The public applauded as the door closed. I was isolated, handcuffed. The police came to look for me for suspicious and risky behavior. Sitting in the back of the police car, we drove through the compact crowd that had gathered outside the museum. There were groups, candles were lit. Everyone was repeating at the top of their voices: «We are Yin Yang. We are Yin Yang. We are Yin Yang...» There were oilped people, some kind of monks, meetings, and small fights in all directions. It was a mess.

Back to square one. I was taken to the commico in the third district. They took me to the sheriff’s office. The guys were a lot more relaxed than our suburban chickens, I thought. I was even propped up with coffee and a blanket. I was still shivering from my water adventure.

I heard the debriefing given to the commissioner before he went into his office.

«... A poor guy who somehow broke into a wormhole. He didn’t have any weapons on him...»

The commissioner came in. He looked at me. He sat down. A mustache, glasses, and a lumberjack shirt He started typing on his computer. Probably looking for his solitaire program. It took a good ten minutes. Sherifs perform on stage like comedians before beginning their interrogation. They wait a little. It warms up the room. Finally, he decided to send the three shots of brigadier. Name, first name, identity.

«-Good. I’m listening. Tell me your story. I want to know how you ended up at this exhibition and what you intended to do there.

I said:

«-I’m not sure where to start. Maybe at the beginning. The beginning, I think, was the day I got my ass kicked, and then I was taken to the station. It wasn’t the first time I’ve had that happen to me. I didn’t like it, neither one nor the other, of course. But it had been a while since I had been caught. And then, this was different. First, because it was the day Jack became interested in me. Secondly, because it wasn’t just a graffiti...»

I told it all in order, if there is an order at all. The blinds, the startup, Jeffrey, the blackbooks, the Yin Yang and the revolution that went with it. This went on for ages. The cop kept going back and forth. He had stopped writing on his computer. He turned on the recorder on his phone. He invited his colleagues on break to come and listen to bits of the story. Around midnight, I got a pizza and was put in a self-contained cell to sleep for a few hours. The cop woke me up at 3am. He had written a statement, some sort of summary of my story. The guy wasn’t a writer. It was like a giant telegram, a bit Dadaist. It didn’t help my story. Well, he focused on my last visit to the station. It was the only evidence of my interaction with reality that he had in his hands. He put himself in a legal posture. He searched the mainframe and found no trace of either Jack or Amer. He said he would look for witnesses on the island of Saint Denis. The cop went back to the story about the blind. He said that no one had asked about me. The cop pointed out that I had not responded to the convocation  of the legal ombudsman. Luckily, the complainant did not show up. The mediator therefore cancelled the complaint, but I would have to pay a fixed fine to the public utility company for degrading the public «visual» space. The cop made me read the file so that I would pre-validate the court decision. I had to pay a thousand euros. He left me alone with the file. It was very strange because, in the file, he had left the informations about the plaintiff. There were his name and address. I got to know the rugby player’s face again and remembered his dirty hands. He lived near my parents and was still a working cop. I thought at first that it was a big mistake for a commissioner to leave that kind of information out for me, after the story I told him. I could have taken note of the complainant’s address to get back at him for the beating he had given me in the face. The cop was watching me. There is always a small hole in the office for witnesses to discreetly identify suspects. The cop was watching me through that little hole in the thug’s peeping Tom. He wanted to see my reaction to having my complainant’s address shoved in my face and judge my honesty and lying ability. It was a little test. Just to see how he was going to get me out of his office. The cop tracks down the abnormal in me in order to bring it back to the norm. He sees liars every day, and his job is to reinterpret their lies according to their codes so that the whole is reintegrated into society. Life is a great battle of subjectivities. The cop’s goal is not to solve a case. He has to put a case back on one individual or another as soon as possible. Either the cop has a case that he considers solved in advance, which is therefore condemnable, or the cop has a complicated case that he rushes to cancel for the simple reason that he has to make quotas. He sells solved cases as a commodity. Therefore, it is better to sell many small solved cases than one big unsolved case. To accomplish this, the trans-cop interprets a large unsolved case into a small solved case. This plethora of noir films and series We eat all year with a super commissioner and a forensic team that solves all cases indefinitely; it's propaganda. It’s a panopticon, or an illusion of a panopticon. It’s made for us to believe we are being watched, and if we do something wrong, it will be impossible not to be punished because the police solve all the problems. But this is just preventive flute. In reality, the cops are watching places you wouldn’t expect them to, but that’s all. They take cases when they come across them and present the judge with the most simplified story possible. It doesn’t matter if it has anything to do with reality. If cops were like they are on TV, there would be no more murders or crimes for a long time. But people still kill.

Other than that, he was a pretty nice cop. He was nice when I told him that there was the complainant’s information in the file and that I probably wasn’t allowed to see it. I think it’s nice when a guy does everything he can to not solve a case. But in my case, I really had to disown the Yin Yang. It was also important for my self-esteem that I was not the potential leader of an international revolt. I also had blood on my hands. And I was still one of those humans who would rather spend time behind bars than have a consciences tortured by the lack of punishment. I was trading my freedom for the hope of returning to calm in this crazy world.

But the cop decided for me. He said that the exhibition of Yin Yang in Paris had triggered a wave of madness. There were, in addition to me, twenty-five other "weakened" personalities who entered the exhibition to sabotage it. It was crazy. They thought I was a terrorist of my own creation. He added that we couldn’t even count the number of crazies who claimed to be the original author of Yin Yang. There were thousands of us for the last three months, on the scale of France and on the scale of the world, it was incalculable. I understood his position well. I had a beard, a bruised eye, and a nose twice broken. I was soaked and in a state of panic, and I showed up by reporting myself to the local police as a guy who comes in and says he’s the leader of Al Qaeda, like a lot of other guys in the neighborhood. The truth was somewhere between the two of us. That somewhere, the cop decided, would be defined by a psychoanalyst. It was a wise decision that didn’t stop me. I could see that he didn’t believe me to be the perpetrator of international wrongdoing. He even confided in me:

«-I shouldn’t tell you this, but the real perpetrators are going to be arrested in three days. The organizer and curator of the exhibition will be arrested first, and their leader will be arrested at his home as soon as he sets foot there again. You might run into them at the depot. Oh yes. You will be taken to the depot, while waiting to go before the psychoanalyst. She will make a diagnosis and give her opinion on your responsibility before the judge of immediate appearances. It should take three days at most. Nothing serious.»

I stared at him warily. He stared back at me. I thought it was crazy that I wasn’t being taken seriously after such a heavy and detailed deposition when I had done over twelve hours for a simple blind. Justice is definitely blindfolded. It strikes at random the piñatas that are within reach of the blade.

The inspector added, before I was taken away: «-Should we say leadrice, if it is a woman?» I said no. He was a nice guy.

As expected, a first-instance investigating judge has authorized the judicial psychological expertise. As planned, I waited at the depot, the temporary detention center in Nanterre.

The pre-sentence expertise determines the degree of criminal responsibility of a person, and the post-sentence expertise makes it possible to evaluate the indication of a care order. I was in the first case. I went to the hospital. I had the usual revisions and a brain scan at the request of the shrink. A doctor gave me the prescription for the psych session and a reimbursement form from the health insurance company. If I am a sociopath, I will be reimbursed. The shrink had to do a quick validation to see if I was just a poor guy like the first cop said or if I was a poor guy who needed to have an S card on his back. The psychology expert is a bachelor plus five, from his private practice. The sessions for a mid-level case like mine are thirty euros per hour, plus transport. As a result, the doctor’s excitement quickly subsides.

I heard the sound of keys. It was a guard. He was there to take me to the shrink. Too bad. I felt good in the cell. I meditated. I was at peace. I knew jail was my place. I had only one session. I was doing a series of tests. First of all, the complex figure of Rey. It is a geometric drawing, a kind of bird with a little man inside to reproduce from memory. The PM38 from Raven is a test of psychic intelligence based on language. It discriminates against the poor and foreigners. This is the time to use the most polite language possible, but without overdoing it. You have to be a good actor. Otherwise, you end up in the lower categories of criminology, Lombroso style. Slang use can lead you straight into the wall. Forget about expressions and puns. If you try to be witty, you will be found to have a perversion behind the curtain. And finally, the king of tests: The Rorchach. This is the test of the small tasks. You feel like you’re saying something stupid every time you speak. So you try to fake it for yourself, but it’s even worse. She was pretty active. I mean, she wasn’t the kind of shrink who says nothing, like the Freudian structuralists. I guess those are for rich people who have problems, but not too many, I mean, they have problems, but they don’t necessarily want to solve them. They just want to talk about it with someone other than their friends, who have all run away. She was talking. She was even pleasant. It must have been part of her system.

Well, the conversation was to make sense of my intrusion and my story, which she had taken directly from the clerk’s recording. The whole thing was watered down with surprise questions that were a little titillating to get me to react. She just wanted to check my reactivity, impulsiveness, or defensive strategies. It was a bit like a date. I had to repeat my story in length, breadth, and depth, once again. She wrote down a lot of stuff. She asked me what I thought about it. She was a little off on the subject. She kept harping on me about the history of art and propaganda around the world. It was almost painful, but it was her job, and she took it to heart. The shrink had to delve into the memories of a neuropath for a good four hours before giving her verdict. She gave me her diagnosis live. I got a kick out of it. There’s a masochistic side to receiving a diagnosis. She forgot to say that I was a masochist.

Personality disorder, ego hypertrophy, delusions of persecution, and delusions of vindication. Hypersensitivity to sensory and emotional stimuli, shy and introspective. Paranoia that is highly systematized, contextual, transient, and reversible. Delusional sinistrosis. Delusions of the passionate idealist and of the unrecognized inventor appear after failures and disappointments. Sensory hallucination related to the themes of the delirium. Possible alcoholic encephalopathy. Korsakoff’s syndrome following a lesion of the cerebral cortex. A morbid evolutionary process is only theoretically possible.

«-What does that mean?

-This means, Mr. Lefèvre, that you are paranoid. -Strangely enough, I would rather have been schizophrenic than paranoid. Schizo is a creative thing

whereas paranoia is a conservative thing.

-If it makes you feel any better, you were schizo for a moment. In fact, your paranoia led you t o believe in schizophrenia. It’s a bit of a complex concept, but your paranoia created a high degree of coherence in your interpretation of the events of your life. To maintain this coherence, you had to create a schizophrenic environment from scratch.

You have formulated your story through your projections and your delirium on graffiti and other things. In truth, this rant began with a major disappointment, that is, the interruption of your art school education.

-...like Hitler.

-Hitler fascinates the paranoid. Your neurosis was latent because of your confinement in small jobs and in an increasingly limited sociability. The triggering element certainly comes from the blow you received when you were first challenged in front of the famous blind you like to use as an introduction to your delusion. The shock created a lesion in your brain. It is there that your paranoia has made the character of Jack appear and the whole system that he represents for you. I think, unless there is evidence to the contrary, that the same is true for the character of Amer. This kind of pathology is also to be considered in a biological way.

Are you planning on admitting me to the hospital?

-These are moments of life, Mr. Lefèvre. You are not condemned. Apart from minimal suicidal risks, you are not dangerous. By this, I mean that you are at the stage of a neurosis.

-All neuroses are seeds of psychoses.

-This is not true. Moreover, if we locked up all the neurotics, there would be the whole of society would be in prison. That’s a problem.

-Paranoia is the new normal?

-That’s it. You are a prototype of the human of the future, Mr. Lefèvre.

-Things only work well if they go wrong. I still think I should be institutionalized.

-No. That’s not necessary. I will prescribe mild antipsychotics, Thiamine, B vitamins and recommend you go easy on the drink. Avoid drugs as well. Get a small job. Make new friends. Play sports and get a girlfriend. This is the best medicine. Maybe get away from creative environments.

-This question of the effects of art on health has never been asked.

-Of course... Avoid consuming too many stimulants too, coffee, coke, cigarettes, etc. That’s it. You are free.

-Hold on. I have some questions.

-Yes?

-I have a big doubt about a lot of things...

-It’s the principle of paranoia but... I’m listening. -Does the Yin Yang phenomenon exist? I mean, have you heard about it? Have you seen it on TV and in the street and everywhere else?

-What do you mean?

-The exhibition I was stopped at... It was on the theme of Yin Yang? On this mystery artist who invented this logo and these texts and...

-Yes. This... Political-artistic wave does exist. But it is not attached to you. It can be found in the outside world. -How can you prove it’s not related to me?

-I told you. This phenomenon is perfect for hooking delusions in the fragile layers of society. I’m participating in a colloquium on this topic at the end of next week. It’s hard to explain why, but you’re definitely not alone in this. There are a lot of people who have become involved in this phenomenon simply because of its impact. It’s everywhere, as you mentioned. So you have created a mixture of your memories, desires and frustrations and have put your ego at the center of this phenomenon. How can I say... It would be like you saying you are Jesus and asking me if I have ever heard of Jesus. I would say, yes, I have heard of him. But you are not Jesus.

-Life is a battle of subjectivity.

-Since you like maxims, I’ll tell you this one. You felt that you were becoming someone else. So the one who was there before was you. Not many people get a comparative study of their personality. Take advantage of it. It can be priceless for future growth.

-Ok... Okay... One last question. Objectively, what do you think about the Yin Yang phenomenon? What it brings philosophically.

-Okay... I’ll tell you what I have prepared for the meeting. First, I’d like to highlight the fact that pop culture has now a great influence on mankind. Do you recall the Truman syndrome?

-No.

-It’s a form of paranoia that emerged after the movie Truman Show. I’m sure that its main actor is suffering from it today. You see? Hup. A film is shown, and a new disease emerges. Pop culture generates strong and almost instantaneous beliefs and fantasies. This is a sign of our times and I think it is very dangerous. You are living proof of it.

In this context, I think that the person who conceived this message to the world is aware of it. He or she has used the necessary instruments to trigger this collective hysteria. The message, although it seems altruistic, is a fascist message. This person does not want to build anything. He just wants to destroy the world around him without proposing anything else. That’s it. This is fascism for me: when you try to drag a whole population into your death pulse and under the aegis of a flag.

-Can’t it be seen as a gentle revolution that aimed at a better world?

-Revolution is not done in this way, Mr. Lefèvre. It is done openly, not by throwing out pieces of text and seduce the crowds with attractive colors. If the goal was to fight capitalism inherent inequalities, then it has failed. This phenomenon is an invigorating wind that fans the flames of excessive communication. It introduces a collective paranoia that implies that fighting and confrontation are the only possible modes of communication. That’s it. It’s a naive message.»

She called two cops and I got out of the little office. She gave them a traffic ticket. I’d see the JLD, the liberty and custody judge, that evening or the next day. When I left the building, my heart stopped twice. In one of the corridors, I took a turn. My cops weren’t even holding me. They trusted me. There were echoes of a commotion, which made me hurry up a little. I thought I recognized a voice. I looked in the direction of the prisoner in transfer. He was well held by his escort. It was Pedro. Pedrito who froze as he fell on me. He took a deep breath in fear. And he screamed:

«-There!! That’s the one I was talking about! That’s Dominique! He’s the one who wrote the Yin Yang and everything else! That’s him!!!»

The cop pulled violently on his arm.

«-Shut up!»

I didn’t think. I flipped him off and stuck my tongue out... God, I’ll never grow up. The cop pulled my arm too, carrying me in the opposite direction.

«You, come over here!»

It looked like the cops were walking their dogs and the dogs couldn’t smell themselves. We moved down the hall. Another tough cop was waiting for us. He stopped my escort. He said: «-The judge has a place. I’ll handle the transfer. Do you have the circulation form?»

My hands were changed. I followed the guy. He was weird. He stuck his head into his broad shoulders as if to hide. So when we took the hallway that didn’t go to the courthouse at all, but to the parking lot, I got a chill. We were through the fire doors before I woke up. I scanned his face.

«-But wait! Where are we going now?»

I recognized him, that old fool. He was the guy from the blind. The rugby man who had broken my face.

-You? Shit...

He held my arm steady and activated the opening.

of his car not far away. He said:

«-Shut up! I’m here to help you.

-Help!»

I really yelled out loud. He said:

«-Fuck, stop! I’m helping you here, goddammit!!!» He showed his fist and threw me into the backseat.

I said:

«You're not going to kidnap me for some old blind guy,» I say. The cockpit lock cut off my sentence.

He sat up front and said:

-I was sent by Jack and Amer. Don’t worry. Consider me as a friend now. I’m with you.»

That’s how I escaped almost seamlessly from the district court. My companion told me how the world had turned out during my brief absence on the way to who knows where.

After the exhibition, the merchandising sales and the few original works exploded. The street art auction record was smashed with a minimum of two million per piece. The collector remained anonymous. Sotheby’s had already scheduled a piece for the next session. A donation was made to the Georges Pompidou Center. The cities were beginning to worry about the number of walls being torn down by the smart guys who were planning to resell the original Yin Yang antique pieces in only two days. But that was nothing compared to the movement that had appeared during my ride in the shade. My driver glanced in the rearview mirror.

«When people understood the double language of the state, when they saw on television that the Yin Yang team had been arrested even though they had supported the vernissage, it created a spontaneous insurrection of Parisians. There were small demonstrations, but they were virulent processions. The site launched a call for the first world demonstration coordinated for the speech. It is... Today. Here. Look.» He handed me his phone. A panicked anchorman was talking to a reporter. She had gotten hold a leak of the latest pdf put out by the Dao Tao website. It was a call for a larger gathering. It was brought in at the last minute, like a rave organization, to avoid approvals. There was also an Ikea-style notice. The notice explained how to get hold of a fire extinguisher and fill it with ink and paint. It invited anyone who could, to draw giant outlines on city streets. There was a new logo drawn on the screen. The new Yin Yang logo was more streamlined. They had kept only the drop and the dot underneath. The notice ended on a note: The last text will be revealed orally.

Is this something Amer did?

-I think so. Or a political decision of the Dao-Tao.

And what about me; my name is nowhere to be found?

-Not yet no... But it should happen one day soon.» Outside, small groups were all walking in the same direction. They were dressed in black and white or T-shirts with geometric figures.

-These people... They go...

-To the protest.»

I looked back at the phone. A rhythmic display illustrated the demonstrations that were taking place in the city centers of the five continents. They wore Yin Yang masks. On the screen, a world that looks like a big block party. Raves and illegal parties had erupted in every city and throughout the entire fucking world. After that, a page of ads, in a desire to survive, followed the trend. There were advertisements with images of revolution to sell us automobiles. Ads are amoral. They talk about energy, value and freedom. They talk about everything but their product. They are always adapting, even if they have to deny themselves. The driver turned on the radio. Reporters were chaining descriptions of heists and clashes with the police in Hong Kong, Santiago, Berlin or Yamoussoukro.

«-Where are we going?

-At the Elysees Bistro.

-Isn’t it a bit risky to go to the fields now?

-This is a decision by Amer. She thinks we will be more calm in the eye of the storm. Because the Bastille was completely cordoned off by police, the speech was moved to the Champs-Élysées. There are like two demonstrations.»

We were getting closer to the Porte Maillot and already the demonstrators were taking the whole road. My rugby player parked the car. There were tom-toms and whistles calling us away. It was summer. It was hot and I was caught up in the fascinating synergy of the crowds.

We were all water in a stream, and we were tending to the roar of our transformation into a waterfall, further down the valley. There were huge Yin Yang logos on the fire extinguisher. Their masterful black cast darkened the Haussmannian facades at regular intervals. Apocalyptos guys were chanting apocalyptic speeches, of course. Clans of Bored Apes marked their presence, in the middle of the masks, like in an ancient war. I saw clans of people with Jeffrey Celavie’s logo and glasses too. I thought I was hallucinating. I didn’t have time to process the information. It was incredible. It was a pessimistic force of the people. The people are a dragon. They don’t wake up very often, but when they wake up from their long reverie, then... Then, they burst into flames. Barricades were erected in major thoroughfares, while the CRS took to the smaller streets to plan their attack strategies. Imagining that at the same moment, all the cities could have the same electric atmosphere made me hysterical. My feelings were heightened. If you know the effect of a soccer match or a live concert, you have to multiply it by infinity to know the overwhelming feeling of that day. I felt like I was no longer myself, but rather part of the crowd, the group. I wanted to hide like a bird that feels the storm coming and at the same time, I was the storm. The most powerful storms I had been home for so long. The atmosphere transcended me, and my instincts told me that this was the first human storm of global warming. In the midst of the chaos, an iron curtain went up. Jack and Amer were in the bistro, closed and empty. They were waiting for me.