In a world where there is only humanity, human itself is the world to conquer. In this world, I was born, and life passed through me like a sword. The look in Amer’s eyes too. She was sitting next to Jack. Their stoic postures contrasted with the bustle outside. An ecru light fell on their shoulders. It looked like a Vermeer or maybe a Hopper. She looked down at her index finger. Her index finger looked down at an envelope.

« This envelope contains money, a plane ticket to Thailand, and a new passport. Jack leaves in... (She looks at her watch) fifteen minutes. I’m flying out in two hours. If you decide to join us, you have to do it before your description is given to customs.

-What does that mean?

- I don’t know. I took your ticket for tomorrow morning. That’s just a probability. I can’t know when you’ll be turned in and when the investigators will have traced the information.» My gorilla intervened:

«One of the people we questioned passed us in court and recognized Dominique. He was already sitting at the table.

-It was Pedro.»

Amer did not let herself be moved.

«-In the envelope, there is a hotel address in Bangkok. Learn it and throw away the paper. I also advise you to destroy your phone and computer.

-And if I don’t want to come. I mean... I feel forced to leave my life...

-You’ve already left it. There are two new lives waiting for you. One in Thailand or one in prison. It’s up to you.

-Obviously, said like that...

-I don’t want you to go to jail because the project must go on.

-Why me?

- You are good at what you do.

Jack approached.

-You must give us the codes.

- What codes?

- Access codes to the NFT wallet.

- What for? A war?

- No. To keep the site going on. The project has to continue to grow.

- I don’t have the codes.

- You wrote them down somewhere.

- I learned it by heart and with all that happened, I forgot them.

-You are lying... It is impossible!

Amer put a hand on Jack in an effort to calm him down. She said:

-Look, I’m... I’m going to get right to the point. Look around you. Keeping this movement going on is crucial, so let me convince you.

-I don’t have the last text either.

-I know you have everything in your head. I know you do.

-I have nothing more to offer you. Nothing.

-Are you aware of what is happening? The world is falling apart. How many times have we been on the verge of losing human civilization? How many? I’m not crazy. You’re just like me and everyone else. You have heard that the world is going straight to the wall! With the texts, we are the first to have moved the world’s ass and not just to give ourselves a good conscience, by alerting and expecting others to act. We have mobilized the world and now it is listening to us. I am at the the center of the action. You too. How many of us do that? Who can boast of such power? How many humans have been sacrificed for far less?»

Her speech went to a crescendo. She was standing and her pupils were swinging flames to the bottom of my retinas.

-Use your rage and embrace the path you have taken instead of trying to denounce yourself... Denounce us... Stop it or fuck it up!

- Why don’t you do it?

- Because you wrote it!

-But I didn’t ask for anything! I needed to create artistic concepts and earn money in order to survive...

-And it has become an unlikely chance to transform the world! You are a hero, and your writing is your power! Use it to make...

- Creating wars, extremist groups, and deaths!

-...These wars and extremes have always been there. It’s not our fault! The movement is so strong that they have been galvanized by it. They benefit from and will always benefit from crises and movements. But we are not the crisis. We are the impulse to change the world! It takes courage to get out of this system!»

I was feeling more and more feverish, and she could see it. The room was electric, and its tension made a magical silence contrasting with the Bisons' four and the rap sounds of the street block parties. She continued:

-Do you want to tell them you gave up the day you were offered to do the last speech for humanity? Can you live with that? That you have lifted the world, and you yourself remain seated? The people suffocate in a nauseating atmosphere. They drink the filth of chemical industries. They die from the little education they can attain, drown in the oceans of inopportunities that surround them. Bodies are washed away by the holocaust of marketing; ears and eyes are worn out by plastic and concrete, by the silly words of their entertainment, by dead animal slaves, by clogged skies, by withered flowers, by social cruelty, by the mountains of garbage that make up our landscape and the oil that clothes us. And it is real! And this is the world! And this world may not have a chance to survive if the lobby-world doesn’t stop right now! God, why does this only affect me? Am I the only one who’s sad about it? This is a nightmare...»

I found the substance of Amer. The strength that had set the tone for the Yin Yang texts. She was crying and shouting at me. I felt a slipping inside me... I had to end it... Because I was tired of all this shit. I burned out. A weariness of living against the current took me, a weariness of living in a doomed humanity without knowing why. This funeral ball that was the core of Amer, that had made the texts that I had deep down inside of me, continued to animate us as if nothing could stop it, as if life depended on it.

«And if I gave anyone even a remote chance to devote their lives to making things happen, no one would hesitate!» She sat back down and touched the envelope again with her index finger as God touched Adam before resuming:

«-Speak like you wrote your texts! Because the people out there do, live and apply your texts! They want to live! They live again! They have found meaning again!

- You want me to go on stage and make a speech? Is that the last text you promised?

-You owe these people a debt of gratitude for completing your work.

-But my identity will soon be known.

-Here you go. It’s for you.»

She pulled out a mask. It was like a skull mask painted in a Yin Yang pattern. All the protesters were wearing it. It was the best selling mask on the stands. Outside, on the main stage, a DJ was playing Michael Jackson’s They don’t care about us, and the crowd was singing along. I was watching the stage and the world. I imagined myself on stage, and a shiver ran down my spine. I was experiencing the projection of the moment as half out of myself. In fact, I was out of time myself. Everything had slowed down. I saw myself from the outside. When a situation is unpleasant, our body puts us under hypnosis. Imagining myself giving the speech triggered a stage fright so powerful that it put me in a trance, and I acted, as if under the influence of a drug, as if I were guiding the body of another, from a distance.

On the flat screen of the bistro, one could see a team of journalists scrambling to follow the suspects under arrest in the corridors of the tribunal I had just left. I found my former colleagues: Pedro, Lisa, Jo, Funk, and the others under the spotlight of photographers and TV cameras. Some of them hid their faces automatically, but it was somehow unnecessary. Their identities were known, and photos were displayed in the background of the duplex studio. The presenter explained that this was an "indictment" of the artist’s close team. It was possible that the artist was even one of them. But let’s not get ahead of ourselves...

I couldn’t even hear the TV anymore. All the sounds had moved away from me. Far away from me. I myself was far from me. Maybe Amer was right. Maybe I was a hero. Not a hero in the sense that I was someone important, but, on the contrary, a hero in the sense that I was not someone important. We are driven to do great things because we think we are important. But if we think the opposite, if we set aside our subjectivity, we have more freedom to act. The truth is that we are all born unequal, and very soon after, we die equal. All were equal before this idea that life passed quickly, that we were not very important, and that the only important thing was the gift of life. And in this small, confined space of life, we might have had a chance or two to say or do something good, either for ourselves or for others. And doing something good was the greatest gift of all. I was getting as silly as my lyrics, and it felt good. A hero, in real life as in the movies, is the one who has the courage to say the right thing at the right time. That day, for me, was today. An improbable chain of circumstances had brought me here, a few meters from this scene, where I could make the hero in me speak and save Thebes from its threatening Sphinx.

A journalist was on a duplex on the Champs, surely a few meters away from us. The demonstrators had set up the scene in the middle of the avenue. Amer snapped her fingers, and the rugby player went off to find out who knew what. I leaned my head back. With my mouth open, I stayed like that for a few moments. An enormous amount of pain flowed from my eyes. I was touched. I cried. I was an animal, and it felt good.

A feeling of fullness came up from my base to my sex and into my heart. The fall of the bridge made sense. I understood her. She had triggered my rebirth. She had emptied me of an unfamiliar discomfort, an ignored ghost in the center of my heart and replaced it with a scar so calm and comforting of its truth. I carried this warm wound in my lair like an olymic flame. Amer’s golden scissors had carved my skin, and I had become a proud totem, a cariatide that would bear my responsibilities as an artist without bowing my head. The feeling of warmth caught in my throat. I had sincerely unlearned. I was no longer afraid and I wished this pleasure to everyone. I had never known war and I had to face the end of peace. Like all of my generation, it had taken me many steps to finally realize this. Then, everything made sense. Everything had happened to get me here and now. Everything. All my acquaintances and encounters lined up like planets. I could see the blind, my head broken in two by this guy who was now here in the same room. The feeling of well-being was now flowing through my head like the aurora borealis around my brain.

It made me a bright little vibration, a stain, a color of the world. Jack put his hand on my shoulder and held out his second. He said:

-Good luck.

He walked over to a motorcycle that the rugby player had primed. The shade was raised. At the same time, a clamor worthy of an amphitheater rose from the crowd. Half of the participants were wearing the same mask as the one I had been given.

Amer said:

«-Put it on! Put on your mask.»

She put hers on. It was identical. She signed a knowing salute to the rugby player and the bar owner. She took me by the hand and we walked out. She pulled me out. The smoke bombs added to the atmosphere of the French Revolution. They were everywhere. The DJ was playing Ante Up by M.O.P. while the McEes were warming up the audience. They got out again when they saw Amer. She, shooting star Marianne, had grabbed a flag with the effigy of the Yin Yang and took it on stage with her other hand, she was dragging me. Delacroix, all around me.

It was a rough wooden stage. It looked like a scaffold from the Bastille, mine. Firecrackers scanned the last detonations, which were as dry as they were dull. The demonstrators had organized themselves to barricade the surroundings and to leave only limited access to the police factions that surrounded the demonstration. I wasn’t so impressed, though. I was detached. Still under hypnosis. Observant. In a trance. Hot. The Dj cut the music. Amer faced the audience. She waved the flag, and the people screamed in delight at her response. This is Paris.

She turned around. She approached me at the back of the stage. We were mask to mask she said:

«-And here we are. This is it. This is the last text.

Go ahead.

It’s your turn now.

The audience had fallen silent. An incredible silence came out of it. I cleared my throat. I walked into the middle of the scaffold, facing a small but attentive crowd, my eyes full of questions. Is this him? On/ Off... On.

I stood there for a few seconds. I took my time, like the stand-uppers at the beginning of a scene. I was wise as a cowboy. A hubbub was building in intensity. The first excited people whistled or scanned. And that was the beginning of a progressive clamor that grew in strength as it moved. It became a wave of shock and a tsunami of voices. And then another wave of silence brought down the first. A wave of listening. The smartphones rose, presenting even more eyes and ears hidden behind them. There was a screen behind me. I saw myself. My speech was transcribed for a mobilized and listening world. Almost three-quarters of the images were broadcast by telehackers. The other demonstrations were framed by military or riot police. They were all gathered in front of televisions, as if for a world cup or a political speech... In the end for the first world cup of political speech, let’s say. My elbow bent. A feedback introduced me and I left... When everything was going off in all directions, in the previous months, the only thing that could save me from madness was meditation.

Since I was in a meditative state at that very moment and there was way too much tension, people and guns, I thought it best to start with a world meditation.

«-I want everyone to close their eyes.»

The crowd performed like in a school classroom, with the necessary shushing! And of those who pretended to close their eyes, before getting the general calm. The feeling of communion is a feeling that is beyond us. Being thousands, millions of people doing the same thing connects us to each other. It is a magical feeling. Almost all of us had our eyes peacefully closed. I went back to my group therapy.

«-... Relax. Listen to yourself breathe. Breathe slowly. Inhale deeply through your nose and exhale slowly through your mouth. Everyone was doing it, including me. It connected us all to each other. It was great. With the exchange of all our energies, I felt completely in control and in synergy with this outer body. They were almost palpable. They were emanating, they were coming out of the heads like a form of heat.

«-...Think of the blood that is flowing through your body. Think of your heart pumping that blood. Think of all the places where it is flowing, even in your hands, your back, and your legs. Breathe again and listen to the silence. Turn off all outside sounds and just listen to the sounds of your body and the emptiness you have made around it. Think of all your organs and muscles. Think about your bones and your jaw... And release them. Empty all the tension from your bodies.»

I had gotten almost hypnotic attention from everyone.

«-...And now, don’t think. Don’t think of anything else but your steady breathing and my voice...»

A little more silence rocked the world. They were listening.

«All these difficult lives, all these problems that are solved calmly and peacefully every day... I understand why everyone is tired. The contempt that is given to this kindness. The profit that is made of it. It is squeezed and used as oil for the fire. One presses tenderness as one presses a flower. Discreetly, the kindness of the world has been smothered. Today, the kindness of men is public. It needs to be heard. It is all around us. Open your eyes and look at yourself...»

Everyone opened their eyes and discovered themselves, in peace.

«...You embody that kindness. If it is to continue to exist, it must express itself today.»

After the global meditation, it was time for the second part; the group therapy.

«... The fire, which helped us warm up at times,

is everywhere and we are forced to leave. Our little house is burning. So we have to call for help. Now, all together. We’re going to scream.» Since no one could see what I was getting at, I changed my tone. I abruptly shouted myself:

«-Shout! Scream! I am like you! I am afraid! Then I screamed! Then scream! Let go! Scream! Scream! Scream! Scream! Aaaaaaaaaaah!!!!!»

I twisted my fingers, raised my face up to the sky, and screamed with all my might. I screamed at the top of my lungs. It was an animal scream. And then everyone responded to the scream. The world screamed. A whole bunch of vocal cords vibrated in unison as one organ, like a magical and terrifying instrument. People were at home, in the street, in front of the world’s television sets and they were screaming. It was like an emotional overflow on the scale of humanity. It was overwhelming and terribly strange. A lot of people were raining. It was a flow of energy like we have only seen once before on planet earth. The world’s first scream... Because the screen behind me showed images of the cry that spread to all the cities that were demonstrating. Everyone screamed. It was a continuous shudder and it crossed the borders as fast as the wind. Everyone shouted and caught their breath while others shouted again, like a universal breath, with one great human voice. Munsch. Some people ended up falling into each other’s arms. It was scary, and as we all participated, it was like a natural, intimate act. So I took the opportunity to continue the crazy therapy I had started. As for the lyrics artworks, everyone was now ready to insert my words into their very subconscious. I took up Amer’s impulse, the words she had served me just before going on stage:

«-Shout out before a single computer master makes our money, our time, and our life insurance! Scream before our basic freedoms melt away as fast as the ice pack and we trade our last moments of free communication! Scream before we and our leaders are complicit in the greatest genocide in human history! Shout out! Scream before we have no strength left in our bodies and the truncheons end the last lives in our organs! Will we be able to claim peace when we have to take care of the three, four, or five of our loved ones who are dying of cancer? When we run to hospitals that are not fit to care for us? When our lungs will be taken over by medieval diseases, drowned in deceptive information? When our screens will say every day that everything is fine when everything is bad, hiding under a velvet curtain the waves of suicides and mental illnesses. What will we do with this future?

(I pointed to a young man in the crowd) When you rip your girlfriend’s cheek off for food, eat uranium roots, defiled by men, back to the great ape stage? What will you do? You’ll clench your teeth and cry silently to escape the predators and live one more night in fear, the only feeling you’ll have left... And will you still have this feeling when the stray dogs  will share your baby? Do you still expect a miracle when you will have blood in your tears and in your stools, dust in your muscles and in your heart?»

It was very violent, but I wanted to scare people, to provoke a reaction. You know the story of the frog that is boiled to death. I had to free the frogs like in E.T. The earth is boiling. It was necessary to have a nervous message that reaches the muscle.

«-What are you going to do? Wait for death? Sit on a stone and cry? You can’t even do that anymore. Cry now, before it’s too late. Cry!» I was horrible. In the beginning, God created the word. In the end, man cried it out. I raised a hand with my index finger up. I paused. It was time to come down.

«Do not let any more lies pass. They will become truth in the mouths of your little children. So, ask for disarmament, share of technologies for agricultural balance, and health, unlimited knowledge (-The crowd loved these pragmatic demands, after the pressure of the horrors. They shouted with joy. I continued-) and robotics at the service of all social stratas. The new humanism is the one of unconditional sharing of technological advances for all! This is the only possible salvation for humanity. The people must control technology! Science must respond to a responsible philosophy! Be the just and uncompromising kings of your bodies. You are nature itself. You are the disruption. You have the right not to be transformed into robots. You are entitled to ask for sharing so as not to turn yourselves into oxen!»

I paused for a moment and then resumed:

«-In the absence of rules, artificial intelligences will be your master hucksters. You have to realize that this is not science fiction anymore. You have to educate yourselves and react to all these problems...»

The giant screens in front and behind the stage suddenly blurred, leaving everyone wondering. After a few seconds of snow, the face of our president appeared. I couldn’t believe it. It was the world upside down. We were illegitimate and yet making a speech on the Champs. The president of the Republic had hacked a pirate tv to take back his land. I was awake. I had to be open to any situation. What was happening should not surprise me. The President spoke, naturally:

«-Why do you think that an... «Elite» could take over the world with robots? You are endangering democracies with your plots. Is it reprehensible... to undermine democracy?»

He paused on that, looking stern, inquisitive and eagle-eyed, before letting his features rest. You always discredit an opponent before you execute him, I thought. This was the moment for him to show a strength, an international paternalism that would be rewarded if everything went back to normal, to their order, to the forces of order. He took again.

«-Don’t lead the people in your conspiratorial excesses taking yourself for a false prophet.

-I myself am a victim of a form of complotism when I am accused of prophetism. I can’t take on every role.

-This is ridiculous. You are questioning democracy, like all extremists.»

The audience followed the exchange like a tennis match. Stunned. Confused. And that was exactly the effect. This is the art of rhetoric.

-Democracy is challenged because the world of communication is stronger than democracy. We are the real democracy! We are the people! It is your political show that makes us doubt and die, powerless! This power that destroys our vital resources under our eyes is therefore our enemy! -Conspirator!

-...As well as the loyalists of your system!

-Mutin!

-...Of this power that has no counter power!

-Anarchist!

-You are the only official of anarchy here! There is no need to regret a harmful system...»

I wasn’t sure at first. It felt like a combine, or rather an army of locusts attacking the wheat. The leading field that stood in front of me turned their faces. In the background and around the edges were batons. A hunt. The cops were grinding on the heads of men, women and children, without much distinction. The signal went out. The TVs broadcasted the images of repression all over the capitals of the world. It created a panic. A crowd movement. It was like the swirling of incoherent waves, that of a storm rising again, murderous. Amer pulled my hand back.

«-Come on, we have to go!»

We took advantage of the panic to disappear while the public was already organizing defensive lines and throwing projectiles. We went behind the screen. At first, people clung to me. It was disturbing. And then, very quickly, we ducked down and went under the crowd as one passes under a bramble hedge. Amer turned around. We progressed as well as possible with the liking of the human forces. Sometimes blocked, sometimes pushed. We managed to get up to the front. The Avenue de Friedland was a battleground. The civil disobedience had been pushed to a mini-civil war. A CRS advanced towards me. He swung a baton. I protected myself with my elbow. It stung. Another threw tear gas. That stings too. I looked around. I took the time for a tracking shot. It was disordered. Where was the blood going that was being bludgeoned? It was the blood that would have ended up on the ground in an accident. The blood of fatigue. It was the blood of frogs. I looked at the police. I have nothing against the police, only that they have been open-air prison guards for too long now and people are tired. I was pulled by Amer again. In the rush and thanks to the masks, I guess, we found ourselves behind the lines of authority. I wanted to stop and go back, but Amer didn’t think so.

«-You’ll be much more useful if you’re not caught. Come on!» The mess was. A rain of blows rained down all over the world. There were deaths. Many of them. I could have blamed myself. I could have thought that I was the instrument of discord. I could have been blamed for enjoying making trouble. But I had changed. I was doing it now because I thought it was doing good. I thought that was the role of France to ring the alarm when the oppression was too great, too long, too hard. It was to be a pacifist to fight against this oppression and there was no longer any doubt about it. The Amer magic worked. My faithful Cerberus, the Rugbyman, was waiting with another bike. The same model he had prepared for Jack. This guy was a modern-day groomer of sorts. Amer donned a helmet. She gave it two strokes, and we were off and away from our rebellious quilombo. This girl was definitely world class.

It was Friday evening. The night had fallen and we went through the Bois de Boulogne to reach the western suburbs. Amer could not stay with me. She was taking the plane in an hour or so.

The violence was centralized in Paris, so the rest of the city was calm, in the end. The revolution will not be televised. I went into my apartment. I had to get my stuff, burn my phone and my computer. Throw those two in the trash and get dressed before showing up at the airport, hiding there until I boarded. I made a mistake, I know. But... God. I was exhausted by it all. My life had been nothing but action for so long. I took a hot shower. I hadn’t showered in so long. I took the hot water to my neck and it felt like a sledgehammer. I got out of there soaking wet, and when I saw the softness of my sheets. I couldn’t resist, of course. I said five minutes nap. Finally, the black sleep took me into oblivion.