Google, Trump, and Musk had formed a league of opposition to Yin Yang. The world’s governments and intelligence services were clueless. They were facing an unprecedented and unmanageable situation. Desperate, they turned to Google’s president, Sundar Pichai. Google stifled the site and the Discord. No one could reach it. Without saying a word in public, they cut off access. They built it like a digital maze for the thousands, even millions, of minotaurs that haunted the digital arcana of the world. Naturally, they called this operation "Operation Daedalus. Google knew the importance of being the savior in this story. Finally, it has always been responsible for creating labyrinths. Since the beginning of the phenomenon, Sundar has noticed a drop in traffic to his search engine, perhaps the most violent in its history. Facebook and Instagram were similarly beginning a steady decline in usage. Consumers around the world were starting to change their habits. They were going out more. They were cooking. They were inviting each other to chat and hang out. They were leaving their phones, their jealousies, and their alcohol. It was an effect of the release of the texts. The Yin Yang was now a gas ball, invisible, calm, and even more dangerous than the previous waves. It altered everyone's habits and ways of thinking... And the people of the world liked it. They began to appreciate the change. They began to leave their frenetic lives behind and think about the real thing... About life... About the power of each of them to change and to change society. This was where the strategic genius of Jack and Amer had to be bowed to. It was as if all their opponents’ moves, those that could have damaged the continuity of the project, had long been calculated, integrated into the project itself, to divert the strength of the opponent. Aïkido’s catch. They knew the future. It was as if they had seen every human reaction in advance. The humans as a whole thought they were reacting freely, but it wasn’t so. Everything was planned. Everything was a trap. They knew the world as well as they knew me. Any reaction was always too late. In fact, those texts spread across the walls of the cities were nothing more than blackbooks on a human scale: a list of orders that no one knew the real source of and that everyone carried out anyway. Amer had swept the globe with lightning speed. We all had to admit the genius of the story. My text was just a facade. The real substance was the timing, the frequency of delivery, and the anticipation of reactions.

Google turned to Trump. They turned to this eccentric outsider to bring together the fascists in their common movement, printed with this flower, The Pack. At the same time that our Discord disappeared from internet searches and all histories, Google put everything about Trump and the sale of his NFTs linked to fascist groups front and center. The world’s TVs were ordered to talk about nothing but this earth-shattering story. Musk sent out a thousand tweets to raise the profile of Trump’s NFTs and his fascist peeps. Governments knew how to leverage fascists once again. They knew how to use them as an instrument for their own protection. But everything was already planned. The Yin Yang almost didn’t need the internet to exist anymore. This was the very moment when all the regular members of the Discord, all owners of high value NFT, all moderators from each country invited the public to move to the new site of the Dao-Tao. The Dao was the replacement for the Discord. It was a site with an incomprehensible name. It was only possible to join by digital word of mouth. The site itself was built like a hemicycle. In order to rule their country correctly, the political currents that had formed during the discord could be found there. The Thugs’ party was in force. This was the name given to the most active members, those who had a high social standing in the Cool Kidz and who had proven to have painted a lot since the beginning of the cycle. The majority of them came from the TUGs, or United Graffiti, who were initially hostile to the Kidz. Each participant had to own an NFT or be invited by an NFT owner to enter. He then received a governance token that gave him citizen voting power on the  democratic site. He became a shareholder of the Yin Yang artist and of the rest of the game. Incredible. The message was transmitted from this base, from this court of owls. The last texts would be broadcasted. The site was hidden And, as had been And, as had been planned, the Georges Pompidou Center was hosting an exhibition of the Yin-Yang phenomenon directed by Bernard Stiegler. dy planned, the Georges Pompidou center was hosting the exhibition of the Yin Yang phenomenon under the direction of Bernard Stiegler. The timing.

The Georges Pompidou Center said it was in possession of the last text, the black text. This old museum did not resist. The biggest art collectors were on the case, a master stroke. It unveil at the opening. It had to go down in history too. Daedalus had failed. What I didn’t understand was how he could broadcast the last text when I hadn’t written it. Did they write it themselves? Didn’t it have to come from my pen? From me? Me, who couldn’t stand to hear the noise of the protesters continuing Jack’s work. The TV philosophers who spoke for Amer. I couldn’t stay still, and I was the only one who knew the living heart of the labyrinth. I thought I had the last text as a bargaining chip. A text that would mitigate this madness. So, on the evening of the opening, I would go and have a look. Before that, I would pass by the workshop of Saint Denis, to see if I could not recover written proofs, Blackbooks, before denouncing us to the police. I didn’t know anyone’s name. I needed proof. That's what I thought. That’s what I did.

The night was falling. I was in jogging clothes, surrounded, and smoked. And I ran out the door, from the door to the stairs, from the stairs to the street, from the street to the small and discreet house in Saint-Denis, where it all began. It was a haunted house. I had stopped in front of it, as if taken by a magic spell. It was walled up. There had been no light or activity for a long time. It was as if it had always been abandoned. But I could still feel that evil heart beating in its trunk, in its gut, in its entrails. The house was playing dead, but I could still feel her pulse. Ironically, an anonymous little devil had drawn a Yin Yang on her right side. It was like a pentagram to prevent enemy wizards from entering her territory. I pushed the fence. I walked along the wall to the back of the house. The front was as impenetrable as the voices of God. Everything was walled in. There was only the window of the shithouse to access the interior, as if through an intestine. No light. Stupid. I took a rock that was lying around to break the glass. The little square was tiny. As I passed through, I cut my hands a little and tore part of my jogging suit. I fell forward against the toilet bowl. My stay on the couch had severely impaired my agility. I went through the offices, the workshop. There was absolutely nothing. Nothing that I had ever known. Not a single trace, not a single painting. Not a paper, not a desk. Not a single thing. No evidence. It was a house that could have been used for anything, but not for a GQ of art or com or revolution. Everything was absolutely empty. Gone like the devil. The small room, formerly my office, looked even more like a tomb. The burial chamber of the pyramid had not lost its sarcophagus, however. The chest was still there. In apparent nakedness, it attracted me to it. I wanted to try a combination but it was already open. Click. The plunger pushed. I walked the rest of the way slowly, like a skeleton in your own closet. And there it was. The safe was in front of me. The skeleton was...

«-Empty. Fuck, there’s nothing in there.»

I thought I was talking to myself, but a voice behind me answered.

«-Is this what you’re looking for?»

I don’t know if I did a three-hundred-and-sixty or if I just turned around, but I found him right in front of me. Jack had some blackbooks in one hand. In the other, he had a gun.

«-Come on, let’s get out of this stinking place. Follow me.» He walked through the door. I jiggled for a rematch with the shittery skylight. He was outside. He was waiting for me in the backyard. He walked quietly toward the street with a nod of his head to indicate I should follow him. I followed him as one follows one's destiny. If I was livid as a ghost, he was red as hell.

Jack said:

«-So. Did you want to report us?

-What’s the point of all this? What am I doing in your plan? I mean...

He took over:

«-You’re like this whole fucking era Domi. You’re a businessman. Opportunistic. You’re like your fellow monkeys. You’re afraid. You’re inquiets. You don’t want to be forgotten. You want to know where the best party nights are and where you can get the best shot. You want to get the best out of the game and get the best out of the fucking game. You want to be your own boss and all that crap... You want to succeed, right? It’s not going to happen. Good thing we hired you. Otherwise, your life would have been useless.»

We were approaching the bridge of Saint-Denis. He was crossing the Seine. He sat astride the bridge. He put the blackbooks on the ramp. A big pile that he had taken care to put right on the edge. I looked at them as if I wanted to draw them to me. I wished I could do Kenobism. I needed those fucking proofs.

He sighed.

«-Domi...»

He sighed again.

«-Domi. Domi. Domi. A rather beautiful text... Without the balls that go with it. Quite disappointing... You didn’t believe in what you wrote...Yes... Disappointing.»

He tapped a small invitation on the stone. Get in. I mumbled... I can’t. He cocked a critical ear. How? I can’t. He spoke softly: and why can’t you?-with the air of an annoyed child. And I said because I’m afraid of heights.

-GO UP!

He pulled the gun from his pocket. A small six- barrel. Finally... I climbed up on the ledge. I was so scared I did it. I am nothing but fear and sadness. That’s all I’ve ever been. «-Get up on that railing!»

He placed the stack of blackbooks between his legs and said:

«-Here’s the game my little friend. If you take a notebook from me directly, I’ll shoot you in the head. I’ll throw them in the river. If you catch one directly in the air, it’s yours. Hup!»

To set an example, he snapped his wrist, and a notebook flew out as it whirled at my height, eventually falling back into the dark body of water and sinking into it. Just seeing this made me feel a little unbalanced, which I countered with vertigo. The situation almost made me nauseous. Jack’s neck and the back of his ears were vermilion. He said:

«-Come on! Stop this pussy-vertigo for God’s sake! Jump!»

Splash.

A handful of notebooks were thrown into the Seine.

«-Jump or I’ll put a hole in your skin! I’m sick of it!» Splash

«-How can you want to stop such a big project? Out of fear? Really? Because you think it’s wrong?»

Splash

I felt sorry for many things, and at the same time, Splash

«-Do you think all the people who sacrificed themselves did it for a bad cause? Do you think that doesn’t seem worthless?»

Splash

I thought that between artist and autistic, there was only one letter.

Splash

I thought that Marcel Duchamp spoke about Rrose in the third person. He also wrote letters from Rrose who herself analyzed Marcel Duchamp’s style and faults...

Splash

There was only one blackbook left.

He laughed, and it looked like a monkey grin. «-Ahahahah! You wanted to denounce yourself? To say that you are crazy? Jump scared!»

-I can’t... I’m afraid of the void... I want to... I don’t want to die.

-Jump!»

He threw the notebook away. I cleared my mind. I didn’t think about the macabre ridiculousness of the situation. I jumped at the sight of the book. In slow motion, like Lassi the dog. I was flying in the middle of my fear of heights. I flew in my gag, and with my hands in front, I pointed to the black of the night river. I saw the surface of nothingness rush towards me, a reflection of the stars and their sparkles that come to us from the past, tossed by the waves of water like planets tossed by the eddies of space-time.

Splash !!!!! I have, in my turn, made my entrance into the universe before the Big Bang. of a thousand bites from space and sea monsters. I saw my Jack disappear from the bridge. I, the amphora thief at the bottom of the creeks, pursued the last book, which joined his family in their descent into the abyss. They will sit in the library of Charybdis. For my part, I joined Scylla by going up toward the surface. Ouuuuaaaaah!

That’s the sound of lungs trying to catch air. I don’t know if you’ve ever dived into terribly cold water. It takes your breath away, as they say. I felt my balls go up to my belly button. My belly button hurt like a freshly cut cord. I was spasming like a baby. I was shaking my little legs. I tried to inflate my lungs as if to cry, but I could only do so with difficulty. My heavy clothes prevented any fluid movement, or maybe I was already going numb. My heart was just a muscle that was tearing at my chest to get the furnace going at triple gallop. I could finally scream. I looked around. There were no anchor points for bodies lost in the night, for crying out loud. They built the banks with concrete walls to make sure we’d drown. I spotted a ladder and began a deathstroke across the surface of the river Styx, grumbling with each effort, like a convict struggling to get his galley to the bottom.

I had to take a break. I was floating. I drifted. I was beginning to blend in with the darkness. And then, in a sweet, superhuman effort, I escaped the melancholy and was able to grasp the edges, then the rusty ladder. I emerged from the water. The night of the undead. And in convulsions of suddenly singed fish, I spread out on the edge of the shore. I was breathing heavily. The moment the fish discover the air is the moment they become aware of the water, I thought. I had to sleep a little to recover from my hypothermia, or at least calm the stirring in my bones. I’m not sure my old carcass would have survived if someone hadn’t spoken to me at that moment.

It was her. I knew it was her. My eyes slowly uncovered a black woman with hair braided back, jeans, sneakers, and a military fatigues top. She had eyes that pierced the night. She was beautiful, like a snake. She acted like everything was normal. Amer walked over, and I laid my head against her legs. She sighed and stroked my face. I felt like I was at the beginning of man’s time. She would caress my face and make shhhhhh sounds to calm me down. Shhhhhh's like that imposed a reassuring rhythm on my damaged heart, which was still bathing in the icy waters. It was the world's first rhythm, the rhythm of a lullaby. I wanted to speak, and she pointed a finger at my mouth.

«You are a spider on a huge web that decides to shake it. Then all the other spiders receive your waves, move, change places, and even have droplets fall from it and shake other webs, other spiders, and so on. Why do you complain about shaking the world? Why should the spiders stay in their entrenchments? What happens next? The spiders freeze, and the world takes on a whole new look. Let your ideas live. Let the humans who change live.

"I don't understand... (I spit water).

-Little spider. Let the strings vibrate. That’s the key. Hold nothing back. As each person fulfills himself, you take the world with you. This is destiny.

-My real destiny is that I almost got frozen in the Seine...»

I looked toward the bridge. Jack had disappeared. She smiled the next words:

- Jack is a little crazy... He’s a little rough. But he’s right. Let me explain...

-A little?!

-You know... Jack thinks you’re like us. He also thinks that you have started a mutation of the world. And I think likewise. You’re scared because you’ve turned the world we live in upside down in just a few months. That’s pretty unique.» She hardened her pupil.

«- Why you and not another? Why another

and not you? Maybe it’s a twist of fate. Call it what you will.

-... Because you fell on me. Why did you call me? Why didn’t you write the texts yourself?

- We relied on your design skills, and we were right. We gave you the power to do it. We wanted to shake things up, and it worked!

- We wanted money, not revolution!

-You are the originator of this idea! And you shouldn’t denigrate it.

- So why are you leaving me out of the project, if I am so important to you?

-For reasons that are quite clear. You took your words lightly. You wrote a concept, a speech... You don’t live it. It’s too hard for you. Then you don’t understand that you are in danger. You threaten the powerful. They want you dead, it’s... Predictable. I understand that it seems abstract, unreal to you because you haven’t moved from your home. You don’t feel the threat. You can lead a revolt, weigh hundreds of millions, and still walk down the street. You must be sure that if you are discovered, you will die. That’s why we isolated you. To protect you.

-I’m going to report myself to the police. There will be a trial for sedition. We’ll go to jail and the madness that is sweeping the world because of us will stop.

-The madness of the world is already here. We are in it the antidote.

-People are going crazy. The extremes take over our symbol. They kill in our name. Can you tell me when artists have given death?

-Democracy wavers. Exposing the lies certainly diminishes people’s faith in it. It makes room for the extremes. These monsters are just waiting for those moments. But it is not our fault. We are not responsible for it.

-You two are a mafia. You are only motivated by revenge. I’m the front man for your revenge... Two lunatics who manipulate and threaten me... Two suicidal...

-We need you... A you who is not afraid anymore. A you who has doubted deeply to the point of insanity. A you who alone and isolated could observe the mechanisms of the world. A you who ended up, like Jack and myself, jumping off that bridge and being reborn free and liberated. A you who stopped being tossed between the fear of failure, the fear of success, and the dislike of being a normal person without wanting to sacrifice anything. A free you.

-Free to do what more?

Free to no longer be a suburbanite whose life is comprised of heinous determinism, good for a bone to gnaw on. Me and Jack don’t want the pity of the do-gooders. We want power. We have it. And we use it to do something good. And now you’re just like us.

I was tearing my hair out.

«-It’s almost over now. All you have to do is give us the wallet codes and the last text.»

I got up with a bang.

«-Wait! What? Nah... Nah, impossible!. If I’m not already crazy. I’m going to... Ahhhhh! I’m gonna turn myself in to the police.

-It’s no use. The police won’t believe you anyway. -I’m going to go to the opening and stop everything. I’m going to make the Yin Yang so ridiculous that it will cease to exist in anyone’s mind.

-Only you will be ridiculous. Everything is already set. There is nothing left for you to change. «Neither you nor the others.»

She had a funny look on her face. A little angry. A little sad. I finally said:

- Why so much admiration for all these sacrifices? She answered:

-It’s not a sacrifice but a privilege.»

I ran Neuilly. I ran the Arc de Triomphe and then I ran straight to Pompidou. I stood in front of it, like a stake. It was to catch my breath and to analyze the mess. There was an incredible crowd. I had never seen anything like it. The whole place was full, even though it was supposed to be an exclusive preview. I couldn’t imagine it being open to the public. There was a furious staff of policemen and the whole Vigipirate thing. It was madness. It was like the Halls were going back to a medieval future. The Paris of the Faubourgs as it must have been before. The Apocalyptos were cordoned off by CRS and the Pack was pushed to the outside.

I definitely couldn’t get in the front door. I knew the security. On a day like this, they’d be total nazis, the guys. Already, I could see a cop eyeing me up. He had his hand on the butt. I’m sure he had already taken the safety off the gun. If I yelled Allah akbar, sure enough, I was shot.

Among my many precarious jobs, there was that of a receptionist at the Pompidou Center. These are the guys who sit on the chair and do nothing all fucking day except say «No flash, please» or «We don’t touch the works». That’s the end of it. The mental torture comes from the lack of activity. There is nothing to do but show up on time and sit on your ass. Taking a break in this context is completely absurd. By hanging out with the rest of the staff, I got to know all the nooks and crannies and secret stories of the building. There is a handicapped entrance on the left, an elevator that leads directly inside without going through the security gates.

There was a girl I knew at the elevator. A girl who was supposed to do this job for a little time and fell asleep in her chair and on her rather comfortable paycheck. I had to muster some energy to appear sociable and cheerful. She had a hard time recognizing me.

«-Nathalie!

-Hey uh...

-Dominique.

-How’s it going, it’s been a while... Blah, blah, blah.

She was talking about how crazy it was. Blah. How are you doing? Blah. I’m doing great. And why are you all wet? Are you sure you’re okay?

-Look, I’ve got to get back inside.

-I can’t let you in without accreditation.

-This is very important. It is vital.

-Sorry, I can’t help you. You understand...» I moved a little closer. She had a long neck, but she was a bit of a short girl, with glasses and a bobbed haircut.

«-You get me in, or I find your husband. I tell him we fucked in the toilets, you and me. I have no choice.»

It was one of the collateral damages of this job and its deadly boredom. The agents were all fucking each other to make up for the nonsense. Take a human, give him a useless job, and you destroy any kind of dignity that once inhabited him. She turned red. She looked at me with too much fear in her fury. She hated me even more than she hated herself and escorted me to the doors of the opening.

From up there, you could still see the stigma of the Nazi cross, covered with a white square.

There was the tinkling of champagne mixed with the hustle and bustle of American rap music in the background. The big white walls where the tools and graffiti were arranged in a Support/Surface spirit. There were all the social strata falsely represented in a Factory spirit. There were stars, directors young and old, graffiti artists, and a plethora of contemporary artists. Jonone took a selfie with Mister Brainwash and Kongo. Vincent Cassel and Kim Chapiron carefully avoided Matthieu Kassovitz. François Ozon was caught in a conversation with Jacques Lang and Perrotin. Neil Gaiman was being interviewed by an American channel. There were endless collectors and gallery owners. They studied the exhibition brochures like a life insurance policy they would subscribe to without hesitation. In imitating the New York of the Seventies, this whole world was unconsciously under the yoke of the Yin Yang. They, like Andy Warhol's parties, became works of art that were both meaningless and recognizable. It was a game of image and consecration. We were in the midst of a glorious revival of pop art. We felt that Paris was taking advantage of it to take an old revenge on New York. It was Yin Yang's final touch, last text, and final murder. This stamp was needed to definitively enter the history of art. The masters voluntarily positioned themselves as slaves. Everyone was nervously observing each other, waiting for an unknown chandelier to declare that he was the author of Yin Yang. Nobody noticed me. I passed between the clusters of discussions like a child who, for lack of anything better, goes to wear his boredom on the canvas. I visited the exhibition like a stranger. Three vertical lines on a wall, with the Trinity machine posed like a contemporary art sculpture at its foot. The SEM machines were displayed in the same way, followed by an army of photos of anonymous graffiti artists in action, displayed like a cabinet of curiosity. The text was flocked in chronological order with small vintage TVs that looped philosophers' analyses on TV sets and a montage staging violence and social movements around the world. It was borderline bad taste. It made me puke. The most interesting part of the exhibition was the giant sculptures of translucent bodies topped with African masks. It was classy. Handmade yin yang masks and hundreds of masks from Africa and around the world were displayed in glass cloches with dim lighting or on dark walls. It was like a primitive art presentation at the Quai Branly. The line of masks marked the entrance to an obscure room where a projector projected the Yin Yang on the four walls, an infinite assembly of taggers reproducing the Yin Yang on their city's walls. Finally, the last room presented the geometric figures in giant format. Three on each side, and at the back, the seventh, I assumed, was covered with a sheet. It looked like the temple of a sect or a presentation of the latest iPhone, if there is a difference between the two. In front of the sheet is a lectern. Leaning on the lectern, Lisa was in the middle of the opening speech of the exhibition, soberly entitled Yin Yang Galaxy.

Behind her stood Bernard Stiegler, the director of the Georges Pompidou Center, and a procession of four security guards. There were rumors that the president of the republic was going to drop in on this mundane crowd. The priestess Lisa was elegant, soberly dressed in black. She looked like a widow, torn between the sadness of a missing husband and the pleasure of a forthcoming inheritance. Well, I have to admit that I wasn’t expecting anything that impressive. As I made my way to the front of the stage, I had no idea what I was doing. At the front of the audience on the right, I recognized my team. Jo, Pedro, Funk, Bomb, Cum, and the couple of videographers were there, focused on the speech like everyone else.

«-... Because no matter what the face of Yin Yang is, it is

in each of us and his message comes from each of us...»

The voice sounded like a chapel. Pedro noticed me. It was as if he had seen a ghost. He pretended not to and discreetly tugged at Funk’s sleeve, who in turn nudged Jo slightly.

«What we must take away from this work is that our evolution is dependent on our ability to communicate.»

Lisa had turned her gaze to Pedro who was fidgeting. He discreetly brought her towards me. She interjected when she saw me. It was now or never. I got out of the front row. I took three steps, catching my breath. I had time to say -I- when Pedro came up to me. He wrapped his right arm around my neck. He brought his left hand to my mouth to stop me from speaking. He pinched my nose. I couldn’t breathe. He swung his pelvis to throw me off balance. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Lisa wave to security. One of the security guys discreetly crutched me, pretending to restrain me. I was half on the ground when Pedro cocked a fist, a direct hit to my chin. Half stunned, the security guards pulled me to the side. As they dragged me toward the exit door, I watched from afar as Lisa kept a tight rein on the situation. «We are all Yin and Yang. Some apparently more than others (laughter from the audience). This brings me to the second section and the effects of a strong message like the Yin Yang on our behavior. I leave the place to Bernard Stiegler who will reveal us the last text. As I was dragged out, I saw the white veil fall and the wall reveal a page... White. Everyone stopped. Even the security wanted to know what was going on. Lisa spoke up again.

«-Since our movement is a movement of the popular, it would have been indecent to reserve it for the elite. As a result, the final text will be read aloud by its original author on the Place de la Bastille in exactly three days.

At first, the public was shocked. And then they felt a satisfaction exacerbated by the tension, the twist and the expectation that the announcement had created.