July. The texts formed lotus flowers of purple color. The organ was the occiput. It was the catalyst text. The one of enlightenment. The human species had to reestablish its lost relationship with its environment, its nature, and nature itself. It was a mastery of all the texts, all of these organs, and all of its society as a whole. This text represented the general attire that one had to observe in order to improve his world, the world of nature. The Yin-Yang was declared the most dangerous sect in the world. A global religion was born on the fringes of our movement. The Africans had built a bridge with several Japanese sects that connected with Indian Sikh temples, which in turn bridged with the European and American collapsers and extremist Christians. They were called apocalyptos. They held up the Yin Yang and prayed publicly. The Apocalyptos did not help. They talked about the coming of the Messiah and the end of the world. The fachospheres led by the Pack were trolling endlessly. Despite this, everyone was out in the streets to set the seal of the Yin Yang in its latest form, the lotus flower.

Take a walk in the wilderness and you will understand that you are the only animals in a cage. Your softened bodies cannot freely cross the mountains and forests. It took only two generations to cut you off from the outside world. Your frightened hearts look down on the most beautiful gifts: nature, life, the meaning of life. Most of you suffer from depression and have forgotten the solitary walks that trigger pleasure, reflection and truth. Introspection is the most formidable tool. Calm and silence will soon be completely taken away from the poor. Man and Nature will be reserved wealth. It is precisely because the access to the natural wealth will be more and more limited as it becomes a rare product. A rare product is a luxury. There are too many of us. We will have to regress in numbers. Soon we will be living under a bell, completely separated from nature, kept under pressure to prevent revolt. We have to revolt now to unseat the pressure cooker. Before humans live underground or under glass, in small dictatorships where free men will be considered as savages. Before the cities are rat traps.

I didn’t want to watch TV. I didn’t want to hear about the Yin Yang. After that call to revolt, we went to the terrorists. I went downstairs from time to time to stock up on frozen food. I know them all by heart: duck hash, coconut chicken, pan-fried gnocchi with tomato and mozzarella and many others. I was dirty meditative. Even meditation has an obscur side. The Discord had become an incredible Tower of Babel. I had access to almost nothing. I understood absolutely nothing of what was going on. I couldn’t understand anything. I was meditating. I had set up a quiet corner and I was meditating. I was able to create a bubble, a shell to overcome the outside pressure that I hardly dared to imagine. I thought it was best to stay where I was and not to think about the journalists, police and fanatics of the world who, if they knew of my existence, would be want to see me. I was meditating to keep the madness away. I would create an inner calm, the crazy world outside. I analyzed myself. I had lost my temper a bit lately. It was the best way to control. Doing nothing. My beard is growing very fast. My black eye didn’t help. I looked like everything that scares bourgeois women, semi-bourgeois women and even quarter-bourgeois women. Life is one big headache. When I was feeling better, I would go on little outings to the parks. And then this asshole had to follow me down the street. I go to the park. He goes to the park. I get out of the park, he gets out too. So I take the street to the right and the street to the left. Fuck, the guy does the same thing. It made me paranoid. You have to understand that if you had potentially all the police on your back, if you could be judged for for criminal conspiracy or even as a cult leader by several courts in the world, you wouldn’t be at ease either. To reassure myself, I told myself that if dictators could hide, why couldn’t I? My face was absolutely nowhere to be seen. This anonymity saved me. The restrictions I had taken from the beginning saved me. I was still super isolated. Why did they keep me out of the show? Did they consider me too unstable? I was going in circles. It was unbearable. I decided to go to the mailbox to see if there was anything for me. The best thing to do was to check other boxes also. All I had to do was to break it open with a crowbar. I went there at eleven o’clock. I went through the door. I didn’t turn on the hallway light. I opened my locker. There was no book, but an envelope. I put it in my falzar. I looked in the other boxes. They were empty. I heard.

«-Yé tavé di dé pa léfoutr lé pié ici!»

I had sensed his presence a little earlier, but I didn’t know it. I heard him approaching. I counted the steps. Three, two, one. Boom! I turned around and made a swing. My crowbar and its hook planted his left knee like a golf club. He made a comedic del arte expression. Not the laughing one, of course. Boom! I took the opportunity to put the little brother on the other knee. As a result, he was on the ground. I made a gesture as if to decapitate him, waving the cane in the air. I heard footsteps coming down the stairs. Probably a militia of his fellow Albanians or whatever slave trade network. I left the crowbar before I went through the door and ran like hell. I was in the greatest fear of my life. These guys could hold me and make me disappear any way they wanted. I started to run like a gazelle, like a kid. I laughed. I don’t know why. I felt liberated right then and there. I made two stops by stairwells before taking a random subway stop in a nearby. I got out at Pont de Neuilly and walked. It was extremely silly, but it felt good to get all the violence that was going on around me out in the open and I couldn’t talk about it. I didn’t open the envelope until the next day. Inside, there was twenty thousand euros in cash and a note.

Domi

If you are reading this letter, it means that you have taken an unwise risk. There are now many journalists, madmen, and investigators who want to know the origin of the group. That’s the only thing you have to avoid. Hide yourself. Hide all the time. Don’t use the NFT wallet. Don’t go on the Discord. Don’t take risks. Don’t leave your house! Be patient. You’ll get out later.

Amer

I felt like a predictable little boy being gently told not to do it again. She was right. There was nothing left to do but watch it grow over and over again. It was alive. Independent. It was necessary to watch the virus spread while remaining wisely locked up at home.

August. The shape of the text was that of an apple cut in half, like two tangent circles. It was a mixture of the previous colors. Any color could be used, whether a gradient or a solid; it did not matter. Those who desired could use silver, gold, or chrome paint, but it was still referred to as white text. Its point was outside the body. It was a highlight, of the aura. It represented complete energy, the apple of knowledge, and a confident attitude in an infallible, blameless, wise, and noble self that each of us possesses. The text was about the destructive cycle of time. He who understands that time does not exist has control over his future. His note was C.

You have to see the world as it is. Machines are already subordinated to exercise a form of slavery. Robots are likely to be the middle class of tomorrow. They are trained to be. Artificial intelligences gets to know you better than you know yourself. You no longer have any privacy with them. They are your diaries. They will know how to give the caresses and blows that destroy or seduce your personality. They know how to trick you into fighting ghosts and mills. Algorithms can hide or reveal your ideas or desires. They can program your obsolescence, your social status, make you accept any vital condition or fate. So break through this gelatinous layer that jams your brain and change your habits completely. Changing your habits is the instrument of total revolution. Meditate alone. Change alone. Find the path of introspection, of independent judgment, and of critical thinking. Not of criticism, but of critical thinking. Then, by a miracle, the transformation of your group will begin. Our consciousness is the matter that projects its ideas into reality. It is our source of creation. Like a form of quantum physics or a form of solar radiation, what our individual or collective consciousness projects orients our reality. Who of the robots or you will direct this movement? This form of mental restraint clamps the hippocampus and reduces us to living on a planet of monkeys. The vibrations we receive and choose to emanate from our beings are our most intimate and strongest power. Sin the rich and perish, or seize your powers and change your fate.

At the time of the Silk Road, almost all cultures had Yin Yang in their blood. But the Tibetans were the first to declare themselves. A young monk immolated himself. He held up a white flag printed with the triple Yin Yang. His last words were: «Being pro-Tibetan is not being anti- Chinese. Free the Yarlung. Free Tibet from the military yoke.» This was surprising because the Yin Yang was primarily a reference to neighboring Sichuanese Taoism. The Yarlung is the gorge of the Brahmaputra,» explained Dolma Tsering, a member of the Parliament of Tibet in exile, in an article in Le Monde. She feared the construction of this dam and tunnel, which would divert water from the Mekong and the Indus. At the end of the construction, more than a billion people would be under the yoke of the Chinese government. The Tibetans relayed the protest by dropping pieces of fabric printed with the Yin Yang. Since demonstrations were forbidden and everyone was under camera, these pieces of cloth were the best they could do. Dolma took advantage of this to show the reversal of the Western world’s position on the Sino-Tibetan conflict since China ordered an economic boycott on any country that would welcome the Dalai Lama. Xi Jinping, on his side, affirmed that he would not be impressed by any American or European interference in his economic policy.

So it was a water cycle. Like a tennis ball, the Yin Yang was sent back to Latin America. Hernando Sanchez sat in front of his television and listened to the story of the poor monk who had burned himself to death. He walked out of his house and looked around his fields. The story resonated with him and his fellow villagers, who would return tomorrow to Cochabamba to demonstrate in front of the South American Parliament in Bolivia. They were in the front row of the conflicts related to the blue gold, whose fight was crucial for the future of the world, for the present here. A joint action was organized in Brazil, Argentina, Paraguay and Uruguay to denounce the pressure of the IMF and the World Bankt which privatize the exploitation of water by European and American subsidiaries. The Guarani Aquifer was the third largest reservoir of fresh water in the world, an underground aquifer that extended under these four countries. It could supply the world with water if it were not badly exploited and polluted. Without really knowing where to go, unions and associations joined together in a collective effort to show that they would be heard if the people of Latin America did not gain economic peace over this resource. But the Bolivian police went off the rails. Hernando Sanchez, with his arm raised, was shot, and his cheek was torn off. His jaw shattered. His blood-splattered t-shirt made the logo in the triple dyad he'd drawn the day before vanish. This bullet turned water into fire. Nosiba Banda, a journalist for the Sudanese news agency, carefully scrutinized the photograph and the article by poor Sanchez. She saw it as a radical judgment, a way of portraying South America as a barbaric country where no one knows how to behave, neither the population nor the police. It reminded her of how every Sudanese and, by extension, African social-political movement was portrayed in Western newspapers. The image was murderous, dirty, and disorderly. You could see the crowds, the crying, and the dirt juxtaposed with a picture of a crooked president with the dark face of a stupid, mean tyrant. And that was precisely what was bothering him. In this juxtaposition of images, neither the president of the F.R.C. nor the director of the Suez Canal could be found. Nosiba was fed up with the fact that the portrait of corruption and chaos was still skin-deep. She was writing the most scathing and accurate pamphlet of her young career. To blame corruption only on African, Arab, or any other supposedly southern leaders in this two-tiered world was an aberration that had to be discarded. Why were the lives, locations, and interviews of those who were pulling the strings never presented? They were barely mentioned, even though they were the very source of the tensions. Why was there never a photo of a Chinese or American businessman and the population torn apart by poverty and brutal repression? She accompanied her article with real-life illustrations and ended with a guess: Could this modesty be a legacy of the respect that continued to be served with the care that was due to the white man?

This article was more than a bomb. It was a sniper’s shot that pierced the hearts of those near and far. The bullet went around the world and into the back of the beautiful Nosiba. She was found in her home, dead. Rumors said the CIA itself had come to hope that the emerging protests would stop as soon as Nosiba became a hot news topic. This was without counting on the blockade of her colleagues, who this time had decided not to let themselves be pushed around. Nosiba was on the front page of the next issue. The Committee to Protect Journalists and the International Freedom of Expression Exchange (IFEX) took up the case and awarded Nosiba the International Press Freedom Award of the Committee to Protect Journalists. The Yin Yang bullet ricocheted off the laterite to crash like a blood meteor in the United States. Michelle Alexander, a civil rights attorney in New York and author of The New Jim Crow, was deeply moved by the fate of Nosiba Banda. She herself had received so many death threats since the release of her book. She felt like using the Yin Yang to honor Nosiba and all the struggles she saw emerging. It was time for her to do something great. She grabbed her best pen. She issued an open letter co-signed by a hundred signatories—intellectuals, celebrities, activists—with Michelle Obama's name on the first line. Michelle Alexander called for an American, if not global, movement of peaceful, democratic resistance. The movement was known as (In)Security. She was photographed wearing an embroidered (In)Security polo shirt with a typeface reminiscent of security staff t-shirts at concerts. Underneath, she had naturally appropriated the triple Yin Yang. Michelle, in an elegant twist, started from her already publicized observation that justice and communication were turned in such a way that migrant, native American, African American and Hispanic peoples were kept deliberately in the lower social classes. The current system suffered from a vicious form of esclavism through the systematic incarceration of the poor, the free flow of hard drugs into the ghettos, and the stigmatization through lack of access to education: all of which we already know. But Michelle this time insisted that white or privileged people should actively participate in the struggle. Her message was clear. If you have love for democracy and humanist ideas, you must participate in the movement. If you don’t, you are consenting to the racism inherent in this system and are therefore supporting a form of dictatorship and segregation. It was a radical call. It was the cycle of the earth. She explained this by insisting that hypocrisy and inaction were the primary executioners of oppressed peoples. The general discontent spread from east to west like wildfire. The (In)Security for the democracy movement took hold in Europe. Paris saw the birth of this movement at the sunny Saturday morning. The first ones were already joining the place de la République. I joined my father for a lunch in front of the TV. Michelle Alexander had helped accelerate the popularization of our logo. It was everywhere. It was talked about all the time. It was being sold in markets as a new fashionable clothing brand. Kids wanted to be the first to arrive at school wearing a Yin Yang sweatshirt.

Our Discord was packed. I could do nothing but sign up to receive instructions as an anonymous person and see the progression of the Yin Yang artist. The sales of NFTs were endless. It was the ether cycle. The logo was seen everywhere. All the small graffiti artists of the world and others would be seduced by the idea of being shadow workers of this revolution that was burning the world. It was clear that the different points of impact of our dear Yin Yang left crowds growing as much in the United States as in South America, as well as in Africa and Europe. Asia and the Middle East were not left out. Oceania and Russia watched from afar, wondering when and how their turn would come. Iran rose up. Palestine and Armenia followed. Myanmar rose first of all, and Europe and soon China. Images of riots and organized marches were broadcast. The Umbrellas broadcast their advanced blockade strategies to the world. There was talks of military march, international revolution, false prophet and apocalypse, peaceful terrorism as well as hope for a rebirth of the world. It was hysteria. The world had risen. It was the first time in the history of mankind that the world was connected, that it rose as one. Not one country... The world, Chico.

I was happy to be hidden. I kept asking myself if it was really impossible to be found. I did not want to join Nosiba, Sanchez and the young Tibetan monk whose name I did not even know. I quickly dismissed this thought. I was in comfort, but I was suddenly experiencing the political refugee syndrome. I was in hiding, but fear and guilt were fraying me. I tried to meditate again and again, but it kept coming back. We all know those jolts of thought where we realize the extent of our privilege. When we ask ourselves why we were born lucky. That thought is quickly dismissed by everyone. This time it was different because I was interacting with these people. And they were dead. I was guilty of their death. I wanted to rip my skin off. This situation was out of control and it was getting on my nerves. It had to stop. The meditations were not enough. It had to stop. My father’s favorite show had given way to the news. We had to cover the demonstration in France, of the United States and the rest. Analysts and philosophers debated. Investigators investigated. Of course, this time there were thousands of arrests of graffiti artists and civilians caught in the act of putting up the latest text. The investigators all came to the same conclusion. Our site was getting tons of hits. The subscribers were just following orders. They pasted the texts. The site remained untouchable and untraceable in origin. I don’t know how the hacker kept it all clean. The justice system was always faced with the same problem. They couldn’t give more than the sentence given for the minor crime of vandalism, because public opinion was mostly in favor of the movement and the mystery artist. He didn’t want to give another excuse to set everything on fire. Everyone was so tense. Everyone was out. The graffiti artists were often let loose. The public had the system of this uncommon maneuver and the question was the same for everyone. Who is behind it all? The only clue, the only image to hold on to were the Yin Yang and the texts. No more. And that was enough to get all the ink flowing.

Was it right or wrong? My father’s opinion was that the guy behind this far-fetched idea could only be a lunatic. Anyway, that’s all anyone said for the most part. It’s crazy. It’s crazy. What happens is crazy. I myself stopped at this kind of thinking. It was like an alien invasion. I almost had the impression that it wasn’t coming from me, that it was a machination, that it was just a dream. After eating, I took the metro towards République. I wanted to see with my own eyes all these human beings, gathered like an army of Legos, like an army of logos. I wanted to see the demonstration itself, to feel what was galvanizing these people, these crowds. I couldn’t stand to be alone while the world was spinning out of control. I couldn’t stand myself anymore. In the crowd, I would surely be anonymous. It was still quite early and the atmosphere was good. I stood at a café terrace with an espresso, a glass of water and on my right, a bunch of C.R.S. who were reviewing their roadmap under the sharp eye of the divisional commissioner. There were loudspeakers, chatterboxes, tom-toms and all the instruments the French prefer when they demonstrate, with three exceptions: Most of them wore the black (In)Security and Yin Yang t-shirt. Daring graffiti artists came to spread the logo and the texts on the walls, in front of the cops on duty. The population was more mixed than usual. One must admit that most of the gatherings in France show a kind of latent cleavage. When it’s about a problem that concerns the suburbs, there are people from the suburbs and when it’s about another problem, there are only Intra-muros. It was not bad because it was mixed in a kind of osmosis where LGBT representatives, unions and even some figures of the PAF were added without pulling the cover too much. The roar of human voices was rising little by little, as if we were waiting for the whistle of a soccer match, a Yin Yang as a soccer ball, peace as a goal. As I scanned the crowd with my eyes, I saw him. He was across the street, at another coffee shop. He had sunglasses on. I couldn’t tell if he was really looking at me, but he seemed to be staring straight at me. It was Jack. Had he been following me?

I got up. I walked through the crowd, shoved a couple of shoulders. And by the time I reached the opposite sidewalk, he was gone. I took it as a warning. It didn’t make much difference. I didn’t have to show my face too much. You know how it is. Maybe my life was at stake. I had to get used to the idea. I was a lot of money. I was their money. In turn, I disappeared. The thugs would wait until the end of the day to operate and cause the ordinary chaos that is attributed to each of these events. The television would seize on it to discriminate against the movement, in vain. So be it. The strength of the Yin Yang was there. It was not running after the news. It was the actuality. I could see the faces of my three sacrifices as my eyelids drooped. Had I, somewhere, sponsored their end? They were responsible with their hands of course, but perhaps I was that unbridled inspiration of freedom that was heading for doom. Like Macbeth, I’ve soaked myself in blood that if I stopped moving forward, the backward turn would be as hard as continuing.

It was September and the beginning of the end for me. The text didn’t come. Everyone was waiting for it, but it didn’t come. I didn’t write it and apparently nobody wrote it for me. The Yin Yang was turned into stone to stone the unfortunate man. The extreme and identity-based groups of the international pack united. They used the same strategy. They graffitied their flower on the walls of the cities with our machine the Trinity. They applied the colors of their country. They attacked the Yin Yangs and those who made them. They began to broadcast speeches on the walls and they increased their funds with NFTs. Their leitmotif was the closing of borders and the end of miscegenation. They were launching punching operations in permanent meetings and sit-ins. It was like a landslide. They were violent and they didn’t stop. They wanted to make up for lost time. They especially wanted to seize that energy of the angry crowds. That was all they knew how to do anyway. In Spain, the young leftist Marco Morestin died at the hands of a still untraceable Pack-affiliated group of identitarians. Gambia did not stand for it the repeated demonstrations. Fearing that the government would be destabilized, the military fired on the crowd. Seventeen dead and more than 140 wounded. Again, gallons of blood fell into my hands. I stayed in my ivory tower watching Rome burn. Nero. I was going crazy. Not so much. I was going mad. In Kabul, the Taliban claimed responsibility for a bombing and simultaneous hostage-taking at the Continental Hotel. There was widespread shock when the body of a hostage was thrown out of the window, wrapped in a makeshift lin- ceul marked with the triple Yin Yang.

One headline chased another, and the news was all about the Yin Yang massacre. I couldn’t leave my house. Clostrophobic and agoraphobic. I had no energy left in my body. I was drained of blood. My blood was too busy spilling over the man’s land. The red sun shone on the relentless madness in its perpetual inert movement of the tao. The world’s TVs had enough to destroy the movement of Yin Yang. They kept repeating that Yin Yang was dangerous, a terror for humans, the origin of all discords. They said that the artist responsible for this massacre should be found and judged, killed. I couldn’t stand it anymore. My soul could not hold such a heavy responsibility. I had to denounce myself. The guilt made my life impossible. Jack and Amer had to go down with me. On the Discord, they were announcing the new texts will come soon. Why didn’t they stop all this? Why were they still distributing the texts? I had to stop this devil’s bargain.