January. The machines were ready. The first text formed a red square. It harangued. It spoke to our primary needs, which had been diverted by the authorities. It put them in their place. It introduced the rest of this long pamphlet as an attack on everything. People were surprised. They didn’t expect it at all. Still, they played along. The note was D. The organ was the scrutum, the altar of the body. The element was the earth, our root. The text captured in the photograph was automatically translated into the local language. The members painted, with the help of the matrices, the following words:

A world limited by resources naturally poses new conditions. In this world, the only possible wealth is the poverty of others. We live in an open-air cult, a sect of control over the natural expansion of man, to turn this expansion into regression. A small group leads our beings in distress with the monopoly of a manipulator. If this small group was smart enough to get to the top, don’t you think they are smart enough to stay there? Nations are societies of control by guile or by force. It doesn’t matter what the politics are. There is no more counter-power, no more conquest. Who really rules the people? No one does. Only one idea rules humans, a global autopilot. The laws you answer to, are not respected by those who make them. They are laws to control your sexes, your estomacs, your brains, your hearts, in short your morals, you, the frightened monkey that you are. No elite could bear these constraints of family, housing, living, human conditions. They make your primary needs recede with the patience it takes for you to stop complaining about them. Impoverish your daily life little by little. This is real power. The power is in the control, the control of artificially mounted rent, of a limited land, cloistered by the weather. The remaining possible spaces to inhabit will be cultures of deer in greenhouses. The restricted soils will belong to those who plan now by buying them, not fighting but accommodating climate change. The soil and water will be theirs. The rest can die stupidly.

It had a "V for Vendetta" vibe to it. Without making any noise, it warmed everyone up. It was the first poster painted anywhere in the world. A very limited range of NFTs were released to celebrate the text. The buyers trusted us. It went like hotcakes, increasing speculation about the line and about past and future posters. The action was described as a feat by Banksy, but its purpose remained mysterious. The authoritarian countries reacted quickly by erasing as many red texts as possible. The others were waiting to see.

February. The month came quickly. The members started to understand the game. A form of seriousness had set in. Authoritarian countries enacted legislation prohibiting the use of Yin-Yang texts. The painters went out at night. The public understood the value of a machine to print the text on the wall quickly. They also understood why the concept of Yin Yang remained so vague. It was a problem to draw the outline of the law. You couldn’t arrest a ten-year-old for drawing the symbol. It would have created the national riot that was guaranteed. Yin Yang practitioners also understood how simple it was to change the dies of this kind of rolling pin and print the walls with the new color. The red square was turned into an orange diamond. When the orange diamonds were painted alongside the red squares and the Yin Yangs, one could see the idea of this worldwide geometric fresco. Its effectiveness was thunderous. Already, if one saw one of the two figures from afar, one would automatically go to read the text. One would understand the idea of collective work and its strength. If the first text discussed the power we have over our reptilian instincts, the second text discussed how our sexual orientations have been diverted to consumerism and corporate life. The organ was sex and the associated creativity. The elements were water, body fluids, and human resources left to the mercy of modern small centurions.

Corporations are best suited to this new era. They are dictatorships that have grown inside democracies. They have become so important that they have crossed borders. They have only one thing left to conquer: The human hand. If you are not a slave to companies, you are a pirate.

They deliberately waste material in order to maintain the illusion of classes. They maintain the physical differences between the conditions of each social class. They maintain order. Consumption is a material waste that contributes to the perpetuation of poverty. Observe the rich. They do not work, they learn and react. They do not consume, they invest. All of your impulses are captured to work for and consume the companies. All your libidos are directed toward frustrations, and all your frustrations are redirected toward money in small amounts, in addiction to small rewards, in the office or at home. All this quantity of sexual puslsions is transformed, centralized, processed by the IMF and by robots that ni- vely and maintain the exchanges, debts and trading. Everything is done so that the economy becomes unequal little by little, so that the currency keeps the post-colonial cartography stable, so that its turmoil never benefits you, so that you are the last to know. But the economy and ecology are the two feet of humanity and already they are marked by blows and chains, while you look away, obsessed by the frustrations of money.

Even graffiti artists abandoned their battle with the Trinity instrument. They understood the magic of working together, universally and non-clichéd. The streets were more natural. The signs were already like petroglyphs. They saw a brotherhood bond, a symbol that connected us all. The televisions and the telephones separated us, while this free and anonymous sign brought us closer. The earth looked like a playground with children’s drawings on it. The governments of the rich countries began to worry. So it was time, before they reacted, to move to Mars.

Mars. God of war. The text was yellow, like the energy of spring, and it formed the triangle of fire. Its points were the stomach and the solar plexus. This poster was a real turning point in the campaign. It was a call to action. Its note was E.

War does not affect the ruling classes, as long as they decide on it. It benefits them while impoverishing the other. It has never enriched anyone. The control of the sexes is stopped in order to take peoples to war. Gender inequality and sexual frustration enable wars and their horrors. A person in love is less combative than a frustrated person who is free to satisfy cruel impulses all at once. If a people rebels against the economy, material war is declared against it. Sometimes a war is declared to eliminate a member of the elite group suspected of treachery to the elite group. The result is the elimination of the culture from which he or she came and the temporary maintenance of his or her people in extreme poverty. All these examples are relayed by the news on a permanent basis. This is permanent war: the maintenance of fear and the demonstration of constant punishment. If war is not the maintenance of order, it is the erasure of the past. The secrets of the past are liberating. They give clues for the construction of a right future. These secrets are always buried by wars. Archaeology is the opposite. The desire to destroy the culture of others, to erase the evidence of its existence, is the act of war: genocide. The last war is a war of fire, a war of fossil fuels. But this energy is fossil. Out of respect for our survival, it should remain buried. But this fire is power. The leaders use cultural conflicts as an excuse to go to the war of fire and vice versa.

This may sound like a basic text. But to say no to war in a country at war is a heroic act. There were many people in the world who were affected by senseless wars. It was these people with mutilated families who went en masse to paint the text with the force of despair. It was their wounds that were rekindled. They were the ones who sparked the first public uprisings, the first protests. The various authorities of the world began to understand that revolutions came from poets and that a few words could, like the force of water transformed into a torrent, make the rocks of the largest mountains fall. They maintained what order they could. They forbade as many things as possible. They barely had time to breathe when the next text was already falling. As usual, a series of NFTs were released and sold out in a minute. The price of our NFT currency, the ether, had risen so high that our coins were extremely expensive without even changing the initial price. Within a week, each NFT was sold for between $500 and $1,000, depending on its rarity.

April. The color of this second spring month was green. The organ was the heart. The note was F. After the fire of March, it was time to talk about love. Since the people were out, they had to be united. It was the month of empathy and self-love, the month to defuse racism and nationalism, age-old instruments of separation that are so deeply rooted in us.

Color, religion, race, ethnicity, and group are all crude divisions, an illusion of division. The leaders belong to each of these communities. They live side by side but divide the groups in order to rule better. Racism is both an economic and a divisive force. Migration is curbed to maintain control over national units and the discourses that are promoted within them. If the men of each nation could communicate freely, they would find that they all hate the way they are governed. They will know, in fact, that they are all governed in the same way. What they hate in other cultures is the same submission to pressure forces. The national discourse is the result of the lies of wars and of cultures that have been mocked by wars. The elites maintain small middle-class privileges so that they do not unite with low-income groups in their comfort. It will even be made so that these two groups fear each other. It is a shield, a police force, and an instrument of power. Today, the networks accentuate this sadness, this lack of empathy, and this lack of self-esteem. Because humans without love survive only with great difficulty. They dry up. They are cut off from each other, with sadness in their lungs as if their air had been poisoned to make them give up hope. Without hope, there is no change.

I went to pick up my blackbook in the Sixteen District. There was a note from Amer.

Domi

You will have to provide all your texts and program the NFT drops. We’ll take care of the rest. We can’t afford to get stopped before we finish. You have a meeting with Pedro to finish the graphics of the posters. The Marco Polo, Saint Laz, Seven P.M.

Amer

The TV in the bistro was on LCI. A culture columnist began speaking about the Yin and Yang phenomenon. France, which was usually only concerned with its own country, made the international connection. A reporter had taken a picture that made the buzz. It showed a little Palestinian girl with a headband marked with the triple Yin Yang and texts. In the same report, the presenter and a street art "specialist" commented on shots taken from Instagram accounts of passers-by in Berlin, New York, Paris, Nairobi, Kinshasa, etc. It was science fiction. There was a look of satisfaction on the anchorman’s face. For the first time, he was presenting a common topic to all these countries that was something other than a war. There was a sudden sense of the cities coming together. We went from Ankara to Toronto, from Calcutta to Colombo. The news was being followed by the entire public. Our movement was pacifist, anti-war, and anti-racist. It was difficult for the authorities to totally repress the movement. The April text had awakened all the old conflicts that were lingering in the blind spots of the cameras. He had awakened a monster too. This surge of international fraternity was not to the taste of the right-wing extremes in each country. A well-functioning political system had been shaken with this last campaign. The extremes woke up in an unexpected form. They were inspired by us. They created a symbol too. They united. They asked the extreme groups to stand in opposition. Their symbol was a logo of white flower petals on a red background with the silhouette of a wolf’s head in the middle. The petals were reminiscent of the swastika. They had taken over the hand sign of the Grey Wolves, an extremist group from the Caucasus. It was a small, disorganized movement, but the joining of the symbols made them look a bit like international nationalists. They called themselves The Pack.

«It’s crazy, right?»

Pedro stood in front of the station with a certain pride in his chest and a smile creased across his temples. He sent a winner’s check.

"Well, did you bring me your homework?"

I stretched the text by separating it into stanzas. We discussed the geometries to be adapted to be the most precise. We had already discussed the whole thing, but Pedro had no access to the texts. We avoided any leaks. I could hardly get rid of the fruit of my labor so easily. I always gave him a little more power with each page. He started reading the texts like a guy getting the next Harry Potter manuscript before anyone else. He had put his blackbook on the table. He said, "This is good; this is good; this is not bad." He added.

«All these people who are going to copy my geometries...

-Our geometries.

-Yes. That’s right. to put it another way. All these people are taking street art to a humanistic and abstract level at the same time. I’m glad they finally understood what I wanted to bring to art. I feel like the first link in a long chain that pulls the others to a higher dimension.

-Oh, really? And what do you do with me? I wrote the concept and the lyrics, man.

-Yes. I’m talking about materialization. You have ideas, but I am the one who puts them into action. You only know how to write. We do the work. Besides, you were inspired by my idea. Don’t change the story, amigo.

I said, "You’re a pain in the ass to say such things."

He added. I hope you don’t chicken out too soon. -What?

-This is just the beginning of the phenomenon. It’s going to go a long way. It’s going to take a good mindset when the pressure rises.

I thought about the recovery in art and in the fucking companies. I thought about my boxes of stolen art school stuff. It’s always the same thing. When something fails, we always blame it on the other person, and when something works, we take it for ourselves. These are really the symptoms of people turned into dogs. I suddenly had a surge. I figured that with the money and power I had in my hands, our little suburban robbery crew would soon fall apart. In fact, we were at the point where the operation was successful and we were emptying the safe. It was at that point that the intelligence of the plan's thinker was surpassed by the intelligence of the man holding a gun to the same thinker's head, me. Worse, when that thinker realizes one is being used against the other. The only thing that reassured me was the security of finishing the texts and having my hands on the access codes to the wallet. Actually, I wasn’t so sure anymore. The texts could now be written by Amer and the access codes... I didn’t know how crackable they were. With all this tension, I got a little carried away. I slammed my hand on his blackbook like a fly on the table. He did the same. From a distance, it looked like we were playing cards, but in our eyes, there was no longer the glint of any game.

«-Show me your book! Did they ask you to take my texts and dump me?

-But you are crazy! Take your hand off right now! -Prove it! Let me read your book!

-No! It’s not allowed! Take your fucking hand off me or I’ll headbutt you!»

Now we were both clutching the book like two bitches clutching the same doll. I swung a hand over his face to push him back.

I was slapping him around to get him off his back.

«- You’re fucking crazy! Rhaaaa!»

He still had two hands on the book, versus one on my side. He managed to wedge it behind his back. I stopped. He was all red. Everyone was looking at us in the bistro, so we calmed down. It wasn’t the time to be noticed.

He resumed in a low voice.

«-You poor schmuck. You are so predictable that Amer wrote in my book what you were going to do today: Break the only law we answer to. I have to admit, I didn’t believe it.

- They said that to turn us against each other!

- They just wanted you to finish the lyrics, and we all hid out until they forgot about us. We don’t really need you anymore anyway. You’re going to fuck it up if you don’t shut your fucking ego. Besides, it was my fucking idea for the Yin Yang. I’m the synesthete here. You can thank me later, asshole.»

I said, «Yeah, screw it,» as he walked away. He turned around on his way out with that defiant look on his face again. He didn’t know that I had intentionally failed to write the last two texts. I had another beer to calm the nerves. LCI was playing a layer on the Yin Yang. That’s the problem with continuous news.

May. Everyone was waiting for the next text and above all, everyone was waiting to know the consequences of the next text. Our matrix was unfolding its little revolution without interruption. As we were one step ahead, we knew that it was the right time to talk about censorship. When an authority can’t fight a pressure group head-on, it stifles its claims with time and silence. It was the moment to anticipate them and speak out in the name of freedom of expression. The organs were the rhino-pharyngeal apparatus, the throat, and the ears. The color was light blue. The figure was a circle. The note was G.

The small addictions of everyday life are the most effective forms of slavery. Through the closed system, the repetition of short thought paths, and the maintenance of intellectual poverty, they simulate comfort and stultify. Their primary purpose is to prevent people from thinking about anything other than nonsense. What relevant thought can exist if it is constantly interrupted? All the efforts of education are destroyed by daily entertainment. Only the elites are immersed in an environment that encourages intellectual effort. On screens, self-correcting, ever-shorter sentences and ever-smaller vocabulary eliminate the words required to form a clear and communicative thought. No words, no rebellion. If, however, a rebellious and intelligent person emerges from the lot among the poor, he will be ridiculed in order to extinguish his ideas, before they cause the people to react. This is the best form of censorship. Otherwise, the rebel is called upon to deny his ideas in exchange for some form of material or social wealth. Conversely, the powerful can buy anything, even a reputation. Finding the right words at the right time is what allows us to reach a greater destiny and get out of our small infernal circle. The one who is given the words is condemned to live a small life. Only the right word said at the right time allows one to touch one’s destiny and heroically help the group get out of its despair.

It was a flawless mechanism. The real power of these geometrical figures is that they remain anchored in the deepest part of the memory. The texts were inscribed as an intimate and memorable event. Indeed, the brain memorizes better when it moves in space to read or learn something somewhere. Then, by associating each text with a shape and color, I was able to recall the entire text by visualizing this shape and color. Finally, as the texts corresponded to a precise period of the year and everyone was talking about it, it would give it a marker in time that was easy to remember and an event in everyone’s life. My words were engraved in everyone’s subconscious. I felt like an anonymous person manipulating the world, and I was being manipulated by anonymous people. It was a good move on their part. They were nowhere to be seen. I was just beginning to realize the madness and the impact of this whole story, and it gave me the creeps... I absolutely had to see Jack. I tried to make a phone call. The line was cut. Pedro had probably notified me of our altercation in his correspondence. He would surely be evicted in turn once his part of the job was done. We were isolated enough to blow ourselves up one by one. I worked on trust as usual. I had kindly let the shadows continue their work, and now I had to get to the bottom of it as soon as possible. I went to the mailbox.

Dear Amer, Dear Jack

I guess you don’t need me anymore. I guess you don’t need me anymore. I guess that’s your way of doing things. I remind you that I still have texts to give. That I have an amazing fence for this story and that I hold the keys to the safe.

June. In Europe, it is the month of demonstrations. The weather is pleasant, but it is not yet time for vacation. Everyone was under pressure. Everyone was tired of this system without any head or tail. Our masks, our texts, our graffiti, and everything else that now frightened the authorities had largely slipped into the memories of the yellow vests and all the symbols of protest. Ditto in Asia and Latin America, where we were shaking the drums. We had almost every graffiti artist in the world in our pocket. Our NFTs were astronomical. The film crew had turned into producers. They would quietly sponsor the videos of the world’s best rappers if they had our logo on them. The next text was shaped like an inverted magenta triangle. Its organ was the third eye. Its note was the A. He spoke of the people's clairvoyance, of technological progress, of our education and nature being conditioned by the hands of power, of this general power attacking our intuitions, dreams, telepathies, and memories in order to keep only one eye wide open on top of the pyramid.

All scientific advances are filtered by the armies, so that they do not appear unless they are used to control the masses. By directing our demands, we can direct the progress of science. The rulers, like us all, rely on technology. They slow down technology so that people do not have first access to the wealth that technology provides. Only control and communication technologies are brought to life. The networks split up thoughts, but they also draw attention to everything that shines in a fake way. Dreams have become desires that turn into frustration and jealousy. The little blue screens destroy the brain so much that they create senile diseases and perpetual nightmares. When there is no more clairvoyance, there is no more critical spirit, and thus all the bodies of those opposed to the power are soiled. The history taught in schools becomes a patriotic lie that only serves to make you believe that you live in the best place at the best time. Culture is no longer made up of inventive dishes and liberating works of art, but of hymns and laws. Journalists participate in propaganda. They are forbidden from conducting any in-depth research under penalty of dismissal or imprisonment. If public opinion was already on its knees under the airwaves, it is now the turn of private opinion to be constantly irradiated with bad frequencies, day after day, until the death of our capacity to judge.

Well. That’s what we wrote. This is what washed up on the city walls, eroding the citadels. It was quite mystical, I agree. But the twenty-first century will be mystical or it will not be. Hope had been breathed into despair. Hope acts like all poisons, depending on the dose you want to put in it. Hope is almost love. This hope is now in the blood of the entire planet. It had brought about a change. The next text will explode everything. I went back to the mailbox. No news. I forced it. I ran my fingers through the cold interstices of the boxes. I lifted the hinges. Nothing. I just wanted to take the boxes off the wall and take them home.

«-Do you want me to help you?»

A hand came to rest on my shoulder. A huge, eastern shanty guy was behind me. Brush cut, three-quarter leather and a largely developed muscle ratio on the upper body. A mix of Guile and Zangief. He was straight out of the eighties.

«-Who are you?»

«I’ve already told you and your friends not to come here anymore».

He picked me up by the collar. I struggled. I managed to slip out of my coat. I punched his eastern block body. That only pissed him off. He lifted his knee to my head and pushed me with a hyper-powerful middle kick. I moved the letterbox to the back of my car. It bent me over. The other guy took advantage of the situation by throwing a hook and an uppercut. I hate guys who spend their lives doing martial arts. Any pretext is good for destroying mouths. The guy grabbed me by the neck and told me:

Now you go discletly and you come back nevel.» How could I break off quietly with my nose broken? I dunno. I didn’t ask him. I went in front. There was a Spanish tapas restaurant. I said I had a nose bleed from allergies and went to the bathroom. I ordered a coffee and landed in front of the building. I was going to wait in front. I was going to wait to see someone from the team hand over or take back their black notebook. I stayed for hours without anything happening. I peered out the window. The restaurant was filling up. Night was falling. I went to the aperitif. Sangria and chorizo. I was at the bar. Le Dix-neuf/Vingt from France 3 commented on the new publication of Yin Yang and the mess it caused. A protest movement against the abuses of capitalism had arisen out of nowhere. It was Occupy Wall Street reborn, but with the Yin Yang in its midst. A large Yin Yang had been drawn on the ground of Manhattan's Zuccotti Square by a street artist. The movement had been baptized Sitting Yang. It had a lot of people. In a nutshell, our work is now being reported on a daily basis.

I saw Jo. She was leaving the building. I hesitated a bit. Then I paid my bill and went to look for her in the street. I followed her without her seeing me. She was going into the Mirabeau metro station. I went down to the platform. There weren’t enough people to pass unnoticed. She was looking at her phone. I was turning around when she looked up at me. There was a small lapse of time before she recognized me, and I feigned surprise. It must have come across as a micro blush.

«-Oh Domi!

-Hey!

-What are you doing here? You came by to pick up your

book ?

-Yes.

-Did they tell you to come at night too? Apparently, there is a madman who attacked Lisa when she wanted to take her Book.

-Yeah, I know. He fell on me too. He broke my nose.

-Oh my god! Are you okay? Did you go to the hospital?

-Nah, it’s okay. There’s really no need.

-Are you sure you’re okay? You don’t look so good. -Yes. I’m fine.

-What are you doing here?

-Nothing. I’m just strolling. I’m going to walk around a bit before going home. You?

-I’m going to Wanderlust. I’m going to spend some of the money I’ve earned. You want to come by? There will be two three girlfriends, bloggers.

They’re fashion chicks, quite nice.

-I don’t know. I was planning on doing some work...

-Come on. It’s Saturday. We need to relax a bit.»

I accepted after the third request. You have to be polite. You could tell I wanted to. I hadn’t been out in a thousand years and I wanted to get some information from him. It couldn’t just happen. The Wanderlust was still a den of jeanfoutres. I had a hard time with the dj who played with the frustration inherent in each track, like I start a sound and hop! I cut it and in fact it is another sound that I cut so early and so on. If there was still a dj who could play good music, he would cut it off as quickly to make sure that nobody was having fun.

Jo seemed perfectly at ease. She introduced me to her girlfriends, one tall and one short. The short one had retro secretary glasses. She reminded me of Gaston Lagaffe’s girlfriend. The tall one had nothing special, so she redoubled her accessories. I stood in a corner. It’s my way of having fun. I adopt the posture of the bad guy or the undercover agent who scans the whole club for who knows what. Probably a form of shyness. The clubs like shy people like me because they are also the ones who can’t stand to have an empty glass, especially when it’s still a bit chilly.

«-Your nose is swelling up. I think you’re going to have a black eye.»

She reached out to touch the beginning of my oozing oedema. She has beautiful hands with thin, soft fingers. It surprised me, this closeness. I took the opportunity to ask my questions. Don’t you want to know who Amer is in the end? Did you see our logo on a new social movement in the United States? How far do you think it can go? She answered that it was forbidden to talk about work. I insisted.

«-Do you still have assignments?

-More than ever. On the internet, it’s crazy, man. Ahah! But it kind of works itself out. I just collect the money and maintain the networks from afar. Aha! I tell two, three relatives when we have new items for sale on the site and that’s it.

-Do you take care of the site?

-No, it’s the hacker.

-Do you know a way to contact the hacker?

-No, only Jack talks to him. I just know he’s in Thailand. That’s all I know. Do you want to unhook a little?

-I need to know. Was there anything about me in your book?

-I didn’t look. If there was anything, I wouldn’t have told you anyway. Oh yes, there was! Last time, there was a note about you.

-What was it?

-You had to go dancing to clear your head.

-Haa haaa. Very funny. No, but I’m serious. She pulled me by the arm. I relented at first and then insisted. I said it was important.

-Listen! In my notebook, it says you’ll want to see my fucking notebook, okay? You should just let us do it. I’m preparing the exhibition with Lisa.

-What exhibition?

-Lisa had the top gallery at Beaubourg. Bernard Stiegler is the curator. It is planned for the end of the texts. In the meantime, we really have to cut off contacts within the group. We can’t take the risk of getting caught. After that, it will be over. Patience. Just hide. Come on. Go home. Go home.»

I left with my hoodie on my head to protect me from the world.