a terrible family. They are both in their early 20s, are both good looking, and never had, apparently, a real girlfriend before. It sounds to me that they are both gay.

However a lot of the porn of the poor one is composed of women, and the rich one had his first girlfriend ever six months ago, and it will finish next week when she goes back to her weird country. Sounds to me that they are both gay, in the closet, secretly love Leonardo, but since they all have the same psychological problem in accepting their "disorder" as him, none of them are capable to make a move.

No wonder they all want to meet me badly, since they've heard so much about me, and how great I am, and how a miracle I have been in Leonardo's life, even though I feel I have not done anything to deserve any of this. And I feel terrible because eventually I will have to tell Leonardo that I don't want to develop a relationship with him, and it will hurt him.

At the same time, I think he can happily live with a simple friendship, since sex wise he his blocked in his mind anyway. The thought of having sex seems to repulse him as much as he appears to want it, as he asked to sleep here tonight and I had to tell him that I was in full existential crisis mode and would prefer some solitude to write instead.

Again, his deep psychosis is rapidly becoming mine. And I don't need that shite right now in my life, not when I already have my boyfriend that I love dearly waiting for me in London. The only thing that is preventing me to call him right now is my last phone bill of \$330. And I thought telecommunication in this world was getting better and cheaper, with so much capacity and all, and that the deregulation was going to bring prices down, I almost had a heart attack! It is \$100 per hour, simple. Bring me Internet Telephony as quickly as you can, I'll get rid of my normal land line at the first opportunity. To think that I organized the first conferences on the subject 10 years ago, and that it is still not here now, is a sign of times. The human race is not going anywhere any time soon.

29 January 2006 (1)

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 20

I woke up this morning with the fear of leaving Los Angeles. Like a moment of awareness striking you and telling you: you cannot leave under any pretext, you will regret it. And I have to say, I never thought of how I would actually feel once

I am back in London, perhaps in my old job in Westminster, or struggling to start my conference business without any money (as now I have decided that I did not need a loan to start that business, I just need to start selling delegate places and sponsorship deals as quickly as possible, and therefore, I no longer need a business plan, I should concentrate on my conference programs instead).

I would feel bad because this enterprise of coming to Los Angeles for six months would have led to nothing. From my definition of destiny it makes no sense. It is difficult to see where all this will lead, I don't see myself falling in love with Leonardo, I don't see my boyfriend in London coming here, I don't see myself able to continue working in my actual job, I don't see myself meeting important people in the business, and I don't see this film script I am working on going anywhere anytime soon. It is a complete disaster, one month away from having to make my decision to leave or stay, for a departure in two months times.

January went by so quickly, it is amazing. We must have passed a patch in space where the time rate was going faster than usual, even this blog has suffered from fewer entries as usual, and I cannot blame Leonardo, I barely saw him this month compared with December and November.

My psychic friend, even though said that he saw me living in this huge house here in the hills in the near future, told me yesterday that he already knows that I will be leaving Los Angeles, that I need to, to realize perhaps that there is nothing for me in London apart from Stephen.

And then, what he does not realize, is that I could never come back to Los Angeles once I go back. It would be impossible. So I have to decide very carefully. And I might not have the luxury of a life changing event in my life to help me decide. I won't be handed over a big contract in the film industry, I won't see some sort of possibility for this to come true. So of course I would be thinking of going back to London. That thought is depressing me now.

At least he says he saw that our film script will make it big, it will change our lives. And I think so too now. What started out with another 20 pages I wrote for a film idea, with many new concepts for sci-fi, is now becoming a very well written sci-fi novel by Leonardo.

I told him again yesterday that I did not like to be fidgeting in the background while he writes, he assures me that without me none of this would be happening, since I tell him exactly what to write on a daily basis. I find it amazing myself that I have the whole story in my mind, to the details of every scene.

(NOT TO BE PUT ONLINE 1 START)

We already had a lot of new stuff with his ideas of the structure universe, and my idea of the shrinking geometry of space, but now I have a weapon of mass destruction, it is a book called The Final Theory written by Mark McCutcheon, a Canadian-born Electrical Engineer now living in Australia, who published himself the most revolutionary book ever about his theory called The Expansion Theory.

It is very close to my Shrinking Theory, and he went much further in the development of his ideas. In my mind he confirmed all my observations, all that I thought the mechanics of this world were all about. He is the person I was waiting for, to help me justify all my ideas. However it will come at a very high price, I won't get any credit for it, he will get a Nobel Prize. He will be branded as the guy who was more intelligent than Newton and Einstein, I will remain a nobody, even though I thought the same thing and it has been online for over ten years on my website.

I was unable to get it out like him in a book, to take the time to think this through thoroughly, to write the most convincing book ever on the subject. So no one in this world will ever think me as a genius, big deal I suppose. It was perhaps too big a dream to be compared with Einstein. It is vanity at its highest. But would you want to be recognized if you had come up with Relativity just before Einstein, and could not get it out there before him?

It is like being the fifth Beatles, to help make it all happen, write the songs that made their earlier success, and still remain unknown and poor for the rest of your life whilst seeing the four others conquering the world. And you were that close to go on this adventure yourself and get all the credit.

It is even more painful when it comes to being declared a genius overnight, be recognized as the one that can make the world go much further, change the face of all physics and chemistry.

Mark McCutcheon is so convincing when he presents his Expansion Theory, it has instantly convinced me that I was completely right all along. It has changed my life in the last week. I read websites about science, and I just don't understand how we could have it so wrong on just about everything, what an impact our theories will have, and how we will have to rewrite everything.

It is a bomb larger than a nuclear bomb, waiting to happen, and somehow I need to be part of this. This is more important and exciting than anything I could be working on, and incidentally, Mark will help me tremendously in that film script I am working on. In fact all my shrinking theory was already part of the film, we were to use it to shrink big material we will need to build the ship, and all the mountains, earth and water we would need for the interior of the ship measuring 50 miles in diameter.

We are also using the shrinking theory to propel the ship and explain how it can go so fast and so far in less than 20 years, with an ingenious new geometry of space where ships accelerating in the distance are simply shrinking away instead of covering any distance.

So ultimately I would not need to use Mark's theory for the film. It has been less than 5 days since I have his book, and yet, I don't see any change in our film script. But I will add his ideas to make the whole thing more credible. And if he does not give us the rights to do so, I can at least keep everything I already have. And yet, he will think that I based all that on his theory and could sue, and it will become a game of proving that I had the same ideas myself and it has been online on my website for over ten years. So to hell with that man, you're not the only one who can rethink the world of science.

However, I think he will be pleased to see his ideas in the film. He needs to get it out there, and this is the perfect medium, and this is what I was talking about when I was saying that I wanted to change the world on a massive scale and that Hollywood could help me do just that.

It now depends on his own greediness, if somehow thinking of Hollywood will make him believe that he can collect 2 million dollars while passing go. Just because I would want to add a few sentences here in there to explain how the mechanic of the world works, which in the end is not exactly necessary, since my own theories were going far enough to be able to justify everything that is

happening in the film. I foresee problems on the horizon, maybe I should forget about him and continue as planned. Let him try to sue me then, I can prove that these were all my ideas.

What I will not be able to say, is that matter is always expanding at the same rate. I never said that before. I just said that anything moving in this universe was simply expanding or shrinking, depending on the frame of reference. Close enough, isn't it?

Sad of me to not have seen the connection with gravity, especially when I had a few readers who asked me about how gravity would fit in my theories. I could have pursued it, I could have come up with the same conclusion as Mark McCutcheon. And it is tempting now in the film to use that critical gravity idea to propel the ship, but I can go around that and not mention it, easy, as we planned before I bought his book.

I have to say, to be able to claim in a sci-fi book and film that there is no more gravity, that there is no more electricity, that would have quite an impact. That all this is just a consequence of the geometry of space. And this is what I need to say there, that I cannot if his greediness prevents it in the end.

One thing for sure, I now have another book to write, my theoretical physics book to explain my ideas better, and also in light of what Mark McCutcheon said. And in this case it is different. I will need to consider everything he says to better explain what I said. There is much more that can be said now, especially about exactly what I need for the film script, that I already thought of.

The motion of objects in space, as I feel it has everything to do with shrinking and expanding through this geometry of space. And I am glad that his subatomic particles can actually shrink, because for three chapters there, I thought things could only expand at the same rate, and that's it. Nothing shrinks, ever. And I believe he says so, except for electrons outside the internal atomic structures, which justifies his whole theory of electricity and energy.

Well, I believe objects can shrink with acceleration, and if they can't, I'm sorry, but for the need of this film script, they will. At the very least they can shrink and expand from specific frame of references, other points of view, relative to each other. He does not seem to have thought of that.

God, I knew this day would come. I was certain I was right in my assessment of how the mechanics of existence worked. I knew someone some day would come up with the perfect book to explain it all, with all the maths necessary to justify it. I did not know then how it would make me feel, because there was a good chance I was completely wrong, and yet, in ten years I received hundreds of emails, and no one has been able to convince me I was wrong.

First thing I did, and I did it many times over the years, was to do a research on the net to find out if anyone else had come up with the same ideas, searching words like expanding and shrinking matter, etc. And I never found anything. However my website is popular, especially that page on my website where I describe my theories. It always comes up on top whenever people do a search on parallel universes or relativity, or whatever else, even more so when they search on less popular terms. I have now links to that page all over the Internet, it is quite possible that I was the catalyst for Mark McCutcheon developing his ideas.

If he has done any research about his ideas on the Internet, it is virtually impossible for him to have missed my theory page. I don't expect him to admit to it, of course. It is in the human nature to try to keep all the credit, especially on that kind of scale.

That brings the question, why have I let it on my website for ten years? I knew this could happen. The truth is that I was hoping someone else would see it and develop it further. It was more important to me that this came out and makes humanity grow scientifically, than my own little vanity of wanting to be recognized for it.

At the same time, I knew I could not bring this to completion, that I did not have the scientific background necessary, that I never had the time to think and work on this, so that was a compromise. It would have died in my drawers and I hate this idea of no one being able to see any of it, to inspire people to go further, it would not have gone anywhere.

In fact, it is quite possible that without my website, Mark McCutcheon would never have thought of it, write that book and revolutionize all physics and chemistry in the process. So once one considers all this, I believe I have made the right decision. If I have inspired Mark, then this is my gift to humanity. That I

did not care to hope to get the recognition, that I did not care to the point of keeping all these ideas hidden until such a time when I would have had the time to develop it further, and perhaps never.

When I will contact Mark, I would hope that he will tell me if he read my website, and not pretend that he did not if he did. Of course, the fear of being sued will stop him from admitting it. At that point he would also have to present his breakthrough as a common discovery between him and I, something that I'm sure he is not prepared to do, whilst I would definitely myself give credit to everyone who deserves credit.

But he is Canadian, there is a big difference. We are more human than Americans, or are we? At the same time, I don't see how he would feel the need to credit me, in the final analysis he just thought of one principle, that matter always expand, and from there he went on to draw all his conclusions about everything that needs to be rewritten in physics and chemistry.

Even if I had given him the initial thought, that's about it. And there is not much to credit me for at that point. He also states that we can go faster than the speed of light, I have not read that part yet. I state that the speed of light is relative, let's see if he states the same thing, because if he does, this is proof that he read my website.

So far there is nothing in his theory that could have led him to state such a thing. It is quite a leap forward. If he states it, it would have to be a logical conclusion of his principle of expanding matter for me to believe that he was not inspired by me.

In the end, I would be pleased to have been part of this, to have helped science on a massive scale. I don't need recognition. I need to know myself that I did. So at the very least I can tell myself that I am a genius, if no one else will. I will never sue the guy, that much is certain. But now I have to make sure he does not sue me either for using my own ideas in my film scripts and all.

Funny that it is almost the first thing Leonardo said to me when we first met. That we were both geniuses. Even though at the time he had no concept that I had developed my own theory of everything, neither he knew everything else I

had written. It was simply based on our conversations that went very deep indeed.

I have to admit that at that time I felt he could be a genius, but I felt that I was far from it myself. That it was always just a nice thought to believe that perhaps I was, never thinking that I actually was. And what is a genius anyway? Someone capable of seeing further? To replace current thinking on a massive scale? And then, that person would need to achieve that first in order to be declared genius.

No one is a genius with theories in their drawers, dying forgotten, and then all their work is just thrown in the bin or ends up in an attic somewhere. I can now only be a genius for importing my ideas into sci-fi, in my films, my books, etc. And I don't see how I will ever have the time to prove that and do it. A full time job in conferences is all you need to destroy all your dreams.

And starting my own business will be the last nail in the coffin. Everyday I will need to sell these conferences, fighting to get delegates and sponsors. It is a bad idea. We need to finish that script, we need to sell it, I need to finally find that great freedom to write and think, that's it. And Hollywood is the only place where this could happen. I need an agent, I need it badly, I have to find one. I have after all other film scripts, other ideas that could be sold, not just the one we are working on.

And now I am going to try to read as much of this book of Mark McCutcheon as I can. I have only today to try to finish it, though I will have to continue reading this week after work, and this is difficult. I should not waste any time. I will feel liberated once I am not anchored to this book. It takes me forever because he repeats himself three times all the time, and it is a good thing, because then I don't need to read it again twice to finally understand what he means.

The last chapter is the more significant one, I would say. Maybe I should skip the chapter about rethinking energy for now, though he talks about Einstein in there and it will be interesting, since most of what I said in my theory rolls around Einstein in the fashion of objects in space following the warping of space, more than Newton. Whilst Mark's theory is very much about destroying Newton, so far anyway.

(NOT TO BE PUT ONLINE 1 END)

30 January 2006 (1)

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 21

Just two beers and I am already feeling drunk and sick. So in order to enjoy my third one, I have decided to write and to plug myself into Depeche Mode's music. I already feel much better, and ready to drink a few more beers.

(NOT TO BE PUT ONLINE 2 START)

Unfortunately this means that I won't finish reading that book *The Final Theory* by Mark McCutcheon, and I was so desperate today at lunch time to read as much as I could before going back to work. I have almost finished it, and it ends with a bang, the *Theory of Everything*, so I should be motivated.

Well, I have read enough to know that most of what I have said on my website is not in his book. It is unlikely that he read my website, and if he did, he only got there his inspiration for his principle of matter expanding.

What I have written so far is still good, new, revolutionary, and his theory just supports all my claims, proves it somehow, completes it. It is a great day to feel like a genius mind, as this is most likely what he is. And the most disturbing thing, is that he saw further than Newton and Einstein. And instead of being inspired by them, he first had to destroy them, to convince us that they were wrong. Not an easy feat, and yet, he has done it.

I never thought that I would be able to send an email to a genius one day, as I never thought the times I lived in contained any of them. But there you are, here is one, and I can actually help him. And get my own ideas out there at the same time, since he proves somehow my theories. Enough said about that.

(NOT TO BE PUT ONLINE 2 END)

Let's talk about work, nothing happened there today, enough said about that. Let's talk about Leonardo, he appears to have disappeared from the face of the Earth these last two days. I will admit that I would have liked to hear his voice, even if I don't feel anything for him. And am I glad that I don't feel anything for

him. It is clear that where he was, was with his 22 year old kiddo who has been calling him non-stop for days now.

Ordinarily this would have sent me into a spin, thank god I don't care. I have my baby in London. And I remind him all the time now, I am preparing him for the day I will tell him that nothing intimate will develop between us. Which is sad in a way, I can fall in love so easily, but I guess a red headed guy just does not do it for me. And ultimately this might be what will save our friendship and working relationship.

I find it weird that when he was talking about his kiddo, I thought this was all in the past. And suddenly he resurfaced, Leonardo answered the phone, and instantly flew over there. Is it just the drug that gets him there? Free marihuana? Leonardo is desperately poor at the moment, and yet, very much dependent on his drug. With the rich kiddo, they get stoned, Leonardo leaves with 20 dollars worth of stuff.

Well, it could also be that Leonardo is planning to write a book about that Kiddo one day. So he is gathering more info, who knows. The last possibility is that he is still in love, and secretly desires sex, the perk of friendship as the Kiddo calls it. The weird thing is that it is obvious the Kiddo is straight, yet, he was so abused sexually, that it seems that it is the only way he can get whatever he wants from anyone. Or else he has such a strong libido, and sex is so normal to him, that whether it is a man or a woman sucking his dick, does not make much difference. I don't know.

All I know is that he has my Leonardo under his spell again. And whatever Leo is inventing to justify the why he goes back to the kiddo, it sounds like a lot of bullshit. He is badly in love and desires sex with the young god. And he will get it. And he will suffer again.

He was already so obsessed with that kid, now it is going to take huge proportions. And I am getting tired of hearing about that semi-god who has a bestseller book written after him, and a fucking big blockbuster of a movie coming in less than three months. Kill him, that's what I say.

And I am not jealous. Imagine what it would be if I were, if I was already in love with the Leonardo. It would be unsustainable, I would have left for England

instantly, no matter the bills that would ensue for my contract for the rent. And since my employers can kick me out at a minute's notice, I can also do the same.

Leonardo is lost. He is restarting his bad relationship with the Kiddo who, sometime ago was threatening to sue him in justice for sex with a minor. He declared himself a jail bait. And yet, Leonardo is running to him again. Ready for more crap from this, as he says all the time, a manipulator.

Well, I was talking before about four dimensional people, people with a past, the fourth dimension being time. Well, now I can talk about a full 10 dimensional Leonardo. His past has caught up with him, he is again walking in the wolf's mouth.

You would have thought I would have done everything in my power to prevent it, and if love had been part of the equation, you could rest assure that I would have done so. However he would have just not told me anything about it, and still walk the dark path. And anyway, what do I care what he does with his life? I have known him less than three months, he had a life before me. Let him learn from his mistakes. It is obvious that despite of being aware of the dangers, he walks freely towards it, and he would under any circumstances, whatever I could say to prevent it.

I bet you by now he has experienced again the Friend with Benefits thingy. I'm sure they had sex. Maybe it will unfreeze Leonardo, make him understand a few things. Because my trauma with him has certainly been that he has been a block of ice in bed, and freaked out when my dick was on him. God, how many years would be needed to make him accept his homosexuality now? Never, most probably. Unless the Kiddo, his only love and sexual object ever, changes all that. Good luck then, I have other things to concentrate on. I don't need that bullshit to make my life more complicated than it already is. No Green Monster, no jealousy, be happy with your life.

Usually this is where I would do a comeback on myself and admit that it bothers me terribly. That I want my Leonardo, and that this damn kiddo is taking him away from me. But not this time, I don't feel like it, I don't really care.

Tonight I celebrate my independence! Not only from Leonardo, but from Stephen as well. If I am destined to greatness, it is neither of them that will get me there.

Only me can achieve that. I don't need anyone else, and especially, I don't need to depend on the friends of my friends to get there. Seems to me to be the best way to never go anywhere.

So I don't care for Leonardo's friends that I will never meet. The day I will meet them, is the day I will be able to do something for them, and that day, I will let them down badly. Because I have other ideas, a perfect idea of perfection, and I'm afraid to say, it does not include them. I don't mind how great they are, what they could do for me, I will get there anyway by my own means, by my own intelligence, my own creativity. It will explode, no doubt, never mind if this is only to happen in 10 or 20 years.

I have waited 15 years before getting published. I can wait before exploding all over Hollywood. The concept is so ridiculous anyway, it sounds very much like the dreams of a child. Somehow being here gives it more credibility in the eyes of my parents, but I would have expected them to freak out and laugh out loud if I had not been here, not done what I have already done, and telling them that I am going to Hollywood. Sounds like: I'm going to Disney Land!

Maybe nothing will happen while I'm here. Perhaps I will just go back to London and forget it all. I will be able to say in a few years time: oh yes, I was there, I've done that, I've seen it all. Big deal. My success might never happen via Hollywood. Even if my trade is science-fiction, and who else on the planet has the money to invest in such projects but Hollywood? It does not make sense at all that I would be here for no reason, for nothing to happen in the end. I know that, so I know I'm talking bollocks here.

I imagined that to be much easier. Sucking a few dicks, actually enjoying it (that's the difference here), and get all my projects produced. Simple! It does not work like that, unfortunately. It could, with the father of the kiddo, he is gay after all, and quite old, and quite successful. But I'll never meet him, even Leonardo can't stand the idea of seeing him again. And the son would want to get in the way, he would want to have sex with me just to stop it all. But it would not work. It has been a long time since kiddos had any effect on me.

I don't want to have sex with someone who does not desire me in the first place. As with Leonardo, it is like having a penis on me, it turns me off. Blackmail would not work either on me, I have nothing to hide, I am pure and innocent, and if

someone wants to sue me, let them, I will win every time. I have nothing to lose, since I have nothing to begin with.

But I don't care much for that complicated scenario. Great ideas are great ideas, they go somewhere, even if it is only in cyberspace. And that's enough for me anyway. My million plus visitors, is fine by me. Even if I don't make any money out of it. Being greedy, brings our own destruction. Let it all come out in the open! Let my mind come out! You'll see how far we can go.

So, I still believe I have a great destiny ahead of me. Funny, especially that despite the fact that I am in Los Angeles, nothing hints at this idea. In fact, everything points out to the biggest failure of all, never going anywhere anytime soon, complete delusion. That's ok, I lived with that all my life, I can die with my illusions.

Anyway, I have already written a book about my stay in Los Angeles. And instead of taking a year, as it usually takes, I did that in three months. Perhaps this is my legacy.

Even if I haven't met anyone, did not even get close. Who cares? As I said before, it is the idea, the concept of it that counts. Not what happens once you're there, not whatever I could write about it.

I am so cynical. I don't want any label. I don't want to be a successful writer and be stuck writing boring TV series that I care nothing about. With my big house in the hills, and the big car that costs more than whatever people make in one year. I don't want that lifestyle. It is too common.

I am the Marginal, I want something more, something better, something that not everyone has already gone through. God, at that point, better disconnect me from reality and plug me into a machine recreating a virtual reality. Anything else but whatever else people have already gone through. I think I still need to go to China or something. And write about it. I don't know. Maybe I just need to die, it would be so much simpler.

Yes it would.

It does not appear like I will be able to live that Marginal life, that interesting life, I can't even conceptualize it. I'm so disconnected right now. That's the alcohol for you. When I think I am reaching the real me, achieving real awareness of my situation. Am I too deep for you? Bastards? I don't care about you.

(NOT TO BE PUT ONLINE 3 START)

Let me tell you all the truth. I got some crabs from some ugly old man the first two weeks I was in LA. The reason the Kiddo, my Kiddo, is not calling back, is because he knows I gave him body lice. And it is too embarrassing for him to let me know.

I finally told Leonardo that I might have given him some crabs. I would have expected some sort of crisis, but so far it has not materialize, except that I have not seen him or heard from him for a few days now.

These body lice are not your usual variety. They are definitely the Next Generation. I have applied this product that is said to cause cancer, five times now, and still I was unable to get rid of them. And in perfect and protective America, the only product that could kill these bastards that are eating me alive, is a product that is only available via prescription, which means a doctor, which means \$300. So I am stuck with these bugs forever! And condemned to give them to anyone I come in contact with. And this kills me.

They have already destroyed my relationship with the Kiddo, and it would be a miracle if they don't destroy my friendship with Leonardo. I would not kill a fly in my apartment, or a spider, but these creepy creatures sucking my blood and destroying my life and my destiny, I tell you, I would exterminate them all! I am the Hitler of the crabs! It is my new destiny...

(NOT TO BE PUT ONLINE 3 END)

Leonardo just called, and lied. Did not take long. He said he did not see his kiddo, I don't believe it. He saw instead Isabella, the girl who has been after him since they have met recently in a bar. God knows, she may also be a danger to our relationship, perhaps he is still willing to try a girl, since he is so blocked on his gayness.

(NOT TO BE PUT ONLINE 4 START)

And I realized that perhaps I care more for him than I thought. I think I just written it off because of the bugs, took it for granted that after that, there is no future in any new relationship. Maybe I was wrong. It will take time anyway before I can get over my traumatic experience of sleeping with him. And the bugs served me well, I blamed them for not wanting any intimate relation between us. So perhaps they are part of my destiny, who knows?

(NOT TO BE PUT ONLINE 4 END)

I would not mind to be in his arms again, see where it could lead. Even if less than an hour ago it was completely unthinkable. Maybe it is the alcohol talking. And maybe the alcohol will be talking this weekend once he is here again and I am drunk. I am getting so desperate for affection, even a red headed guy would do.

It would be different now. It would not be casual sex. It would mean something. It would be weird. It would have a lasting effect. If I could get him to suck my dick now, it would give me a weird sensation, a weird pleasure, because it would not come from a stranger, but from him. We have got closer in the last few months, very close. And this is not infatuation, like it was with the Kiddo.

The truth is, I have no idea what is ahead of me. I'm willing to explore, I do not shut myself down. I am not planning my way out to London. I am going to live what it is that I was supposed to live.

(NOT TO BE PUT ONLINE 5 START)

And these bugs won't stop me. They must have their reasons to have ended up on me, somehow this is what was supposed to happen, even if I cannot see it right now. For now, Leonardo believes that the Kiddo gave them to me, and that is the reason he is not calling me back. So he has a reason to celebrate, the bugs got rid of the Kiddo. In a way they did, but of course, because I gave them to him. Even now I cannot be honest about that sad old man I met in my first two weeks, because I was so desperate to celebrate my newfound freedom. I need to be shot.

Should I tell you the whole truth? Gosh, it is extraordinary how I can still lie to you, after telling you so much. Well, bugs would be the least of my worries, if what I am afraid of now comes true.

There was another bastard in that story with whom I had sex. He is from Puerto Rico. Once only, lasted less than two hours. Yet, it might have been the most two worst hours of my life if I find out that I have aids in three months time.

He wanted to fuck me, and he did, and it worked. He was able to get it all in, with a condom of course. But just before he came, he was kind of over me, pretending that I was penetrating him, and when I asked if I was in, and that I hoped I was not because I did not have a condom, he said that this is why he had his hand there, that he was making sure that this would not happened. However, when he came, he suddenly got my dick in, even if I could not really be certain.

I don't think he was that much a risk, he lives with his girlfriend, and from I could gather, he was not very active on the dating website. And hopefully he does not go around taking that much risk with everyone. So I doubt that I got aids from that three seconds penetration. However, I cannot be certain. I can't even be sure if I penetrating him or not. And now I understand how easy it is to get AIDS.

Great! I will leave Los Angeles with a collection of indestructible crabs, and a death warrant that will come in perhaps 10 years. And much suffering and drug cocktails in between.

Well, this news should rejoice me, I always wanted to die anyway. But not in 15 years or so, after so much suffering and knowing the inevitable. My cousin almost died two days ago in a car accident, my other cousin is in prison for drunk and driving. That could have been my faith if still in Canada. So it is not the end of the world. I can still probably write 20 books, 50 film scripts, who knows.

Still. Puerto Rico. These people perhaps don't care, they are not worried, they just get AIDS and die, like most of Africa. They appear to not be able to think, they appear to be very willing to kill anyone else without giving it a second thought. And maybe this is what I am dealing with here. A quick search on the Internet tells me that Hispanic people are the most at risk of AIDS. And many are living in Puerto Rico. Dear me, I'm as good as dead.

I still don't think I got it, I still don't even know if I penetrating him. But somehow it would just be my luck. I'll know in three months, when I can finally have a meaningful test.

Well, now you can't say that I am lying. It is going beyond the call of duty, once again, for a writer to be so honest in his writings. And yet, it took me a month to admit that AIDS thing, and three to even tell you about the bugs. I have no doubt now that my value in your eyes has gone out the window. I'm a tramp, as good as a whore. So be it.

Let's wait until this happens to you, and then you will understand. Sorry, are you Christian and pure then? Fuck you then. Don't get out of your home, don't get out of your life, and never be exposed to terrorists, nuclear attacks, or cancer. Good for you, good boy, good girl. Don't worry, it is people like you who will get AIDS in the end, it won't be me.

I have a destiny to accomplish, I cannot be stopped by that. But your life is meaningless. That you are alive or dead makes no difference. So we might as well have you suffer from the impossible. Anthrax is probably what will kill you eventually, since Osama Bin Laden is still alive and kicking. Good luck!

I feel better now that I have told you all. I feel that this was the test and I passed. I feel that I no longer need to get AIDS from my point of view of destiny, because I was able to tell it all here tonight. I would not need to be forced later on to admit that I'm dying.

Anyway, it would give me another reason to commit suicide, a good one this time. I'm telling you, I will never reach that hospital for invalids dying of AIDS, I will be long dead by then. Never mind that getting AIDS now would not necessarily mean death, since they could come up with some sort of cure. We live 20 years now, wonderful. 20 painful years where I would know that I will eventually die. Forgetting that I could easily die from 20 other reasons within months instead. How convenient.

And my whole dream of becoming positive would be completely thrown out the window. It would be 20 years of the darkest stuff one has ever read. Cynicism at the forefront. It would not be good, I'm telling you. I doubt you would not commit

suicide after reading all my books. In fact, it would be a miracle if you were still alive after reading the 25 books I have already written.

No, it makes no sense, I don't have AIDS. I would just like to be sure, even if I have this desire to die. But not like that, it is too common. I am the Marginal. My death will not be that.

(NOT TO BE PUT ONLINE 5 END)

7 February 2006 (1)

Kiddo Blog in L.A. 22

Leonardo just left, again I thought he would never leave. We went to see Brokeback Mountain tonight, and funny enough, though I could not draw any parallel between our lives and the guys in that movie, he saw just about every parallel there is.

Once again he spent many hours talking about his childhood, and how screwed up he is. And I told him that he needed a good slap in the face to get back to reality, and forget about second grade psychology, and start looking at the present and the future.

He seems very much in love with me now, I could see he wanted to kiss me many times, and he did, and I blamed any reason I could find to explain the fact that I tried to avoid him sleeping here for many weeks now. When really it was more about how traumatic it had been the first two times.

He still sees us as a couple destined to something great, he also acknowledged that it was not his place at the moment to try to get more involved, while I had all these decisions to make, like remaining here or going back to London with my boyfriend. That I still very much love and would like to remain faithful to.

Our little trip to Santa Barbara, where he spent many years of his life, seemed to have had a big impact on him. Even though he said tonight that it is because he does not have money to splash on me that he is trying to make me discover the place, to show me that he has something to offer. I don't know in which century he is living in.

I don't understand why he repeats to me that he is genuine, that I can believe him, and all that stuff. He has obviously been hurt by many dishonest people in his life, and he is afraid I might think that he has some ulterior motives, when in fact, there is only genuine love. Well, I have not met that many dishonest people in my life, so for me everyone is fine until they give me a reason to believe otherwise, and that never really happened with any of my friends. So he is kind of wasting his time here.

In Santa Barbara, when I was looking at him that whole day, I did not think that I fancied him and would like to sleep with him again. Tonight I thought I would have liked to be in his arms. So I don't know what is going to happen between us.

Tomorrow I will be a zombie at work again. I won't be able to do anything. He is again responsible for this. Weeks are passing very fast, they turn into months, and yet we are not going anywhere, it takes forever. That film script will never be finished or be sold this year. That is why my second big idea for our next project, I have decided that I will be doing most of the writing. I cannot wait for him to finish the first one, I will be dead by the time he finishes it.

Anyway, the second script is very much about great dialogues, they are all in my head, and I need to write them. So I will even skip the long synopsis, I will jump right into the script. One thing I have learned through this, don't waste time writing what the story will be about, just write it now. And that is what I will do this weekend.

And now I am going to bed, I'm dead. I might go to work an hour late, otherwise I will be so unproductive, I will be useless. Again I am risking my job, I could be sacked on a whim, but what can I do?

6 March 2006 – 3 am

I finally got back from San Francisco. From the time it took for me to get to Los Angeles, you would think I just came back from London. The flight was very late, and once I arrived at Burbank airport, no staff of United Airlines was to be found in the whole airport. My bag was stuck in one of their offices, with no way to retrieve it. Great customer service, I will think twice to pay cheaply next time and choose United.

Leonardo was not alone to pick me up, he brought along his Kiddo, with whom he apparently got very drunk last night. I think they have been together all day, for the last 48 hours or something. If they did not have sex, it would be a miracle. Thank god I am not jealous about this, it would have freaked me out completely.

Though the kid has a nice body, I would not say he is that good everybody described to me. He certainly has no intelligence and all his little games he is supposed to be playing with everyone, must be the fruit of an immature kid, and not very bright at that.

He took his first shirt off in the car, showing a camisole of some sort. He put it back on once we got out of the car. He did not seem to like me very much at the beginning, I was certainly not in the mood to meet him tonight. But then I made a few jokes and he unfroze. At my place we drank some beers and then I was very funny. I was also very careful to pay him as many compliments as possible, since I have been told that he was desperate for that kind of shite.

Well, overall, when you look at him, you would not think anything of him. And yet, it is undeniable that inspired at least three books, a few songs and a huge big blockbuster coming out in a month worldwide. The actor who plays him is huge, it is almost unbelievable. It is a mystery to me how this is possible.

They asked how much I was paying for my apartment which must have looked luxurious to the kiddo, when I said \$1500 a month, he almost fell off his chair. He must think now that I am rich or something. If not, he must already be calculating about how he could move in, since he can no longer inhabit the huge house of his father, that has now been rented to two friends of the family.

No doubt I would benefit from the perks of friendship, as he calls it. We would sleep together every night. No doubt I would probably come back home one day and my computers and DVD recorder would be gone. No doubt either that my relationship with Stephen in London would then be over, and the one I never had with Leonardo out the window as well. But yeah, I would certainly write a whole book, and perhaps his great father would manage to get it filmed.

I'm not sure if I would want all that. It has crossed my mind already, there is no way it has not crossed his also. He also apparently has a feet fetish thingy, and

yeah, I certainly showed my feet after taking a quick shower. He looked at them, and I have nice feet. However it is not clear if he is gay or not, we did talk a lot about all his girlfriends tonight, and all the sex he has with them.

I think he is going to meet a brick wall with me. I don't think I am willing to jeopardize everything in my life for a book and perhaps a film deal, and oh, great sex every night with a 22 year old that apparently the whole planet fancies. Give me an old fatty instead any day, yeah, right. It would be tempting, but the price to pay might be just too high. Not that I care losing both my computers and my new DVD recorder which will not work in England anyway, he can steal that, I don't care. My passport though, I would keep at work. I can just imagine the nightmare of trying to get those visas again. Though it could be easier for me to get my British citizenship without a year visa valid for the US. They will certainly be wondering if I was in the UK this last year or not. All right, let him steal my passport as well. I hope he will leave my underwear at least, so I won't go completely naked in the streets of Los Angeles.

I don't know. A kid who tried to sue Leonardo for sex with a minor when it was not true, who is recording everyone's conversation on the phone when he calls his friends, who has successfully sued many people in the past for god knows what, I would need to be pretty blind to get myself into that. Especially that 22 year old don't particularly attract me. He does not particularly attracts me. However I'm sure it would be the best sex I had in years, once I get used to it. I'm not desperate for it though, I will be more than happy with Stephen once I go back to London.

It is most probable that I am jumping the gun here, I might never see him again, and it would be a good thing. He wanted to meet me, he wanted to see the new influence on Leonardo's life. And he is probably now working hard telling him that I am no big deal. He certainly would not understand what it is that Leonardo sees in me, I can't see it myself. I'm supposed to have changed his life, I'm supposed to be the new and only love he ever had, I'm the so-called savior who gave him back his inspiration and unleashed all his talents. My God, I wish I could meet myself then, I am in great need for stuff like that. But everyone is so boring on this planet, everybody fits in so perfectly, I could never find inspiration anywhere.

We talked about his father, how hard he worked all his life, how an accomplished writer he is, with his 52 published books, many best-sellers, and I had to retain

myself from going to the toilet to throw up. I'm so jealous, I'm so pretentious, I feel I am myself sitting on a huge time bomb and that I will one day eclipsed them all. It is a great feeling, the energy necessary to believe that I am as great as them, that I am greater than anyone, no matter their success. Nice to be so disillusioned, at the same time, I need any kind of motivation, a boost, so I can start to work harder to actually achieve something greater. I can't imagine that it is all that I have done in the past that will get me somewhere. It could, but I doubt it. Oh dear, if only I had that chance again to work full time on my writings, I would blow off this world. All these ideas I have that I could develop, it could revolutionize everything. As it stands I might never get that chance.

Oh, and that great news Leonardo wanting me to be back in Los Angeles to tell me about, is not that he wrote two more pages. It is that his great friend actor read our last film script, and was blown away by it. I sure hope so, it is the greatest thing I will ever write ever, if my destiny continues the way it is going, down the drain.

He feels this is new sci-fi, a total renewal of everything, and it sure is. He thinks this is huge and will be produced with a budget of millions of dollars, it would be too good to be true. He is flattered that we want him as the main actor, how surprising. He wants us to meet the other great sci-fi writer of Hollywood, the one getting millions of dollars for each of his film scripts. If I were to tell you here who he is and what he has done, you would certainly fall from your chair. And I supposed to meet them all very soon, and get this great project going.

Oh God, could it be true? Could it be that easy? Am I closer than ever even if I could not see it before? Is it possible that I have met the single one person in L.A. that could open me all the doors and irretrievably change my life? Was I not following that destiny anyway? There is no way I moved here, sacrificed everything, for nothing. Maybe that is it, maybe I will now work at writing full time. Maybe I will eclipsed them all, because I am very prolific, I am good at what I do, I am full of excellent ideas, and clichés are far from my mind.

I don't need Hollywood, Hollywood needs me. That is how I have to see this. And if my meager accomplishments so far can show them the light, prove to them my potential, I am laughing. I will get there. I feel electrified tonight. Better enjoy it while it lasts, I might very well be suicidal again tomorrow night. And discover that though Hollywood needs me, since they are producing only crap at the

moment, Hollywood might still feel that it does not need me. And then for me it means a life in conferences. I will continue to write books, I will get published for sure, but it would have been my great missed opportunity.

I am convinced now that I don't need to contact anyone else whilst in Hollywood. If nothing happens with Leonardo's contacts, then that's ok, I will accept my defeat. Somehow I feel something will happen, I will succeed, they will see my potential, and I will do what no other French-Canadian ever did, I will be a high paid writer in Hollywood.

Fuck them, fuck them all. Could not get any of my books published there in 20 years, got published in France instead. And now, the highest anyone can achieve, an opened door to Los Angeles. Perhaps now they will talk about me in their newspapers and magazines. They did, but it is not enough, I never had my name mentioned in the two biggest newspapers.

Shit, I have a magazine in France now doing a great article on me, and yet in Québec they are still completely ignoring me. Who needs them anyway? One day I will be the greatest writer Québec has ever known, whether they want it or not. And that day I will tell how unhelpful all of them have been, how they tried everything to discourage me to get anywhere with my writing. One day I will proudly spit on them. Fuck them, fuck them all.

My speech for the Oscars has been ready for years. I will tell the world that I would like to thank everyone who has never believed in me, who tried everything to discourage me to pursue my dreams, since this is all I have ever met all my life. And I will tell to everyone to not listen to anyone, and to continue to believe, because then they may have a chance to get somewhere. Nothing is too big, no dream is too large or impossible to achieve. Get to work, sacrifice everything, don't doubt yourself, and get there in the end. What a great speech, now I only need an Oscar, so I can tell the world.

Wow, it is nice for a change to get my old self back. The one who truly believes he can achieve anything and will be very successful one day. I thought I'd lost that kid in me sometime ago. Normally I would delete what I just wrote, because I know very well the answer it would get from all the critics and anyone else reading this. That much pretentiousness does not deserve to succeed. The answer to that would be to hate me.

So be it, I am beyond caring, considering that most of the time I don't even believe in myself. So when it comes, I will enjoy it. It is that kind of burst of energy that could get me there, that convinces me that I can get there, that I will get there. And if I want to change my future on that kind of scale, I will need that kind of determination, that kind of assurance in my potential. If I don't believe in myself, I don't deserve anyone else to believe in me. Even if somehow I could manage to open myself the doors of Hollywood, with that kind of attitude, I would write mostly crap on demand instead of achieving great things and revolutionizing everything along the way. Because this is the kind of person I am.

I have the greatest ambition, and no one will take that away from me. So get lost, I have a destiny to accomplish, and you are in my way, as you have always been. But soon, no longer will anyone be in my way. Mark my word.

7 March 2006 – 3 am

Did not take me long to get back to reality. I am far from thinking about film script right now, as if it is something that never existed. What existed and who was just a vague image in my mind up until yesterday, is the kiddo of Leonardo. It seems to me that he is spending all his time with him, which is why he barely calls me anymore. The reason is also because his father is away to New York, so it is much easier now. What could they possibly talk about all day? They have nothing in common except marijuana. No wonder I was a god sent when we met and we started to talk about the universe, the meaning of life, religion, inventions, theoretical physics, etc. I was with the kid less than three hours yesterday, and I was already bored out of my mind. It is therefore obvious that there is a strong physical attraction there, not even sure if it goes both ways.

I was not worried or jealous yesterday, especially that I kind of let Leonardo down by leaving for a week and not seeing him so often. And yet it is bothering me, even if I don't want sex with him or start a relationship. The thing is, this is what he wants, and at the beginning he did say that the reason he did not find me attractive right there, was that his mind was still floating in his mind around what he feels is the cutting thing around, his kiddo. And now this is what he got back. So I might as well no longer exist. I might have lost a friend, my only friend in fact, and maybe this is why I feel something, even if it is not very strong. Of

course, nothing prevents me from still being his friend, so in the end this is all ridiculous.

I don't know. I thought that perhaps we would in time develop relationship, and that maybe it all depended on if I was going to remain in Los Angeles longer, which depends on how his friends react to the film script we have been working on. And now, the kiddo back in the décor, seems to me to have destroyed it all. I don't want to be the consolation prize for when the kiddo will no longer want to have sex with him. I can't compete with a 22 year old kid who was capable to charm everyone around him to the point that now he has become larger than life and his miserable existence is about to splash on every silver screen worldwide. Nor would I want to compete with that. I'd rather leave, forget it all.

I would love to know if they have sex, but of course, even if I were to ask I would not get the truth. I would only show my jealousy, when in fact it cannot even be called that. If the kid was actually gay, and I thought they could develop a real relationship which could last for at least a few years, I would be happy for them. But this is not the case. They will have sex, the kiddo will get tired, and Leonardo will no longer sleep in my bed since I am not at all that semi-god he just filled his head with. What does not help either, is that none of them are working right now in a 8 to 5 job, and they don't seem to be bothered by staying together for days on end when I reach my limit after 12 hours with Leonardo. And I am working like crazy, there is no end to it. I can't even breathe. I might as well forget Leonardo right now, just continue to work on the script, that's it.

Might be better that way, I did not really fancy having sex with him, and I have my Stephen in London. But I am really in need for affection and sex, I'm going stir crazy. Two more months, and it means a return to London. And then, I'm not even sure if I will get that affection and sex from Stephen, since over the years he has become a cold fish.

7 February 2006 7h35 pm

Something is up with Leonardo. I called him tonight after a day hiatus, and usually he would be so pleased to speak to me. Tonight he could not get off the phone quick enough, after only 2 minutes. His excuse was that he had to go and run outside, that would have never stopped him from speaking to me before. And

I when I quickly mentioned that he was now best friend with the Kiddo, his answer was that he had to go now.

It speaks volume, from a guy who would not leave my place, who would not hang up the phone after 7 hours of talking about nothing. I don't know what changed in his mind, but tonight I felt that it was over between us before it even started. I guess the Kiddo must be responsible, somehow he was able to convince Leonardo that I was not worth it. Or, his interest is now so focus on the Kiddo (to whom he was probably going tonight instead of running outside), that he simply lost his interest in me. Maybe his love for me has been shifted towards the Kiddo, which anyway was a huge obsession for him, he could not talk about anything else for months!

So tonight I got the message. What I suspected was true. I have lost my only friend in Los Angeles. If I had anymore alcohol in the house, I would drink myself to death right now. Just as well that I don't, I cannot afford to be a zombie in the office again tomorrow.

And since I am not like Gloria at work, who is a real bitch with her new boyfriend, being hysterical and demanding, playing mind games like an insane woman, I will be sensible about this. I will not call him back, but not because I want him to understand and flip, but because I understand that at the moment he has his hands full with the Kiddo. It is likely that once the Kiddo disappears, he will come back to me crawling, however the Kiddo is in such a weird situation at the moment, that could last a while, that I think he will need Leonardo for much longer than I will actually remain in Los Angeles.

And by being sensible, I mean to be nice and polite and Leonardo calls, pretend that nothing is unusual or has changed, and even see him if he wants to, but of course, never asking to see him myself. This is what good friend is. Not telling him that he should not see the Kiddo, that he will suffer the consequences at some point, or give him ultimatum. I just have to accept my place, and perhaps find new friends, if that is at all possible.

What is more worrying is where our film script stands now? Another big mistake, to work on any project attached to someone else or any production company. I have made that same mistake again! I can't believe it! Stuck with something we will never finish, without the rights to do anything with it. I could curse myself

right now for having been so blind, once again. I even signed a contract this time to make sure I will not be able to do anything with it even though all of it are my ideas apart from the big thing at the end, his structure of the universe, and a few details along the way.

I'm not sure now how I could get rid of all of his ideas, and convince him that what remains is mine and I can do whatever I want with it. Well, maybe it won't come to that. Maybe we will still finish the damn thing even if it is going to take years. But for me that's it, never again will I work with someone else, or for someone else, without first seeing a paycheck. Thank God I am leaving Los Angeles, thank God I am abandoning the idea of succeeding in Hollywood writing film scripts. It has been a disaster at every single turn, and I cannot see how it could ever be otherwise in an industry so rotten as television and films.

And right now I am even more disgusted and gutted by Depeche Mode. I paid nearly \$30 dollars in Virgin in San Francisco for their special remixes album, a two CDs set, and then I get home, check Amazon, and find out that there is a special limited edition available everywhere on the planet for the same price, containing three CDs! I cannot forgive them for that. I will have to download for free that third CD, because there is no way I am buying that thing again. And then the quality will be so bad, I'll never listen to it anyway.

I think I should just go to bed and forget these last few days. This life is becoming a real nightmare, I was not expecting that. I'm pleased there is no alcohol in here, I would drown myself right now. Funny how one stupid little impatient phone call with Leonardo, where he obviously did not want to speak to me, can turn me into. Especially after all the problems I just went through in San Francisco with the Valley Girl, and all the stress of my late conference. I'm really reaching the end of my tether. I am that closed to leave it all behind and hurry back to London. But I can't, I'm stuck here for another two months, whether I want it or not. They may turn out to be the two longest months of my life! With nothing that great to expect once I return to the UK. Equally a life of hell I would imagine, without a job, with this \$1000 a month to pay to my bank. With this crazy idea of starting a conference company with no funds to begin with, to even survive. My life is going into the gutter. I need another miracle real fast! I need another way out now!

I wish I could just shed some weight instantly, get back my youth, and get out every night in the clubs of Los Angeles until something happens, even death. I'm prepared for anything. I just need to forget my life, forget whatever that I have been working on in the last ten years, start anew. Oh wait, was it not why I sacrificed everything to come to Los Angeles in the first place? What happened then? Got too cozy in that stupid 8 to midnight job? Forgot I had some dreams to pursue? Been wasting my time with a bunch of losers, my God, they are everywhere, even in Los Angeles. I've been blind. I have great things to achieve, I have no time to get there, I have to act! I have to do anything, now!

I need to forget that TV and DVD recorder that I have not used at all in the last four months. Forget to write stupid film scripts who will never go anywhere. Forget to write stupid books that will never see the light of day. I need to forget my backup plans of starting a useless business. I do not need to pretend anymore that I am accomplishing something. I am not accomplishing anything, I am not going anywhere, and if I continue on the same path, I am doomed. I need to live!

What happened to myself? How could have I let myself be distracted by everything, every single little trifle and person I have met. This is no destiny, it is what stops you from accomplishing your destiny. I have been lying to myself for years, I have been working on my next great big venture, year after year, and all it was doing was to stop me from living, destroying everything that was still standing in my life.

And now I sit here tonight and understand that I have not been living, and living is more important than writing about how to live without actually living it. And now I sit down tonight, filled with that huge amount of energy, and I wonder, what is it that I could do right now that would be living? Drugs, hard drugs, clubbing all night, sex with anyone without worrying about AIDS, let's just die at the end of it, never coming home again, wherever home is, get lost in nature and don't even dare to think about it. I am after all in Los Angeles, is it not the place where people come to do just that? To lose their mind forever? In an existence that does not deserve any less?

I need alcohol. I need to be completely off my mind! I'm going to the shop. I'll be a zombie tomorrow at work, it is just poetic justice.

All right, just came back from 7/11. Bought for \$77 worth of alcohol, cigarettes and perhaps some hot dog bread. I guess I'm ready to live, I'm ready to write.

13 March 2006

Leonardo finally called back on Sunday night. He told me that he could not speak to me the other day because the Kiddo was beside him. In fact, the Kiddo slept at his place for over a week, because he could no longer stay home. He claims there was no sex, though I find that hard to believe, every night almost naked in such a small bed. However, psychologically blocked as Leonardo is, it is still possible that they did not do anything.

Anyway, it does not really matter whether they did or not, it is clear now that nothing else will happen between Leonardo and I, and that I am going back to London very soon. I intend to remain faithful to Stephen, despite my mistakes and whatever it is I thought would happen when I first arrived in L.A.

I was pleased to hear that Leonardo has not abandoned the idea of collaborating on the film script and still intends to get me to me the great sci-fi writer of Hollywood, since we now have the blessing of his other great friend actor who thinks what we are working on is ingenious. God only knows if anything will come out of all this.

He is also reaching the end of working on his music, his doctor has gone wild about finding investors. He is talking about creating a company and everything around the music of Leonardo. So perhaps he is closer to getting rich after all, I sincerely hope so, which such songs, there is no doubt this guy will be really really rich any time soon. Hopefully the doctor's investors won't back out, especially that there was no need to create a full company with this, \$10,000 investment for Leonardo to go to a studio and get a perfect demo was all that was required. But this is Hollywood, the promised land, where they need to make it sound like this is huge and will reach very far. It is often full of empty promises, and I just hope that this time around it is real.

26 March 2006 - 2

It has been a while since I spoke with Leonardo. Simply because it has been a while since I saw him last. We barely spoke on the phone anymore. This was

nice, because for a while he really took a lot of my time. I loved to find myself alone in Los Angeles now, I don't crave for any sort of social life or meeting anyone. I don't even need sex or affection anymore, it has been so for a few months now. I am finally ready to live my life as a hermit, living alone at the top of a lost mountain somewhere.

Unfortunately, all that is about to change. Something almost unbelievable happened yesterday with his Kiddo, and now, they're no longer friends. Amazing, considering that Leonardo dropped me like a sock as soon as the Kiddo went back into his life. And now he is coming back, telling me that he was blinded by the beauty of the youngster, and that he will not make that mistake again.

I am also surprised to hear that he saw the Kiddo almost every day, because he says he was calling him something like 30 times a day, night and day, leaving messages after messages. And they call me compulsive and obsessed.

The story is so boring, I don't even feel like telling it here. And yet, here it is. They met yesterday, the Kiddo had a lot of drugs, and his little glass pipe, and whatever else. So they smoke together, but then it went wrong at some point. The Kiddo wanted sex, Leonardo refused (though I think that part of the story is untrue, I think they had sex many times in the last few weeks and months). Somehow they had an argument, and the kid, driving illegally, dropped Leonardo home, sulking. He came back in the middle of the night, to get back his drugs and pipes. Unfortunately, instead of ringing the bell, he decided to force his way in. First in the garage, where his drug was no longer, and then by the kitchen window. He broke a vase, the roommate heard it, called the police, and now the police came, took fingerprints, they know who did, and that poor kid is again in trouble. And has destroyed, perhaps definitely, his friendship with Leonardo.

That was painful to tell. I have little interest in all this. All I know is that now Leonardo is back into my life, to resume where we let it off. Fortunately he is now working full time on many landscape designs, and hence, he is no longer alone all day at home, waiting for me to come back from work completely exhausted, wanting to see me for 48 hours non stop, or talking on the phone for six hours straight. That was a bit too much for me. And this is what apparently he has been experiencing with the Kiddo, and Leonardo now says that it was too much. I can't understand why, when he fancied and probably was in love with the Kiddo. Must be difficult now to let go of him, realizing that the Kiddo is a danger to him.

And now, let me tell you something else that is even more shocking. His great actor friend, that I have been waiting five months to meet, and I am supposed to, as usual, meet in two weeks time, he has sex with him many times. He tried to justify that it was not really sex, but what he told me happened, I'm sorry, it is sex.

He did it because the 70 year old man was begging for it, and he was afraid that if he rejected him, he would never see him again. And last year, the actor finally understood that Leonardo did not enjoy it, and decided to let go. And right on the spot, they barely saw each other since. So Leonardo feels bad about it.

If that was all! The old man has AIDS, he had it for 20 years. Apparently he got it from sharing needles, as he was a big partygoer in the 60's and 70's. He was a well known actor then, he's been in everything. So the man might actually die before I meet him. Probably from that cancer we have been told he has, but simply from AIDS. And Leonardo had sex with him, though being in the arms of someone with AIDS, and having his dick sucked, most likely did not infect Leonardo. And yet, I am pleased I did not do much with him. Especially that he is telling me now that he is bleeding from the ass, and one of his testicle has been hurting him for years now. I don't need these gruesome details, they make me want to run away. Everyone is dying for real, that is not what I was expecting to find when I decided to come to Los Angeles.

None of the people I have met in Los Angeles appear to be well balanced people, especially at work. They are all either crazy or filled with psychological problems. And I just wonder, is it the sun that hits them on the head and turned them all into dysfunctional people? Or somehow, all the neurotic people in America found a way to end up in California?

I am so tired! Even after three days off doing nothing but sleeping and reading a book. I still need anything to bring me to some sort of normality.

Leonardo believes he was Jesus-Christ in a past life, he even tried to convince me today that he did not have a God-Like complex. He also believes he was Leonardo Da Vinci, Mozart and Beethoven. His faith in God saved him for the last 25 years where he was all lone and was backstabbed by all his friends who ended up stealing everything he had. And yet, that guy has produced music which is about

to go number one worldwide! Making him a very influential person instantly, with little songs about love or the lack of it. Impressive, for a 45 year old Virgin who never really enjoyed sex in his life, and never had a partner, who basically never had love!

He could have been my new boyfriend, but I would need more than an assurance that he will be rich one day, I would need love. And I already have love. I cannot abandon my poor little Stephen in England. I wonder what he is doing right now. Sleeping probably, whenever I write in the evening, everyone I ever known is sleeping. I might as well be in China, I would not be more disconnected with the real world than in California.

8 April 2006

This is the third book I am writing whilst in Los Angeles. I did flirt with the idea that it should be part of my other non-fictional book, however that other book is now a brick, mostly about what happened at work. And now the title has been established, "Corporate America, If there ever was a hell on Earth, this is it". So it is clear that this present book can no longer be part of it. People will want to read it to find out about working in an American Corporation, not my flirting in Los Angeles with either that actor/musician or Hollywood. If success comes from that film script, this book might actually turn out to be my most interesting so far. Or else, the story of a another failure in Los Angeles might eventually be a curiosity to some obscure fans I have attracted over the years, a cult following of Anarchists I believe, and gay people, most of them unable to read English anyway.

So I was a bit desperate that for a long time I had nothing to write in this book, since my life in Los Angeles has been plain boring. I go to work and come back home to write about it and read sci-fi books. The latest by Arthur C. Clarke and Stephen Baxter. A book that received very bad critics, from hardcore fans, and yet I find the book fascinating so far. Just to show you how your fans can let you down badly for no good reason. The first critic must have said he hated it, and the rest follow suit, all singing the same song, since none of them are capable of any independent thought or opinion.

And then I got a few calls in the last few days from Leonardo. Well, if nothing happens in my life, his has certainly gone into quite a tangent. After the break-in

into his house by the kiddo, apparently the kiddo also broke into his father's car, stole the radio, and sold it somewhere for drugs. The father, enraged, kicked him out of the house. And the poor kid has ended up at Leonard's place, living there and stealing for the last two weeks now.

I finally got out of the Leonardo that they had sex. I don't know why he would not admit to it before, but tonight he somehow felt like admitting it. Of course, I have been quite ingenious about it, spoke about my boyfriend in London just before, how both my boyfriend and my only friend ended up having a puppy in their house, causing havoc as soon as I am on the phone with them. Leonardo just inherited a small pit-bull, can you believe. The only illegal dog in existence in just about every country worldwide, except of course America. For the record, it is a pit-bull that ate the hand of Leonardo, almost destroying his musical career in the process, sending him into a spin of destruction that lasted a few years in Santa Barbara, and caused his dog's death, the love of his life.

Anyway, after mentioning my boyfriend, I kind of suggested that we were not exactly an item, so if he had sex with the kid, why not say so? It was hard, I had to not sound like a jealous and hysterical girlfriend. I am anyway detached enough that it was possible.

So in the last two weeks they had sex three times. Apparently no display of affection, no cuddling together, Leonardo did not even get his disk sucked. It is him who gave three blow jobs, while the Kiddo covered his head under the sheet, seemingly thinking of some other girl in order to get a hard on. The peak of manipulation, you've got to give him that, that kid might not have any brain, he is still a master in getting what he wants from anyone he meets.

In a way I thought that perhaps this will unfreeze Leonardo, and get him to actually enjoy sex with me, if ever this gets back on the menu, and I'm pretty certain it won't. However, when I asked hi if he actually enjoyed it, remembering that I thought it was unlikely the guy would ever give me a blow job, he said that he did not in a way, but in another way he did. Weird. He says he his attracted to the bad boy image of his partner. Also that he is most aware that nothing will come out of this and still believe that soon he will no longer see the Kiddo for many months.

Though I am not exactly jealous, it did hurt me a bit. Enough that I decided to break my habits of not drinking anything over the weekends and cracked open my first beer. To see if it would inspire me a few lines. In my second fictional book which I already considered finished. But a book is not finished until my life changes beyond recognition, like moving back to London. And so it might be a long book indeed, I have another two months to suffer here, while Stephen sorts himself out, and find either money or a new job.

It is quite a story we are building now, the Leonardo and I. Might be a full book after all. God this would have hurt me if I had been in love, and yet I still feel betrayed because the guy has tried hard to get to me, he admitted to being in love with me, and yet as soon as the Kiddo came back into his life, he jumped into bed with him. And of course, this would have been unstoppable, even if we now had the most fantastic affair, which would have been if he did not have a psychological blockage about sex in the first place. And God knows now what my feelings for Stephen in England would have been. I would have been condemned to remain in L.A., working for the company from hell. Now at least I still love my baby and I have my way out to make it all bearable. Thank God I was able to distance myself from him. Which was not exactly difficult, the guy calls me all the time to tell me his problems, and he repeats invariably the same shit over and over again, mostly either about his Kiddo, or his successful writer in Hollywood, or his two other successful friends actors and writers, and I feel like he has nothing new to tell, that this is it, I played all his records to death and can no longer stand it. Not hard, when the music he is making sounds like Celine Dion. You tire quickly when it is over the radio and everywhere on TV any minute of the day, and seems to play forever.

I've thinking about finishing our film script myself. It is obvious anyway that while the Kiddo is in his life, there is simply no way he will write another line. Too busy, as he say, with his experiment, learning from a sad screwed up mind, pretending that it is an inspiration for his art. I don't doubt it, his best song was inspired by the kid. Just from Leonardo's ramblings about it, I could myself write the lyrics of a whole album tonight, if I had a bottle of wine, Porto would be better. I only have beer, and don't intend to drink ten tonight, so instead I'll write here and might write a poem or two.

On my way to work every morning, I have to cross the parking lot of a shopping center, completely empty in the morning. Every time I reach that bit of open

space, seeing the great mountains of the San Fernando Valley in the background, I think of that film script. Most of my ideas came to me whilst I cross that parking lot in the morning, where I am filled with energy and could write the whole script there in a few days, I certainly do in my mind. However after a long day at work or a whole week spent there getting my energy drained, I come back home so exhausted, that the idea of writing a film script is the last idea on my mind.

Leonardo was still saying tonight that soon I would have that huge house in the mountains, near that Mulholland Drive, and sometimes I believe that if that film script gets sold and made, it could certainly happen. And then, that stupid conference business I intend to go back to London to start, is a big waste of time. I can't afford however to bank in his lucid dreams, even if he states that they all come true. The last one about him being in the Kiddo's house and talking to his father about his career in music about to take off, came true this week. However, for the future of the Kiddo, he has two possibilities. Either a fatal car accident, or an hostage situation from which Leonardo will have to cancel a concert to go to and negotiate with the police the liberation of the hostages. All of this will end in everyone being killed, including the Kiddo, and quite possibly Leonardo, unless somehow he can prevent it, but lately none of his lucid dreams have turned differently from what was supposed to happen, making us believe that he is incapable of changing the future he sees. But having to possibilities for the Kiddo's death, tells me that finally the future might not be set in stone. His clairvoyance gift shows that there are still different possible futures, unless the Kiddo does not die in that car accident after all. Which is also possible. Has he seen his death there or not? I'm not sure.

Should be interesting to find out if everything I am writing here will come true. Should not be hard to find out even if I go back to London, his father is busy writing his adopted son's life on a daily basis, turns it into bestselling books and successful movies. He already got \$250,000 for that last film, and got a percentage of the profits of the film, played by great actors. Somehow I feel that I would have written the exact same book, and none of this would have happened. It pays to be connected and have some background in Hollywood already. No one would think of turning my French novel set in Paris, which really is very similar to Dan Brown's Da Vinci Code, into a multi-million dollar blockbuster. Well, the book is not exactly similar, but certainly touches on many similar topics. Enough that for a while I thought he read my book, but I think we read the same non-fictional books. Over the years I successfully convinced myself

that my novel must be crap, it sold fewer copies than my other books, never even got one critic anywhere, and when fans contact me, it is never about that novel. But no I feel that it was quite an achievement and I should be proud of it. I know how to do it, I did it before. I should get to write another one. Even if I know that another one in French would not get me anywhere. I must have read more books than Dan Brown to write that novel, and I still managed not to steal everything I read, enough to be sued a few time like he did. Of course, I would not want to destroy the man, I am in awe and inspired by his books, I will use his formula for my next novel, easy enough, all his books are constructed the same way, and it is very similar to what I did in my first novel, though perhaps I was not as faced paced as him, and I was going in many more taboos. Might explain why I haven't got mainstream after all. I'll always be a marginal, an anarchist. People might need to be cryptologists or symbolists to read my books, the characters in Dan Brown's books would be good candidate readers, they are always that sort of people.

14 April 2006

I've been going through some sort of crisis today. Been thinking of suicide and all. I told the Leonardo when he called. He suggested coming here, I deflected that idea. Now I wish I had not. I would have fall into his arms with deep love, as if nothing ever came before him, and nothing after him would ever come. I guess he missed his big chance with me. Tonight I was vulnerable, I won't be tomorrow.

It is rare that I would so openly admit that I wish to die, and today I certainly did, twice at work, and on the phone to Leonardo. I've got to be careful, I've got to keep these state of mind to myself. I don't need help, I don't need reassurance, no one can help me, when I'm in those states of mind. It is not a cry for help. It is, but I'm beyond expecting a savior from the outside. Not of this world anyway.

And yet, he offered to come over here, and said clearly, to take me in his arms. Maybe this is what I ultimately need right now, I don't know. I would not spit on that, that's for sure. I'm so desperate, and so alone. One of those things about human nature, that need to not be alone, to share our lives with someone else. I don't like it, I would like to free myself from it. It seems to me that we were pre-programmed for that kind of shite, to insure humanity's future, and yet, I'm gay, and yet, I still feel that need with another man, and yet, it could never insure

humanity's future. I wish to be beyond that programming, not feel that deep need for affection, love, sex, etc. I am beyond the programming, which might explain why I wish to die, to escape it, escape the design, what was expected of me, even if along the way something went wrong with me, and that I am, as many say, going against nature. Who want to follow nature anyway? Who programmed us in the first place? No need to follow that need blindly, no need to fall into the trap of what we were supposed to be and do. I'm beyond all that. I'll go beyond the programming, I'll understand beyond God, I will show the light at the end of the endless tunnel, I'll make it all clear somehow, that great design, and prove that we do not need to fall into the trap, follow what our nature should be, rebel against all authority, and finally be free. And that's perhaps what has been bothering me so much. Find that ultimate freedom, which can only come from a full understanding of what we are all about, assuming we're not in the first place just victims of Darwin's theory, and following our most basic nature and needs. We may after all just be a by-product of something else, something greater, something perhaps insignificant, who knows? We're certainly no more special than any other animal, insect or microscopic bug on this planet, all this came to this world perhaps as some by-product, unplanned stuff, in a world worried with something much greater, that we will never know anything about. And who cares anyway? Especially when our lives have been reduced to be the slave of others, in a corporate hierarchy, where everyone control everyone else? Meaningless, all of it. Makes no sense to me.

If there is anything greater than me in this universe, I never even got a glimpse of it. Not even one hint to follow and investigate. We're very alone down here, which suggest that we were not supposed to be in the first place, we're just a by-product, insignificant, not supposed to be, and it does not matter anyhow. Evolution might have got us to the point where we have some sort of awareness, capable of making us wonder about what this world is all about, why we are here or just even exist, but in the end, it just happened, and we got to that point even without any reason for it, without planning from anyone, something that happened, but ultimately was not really changing anything, or was not that important anyhow. We're only bugs after all, and we all know what that means, we walk and kill bugs everyday on our way to work, we don't even think twice about it. It is just unfortunate for them, that they were on our path at that time. They're dead now, we're dead now, and that's the end of it. There's no more beyond that which needs to be said or considered. Just accept it. We're no more important than bugs in this universe, we're insignificant, no matter how much we

would love to believe otherwise. This universe was not created for us, we're a by-product, nothing more. I will gladly die any day and end this quest once and for all.

This is the only conclusion I can achieve, I'm afraid to admit. No religion will make me think otherwise. There's nothing that created us, we just happened. If there is something higher than us, it certainly does not, and cannot care, for us. And I am not disturbed by this. I accept it. At the same time I accept that my life is not that important, and dying at any time makes no difference. Better be sooner, rather than later, so I can end this suffering. There's no need for it to be eternal. Just turn the damn computer off.

I'm so desperate right now, to find any motivation to continue to live. I can't find any reason to do so. My God, I could so easily end my life tonight, without thinking twice about it. I don't think I have ever been so determined, I don't think I have ever reached that point before. I'm afraid, nothing could change my mind. There is no point to this life, no point in being alive, I just don't care about anything. I've reached rock bottom again, and this time, nothing will save me, no lost hope in any different mind set. That is it, it is over. I have no longer any desire to continue this existence.

20 April 2006

That is it, I've finished my two other books, and here is the remaining place where I can talk. Something is going to happen any second now, my life is about to change on a massive scale. I'll switch countries, that is the minimum. It should no happen in over a month, it should happen now, cos I won't have anything to say for that month, whatever happens. I don't have the mean anymore, my two books are finished, all within six months, barely believable, but it happened. I have nothing else to say now, I need to be shipped out of Los Angeles. Any remaining day is just pure waste of time. I came here to do what I did, and it's over. There's no reason to keep me here any longer. One more minute is just too much. I need to get back to my old life, the only one that matters.

I guess my life here could have been much more impressive, meeting people everyone on this planet knows. But then again, I don't care that it did not happen. The books have been written now, it would make no sense to input that kind of stuff now. It would mean a new life, new books, and I am not willing to

stick around in Los Angeles that long, to get into that mode. I've made my sacrifice, it has been worst than I thought it would be, now I deserve to get back to my baby in London, who's been waiting for me so desperately, wrecking his whole life in the process. Gosh, I only need to disappear for six months for him to destroy everything. To say that he needs me, is an understatement. Another six months, and he would be dead. And how would I live with myself then? I could not.

I'm glad those books are finished. I'm worried that I may still be here for one month and ten days. That's too much, things might happen, and I full of things happening to me. I don't want anything else happening to me, for the rest of my life in fact. I want to go back to London and live a happy life without story with my baby. That's what I want. If those two last books don't get published, don't go anywhere, then, it is useless for me to continue. Cos I'll never beat that. Life in Los Angeles? It's over for me if those don't go anywhere, and I don't care one way or another. I just want to free myself from all this crap, making sacrifices for my books, living the high life just so I can have something new to say. It's over. Never again. Now I'm retiring in London with my baby, and we'll never be separated again, I can assure you of that. After 11 years, this is for life.

I may or may not have this wish to die, I will only know once I get out of here and go back to London, where I belong. Los Angeles nearly killed me, and if I wait any longer, it might still. I don't care for losing all my money over this luxurious apartment as per my agreement, I need to get out here as quickly as possible.

There's nothing here for me, I guess I always knew it. The real purpose was for me to write those two books, and it's done now. I can flee, as far as I can, as quickly as I can. Fuck Los Angeles, this place is a dump, no one in their right mind would want to live here. I'm out of here, at the first opportunity. Gosh, it won't come quick enough.

Well, it is true that I still have to go through my first conference with that company, so I know everything there is to know about how to produce a conference from beginning to end. However I feel I can take from here, I can invent a better to do all this. That bitch at work tried to convinced me that I was trying to reinvent the wheel, but I think it is them who are trying to reinvent the wheel. If I were to produce my conferences the way they do, I'll never achieve

anything, I'll be dying under a mountain of bureaucracy. So I don't care to learn it all till the end. It is their system, it won't be mine.

So, I'm ready to leave now. Destiny! Make it happen, invent a reason, for me to be out of here within days. I can't stand the damn place, I can't stand Los Angeles, I don't want to see it ever again. So do something, get me out of here. My mission has been accomplished, there's nothing more I need to learn here. Let's see how efficient you are, let's see how quickly you will get me out of California. You never let me down before, don't let me down now.

Leonardo left a message tonight, I did not hear, cos I was listening to Morrissey. Funny how he is so not important in my life anymore. I felt like he already belong to the past, that I was already moving on to better days. I don't want to hear his winging anymore, I need to free myself from all that, from Los Angeles.

I'm already packing my bags, I'll abandon just about everything I bought in the last few months, I don't give a shit anymore. My two books are finished, my mission is accomplished.

I had to leave to London, for Los Angeles. It was my duty, to write something about it, anything. And I've done it now, and I'm proud of it. Never mind that I did not live the high life while I was here, did not meet the big veggies of this world. I did not want to anyway, they mean nothing to me, it would have been more embarrassing than anything else. And as it turned out, I did not need to meet them. I still wrote my two books, and I would not change anything to them. They are definitive. Quite a miracle I was able to write them, considering that barely anything significant happened to me while I was in Los Angeles. But it's over now, I survived, there's no need for anything else. Anything else of any significance will be told here anyway, the third book, the one supposed to tell about my high life in L.A., and it never happened. So I guess it will never be a book in the end. Though I said that it could be finished later once I'm back in London, from whatever might happen film wise in my career. But somehow I feel this won't happen and I'm not certain what I will do with this third unfinished book. Maybe it should just be integrated to the main one I wrote while here. It would be logical, and that might be just what I'll do. It was after all incorporated in the main book, as far as my online and anonymous blog is concerned. So that solves the problem. The third book never was, it is part of the other book. And then I can be free, it is all done, my life can get back to what it was. I can hardly

wait. Getting back to my baby and my family, my zoo. I would not even mind to never ever write anything else again. Maybe this marks the end of it all. I would like that, suddenly living a normal life. No longer having to bring the camera wherever I go, to take some pictures, just in case in the future I might want to remember where I've too. I hate that. I no longer feel the need to take any photos of the places I live in. So perhaps I can reach the point of no longer need to write about it. What a liberation! What a freedom that would be. Never ever write anything again. It's a dream. And maybe that's what I'll do once I return to London. Even forget about the computer, never ever open it again to check useless emails. No good news ever come from emails. Maybe I could now learn to live without it. Like I have learned to live without a TV in L.A. for the past six months. I need freedom! From everything, but mainly from you. I'll find a way, believe me, I'm desperate now. I'm ready for my miserable life in London, for the rest of my life, my early retirement from a life as an author that never went anywhere and would never get anywhere. That's it, I might here be writing my last words ever. I would love that. No more, there's no need to. What a dream!

16 May 2006

It's been a while since I wrote here, because nothing was happening on that front, and what was happening was of no interest. A few things happened lately, and to be honest, it is still of no interest.

Well I'm drunk tonight, let's see if I can remember anything, the basics of it anyway. I discovered that Leonardo was reticent to tell me anything from fears it might all end up here in my blog. I told him the truth, that it is all here for everyone to read, but that no one would make the connection to him. He is already living in this paranoid world where he might have succeeded, and some sangsues (things that suck your blood) are out there trying to cash in on his success. I can't think of noting more boring than trying to cash in on his eventual success, who cares. I don't even need to say who he is to make a book memorable, stating his name might actually destroy it all. Just need to say that he is a number one worldwide, and that's enough, it leaves everything else to imagination, much better in any case.

Well, in my paranoid state of wanting to shut the outside world completely whenever I have a minute off from work, I've ignored the poor bastard. The problem is that he only works on the book after we had a good three hours talk

about what should happen next, and since the story is all in my head, that he has to write it, and that he seems to have no imagination, I better talk to him once in a while.

The poor guy was so desperate to see me, he stopped by uninvited last Friday. I was not too happy about it, and yet I did not show it. Perhaps because I know too well I would have said no if he did ask if he could stop by, I was so dead from my week of hell at work. So we talked all night, deep conversations, so deep, I never thought these thoughts could actually be expressed outside of my being. We were drunk after all. I can't exactly remember what we talked about, but it was enough to throw him into a real existential crisis the next day. I guess I've been too honest with him.

I apparently told him that with his Kiddo, he really handled things badly, that it was inexcusable. And I was more right than I thought initially, since he finally told me the whole truth about what really happen that last day he saw him. After making sure I would write it here. It is so boring and insignificant, that I would not even have bothered in the first place. And yet, it is killing him right now. He feels that's he is not Jesus-Christ or Gandy after all. He has petty and selfish thoughts, the kind I would never have, and feels guilt about it. He also feels like he succeeded in destroying all his friendships, and does not understand why. He believes he has a dark side which comes up here and there, destroying everything on its path, when all he really wants is to actually help this planet get out of its misery.

He nearly destroyed our friendship with one message left on my answering machine. He was so damn rude, because I was not picking up the phone when I was drunk and writing all night long, I almost there and then told him that I did need that kind of shit in my life, and friends taking over your life, being so needy that they need to see you all the time and call you everyday. We're not in love as far as I can tell, we could not even have sex for a start. So I should not be expected to act like a boyfriend. As with my real boyfriend, I can't stand being disconnected for more than a week, and when we are in the same town, for more than a few hours. That's what love is all about, and obviously if he's in love with me, that news to me, and I don't really care. There's only one person I love right now, and I've been faithful to him for the last few months, once I understood that, while considering that perhaps I could start all over again here in Los Angeles, I know now that this was stupid.

My God, I think I've told you all already, of all that happens between us lately. Less than two pages. This friendship is dying, that's for sure. I wish I could speed up the process and not feel like I have to talk to him every day. Gosh, I need to find a way out somehow, it is becoming unbearable, and he just does not get the message that I wish to be left alone. There's a lot to be said about friends who only call you out on a blue moon, who have a life of their own, who don't give a shit about you. Because that's what I need right now. Not a sangsue. But that's what happens when your friends are not working all day, waiting to finally speak to you after your day of hell at work, when you only want to disconnect from the rest of this planet. Shit, he's so smelly as well, I would think that not having full time job would give you the time to have a shower, but not him, he seems to hate doing the laundry or washing himself. That's just not acceptable to me, not when these friends still hope that something might happen. Such a lack of respect. It tells you only one thing, go to hell where you belong. And now I understand why he might be worried about what I'm saying here, on the dawn of his undeniable global success about to come.

So annoying, so demanding, what will it be once he actually becomes a star? When I know very well that one way or another, it would not change anything to my own life? He's not about to poor a few millions my way at any rate, so whether he is the most successful person on the planet or not, I can only judge him and decide if I want to be his friend based on who he is and what a friendship with him requires from me. Something I simply cannot give or afford. I have no time, I have no money, I have no interest, get lost, that's all I can say. I don't care how rich you become, I know it does not mean in any way that I am rich. This won't lure me in. I don't really care. I still cherish my freedom, the few minutes I have to myself after work, before I have to go back. As simple as that, or else, I just go stir crazy and wish to kill myself. That's where I am now, so nothing could help or change that. More shit can only push me over the limit. And that's what it is a friendship with him, more shit, more guilt trip, I don't need that, whatever the circumstances.

Oh dear, my only friend in Los Angeles, as turn out to be quite a nightmare. Another good reason for me to get out as quickly as I can. And that should not play in my decisions, I should be able to keep him at bay, make him understand that I need my space and my time. But he's blind to it all, he freaks out more and more, becoming hysterical, and there's not much more I can do but cut the

bridges, like all his other friends apparently had to do in time, leaving him perplexed as to the why.

His behavior and some reasoning's have been astonishing to me lately. Like the one of a desperate man willing to sacrifice everything for an ounce of marihuana. How sad is that? At the dawn of your success? Only once in my life I got myself in a situation where I have lost friends because I wanted them to pay me a pint of beer, when I was at the bottom of my existence living in Central London with no money. It took me only a few nights to understand what I was doing, might have been too late by the time I understood, but still, I understood and I will never ever ask anyone again to buy me a beer when I can't afford it. Best way to destroys one's life, in a society incapable of understanding misery and willing to help. I'll never also make the mistake of asking money to my friends and family, nearly destroyed us all. Better not pay your creditors, that's all I have to say about it now.

20 May 2006

I have again spent the whole day and the whole night with Leonardo yesterday. Nothing sexual, don't worry. I did not want to simply waste my next day, because he will never leave once he is here, I thought it could be done quickly, again, I was mistaken. He was supposed to get here early, like Noon, he arrived here at 6 pm, after letting me wait all day. We went to eat, to the cinema see Da Vinci Code and then came back here to record his music on CDs and make backups for his investors. And then, it took forever for him to finally get out. And again I was too polite to shout at him: all right, it is enough, get out now, know when it is the time to leave. And the worst thing is that he was aware, very much so, and kept repeating that he was sorry that he was eating away all my time, and that he knew I was tired, and thanking me for my patience, and yet he would not leave! The same reason I missed my planet for Salt Lake City that morning, he was late, and did not want to leave the flat in the end.

And I spent almost \$100. I usually would not care for that, but I have to say, he is quite a drain on me and I simply cannot afford it at the moment. I paid for his gas, for the restaurant, the cinema, the coffee afterwards, the alcohol at my place and the cigarettes. I don't understand why I even mention this, it is not me, and yet, one cannot stop thinking that he is being taken advantage of at some point and has to realize that this cannot continue. I was about to buy him a

cartridge of ink for his printer, costs a fortune, but we did not get the chance, the shop was closed as he was too late getting here. And he mentioned that without paying \$500 for his truck, it might actually be repossessed soon, and I looked at him and I said, sorry, my tax return would go for my baby in London first, which I am not even doing to help him get out of the hole, because I will need that money to go back to London.

And then we talked about how he managed to lose just about every single friend he ever had. First by giving too much of himself, second by expecting too much in return, and eventually not getting back what he gives. And hence, trouble start. Also that he can really become too much, taking all the place in one's life, being too needy and demanding, and so dependent on others to achieve anything, like doing a damn CD backup of his music, when he's got the computer at home to do it, and the instructions, and yet, he is not capable of doing it.

We're talking here about a man who's just written up an essay of 25 pages for his best friend, for a university final paper, and got 90%. And yet, he never managed to finish his high school. We're talking about someone here who knows just about everything about everything, all self taught, and yet has no degree whatsoever and everyone treats him like a low life form. Someone who never had one piano lesson, and yet, has now composed the most elaborate songs I've heard, playing many instruments and can even produce the whole thing in the studio. Someone also who's came up with the greatest theories about the universe, worthy of a genius, but like me limited in the sense that he lacks the proper knowledge to present it in a way acceptable for any science magazine. And at that, you can add a fine mind for science-fiction and a gifted author who can write better than many people I've known and read.

So what is this guy? A genius? Or the most flawed and dysfunctional human being on the planet? The only analogy I have to describe him fully, is via an episode of Star Trek the Next Generation. When that engineer is somehow overpowered by aliens and suddenly becomes a genius, to the point that he connects himself to the computer in the holodeck, becomes the computer of the ship, brings the Enterprise somewhere else in the universe and suddenly is condemned to this terrible fate of his, no longer being human.

One thing I know, is that this the kind of person who succeeds, I thought I was weird, marginal, thinking differently and all, he is the jack pot, and hence, will

most certainly succeed on a massive scale in probably more than one domain, as he is also an inventor, and from what I can understand, a few of his inventions could make it big and change many things around here. Yet, he seems to be dyslexic to me, annoying even in the way he works, and how slowly as well. And probably would not get anywhere without complete guidance from others, telling him what to do, since he is too lost in his mind to see clearly about his duties and responsibilities, even the ones about how to achieve his goals of succeeding in music and writing. Oh, have I mentioned that he is an accomplished actor? And that he also blew with a series of missed opportunities on the scale you have never seen, preventing him to finally emerge out of the bunch from all the second rate roles he ever got. And if that was not enough, to have succeeded at that, he will now succeed on a huge scale musically, and if that fails, he's got the book we're writing to fall back on, as this could also be huge. And without me at the moment, all of this would again be a series of missed opportunities, because I am quite convinced that he could sit forever on a damn demo tape he's got to give to his investors to get the ball rolling. It has been months, he's got everything at home to record the damn thing, and all the time in the world to do so, and yet, managed somehow to not do anything about it. I finally had to understand that he already had five of the six songs he wanted to record on CDs recorded in the past in studios. What the heck? Why does he want to record them again, in such poor quality? Oh a word has changed, a few chords here and there. Gosh! I had to tell him to come over here and finally I have put 7 tracks on a CD, and that's it, he's got what he needs now to open that great door of his musical success. Lacking in determination like that is very sad, and being stopped by something as stupid as "I need to do labels for the CDs, it might take me six months", and it did, so I gave him my pen to write on CDs, and I said: forget the labels, write it down, we might speed of the process then, and it will take one night to achieve this instead of a year.

I have been quite blunt with him recently, about his flaws making him very difficult to just being his friend, without screwing my whole existence in the process. And if we are to continue this friendship once he becomes rich, and want to start this production company with me and my boyfriend that he intends to import here with our zoo, I will have to be even more blunt and write that parameters and limits. Otherwise, the price is just too high to pay, and I don't care how rich he might become and how this will give me all the freedom in the world, it is just not worth it. So at the moment I am helping him for his own sake

only, not mine, as I have no ulterior motives here, I don't expect anything in return, I would not even accept it.

And the thing is, he knows all about this. And that is why he believes I am so special. Because his experience out there with others who simply in time just took advantage of him, mind you, after he walked in there with open arms to help them out in a capacity which is beyond measure, all his hard work with them has turned nasty. Because no one is like him or me, no one will give back, no one will return friendship on that scale, and everyone is too willing to just take advantage of you and profit from you. An even more disgusting side of humanity which I have not yet fully experienced, while it seems to be the story of his life.

With well defined boundaries, and the usual nightmarish meeting that never ends, while still keeping a distance, I could perhaps work with him, still be his friend, though I don't really want to, I could somehow make it work. He listens, he learns from what I say, he acts upon it, he is not totally useless as a human being. I went about it the wrong way by no longer answering the phone, and avoiding meeting him for so long. Communication there would have saved me a lot of trouble afterwards, but it led to me explaining to him how he could just walk into my life, take over my life, call every night for hours, come here for days and wreck my hard schedule as a worker in full time employment, pushing me to the limits of friendship and all, etc. And so flawed in everything he tells me, his way of thinking about his friends, constantly talking about proving this and that if it ends in a court case, and talking about suing people for any reason, and defending himself if he gets sued, in what world is he living? I spend hours telling him what he did wrong, how thinking like this is totally wrong and could certainly explain why it gets to that every time, and what else? He thinks I am wisdom reincarnated, and he was certainly in bad needs for any sort of wisdom. When my wisdom is simply common sense, and that hopefully I am not the only one in Los Angeles capable of seeing clearly about all these interactions between our fellow humans? And how to survive without being eaten alive, and how to live without skinning others and rob them from what they have to offer. Should be simple enough, isn't it?

And this brings me back to what happen to me the very next day I arrived in Los Angeles. I have met that woman in the lobby of the apartment building, who's got nothing to do and enough money to buy herself friends. We had not talked for 30 minutes, that she was already offering me to start a business with her in

France, and then offered me to move into her house in the North of California so I could write all day. Well, I have only thing to say about this, when you might that kind of people, don't delude yourself, the price will always be too much to pay in the end and it simply cannot work. They will be the most demanding people you have ever met and it will turn ugly, as they will be expected something equally impossible to give back in return. Don't be fools, if it sounds too good to be true, there's always a catch, and it will bring you to the brink of destruction. Avoid humans altogether, that's my advice, none of them can be trusted. Pray that your girlfriend or wife, or boyfriend or husband, is the one person I can spend every single minute of this existence without too much trouble and without it becoming a choir, and then build yourself a nest somewhere and forget the rest of the world. If you are still burning inside to succeed at anything, well, you better managed to get there on your own, never counting on anyone, never trusting anyone, or the pay back time will be so horrendous, it could annihilate all your dreams in the process. And that is what I have learnt in my trip to Los Angeles. That humanity is rotten to the core. So much for my big message of hope, love and altruism. There's no hope for humanity.

I'm here tonight watching Doctor Who on television, I'm so excited about it, last time I was that excited about a TV program, was when I first watched Star Trek The Next Generation. And I was not that excited the first time I watched this new series of Doctor Who in London, it is the second time around that I am. A love affair is building. They're in Cardiff right now, I've been there once, nice place, very British despite the Welch signs everywhere, just adds color to it all. Nice castle too. I was thinking about moving there to live the rest of my life, in my deepest hours in London, trying to escape my executioners. Had I found a way to survive there, money wise, and convince Stephen to move there in the first place, I would be living around there now.

He just called, I told him about moving to Wales, as expected he freaked out. I'm living on a cloud he says, I'm dreaming, someone has to be realistic around here. I would tell Leonardo to come with me to move to Cardiff, and something tells me he would not even think twice about it. The difference is that Stephen has got an asset, his flat, and just like the \$20,000 my first boyfriend had, which he did not want to lose, it stops every single idea in its tracks.

When you've got something, you don't want to lose it. When you have nothing, you cannot lose anything, and therefore when the call comes to bring you to Los

Angeles, you take the ticket and you move on. No \$20,000 down the drain, no flat lost to the banks. No £8,000 lost in solicitors, bank management and other bullshit like a few months wasted negotiating, all that is involved in selling an apartment and buying another one. Welcome to my world of bureaucracy. Another good reason to never leave your home, to lock yourself in forever, and be happy what you already got. You will never find freedom, but at least you have assets, chaining you to this miserable existence you have made for yourself.

Sebastian did not want to follow me in Europe, he did in the end, and I guess he was right, he came back with \$20,000 less in his pockets, even though not a penny has been spent on me, I somehow sustained myself despite having nothing. So I guess Stephen may also be right, I am inviting problems, troubles, crisis, and the likes.

Why? I can't stay in one place, I have nothing except perhaps love once in a while, to stop me in my projects, my dreams of achieving something with this life, to see the world and go for the adventure, away from the routine which in the last decade nearly killed me. I'm sorry, perhaps I should be alone in this world, or find someone like me. And I don't think this is Leonardo.

Nice to be able to chuck a \$60,000 a year job, without thinking too much about it, whenever I can't stand the people I'm working with, even though I know I might never get a higher salary again in my lifetime. Well, I was paid more in one of my previous jobs, to actually, then again in London it is quite relative, the standard of living is still very low, but from what I've seen from L.A., I would not say that people here have it better. This world has gone mad, we're struggling whatever the country we are in. Governments are blind to the statistics, it is still not that apparent, but one day it will become much clearer, and perhaps the governments are simply powerless. Maybe they have lost control of the affairs of their citizens, since they continue to give tax breaks to huge corporations, and the opposite with the rest of the population. Not giving much in return, that's for sure. One wonders where all this money goes, a quick look at the budget would certainly make me sick, so I guess I'll pass on that one.

Too big a dose of reality today, I need to escape. I would need a good book, lose myself in it, but it would cost money, it would show on my bank statement, could put me in dire straight with my creditors. I'm too tired anyway to find a good book to read over the Internet. I have over 5,000 books in my library on my

computer, not one seems interesting enough despite all the classics in the public domain that it contains. I think Science Fiction was invented in 1979 when Star Wars came out, before that, there's not much to read.

23 May 2006

I just had the weirdest vivid dream. A mismatched of just about everything. Time travel, parallel worlds, world of the dead and demons and possibly aliens. I don't even know where to begin.

First I was in a house where the parents of Stephen were also living. We appeared to be living together at first, and I had a special computer capable somehow of opening a window as large as a door. And we got to meet the parents of Stephen, but from the year 1905. Since we are in 2006 right, it looks like this was a 100 year leap into the past. They could come in, we could in, and they did, and we did. Actually, they did not look like his parents, more like his grand parents, well in fact I'm not sure who they were. They were still alive today, and 100 years ago they were slimmer, better looking, but already in their 20's I would say, even if they looked older than what they must have been. We were talking, and they talked with themselves in the future, as if it was normal, an exchange of knowledge, I don't know, we did not have much to say.

There was also a park with trees, and there I was meeting some other weird people, but I can't remember now who they were, now I think they might have been aliens. They asking about an anomaly they had identified, the man from 1905 walking on the grass before. I told them that yes, there was something about him, that he was from a parallel universe. I only discovered later that he was actually from the past, before then I assumed he was from a parallel universe. And this is all I can remember about these other people who could have been from a parallel universe also, but more clued up.

Then my room got larger, by the minute I thought it was fusing with other rooms from another world, or was it just that by changing the past the room was now changing and getting bigger, as we got richer? I think it was the fusing of other rooms from other worlds because there were other people there now living with us, sharing the space, and we accepted that, this new reality. These people reminded me of my family from the side of my father, that's how I perceived them, family of some sort.

And then I was in that new big room adjacent to my initial bedroom, in a house, where the family on the side of my mother were there to celebrate Christmas. There were strangers there, these new strangers we were sharing the space with. They were not accustomed to our ways, they were welcome to witness it, to be part of it. I could not tell if they were from the past, but I did not think so. From another world? Parallel universe? It seemed so to me.

And as usual when I dream about my family, my grand mother is always there in the background, she talks even in answer to what other people say, no one answer back, because she is dead in real life and I'm the only one who sees her. And then she was in the kitchen with us, I was saying that she was there, how could they miss her, when she had been present to all our gathering for so many years, despite no longer be in this world? And I grabbed her, I took her in my arms, and I cried. Up until then, my grand mother had been, it seems, unaware that I could see her and have been able to see her for the whole time our gathering lasted. She seemed surprise when I took her in my arms.

After that we were in the living room or a bedroom, and on the bed was my grand mother, placed as if she was dead, for people to come and pay their respects. I was talking with my aunt Sonia, she was saying that she too was receiving the visit of my grand mother in the morning, it had happened many times before and she was also afraid of all this. She told me she had a few books about it that she intended to read, but had not yet found the time. I was in such a shock, that I grabbed the hand of my grand mother who was in the bed, she came alive, and I was crying like crazy, taking her in my arms again.

And my aunt acted as if she was there, but could not see her. I asked her, do you see her? She was trying to tell me something, and then my real grand mother appeared in the background with a Kodak, as if she intended to take photos, and the one on the bed, her nose got very long and thin, and bent downward. And it did not seem to click in my mind until I woke up that it was not her on the bed. This is all I could repeat to myself, that it was not her. I had been tricked, it was a demon or something. And my real grand mother appeared in the background to tell me, to show me that I was crying at the wrong tree. I was in such a state by then, I could not even speak anymore, everything I was trying to say just would come out. Then I woke up, frightened, that my grand mother would actually be standing there in front of me in the real world.

I had many similar dreams where my grand mother was there, not doing much, always with family around just as it should be, as it was, so I would not question the fact that she was there. It is unclear in my mind that she is dead, I did not go to the funeral, I was in England then. She appeared to me at first without my family, but it freaked me out every time, because I knew she was dead. And so it is like if she had to resort to some trick to get to me, without me getting into shock.

I had some conversations with her, but of course always very limited, and instead of it being about where she is now, what sort of life has she got in the realm of the dead, it is more about stupidities about my life, as if she could not speak of important stuff, things that could remind me in my dream that she is in fact dead, and talking to her should by definition be an impossibility. She seems to be trying to reach out for me, though I did not get the feeling she had anything to tell me specifically, more like she wants to spend some time with me. Unless I'm just not ready yet to get to the point of being confronted with her, fully aware that she is dead, and capable of having a normal conversation despite the fact that she is dead. So perhaps it will come, if I let it come. But after tonight it will be more difficult, if she can be replaced by some sort of fake one, pretending to be her, and who's up to no good.

There were many signs that it was not her, she was dressed in yellow, my grand mother never did. She was calling to me, wanting me to take her hand, my grand mother never did either in all my previous dreams. And her nose became distorted, like the one of a witch, but believe me, in dreams, it did not seem to stop me at the time from loving her and taking her in my arms. I barely noticed the deformity though it was quite evident and for a second I did wonder about it. And even when there were two of them, that my real grand mother appeared in the background dressed with her eternal green top, I still ignored her to cry in the arms of the fake one. What about that? Logic or good judgment does not seem to exist in dreams. Very dangerous indeed.

Well, in all this was quite a dream. Opening some sort of doorway first in time, to 1905, then in space as it brought me back home, it brought back everyone together and we were to share that space, then a doorway to a parallel universe, capable of changing the configuration of my rooms, also a doorway to some alien world, not sure where those ones come from, and finally a doorway to the world

of the dead, and demons, or should I say, the living dead. If somehow this does not inspire me a film script, I would be surprised. I would love to get my hands on that computer I had which started all that at the beginning of my dream, I wonder how it worked, and it could open these doorways all around the place, until there were no more doorways, these worlds were suddenly fusing together, and we all found ourselves in the same room, people from the past, people from far away, people from parallel worlds strangers to our customs, aliens, dead people and demons. The only one missing was God! Might be dangerous too, I guess, but at the time it seemed okay.

Leonardo called me tonight to tell me that he went to drop the CD to his doctor today. He told him that he had some people interested in having his song in their film, and now Leonardo went in overdrive. He was talking about buying a house for me and Stephen around here so we could continue to work together on our projects, including music. Sounds very tempting, a nice dream, and I played along, hope is important in the accomplishment of our dreams. It would be too good to be true, of course I cannot depend on any of that, it could still be months away and I will be gone by then, having started a new chapter of my life with Stephen in London. Somehow I hope this could become true, that we could be working on projects here in L.A. without worrying about jobs and money. As I was saying before, if it is too good to be true, then it will quickly turn into a nightmare. So we'll have to see about that. For now, let's just hope that contract for that one deserving song becomes a reality.

I wrote what was above at 4h30 am, I'm now back from work. I can finally talk a little bit more about what's happening in Leonardo's life. Now I know why destiny kept me here so long, long enough to get the Leonardo somewhere and establish a real friendship, one that will not be broken so easily. It is true that he's in desperate need of guidance, he could easily forget to do anything, could easily walk into any trap laying around. And for some reason, he always seemed prone to meet the people who will take advantage of him. I don't really want to profit from him, I don't really believe anything he says he will do once he gets rich, I don't intend to be around to profit from it when and if it happens. I know the price will be too much to pay, I would only accept if I know that we both benefit 100% from my staying in L.A. whilst he pays my bills, and the one of Stephen as he proposes to do. That is certainly a big jump in friendship, and he is just too eager to offer killer plans like that to all his friends and everyone around him. Fine if you are filthy rich, these friends are after all his only family, but he lives

himself wide open to the worst case scenario, and I try to prevent his endeavor. Let's make it happen first, we can talk about anything else after.

That guy did not need me anyway to get where he is heading, and he won't need me afterwards either, many people have already taken the responsibility to make sure he won't get screwed up, no doubt smelling the money, and hence, they might be the most dangerous ones. Leonardo has a blind faith in all of them, my God, he is heading for utter destruction. The only positive thing is that all these Jewish people trying hard to make his music happens, are clued up and won't let him sign any detrimental contract. I just hope they don't intend to collect millions in the process. Though, if it is the only way to make it happen, and even if they collect their millions and that there are many left, then I guess it would have been all worth it. Hail to the Jewish people and their connections. They are our saviors, well Leonardo's saviors anyway, as I'm not part of any of it, despite his emphasis that this means our success, not only his.

I have no doubt I will finish that film script myself, no problem, as soon as I have a minute off work, I'll get right on to it. And Leonardo's connection can then become my saviors too. I don't believe that for a second, still, one needs to have hope in a better world, where freedom exists. And I am certainly in deep need of any kind of freedom, even the one of going back to the UK and enjoy a few days off before I either have to start my own business or find a job and make someone else some money.

6 June 2006

The big day has finally arrived for Leonardo, a great offer that should be hard to refuse, if it goes through. I was expecting something to happen, sooner rather than later since it was obvious anyone with any power hearing his music would just instantly think dollar signs, however for Leonardo it has been years of waiting and nothing was suggesting that it would change anytime soon. Perhaps he even connects these recent events to my own energy and enthusiasm, as I have been some sort of hurricane in his life since my arrival. Sort of, in the sense that he has given me so much attention, calling almost everyday up to recently, and talking for hours, that surely just about everything else in his life must have gone to the back burner.

So now this new offer is a rich man from Asia proposed to him to move him over there, pay for all the studio time and musicians, even for the producer, and promises that together they will get rich. That guy who is the owner of a successful hygienic company, intends to have Leonardo tour the whole Asia within a year or two, and pay for everything until money starts to get in.

Of course Leonardo has got carried away, talking about hiring my boyfriend as a personal assistant in order to keep me close to him, be it in Los Angeles or Asia. I'm trying to foresee my future, and somehow I just cannot picture Stephen moving to L.A. and eventually to Asia just to take care of Leonardo's PR. I doubt Leonardo will have the kind of money he believes he will get right from the start, I think it might be time in a few months if not years to discuss this again, once his album comes out and he starts touring. And by then I would have returned to London, Stephen and I would have started a new life as we will both either work for our own conference company or in other jobs probably in central London. Moving us from there at that time will be difficult, and most likely Leonardo will no longer be under my spell. So all these great plans Leonardo are making right now, I'm listening, I play the game of being interested, however I know very well that if this really works out, it will be him alone with his producer who will be going to Asia and sure enough not long after they will start making a lot of money.

What worries me a bit is that the guy is not connected to any record company, and intends to pay for everything himself, including the marketing I suppose. No matter how rich you are, can you achieve that, put an album out and make millions? Can you make an artist go number one worldwide on your own without the help of a big record company? God knows, the man seems confident enough, perhaps he can. Anyway, Leonardo's songs are so perfect that they would stand on their own with or without a recognized record company in the background. Of course, we have seen many work of genius never going mainstream because they were attached to an independent company, however in this case it is so impressive that it might just work no matter the indie company producing it. I wish I could state the same for my own books, however this is unlikely to ever happens.

It is weird, I think Leonardo really believes that this is it, he is now rich before even selling one album. That he can already hire my boyfriend and me by the same token, as I would live out of the salary of Stephen whilst continuing our work

on the film scripts and even songs. I just don't want to be carried away, be disappointed for hoping too much, especially whilst facing such a farfetched possibility, and that even if it was to really happen, I know very well that it could only be for a little while, before everything crumbles to dust. But of course I would love it, leaving for Asia, writing full time, following Leonardo from city to city for his concerts, whilst still being with my baby. Now only his zoo could prevent him from accepting to be Leonardo's assistant, or even PR person. He never really seemed even tempted of moving here in L.A., probably because of our animals, however he did mention that now that he lost his job, there is really nothing to keep him in the UK (which is not quite true, he also his parents).

Funny, we discussed that possibility before, of Leonardo suddenly becoming rich and somehow hiring both Stephen and I to work for him in some capacity, perhaps even some sort of production house. And I even talked about it to Stephen who appeared interested at the time. I never thought this could come so quickly, this opportunity which seemed to be only a dream a week ago. And yet, I am far from thinking like Leonardo that he will be able to hire us right now, though it could be possible. If that Asian man goes for it and pays for a whole orchestra and a team of technicians and sound engineers, and go for booking venues and selling tickets, then we are talking about a full company that he is putting together, in which case anything is possible.

There is something else also that I wanted to bring back here. It is that famous dream Leonardo had which showed that I bought a house around Los Angeles in the mountains, and this seemed to him to be like in a few months. We agreed that I must have bought that house, since I would not accept anyone buying me such a house unless I really deserved it, and if I really deserved it, it would mean that I basically bought it myself, because it would mean that my work made a lot of money. None of his vivid and prophetic dreams fail to happen, moreover it almost never happen differently than the way he initially saw it. His powers of psychic medium, if I can believe him, and I have no reason not to so far, are quite impressive. So I can believe that I will myself be rich very soon. I never thought it could be possible, but suddenly I am wondering if perhaps it will come true, even though I have no idea from which front I could suddenly be rich enough to by myself a house in the Los Angeles mountains. My God, it could be because I would write songs for Leonardo, or that he will use some of my poems and turn them into songs, or it could be a contract to publish a book, the one about Changing the Future, which I sent around to a few publishers in the UK, but

only by email and none of them would accept a submission by email (which I still cannot understand why they insist is remaining in the dark ages). It could also that we could sell the film script, or I could sell one of my other script or idea. And perhaps the worst way, could be that suddenly Leonardo or his new partner decide to invest in my conference company, with enough money to really start it properly with a whole team of employees, and within a year I could turn this into such a success, I would not only reimburse them, but make a hefty profit in the process. Sounds crazy enough, but considering what just happened to Leonardo, and considering that out of the blue a company in L.A. found me and gave me the chance to move to California, where I have met Leonardo, which actually might be the beginning of the biggest life changing event ever, then I can expect anything, nothing is too crazy for any destiny, as long as you believe that there are no limits and continue to convince yourself that you a great destiny awaits you.

I have no idea what really awaits me or Leonardo, or even Stephen. I really believe though that it is not a coincidence if Stephen just lost his job and that has been preventing me from returning to London for many months now. If I had gone back, there is no way I would ever be part of Leonardo's plans. Not only because he might no longer be interested, but more because either Stephen or I could easily think that moving out of England again is really not worth it, whatever anyone promises us. At the end of the day, if all we can expect from Leonardo's millions is for Stephen to have a job, and not a high paying one at that, then it does not really matter, does it? Any job in London would do the same, and this is likely what he will think. For me it would mean writing full time, and god knows where it could lead, especially with Leonardo's money to back our projects. However I could also easily be convinced that it is not worth it, that in the end I'm not really interested on depending on someone else to survive, with the pressure to succeed at any cost as my only way out of this interdependence.

I'm not completely convinced that Leonardo needs us, or that it would be really worth it. I don't understand what it is that he sees in me that makes me such a worthwhile friend in which so much should be invested, unless he really had crappy friends in his old days.

At the same time, last Friday on my way to work, or what is two days ago whilst I was walking in the streets of Philadelphia at 3 am, well, I was thinking that I would give a lot right now to have even a glimpse into my future, as really from

here it could be anything, I could end up anywhere, I have absolutely no confirm plan whatsoever. And then I thought that I did get a glimpse into my future, from a psychic medium, Leonardo, and that the future was bright, and moreover in California. Which is really surprising, and almost unbelievable as I was so ready to get out of here. However any great opportunity could change my mind instantly. And if my baby moves here, then nothing awaits me in London anymore. And now it is not that complicated to move with our zoo, at the very least the cats and dog can fly with us quite easily, it just costs a lot of money, and then, if Stephen were to move here obviously this would no longer be a problem. One can dream, but also one has to consider likely possibilities, and this is all possible, though it seems fantasist.

At the same time I cannot deny that somehow I have been shipped to L.A. and there should be a reason for it. Perhaps it should have happened much quicker, and it seems that I have been here forever now, however in retrospect, if I become rich or succeed at working full time as a writer within the year, whatever it is that I write (apart from damn conference programs), it would have been quick indeed. And it really seems like destiny is leading me somewhere when I am stuck like this in a place I feel I have no future whatsoever and yet I cannot escape it until something significant happens and carry me somewhere else.

7 June 2006

Last day of the conference. In one hour I will start packing my boxes and get ready to leave Philadelphia to go to Los Angeles. I will be so tired, I dare not imagine what sort of zombie I will be at work tomorrow morning.

I have to say that the Double Tree Hotel in downtown Philadelphia is pretty nice. In front of my desk I have a superb view of the city through a huge glass ceiling. It makes me dream of having my own venue where I could have my own conferences. And the more I think about it, the more I feel this is the solution for me, whether I become rich or not.

I was thinking this morning, what would I do if I was suddenly rich? And sure enough I was thinking that I would start my own company, find myself some sort of luxurious venue, so I could rent the place to others whilst having my own conferences without costing me an arm and a leg.

An old cinema would do very nicely, however I should think a nice building made of transparent glass might be better, right in the middle of the woods. However if it is hard to reach, it would be a bit useless. And I've got to be near an important airport, or near a town centre, and perhaps London would be too expensive. Should be a town in England, I would so love it if it were to be York. It might be wise though to look for Manchester, as it is a bit more central, or Bristol or Birmingham. Birmingham is close to London, might be just the place.

And this is when it occurred to me that I did not even need to be rich to do so, it would just give me the security I need, as if I were to fail miserably with my first events, it would not matter much. But if I'm poor like now, and it fails, well, it is a second bankruptcy for me and Stephen. We would lose everything. You wonder then if it would be all worth it. Being rich would mean taking huge risks on topics no one covers in the conference industry. Being poor would mean covering the exact same topics as most of my competitors, as clearly there is money in those fields, whilst no one can be quite sure about uncovered topics. So if I were rich, I could discover a string of subjects which could fill amphitheatres worldwide. And now I understand that rich or poor, this is now a challenge I would like to take on.

But as usual, my life is so unpredictable, I have no clue where it will lead in the next few years, months and even weeks. Leonardo tells me that after all my messages to him, he met the rich Asian man again, and is now more confident than ever that this is a dream come true, and that, despite that I reviewed with him just about any pitfall imaginable. Is there a future for him in all this, perhaps. Is there a future for me in all this? I'm not sure. Is there a future for my Stephen in all this? I doubt so, another miracle would be in order. And very likely I will not abandon him to pursue foolish dreams where I would still be just an employee. The only reason it could make sense for me to follow Leonardo, was if we were to work together on certain projects. A film script is not enough, as I can work on that from London. So basically it would only make sense if we were to compose songs together. For that though we would need to spend a lot of time together and I am not even certain if I would be able to help write songs or transform some of my poetry into songs. All of this really sound early days, and at the moment I am still thinking that the less I see Leonardo, the better I will be. My reasons though are that when I see him, he never leaves, or when we talk on the phone, he never hangs up, and therefore my schedule is wrecked and it has a huge impact on my job and personal projects. It takes most of my time, whilst I

barely have any at the moment because of that conference job. What I am wondering is if all of this would be different if suddenly I were to no longer have to work. Could I change my mind and suddenly enjoy spending all my time with him? It seems a bit ridiculous, however it is such an important question that my whole future depends on the answer. If the answer is no, then there is no point to continue even being his friend, though at the moment it seems I have inspired him and help him somehow, as he claims. So it was not totally useless, even if I did not get anything in return and don't really care to be honest. Without him though, I would probably have tried to meet many more people, as he was taking so much space there was no time to even try to meet people in L.A.

18 June 2006

Leonardo's new investor has finally proven himself to being full of air, and so Leonardo is back to square one hoping to get his music somewhere as quickly as he can, as he feels his heart problems could kill him within years, if not months.

It was nice to think for a while of a different possible future, one where I would not go back to London, no longer work for this conference company, and get my baby here. But I guess this is not meant to be.

Yesterday Leonardo made me what could only be called a marriage proposal, almost the old fashion way. He said I would be the only person he has met in the last 45 years that he could bring to his parents and say: this is the person I am the most proud of in my life.

I have to say, it was charming. And we talk some more about a possible future together, but at the moment it seems to me that my future is with Stephen back in London.

31 June 2006

Since I stopped working for that hell conference job, I had plenty of time on my hands. My last few hours were Monday, today is Thursday. I have used these days to decompress from the hell life I had, and naturally, following such a change, depression follows, days of not wanting to do anything, trying to adapt to a new pace. I did not feel like doing anything, least work on that film script now novel that he never stopped working on. I admire his energy, which I simply do

not have at this time. I wish I could make him understand that my mind is way far from here, already in London, resuming hopefully that simple life I had with my baby before I left, hoping it is all there for me to resume.

I am finishing reading every single story ever written concerning Sherlock Holmes by Arthur Conan Doyle, so I have already been going in my mind all around London and England. I'm basically already gone, even though I have another 12 days here. And sure enough, if I had considered that each extra day I am spending here costs me \$50 in lodging, I would already be gone by now, as staying here to sell my stuff is really not worth it. This studio cost me \$700 today, something I could have avoided. I will be lucky to get \$300 for the \$1000 I spent on all the stuff populating my little apartment.

I thought anyway that I would enjoy those last few days in L.A., but I don't, I'm afraid to say. No wonder, I don't get out of this flat. I might as well be in London then. I have dreams to get the car and go somewhere with my baby, like West or East Withering Beach, or simply lost on some roads in Wales, walking in a green field, as we did many times before. I want to forget about this life in Los Angeles. I'm afraid to say, at the moment, it may change in the future, nothing I have visited around here with Leonardo has any sort of impact on my mind. It does not compare to England. Where being in a field is such an event, and even then, it is nothing compared to when I was lost somewhere on the country side in France. So I guess there's no cure for me. And I guess that eventually I will end up living in France. So I need to ask for my British Citizenship as soon as I return, this is my only priority, so I can eventually live anywhere in France as an European citizen, which at the moment I can't, I can only legally live and work in England, which is already a miracle, I have to say.

On Sunday Leonardo is coming here early. I guess he will sleep over, maybe not. I would prefer not, considering that I am going back to my baby. It is too late now to sleep together. Even though I need to know more about any possible future with him, because if it fails miserably with my baby in London, there's only one place I will go. Back to wherever Leonardo is. Once my relationship is over, I believe that I will start one with Leonardo. However, I'm going back to London to hope for a long relationship with my actual boyfriend. So everything is in the air. This must be a long term thingy with Leonardo, he will have to be patient, and might have the time to meet someone else, and if this is so, so be it. I'm already in love, and eager to resume that relationship for a good while. Hoping that

nothing has changed since my departure, that in fact, my little trip to America just reinforced that long relationship. Now we know we love each other, when before, we barely could stand each other and were wondering where this relationship was going. I cannot deny it, the last book I wrote in French is full of it, of my doubts, my desires to terminate this love affair. I could barely read it here in L.A. and understand what I was talking about, since I miss him so much! And for the last five months I have been completely faithful to him, once I understood that I wanted to go back and sign a new bail of at least 10 years. I cannot even explain to myself why I haven't try to have sex, since it was such a golden opportunity, whilst I was in two minds about everything. I can at least tap myself on the back, that once I realized the love I have for him, and that I would return, then I became completely faithful again. And don't even feel bad about it.

I'm so tired of Leonardo in fact, that I thought that resigning from my job, was like getting rid of him at the same time. It has not been the case. He wants to work on that project of ours, when I simply don't feel like it. And tomorrow I have to work on that all day, and I simply don't feel like it. What am I gonna do? Will I find the energy and motivation somewhere? Whilst all my papers are on the floor, being carefully classified between what needs to be thrown away, what needs to come back with me, and what can be posted to me, whilst it will take four to six months to reach me in England, if ever it reaches me?

I could say a lot about post, how expensive it is to send anything by plane, and how useless it is to send it by boat. If I were to describe here my short experience about it, people would never believe that I am living in the years 2000. They would think I was talking about a state of affair at the time of Sherlock Holmes, at the turn of the 1900's. I think it will cost me \$400 to ship my things fast to England, and I don't care to pay it, these thing need to reach me, and by boat, somehow, it always gets lost and no one is accountable for it.

The truth is, I'll be happy to get rid of Leonardo once I o back to England. Somehow I will have to make him understand that I cannot spend hours writing him emails every night. And I'm just not sure how I will be able to achieve that, since he is easy to freak out when I don't answer the phone two days in a row. I don't need that in my life right now. I don't need to work on a film script which won't go anywhere, whilst I need to start up a conference business on my own, without any funds. Try that for a laugh, and come back and tell me how easy it is.

I have already forgotten the place I used to work in, forgotten all those people, my bosses, and by the time I reach England, it will only be a bad dream from which two books came out of. I won't even try to get them published any time soon, so it is just some lost files for now, and I don't care. I want to forget it all. Perhaps in a few years I will be objective enough to read it again and make something out of it. For now, let's just forget about it, forget about Los Angeles and the nightmare it has been for me.

I want to forget everything. I want to erase that period of my life. I'm searching in my memory, for anything positive, and it is useless. Even my trips to San Francisco, Salt Lake City and Philadelphia can't help here. It seems I can only be happy in London with my baby. And it took me too long already to understand it. At least I have a direction, something to go after, it is not that desperate that I would now wish to end my life. And I have to say, if I didn't have that to fall back on, suicide right now would be the only thing on my mind. I almost did it whilst living here, when I could not see any way out any time soon. Gosh, I almost did it. Never been so close in my life. I can barely believe it, how low I sank here. It is a totally different story now, that I know I will be back to England with my baby, my family of animals, our zoo. I feel anything creative can come from there, from now on. I wish I was at an age where I could simply retire, I wish I had enough money to retire now. That's what I wish. Because if I have to be part of the corporate world any time soon, I'm tellin' ya, I will definitely end my life. I won't think twice about it, this needs to end. It makes me so unhappy, it depresses me so much, there's just no point in living at all. If I am only going back to the UK, to suffer another job from hell, I'm telling you, this is the end of my life. I will not suffer it, I won't repeat that endless pattern, I will no longer be stuck in that time loop. As simple as that, I don't have the energy to continue in this world. I have no desire or motivation to continue in this world. I'm so serious about this, I feel I need to consider right now the ways I could end my life. And somehow I so know it will be the case, I might as well seriously consider it right now.

First rule, I will never have a boss again. Second rule, I will never work in an office again in any sort of hierarchy if I am not at the very top. Third rule, I will never suffer people I don't want to suffer, I should be able to make them disappear from my life instantly, or else, life is not worth living. Let's see if I can live by those three rules from now on.

Have you ever felt like you were at a turn in your life where you could decide for yourself exactly what you wanted, and make sure it would happen? I feel like that right now. This life will be what I want it to be, not what anyone else wants it to be. I'm gonna take control over it! And if I want to go for a breakfast on Richmond Hill, any day of the week, I will finally be free to do so without any sort of consequence. If I want to take a day off, I sure will, any day, any time. There is way to have a job in this world, without being a complete prisoner having to do his time every single day of the week. And the rest of the time, just getting ready to go back and suffer more in that prison. That's no longer me. I'll work from home if need be, or just three days a week. Five is too much, it takes over my life, and there is no life to speak of anymore. Maybe I was not meant to be alive... and if it is so, I need to correct that mistake. Enough is enough. I won't go back to that, I won't, I won't. I will kill myself first. I will.

2 July 2006

I have put all my stuff on sale on a website. A moving sale where I would only recuperate a few dollars out of the \$2000 I spent. Gave me an idea. I think upon my return to England, I will invest my money into useless stuff from people who need to move to America for some weird reason, and then I will sell it for more on auction websites. When I was desperate and had to sell my things two years ago, just to survive, I made £1,000 a month for a few months. Granted it was nearly Christmas, but I think it could really help in the immediate while I plan my conference company.

A fraudster tried to buy my DVD Recorder without paying for it. I can't believe it. I almost fell for it, as I am so clueless about payment methods in the US. His email about US Postal Money Order did not seem legitimate, a quick search over the Internet told me I was right. Almost lost \$500 right there. He was also willing to give me \$55 more than what I was asking for. When it is too good to be true, it's a scam.

4 July 2006

Today has been my greatest day in Los Angeles. Funny it should come exactly one week before my departure. And I have no doubt this day would have been ruined if I had known that the next day I would have had to go back to work. We went to Santa Barbara a second time. The first time was not that great, I have to

say. It was only great this time around because I had the chance to spend the day not only with Leonardo, but also his landlady Tania and his best friend Joseph.

Well, this has turned into a philosophical trip to Santa Barbara, where I could observe two good specimen of two more screwed up human beings. The most interesting one was no doubt Tania, but before I get to that, I'll analyze the case of Joseph.

For eight months I heard everything about that young chap of 23 years old via Leonardo. It was quite something to finally meet him. First he was quite shy, he could not look me in the eye, however he is half blind, so nothing extraordinary there. I was kind of hoping he was gay, but then a girl he had not call for the last month called him on his mobile, and he was so desperate to meet her this weekend for an obvious sex session, that he did not even hide, that I guess there's just no hope for him.

The thing is, that guy is filled with psychological problems, and it is obvious. He blames all the terrible things that happened to him in his childhood, though he would not elaborate. Only saying that he suffered from verbal abuse from his mom. And that his dad was involved in the mafia and was a hit man. How nice must it be to have a murderer as a dad. Poverty, he says, was his childhood. He denies being sexually abused, so I guess we might believe him on that one. Yet, the kid is much more of an anarchist in the term that I define it, than I could ever be.

He is filled with an exhaustible anger, and could explode at any time. That explosion would, for him, mean taking a gun and shooting a few people. What a waste, when you could actually work on a much larger scale, to help society to understand that its progeny is simply completely and irreversibly alienated to breaking point.

He used to be very fat, and has been so obsessed with it, that he started to read everything there was on the subject. It led to further university studies in dietetics and now he is the real thing, a real dietetic sort of person, a nutritionist, or whatever that means. He is still a bit fat and is struggling to lose that weight so he can, I suppose, still attract nice girls he can fuck on weekends.

He did a degree in business management before that, and now he is certainly an explosive mix. He wishes to start a business, and has already invested too much for his own taste, merely \$4,000, but that is already a big debt for him. He has now only one purpose in life, get that business started, start a practice, make a six figure salary, be rich within 10 years. He even made me promise that I would not get back to him to get money in the future, whenever he gets rich.

He stated that philosophy is causing big depressions in people, that whenever you meet a philosopher as he claimed to have been, it basically drives you to suicide. I could not deny that, as it is certainly my own situation. Thought I would hate to generalize, Leonardo is after all a philosopher, with the greatest feeling of optimism and happiness. Perhaps he is a mistake of nature, or at the very least an exception.

Overall the kid is charming, I would not mind sucking his dick. And for most of our trip from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, he had a big hard on in the car, and was trying to hide it with his hand. How nice is that? Perhaps he should masturbate a bit more, twice a day like I do, to forgo such little inconveniences and embarrassments.

Now at least I see what Leonardo sees in him. Sad when your dreamt fuck bodies are actually straight, but that's just a detail, considering what Leonardo admitted to me last week. That he can simulate sex in his mind with anyone, and feel that it is so real, that it's just like the real thing. I wonder how many times he fancied this happening with Joseph, a thousand times perhaps. The problem is that whenever Leonardo goes on to simulate sex with anyone in his own mind, on such a scale that in his mind it seems real, it really does really have an impact psychologically on the other victim. I know, because whenever Leonardo had such fancy about me, I knew it, I could feel it, I received clear images in my head of whatever he was thinking about. I cannot explain this phenomenon, but it is certainly worth investigating. With his powers, for him to think of someone when it masturbates, almost equals to a rape. It is quite an interesting little moral dilemma. He said that whenever he masturbates thinking about his kiddo, the kiddo calls him, even after months of silence. So it is certainly powerful. A powerful weapon. Apparently I could learn the trick, since Leonardo taught it to his kiddo and his other friend, which both use in some sort of devilish plan to control the planet. Fortunately I believe they both failed miserably as they lack the abilities of Leonardo in such matters. Not even sure if I could trust myself if I

had such powers. There are many books on the market about that subject, of how you can actually control everyone around you to reach success and fortune. But at a level much higher in the case of Leonardo, with what he calls his powers of psychic medium. Frightening. Worth investigating, and I will certainly plague him with questions tomorrow or Friday when we meet again, for perhaps the last time before my departure to London.

Many times now in the last few months Leonardo has tried to sleep with me, and every time I prevented it from happening, not sure why. He wanted to sleep here again on my last day next week, before he has to drive me to the Airport LAX at six in the morning. I said no. I'm still wondering if it is because he wants sex with me, I think I'm just afraid it will again turn to nightmare. I still remember him saying that he did not want my dick on him, that it was turning him off. I can't imagine that it would have changed now, even if in between he virtually proposed marriage to me. Something must have changed in his brain, however better leave it to his own imagination. I don't need any more traumatic event just before finding myself once again in the arms of my real boyfriend, who just love to have my dick all over him. Or so I hope anyway, I've been wondering if it is just companionship that he is after, the fear of finishing his days alone with only a zoo to content him. I've been saving myself for Stephen, being faithful and all, but he better make it worthwhile upon my return, I want sex at least twice a week, or else I'll be looking on the side. Sorry, I could have sex three times a day, I'm a real animal though I despise those animal instincts. So I better be satisfied in that domain, or else it is not worth having a boyfriend.

And now let's talk about Leonardo's landlady, Tania. I have to admit, it has been a traumatic experience. It really reached me deep down in my deepest fear. I cannot describe it any other way, what she's going through, is my biggest fear ever. And it can simply be described as being stuck in a time loop. And yet, I can't imagine anything worse.

Her deep psychological problem has been identified as a compulsive disorder. Sounds almost harmless stated like that, but my God, I'm telling you, death would be by far preferable.

I think I started her big compulsive disorder for the day. I tried to read what was written on the T-Shirt of Joseph, and I have to say, it was not easy to remember. He is part of an association called, and I had to painfully memorize it today, The

Student Dietetic Food and Science Association. That was just too much for the poor mind of our landlady. She had to memorize it and it became her obsession of the day. I tell you, all day, she has been repeating it aloud and asking every single five minutes what it was again. She was stuck in a time loop and could only concentrate on that name that she constantly repeated to herself and verifying if she was right in what she thought it was.

And since the kid is prone to anger and violence, his patience was really running thin. I thought that if she had asked it one more time at the end of the day, he would have hit her to death. The clashing of both these personalities was such a lesson to me, I loved it to the extreme. I can only say that Leonardo is a saint, to be able to suffer that all day, not sure if I could, perhaps I could, but what a life that would be.

It was a very traumatic experience, because I fear it could easily happen to me. The frontier between sanity and insanity is so thin, especially when you have some experience of the problem, that it is always possible that you could easily yourself reach that state of mind.

The fact is, whenever I have a big fever or whenever I work all day at one single task, trying to solve a problem or finish a long task, what happen to me during my sleep, is that I repeat over and over the same task, trying to finally accomplish it in my sleep, and my brain is simply stuck in a time loop. Thankfully I wake up the next day tired, but normal once again, and I can move on. However, god forbid, it could become a permanent problem remaining even in my awake state, just like with Tania. Repeating over and over again in my mind the same sentence that my brain would be trying to process, unsuccessfully. Or trying to continually finish a task that simply will never be concretely accomplished since it is merely virtual in my mind.

Computers, when they reach that cyclic error, have the advantage to be turned off and re-initiated, and then the time loop problem is resolved. In her case, no such thing is possible. The death of her young son brought her to the brink of madness, and she simply cannot get over it.

I cannot explain why Leonardo has not been more specific about her deep psychological blockage except saying that she was suffering from a compulsive disorder, which meant nothing in my mind. That is more that just a compulsive

disorder, this is extreme and absolute insanity. No wonder he has been unable to work at all whenever she was awake. She can go on and on asking the same question over and over again until the end of times. This woman should not be driving a car, and her eight car accidents in the last two months alone can testify to it. And yet, she is as free as a bird. Rich no doubt, and yet, completely incapacitated. She's off her mind, and she's a reminder of how easy it would be to reach that state. Very traumatizing indeed. This is exactly where, I fear, a boring routine can bring you. To repeated cyclic days not worth living for. That is why I have been fighting so strongly against any sort of routine, this is why I knew it would kill me. It would simply lock me up in a time loop from which there is no escape.

At one point, at the beginning of the day, when I noticed she was constantly speaking to herself, repeating the same thing over and over again, and before I understood she was suffering from a compulsive disorder, I asked her what she was doing. She answered innocently that she was counting her finances. Harmless enough I thought, my God, I had no idea. She was then stuck on calculating over and over again the state of her finances, and I'm not even sure it what she was stuck on was reflecting her actual finances her some problem of the past which should have long been sent to the back of her brain, never to be remembered again.

My deepest fear is that if somehow after death our consciousness were to somehow survive, it could easily be in that kind of state. Of being stuck on a cyclic error of some desperate and meaningless detail of our lives, that we would turn and turn over and again in our minds until infinity. And ghost stories certainly proves that point. Some apparitions as just that, a murder or terrible sadness being repeated and witness by others, to infinity, years after years.

Better die with all unfinished business actually being finished, or else, god knows, you might be condemned for eternity to turn these problems in your consciousness over and over again, with no possibility of any satisfying conclusion or finality to it.

I'm afraid, the brain is far from being perfect. Just like the processor of a computer, it can be derailed and become useless. And I'm hoping that death, at least, can finally turn the machine off and bring some peace of mind.

This has been an illuminating day, though quite a disturbing one for me. It freaked me out, as I seem to be the only one capable of understanding that this is a real threat to humanity. As perhaps we are all collectively suffering the same faith. It would explain the déjà vu phenomenon for a start, we are simply stuck in a time loop. And if that is not disturbing enough for you, maybe you need your head check up. What else are we going through without even being aware of?

There is one last person I need to meet before I leave. The other best friend of Leonardo. I'm just afraid at the prospect. That one I know is a born sucker, who steals anything from his friends. A spoiled kid from a rich family, though I know that at least he has got something normal about him, he is gay. So for that alone I would not mind meeting him, I just hope he will not also throw me into full existential crisis mode, as I know he is also plagued with every single neurosis identified so far. Is there any sane American left on this planet? I'm starting to wonder... as it is evident now that I have not met any sane person since I have arrived in Los Angeles. They're all crazy, isn't that delightful? I wonder...

8 July 2006

I really feel the end now. I find it hard to believe that I will be back in London for good in less than three days, as if nothing happened. That is what worries me. Would have I changed my mind once I am there? Would I suddenly find Stephen the most annoying person on the planet? Maybe it will be he who would have found the time to forget me.

Sometimes I feel like all my problems will be over as soon as I set foot in London again. That I will be able to forget the last few months. Funny, I never thought that being almost nine months in Los Angeles would be an experience I would gladly forget. I cannot explain why I feel like this, I guess I have not been happy here, I also think I haven't done what I should have done, and that brings me regrets, and I fear I will suffer this miss opportunity forever.

I have been quite unsuccessful at selling my stuff, and I don't care. I still need to pack, I wonder if I will be able to bring most of my things. I'm worried about money upon my return, Stephen still does not have a job and his creditors are threatening him with death. It is really time for me to go back and sort him out. Help him find a job over the Internet, make money buying and selling stuff on eBay. Then start that business without any money in order to get both of us

somewhere. I wish I had done more work on that business in the last few days, but I instead read all the stories about Sherlock Holmes and watched almost every episodes of the Twilight Zone (the old version). Nothing to be proud of. At least I used that TV a bit, it seems that I won't be able to sell it, I'll have to give it away to Leonardo. After these long suffering months of work, I felt like doing nothing.

Yesterday I spent the day and night with Leonardo, we spoke about many things, especially the film scripts. We got a contract in order and even went to a notary to get it official. I will at least leave Los Angeles with some sort of contract, even if I doubt it will ever go anywhere.

We also went to meet the great XXX, I can say that I have seen him on his doorstep, but he refused us entry on the pretext he was sick. The same pretext his other great friend actor used to refuse seeing me for the last nine months. So even meeting powerful people has failed. I'm not sorry, I have learnt that I do not wish to meet anyone, especially anyone famous.

And yet, if I missed XXX, it was because the little friends of Leonardo wanted to meet me. I had not seen Mario yet, met him yesterday. Questionable in nature, good looking guy at any rate, I think he went through my bag whilst we were outside and checked if there was anything to steal. Leonardo told me that he stole many of his things and of his other friend Joseph. I think there was not much in my bag to steal, so I was lucky. And yet, he is the son of a rich family, rolls in a Mercedes and just gave a portable computer to Leonardo. So don't ask me what his problem is.

Shame I had not met Mario before end, he seemed interested in me, as Leonardo believes he is gay. However it would have been quite impossible to be his friend, as in that circle I belong to Leonardo. Even if I don't really belong to him. He left at 8 am this morning and I am pleased to say that nothing happened. I was faithful to Stephen.

I feel deep love for my Stephen, and being separated for so long made me realize it. I think I'm finally ready to write cheap little love songs after all, something that has always puzzled me, as I was never really in love before. Well, not quite true, and yet, never felt like writing anything about love. More like destruction once it was no longer going as planned. My poor baby has suffered long enough, I

will never be separated from him ever again. I long for going all over London again with him. He's so cute, perfect for me. I just hope he has not aged ten years since I was gone.

We were discussing yesterday how my English sounded British or not. Since I've learnt it there, it would be logical that it would sound British. The friends of Leonardo settled on the idea that some words I use, some expressions are British in nature, otherwise I sound more like a French man speaking English. And yet at two in the morning we were at a Seven Eleven, trying to buy alcohol after the time they were allowed to. I said only two sentences: "Do you still sell alcohol at this time? Look, my clock says that it is only 1h58". And that was enough for the guy from Glasgow besides me to instantly recognize that I was British. He was saying that I was his brother, and somehow this filled me with pride. I know this is ridiculous, and yet, it means a lot to me. I think I would do anything to be recognized as British instead of French-Canadian. I have been quite unsuccessful at this in the last few months, so I guess that another ten years in England should cure me of that.

9 July 2006

I guess Los Angeles really deserves its reputation for being a place filled with crooks. Two guys just left my apartment with my TV and DVD Recorder and gave me \$480 of fake money. Just called the police and I am awaiting their arrival. It leaves such a bad taste in my mouth, as some sort of last thank you/fuck you gift before I leave.

No one at 911 or at the police station were in a hurry to hear my story, or even to check out dark blue cars with my TV in the back and two white man a bit fat at the front. As they have not heard the story yet and it has been nearly an hour now. Only in films do we see the police jumping up and down when something gets stolen. I guess they have enough with all the murders, I suppose, since Los Angeles is one of the worst place statistically speaking in terms of murders. So what is \$500 of counterfeit money to them. The woman on the phone was basically blaming me for accepting it in the first place. But they were clever, they arranged for me to pick up the money in the dark car park, he counted the money in his trunk. I've been such a fool. There was little I could have done anyway if I had realized there and then that it was fake money. They had everything in their car already, they would have pushed me and left. Very well

orchestrated. You learn every day, I'm afraid! I guess I will have to buy myself a device capable of telling me when money is fake, and whenever I will be involved in a transaction with a bit of money in it, the item will not leave me until I am satisfied the money is real.

I hope these thieves were disorganized and called me from their real mobile phone. I hope there was a camera in the car park where I live that filmed them. I hope the police might already have an idea of who they are. I hope they get caught for their audacity. It is no longer a question of the \$480 I lost, now it is a question of principles and revenge. I am flabbergasted that I could have been such a fool. I'll never ever again trust anyone else in my life.

That little adventure has quite de-motivated me to start selling on eBay upon my return to London. Trying to keep on top of all the fraudsters and scammers I encountered trying to sell a damn TV and DVD Recorder, had become a full time job. I received no less than 10 emails of such people, the last one wanting me to ship the recorder to Nigeria. Yeah, right! Like I would do that. No doubt the money who would have come into my PayPal account was from a stolen credit card, and after a few weeks the money would have disappeared from my account.

The police is so slow coming here, and yet, they would have been so fast jumping on me if I tried to buy anything with that fake money, it would be unbelievable. I would be accused of whatever faster than these guys will ever be caught.

God, the police is certainly taking its time, I'm starting to believe that they won't show up at all. And while I wait I am incapable of doing anything else, as I am anxious. I've been trying to read some fake Sherlock Holmes stories written by the best crime fiction writers, and they really have nothing of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's style. Definitely, I have reached my quota of fake stuff for one day.

The police finally came, at around 3 in the morning. They are still outside, awaiting the fingerprinting guy. Well, I guess I read one too many Sherlock Holmes story, destiny felt the need to show me what's going on today. My case will interest the Secret Services, not sure what they are, never heard of them. I asked if it was part of the FBI, they said no, part of the Federal Government, yes.

It is amazing how poor my sense of observation is. I could barely describe the guys, even less the car, though I was in their company for quite a while. I could

not remember the color of their hair, their clothes, their eyes, nothing. It is almost ridiculous, I could have imagined the whole thing! I remember my dreams better than that!

Well, well, well. I have to say, I am quite disappointed with the work of our policemen. They barely asked me any question, they were not interested in the extra details I had to say, their fingerprint guy came in, put black powder everywhere and has not felt it was worth it to take any, and of course there must have been a lot, mine for a start. They never thought necessary to take my own fingerprints to be able to at least eliminate them from the lot they will find at the very least on the money itself. I am very puzzled by all this.

Either they just don't care about their job and know very well this will never really be investigated, or else, their methods of detection are so far advanced, and I am so ignorant of them, that they can go ahead without fingerprints or the many details I could give them, as obviously their methods might rely instead on cameras, calls the criminals made to my place, etc., but I'm kidding myself if I believe they will go as far as that just for my \$480 of counterfeit money. The policeman said that in all probability I will never hear from them again unless they find the guilty party. How reassuring.

10 July 2006

There, I have finished the other book tonight, I'm leaving tomorrow. And since this is a blog about L.A., I guess it should also be the end of this book. However, I need to tell what my feelings are once I am back to London in two days time, as this is how long it will take me to get there, with that stop in Toronto.

Perfect timing in every way. Destiny arranged itself perfectly. I can see it again, all is perfect. Especially my TV and my DVD Recorder being lost. I could not see myself struggling to bring back that DVD Recorder to London, better give it away to some lunatic who feels he was fucking with me, when in fact, he solved one big problem I had.

However, if I get back to London in one piece, with all my stuff, I think I need to open a bottle Champagne and celebrate! And I'll have quite something to celebrate, the return of the King to England. I won't leave it anymore. I'll stay cushy there for a while. Don't talk to me about the wonders in America, or

Canada. For me it is all gone forever. I have understood a lot about the American mentality and culture in these last few months, enough for me to write about it for years. It is a totally different culture, where more baddies than goodies have taken control of the world. Well, something needs to stand against all that, might as well be the UK. The only remaining force in the world after the U.S. France is living on their own cloud, Canada has lost all credibility, no one ever took them seriously, not even me. And the rest of the world, well, no need to talk about that, it has all gone to hell a very long time ago.

15 July 2006

I landed in London two days ago. I was afraid, and the first thing I saw confirmed that I should have been. I could not recognize the man I had spent 11 years with previously. Eight months in Los Angeles made me forget who he was, how he looked like. He looked so weird, and so old, and so skinny, and what else did I immediately noticed which freaked me out. I thought, right there at Heathrow Airport, that it was over. And then, a few minutes, a few hours, brought me back all those memories and I past over these weird British features which makes a human being a weird one by American standards, and who knows, I fell in love again. However he has been a nightmare. We argued a lot. And it is all a case about: do you love my new dog? Because if you don't, you can leave right now. Great I thought, after quitting my job for the bastard, after leaving all my dreams behind for the bastard, he is about to drop me, leave me for dead in the streets of London. Unaware, obviously, of all the sacrifices I did for him. He is more interested in that new tank he bought along with a chameleon. A frog appeared out of nowhere, and it died within a day of my arrival. So of course I have been blamed for this death, because I opened the window for two minutes in the morning. He just discovered that there was toad in it now, no doubt it will die within days and I will also be blamed for that death.

But let's not talk about that shite. I'm drunk now, for the first time since I've returned to London. I'm allowed to dream once again, imagine myself the greatest of destiny for all of us. That's what's count. My bosses in Los Angeles were keen on developing our five main goals in life, and I've learn something about that, I've finally identified my main goal in life, and I will have to concentrate very hard to make it happen. Get fucking rich beyond any comprehension, as a consequence from succeeding in films or the music industry.

Note that I did not mention the literary world, which actually should be my main line of concentration, as I am a writer. So I need to consider that too.

Funny, how powerful I feel like tonight. I'm listening to Lisa Loeb & the Nine Stories, and yet, they had one great album and then disappeared forever. That's what I'm trying to reach tonight, and yet, I don't need to die just yet. I'm bound to go much further in any of my projects. Just need my chance, and then, I'll become the most important writer of all times, the most important author of all times. Nothing less will be sufficient, and I know intelligence and hard work will be required. I'm not afraid of that, I wish I had the time to concentrate on it, to make it all happen. And somehow I'll make it happen. I will somehow. I'll reach the planet right in its heart, as no excuse will do. Who cares if I'm poor? Who cares if I have to work full time on some other thing? Does not matter. I'll make it happen.

16 July 2006

I'm back in London. I think I've already said that, never mind. Took me a while to update my main computer, now I feel I'm ready for the next step. What that next step is, I'm not quite sure. In order they are: find Stephen a job, make money quickly through eBay, deal with my creditors as I won't have a job for a few months, and start this conference business.

Already there is something to wreck all this, my neighbour is gay, and Stephen conveniently hid that fact for months. I should be suspicious, however considering how many times a month we have sex, I guess the guy probably didn't do anything with that guy. Twice in the last two days the guy came here, the first time we called him around, the second time he came on his own. He doesn't have a computer you see, but of course, he is as addicted to his emails as can be. With a bit of luck I could have him here every day, as long as Stephen is working somewhere, my main priority, find him a job, get rid of him.

Stephen, and I am only realizing this now, is suffering from a compulsive disorder, just like the Leonardo's landlady. In layman terms it translates as someone who cannot be alone in a different room than you for more than five minutes, and will do anything to attract your attention every single minute to prevent you from achieving anything, do any work on the computer. He feels the need to talk and talk and ask questions until you die. Mind you, it is not as

serious as that landlady, he is not at the point of repeating stuff to himself over and over again, or ask the same question 20 times in a row, however all the other symptoms are present.

I didn't think I could interest the neighbor, in fact I'm pretty sure he wouldn't be interested in me, however there is something to be said about having your direct neighbor a potential victim for satisfying your sex life. It's easy, convenient, perfect. So they don't have to be an ideal sex model, they just need to be available when the desire arises. So I've got a great chance there, and it would be, finally, a great thing if this was to go through and I would have sex with him on a regular basis. I deserve it, for having such a cold fish as a boyfriend. Having sacrificed my sex life to him for over a decade, when all the guy is capable of doing since my return to London, is threatening me with: it's not going to work, you and my zoo don't agree, and my animals are more important than you are, so perhaps you should move out! When I sacrificed my future in Los Angeles for the guy, coming back here, condemning me to a life of misery, where nothing can happen. And I told him! I said, you could have told me before I drop my job and left Los Angeles, I would not have, under any circumstances, let go of that and come back, if I had known that you were to kick me out within days upon my return. You see, I don't love his new dog enough, and that is enough to create all sorts of problems between us, because it is clear that his dog comes first, not me.

Now, I'm not like one of those wives, with a husband addicted to computers, which decide to leave them, under the pretence that they love their computer more than they love them, who cares about that, everyone is addicted to something, or else life would not be worth living. But if it is the wife who kicks you out, like it is in my case, there's little I can do. However I will no longer leave London. I'll find a way to survive. I have a cousin in town, I helped him no end, he stayed here for weeks, months, I found him a job, I almost found him his girlfriend, and so, he could help me now. I would go back into conferences, make enough money overnight to pay for my survival. O got someone in Los Angeles within six months to propose marriage to me, so I'm not that desperate, I'm still desired, I'm still loveable, I'm still worth proposing marriage to. My life is not over, even if I thought for a long time that it was. I'm only 33 for god's sake. I could still build an empire, and in seven years time they would say: wow, and he is so young to have achieved so much! Right, a billion dollar industry, conferences, until it comes out of my ears, I can do that, I will do that. Never mind the fact that I have written already over 30 books, and that in itself is

remarkable, no one will recognize that, so I have to start all over again from zero. Start a company, make a billion within five years, that's what I need to do, and I will, just watch me.

I'm in some sort of weird mood right now. So I'm doing weird stuff, weird behavior. For example, I'm listening right now to a bunch of successes by Diana Ross and The Supremes. I would only do such a thing, if I felt I was near death. I'm fascinated by some weird fact I think I have uncovered. I believe Diana Ross has been begging all these people, the greatest in the industry, to write songs for her, and I believe they took the piss out of her, and wrote the most inconceivable lyrics for her, to ridicule her beyond comprehension, however, they were so talented, these songs became greatest hits.

Reminds me of the song Björk wrote for Madonna, Let's Get Unconscious Baby (with the help of drugs I suppose), so unlike Madonna, that it becomes a gem. Mmmh, makes me dream, I could write the wildest lyrics for the most perfect people, they would never suspect where I am going with this, with the only intention to cover them with ridicule, and yet, it could turn out to be the best songs ever, classics. I'm that close to get Leonardo to do exactly that, sing songs I've written which are so anarchist, so extreme, and yet, it would do great song, even if they would be the total opposite of who he is, and what he wishes to achieve with his musical career. Doesn't matter, as long as you write the most perfect song there is, my God, you can say and suggest just about anything, and if you can hide that even from the performer, turn it into a number one worldwide, then you can laugh all the way back to your grave. Irony has always been what characterized my work, let's push it to the limits. I never minded being accused of just about anything, god knows I've taken the biggest risks ever. I can now be qualified as an anarchist, a terrorist, a pedophile, and what else. I'm laughing my heart out. Let them think whatever they want, as long as I am making a point, as long as I am getting somewhere. True, I've not been going anywhere fast lately, it could all change overnight however, it will change overnight at some point, I have to believe it, or else there's no point for me to continue to live. Writing is everything to me, I won't suddenly become a business man and forget all about it, as if it was some sort of child's dream, no no, nothing of the sort. I will be heard! I will get somewhere, I will be recognized! There's no other way, or else, this world is doom! I'm tellin' ya, listen to what I'm saying, or else, this world is dead, a dead world, full of manipulators, and manipulated people, zombies, that's all we are, forever. Pay your taxes, that's all is required

from you... no longer. Listen to me! I'll show you the way, in fact, I'll turn you into my personal slaves, seems it appears so easy to turn you into slaves.

Let me take control over that, at least, so we can actually try to build a better world. Under anyone else, I'm afraid, you would be serving evil. Probably the President of America, there's no greater evil at the moment. There's been so much tampering at the moment with these election ballots, however democracy could still exist if statistics were radically for one party, it would not be possible to trick the ballot machines if so clearly a cheating party were to lose so clearly statistically but not in reality. I predict that within years, only statistics will be trusted to elect anyone, since obviously no machine that can be tampered with can be trusted. Awareness and statistics might still save democracy, since as it stands now, democracy is dead. Every election ends up in the highest courts, to denounce treachery, the world we live in, a sad world indeed.

Anyway, democracy is not the way forward, far from it. These political systems we had in the past, for hundreds of years, are long past date. I might not be the one who will rethink it, but something else is coming, I'm sure of it, and it will make everyone happy. Democracy might die in the process, however it might be a necessary evil, I predict it. We will come up with something better, I just know, it is the next logical step. If we cannot trust the election process anymore. We'll elect someone there that we can trust, for life, and that will be the end of it. If you trust someone so implicitly, why not keep that person there for life? Impeach them as soon as you feel something is not right. Simple. This is still democracy, but of a different kind.

My God, am I finally developing my own little essay on politics? How nice would that be, as I thought of revolutionizing that for such a long time, as it is so clear to me that democracy has been dead for years, and only now are we figuring it out. Bush was never meant to be in power, that much is clear. Certainly not to win a second mandate. Something smells so bad here, it is a miracle that it has not been uncovered and denounced yet beyond all doubts. I suspect that many elections and referendums have been tricked, especially anything that one be less than a percent, even five, you cannot trust the system. Fraud is everywhere, scamming people seems to be in the nature of anyone in power. Power is such a coveted thing, people would do anything to get it, to remain there once in power, and yet, this is meaningless, why, oh why? It's mystery to me, as I never had any ambition, and that's why I would be the perfect candidate, because I never

wanted the job, but if I were to inherit it, I'll do a damn good job of it. You can believe it. And that's what we need as our leaders, people who never wanted it in the first place, but that we know would do a damn good job of it. That's why I think the actual system fail the people. The ones who crave power are all the wrong people, they are evil in nature, with more ambitions than is worth the job, which is after all a job of helping the people, something which usually goes against their ambitious nature. They're not there to sort out everything, they're there to gain recognition, make more money, play at being powerful. We don't need that, that's the last thing we need. Crawl back to your mother, and die. We have no need for you.

But enough about politics. I think I need to jump into poetry, unclear statements about everything. Where I am free to denounce everything, without actually denouncing anything.

12 August 2006

I have been back for one month now, though I'm trying hard to convince everyone and I that it has only been two weeks. The reason why is simple, I don't feel like doing anything at the moment. Of course, one can only be idle for a certain amount of time before everyone around start panicking and remind us that this is not acceptable.

I have not worked on starting this conference business. I have not worked on the novel/film script with Leonardo, even though he worked on it, but only minimally anyway. I have done a minimum of research about starting my own eBay business, then again it did not go anywhere. So what have I done? For a month now I have been downloading just about every single book of sci-fi in existence. That's what I have been doing night and day. This is madness. I understand that Stephen should have exploded two weeks ago, however he has been so idle himself in recent months whilst he should have been looking for work, that it is harder for him to complain now.

However something happened tonight that is threatening my idleness. I have trouble figuring out what I should do at this point, hence I am writing here to understand. First of all, we need to see what destiny has provided. I am in the process of successfully stop all my creditors payments for another five months, so until the New Year I would not have to pay anything to anyone. An eBay business

in those conditions would be perfect, because who cares if I don't make any money? Stephen is working now, he can pay the bills. And if I make money, then I'll pay too. So from the point of view of destiny, there will never be a more perfect time than now to decide to start a business, whether it is conferences or an online shop, as I would only need a minimum of money to survive each month.

What woke me up tonight is an email from my ex-manager where I used to work in Westminster. She's very much to the point, one sentence only, am I back, what am I doing. There is also only one way to interpret that message, they want me back. Somehow the Bitch from Westminster loves me so much now, after she tried so hard to get me sacked at the time, that I'm certain she would fight hard for me to get my old job back. How did this happen? It's a mystery to me. It is true that I had a change of heart myself about her, I learned to like her, and suddenly everything changed.

If it was to go back to Westminster working five days a week, I would not even entertain the idea before I was really stuck with family pressure and finances, and before having done a full scale search for a new job which has nothing to do with conferences or having to travel to Central London every day. However, I could not sleep tonight because it got me thinking. What if...

What if I was only working part time? Three or four days a week instead of five? It would make no difference to the amount of money I would be left with every month, because of my creditors leaving me with the bare minimum to survive, no matter the salary I get. What if on top of it I was actually working from home? However let's look at destiny, why have I downloaded all those ebooks? Because I would need them if I wish to read in the train whilst traveling to London every day. In three months I could have read every single book of Isaac Asimov, he wrote 500 books, just to give an idea of how much time I would be wasting traveling in those trains and the Underground.

I'm in a big dilemma right now. What will I answer her back? Easy to go back to my old job. Nothing to prove anymore since my only two conferences I produced there made a fortune. I learned a lot in the US, I could turn this place around in no time and be a bloody success. Easy. The complicated path would be, oh, start a business, or struggle to find a job that pays peanuts with a CV which suggests that I could get a job that pays £75,000 a year.

I am meeting my cousin in less than seven hours in Richmond-Upon-Thames. I'll ask him what he thinks. He works for the first conference company I worked for, I placed him there. Perhaps he could steal the database for me? Then I could definitely start a conference business.

What he will tell me about is that he is no longer a virgin, that he can no longer stand his girlfriend who only talks of marriage, but then, only marriage could keep him in London, he has to leave within two months as his visa runs out. Must be quite a dilemma. So I guess we can meet in Richmond, drink ourselves to death all afternoon going from pub to pub, spend £100 in alcohol, and try to sort ourselves out.

There's no limit anyway, is there, to whatever we can accomplish in this life? Should we not be living on the edge, let's just do it, let's have fun, let's die with a fucking big smile on our face. Let's become billionaires, let's get the freedom we deserve. Hi ha! Is this not what life is all about?

I came back at the right time, Stephen was sinking. Because of my return he actually called an employer, I emailed the CV, he got the job. And now it will be to sort my cousin out before he makes a mistake. He would have had already returned to Canada if I had stayed in L.A. two more months. Now I need to assess if he likes sex with his girlfriend, what impact it would have on him if he marries her, how much he really wants to stay in London or go back to Canada. And I need to make him understand that marriage is but a formality, and divorce as well. That a return to Canada would have devastating effects on him, something he would only comprehend the day he puts his feet back there, unfortunately. Then it would be too late to come back. No more visa, no more opportunity to marry, etc.

God knows, he might announce me that he is gay and cannot stand fucking a girl anymore. How nice would that be. I guess that's just impossible.

In the meantime, weather wise, I got what I wanted. I traded the permanent summer of Los Angeles for the eternal winter of London. It is true that for the first two weeks I thought the sun was about to kill us all, the leaves in the trees actually died and fell off right in the middle of July, like if it was autumn. Global Warming was certainly clear this summer, everything is burnt out. However the

last two weeks have been miserable, cloudy, cold, with a bit of rain now and again, just like heaven. My vision of paradise anyway, as I can't imagine it looking like Los Angeles, as I would then prefer to go to hell.

I heard Avril Lavigne lives in Montecito, close to where I lived, it almost made me puke. What the fuck is she doing there anyway? She's Canadian, we should be dreaming of Europe, not of less than what we already had in Canada. First thing I do when I start to work again, I ask for my British Citizenship, and I leave America behind forever. There's no way I will ever move there again. I would go to prison before I do that, or live illegally in France for a while. I speak the language anyway, must serve a purpose destiny wise, it certainly stopped me from being a great author, that stupid deficiency I have with English. Why was I born in a fucking French environment, and not even in France, but in a retard colony from which I turn my back to a long time ago? I might as well speak Esperanto or Latin, or even Aramaic. What was the point of that? Could I have not been born in Boston, San Diego, Liverpool or Edinburgh, like half the authors of this planet? I have no future, I was mortgaged before I could even start dreaming about achieving something huge. I can't even succeed on a small scale, why I have not committed suicide yet is a mystery.

I don't think I could write a novel in English and ever be recognized or even published. So I guess I really need to get back to French. But French science fiction? Come on, there is not one publisher left in France publishing sci-fi. There's never been one in Quebec. What am I gonna do? I don't even understand why I feel like if it was the first ever book I was about to write, for god's sake, I wrote over 30 of them by now, that's almost one a year since I was born. And yet, I am at zero. Ground zero. From here on end, this is the new beginning, the real beginning. After the next book I will write, we can delete everything else I wrote before-hand. Yeah, I sit here, thinking, I need to write a novel, and it feels like I had never written one before. It's crazy! It's because I know this is it, the next one has to be it, otherwise I'll never try again, it will be game over.

I need the idea of the century, of the millennium. Shit, I need to write a new Bible and start my own religion. I guess I could do that. People are so ready to follow any lunatic these days, switch religion like we switch hat, sell our soul to whomever as soon as possible, we're desperate. I need the idea of the century, with the content, dialogue and events to back it up. It needs to be epic, grandiose, perfection. How am I going to achieve that? I have to, no other choice.

This is it this time, I will explode everywhere all at once, the entire planet will know my name.

No pressure...

21 September 2006

Almost October, it is almost unbelievable. That I have been back in London for so long, and it is like I simply shut down. Did not write anything, did not do anything, apart from reading stuff about conspiracy theories and sci-fi, mainly Stephen Baxter. And yet, I have not even finished reading his second book from his trilogy, can't even remember now what's called.

I have not thought once about suicide since my arrival, I spend my days with our new parrot on my shoulder, and the rest of the night I have my Murmy in my arms. How these animals can love you so much is beyond comprehension. We're different species after all, and yet, if they could, I'm sure they would save your life. Makes me happy I've been vegetarian for over 20 years now.

I can't say as much for my fellow humans. In Los Angeles I was confronted with the most despicable people ever, ready at any time to steal from you and leave you for dead in the gutter. I know now that it is the same worldwide. After our neighbors living in front of us kidnapped our dog two days ago and returned it 25 hours later asking for £80 as ransom, an hypothetical vet's bill after the dog was supposedly hit by a car. The same neighbors who have alienated just about everyone around them, we hear them fight at night with at least two other households around here.

I'm starting to wonder if finally there's no hope for the human race for any love or compassion. I feel that ultimate annihilation is inevitable, as even our politicians are corrupted to the brink. Nothing has changed from the past to the present, we just have a bit more technology to occupy our mind and prevent us from thinking any further about what is going on in the world. Good, better leave the world to the world, isolate myself and forget about it all. This freedom we think we have, those rights, has always been a mere illusion. I guess someone intelligent in the shadow thought: oh, I know, let's convince them they are free and have rights, and let's make sure that behind the scene it is as it has always been.

It is clear now that I will not start my own business, for various reasons, the main one is the lack of motivation, or of faith. I guess I am doomed to follow the easy path, find a new job somewhere and endure the wrath of my bosses and colleagues till death.

I have renewed my correspondence with my Timeline Switcher. I guess we'll restart talking about how to change our future for the best. However, no matter how hard I think, there's nothing else I want from life, nothing exciting I would like to fall on my head tomorrow morning. I'm ready to retire somewhere far from everyone and everything, and meditate till death, something that will never be granted.

I learnt yesterday that I have nothing to pay to my creditors for the next three months. That sounds like destiny, a great opportunity, some time I should use wisely despite the pressure from Stephen to find a job and bring some money in. For that purpose I have rewritten my résumé, and now it looks like I am dumb and have barely any experience. Like I was just an assistant organizing conferences. So perhaps I will get a job that pays nothing, but where they can't expect much either. However I know I am sadly mistaken, any job is hard and you always have to suffer your bosses who have a legal right to take over your life. We're working harder today than anyone ever has in the past, this life of leisure they were predicting has been forgotten because of the greed of the corporate world.

I have no idea what awaits me after all that happened to me this last year. I guess it is the pinnacle of my career, this little trip to Los Angeles, what was necessary to seal my writing career. Now I can die, retire or find something that could top all that. Well, if destiny wants to through something my way, I won't say no. In fact I am expecting something to fall from the sky soon. I have no idea what it will be, I just know that somehow it will top Los Angeles. Because despite the ups and down, in the end, when I look back, from the point of view of the experience I gathered, and what I have learnt, it has always been better each year. Every new year has brought me more than the one before. And I doubt it will suddenly change and go the other way.

You would not think that from looking at me tonight. I'm listening to Nana Mouskouri, something I thought I would only be doing if I felt near death. I have

a morbid interest in Mouskouri as my mother was always listening to it when I was very young. And I read recently that she has sold more records than just about everybody on this planet. What a chilling thought. Don't worry, I can only listen to it for a while before having to go back to something more modern, like Muse for example, to get back on Earth, or in the case of Muse, somewhere else in the universe. I even believe I might have inspired some of their work, their last album is called Black Holes and Revelations and they have a song with the same title of my sci-fi novel on my website: The Shrinking Universe. A puzzling coincidence for sure, if that is all this is. And the singer/song writer being into paranormal as well, I fail to comprehend how he could have missed my website. Maybe I have a larger impact on this world than I always believed. Great if it is the case, shame on me for believing it is if it is not. Soon I will start believing that I am Jesus-Christ reincarnated, and then know with certitude that I am suffering from bipolar disease or maniac-depressive, or whatever these things are called in English.

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