The first rite of passage into adult life, in the West, is the day we understand Santa Claus doesn’t exist. It’s an initiation into lying. It's like getting ready for the rest of your adult life. Children, now adults, go into professions they choose according to their ideals. Most of them want to do something good. Then they find out that the chosen field is corrupt. Their work is the opposite of what they wanted. Lawyers become lawyers so that powerful companies don’t have to worry about the law. Psychologists advise brands to insert their addictions deeply into people. Or they work to quarantine individuals who are no longer in control. The artists understand they must follow the codes of the businessmen and not denounce anything or invent anything, so they don’t even know what art is anymore. The artists understand that they must follow the codes of the businessmen and not denounce anything or invent anything, so that they do not even know what art is anymore. Model employees realize that it is useless for them to be productive or innovative; the important thing is to play elbows to climb the ladder of the hierarchy. Politicians want to act for the good of their group, but in order to reach a position of power, they have to make so many concessions that they no longer do anything for the common good and simply become careerists mired in corruption. and bullshit jobs, and bullshit relationships, and bullshit all aspects of life. Society is made up of children who have been swindled about the nature of their condition, its meaning, and their interests, and whose main ritual, if Christmas is anything to go by, is to perpetuate this lie in order to survive in the group. And when an adult child realizes that he or she is living in a corrupt environment, he or she technically has three possible solutions: One, they corrupt themselves; they adapt. Two. Go in search of another environment, which is often also corrupt. Three. To fight, which concerns a minority of us because it is totally ungrateful. Man adapts. He corrupts himself. It is part of his genetic code. Look into your field of activity, and you will see that you are part of this generalized evil...

So I arrived at the office with a clear conscience, telling myself that I was doing it for the money and security and, well, what can I say, that's life, and it was time. I hadn’t been out all weekend, which is rare. I wanted to have a clear head. The office was almost full when I walked in. Clamping. Pedro, the graphic designer, was having a hard time. He serves me coffee. «Conio. Look at that. Fucking onions. I have hands made for art and they’re in the shit.» He had big hands, a little bulging but with thin fingers, hands that beat themselves up and play the violon. On my corner of the desk stood my black Moleskine, and in its belly was already a word.

Hi Domi

We're meeting at 9 a.m. this morning. Be sure to attend. That means learning quickly and taking initiative. That’s what you’re here for: initiatives.

Amer

Ps: Don’t show your blackbook to anyone. The information is confidential.

Everyone was busy at the workshop table. The only thing missing was the videographers' couple. Everyone has a Monday face except Jack. The guy was impeccable. He looked like a big company boss without the big company. He only had one idea in mind: getting out of his condition. He was already gone. He was in the future with Booba, a cocktail in hand, and the latest Macbook to send his emails. I guess we all look like someone who expects better from life, at least before 50, of course. The meeting was done with croissants and a scare on Lisa’s face, who was definitely losing her grip on her client. The shock was as recent as my intrusion into their little family.

"When they have our fucking canvases in their meeting room," Funk said.

Lisa tried to tell us a lot of things, including why and how, but we could see that there was not much to say except that they were losing money. Lisa had studied art and business at a private school. She first worked for a fledgling gallery. The owner was loaded with money but not necessarily knowledgeable about the rules of art. The gallery was going to fold in less than a year. So they decided to set up a participatory system where artists would pay to be exhibited without having any real chance of success. It caused him ethical problems with Lisa. Jack came in at that point. Pedro had nothing else to say. He did. Maybe Jeffrey was a crap artist. She was simply out of fashion. These things happen. It’s going to be ten years before she has an old-school aura, and still...

Pedro seemed to have the same sensitivity as me. Except maybe on the appearance. His fashion victim appears to be a slash low-brow hipster, with his socks pulled up, biker hat, disillusioned expression, and black humor concealed. A special fact: he was a synesthete. He saw colors when he heard sounds, and vice versa. That’s what gave him his special knowledge of colors. It was like a superpower. In his case, it was more of a handicap. He sucked at school because of all the crap that was going on in his mind. He got a CAPTCHA. He worked for a printer who took pity on him. He paid for a two-year graphic design course so that he could try to do something better with his life. When he left school, he came to this company to put his special gift for color to good use.

And why doesn’t Jeffrey simply change her style? She can evolve after all, right?» question from Johanna She looked more serene. Jo worked at home or in the office. She liked to laugh at her own jokes with a convulsive laugh. She wore sky pants. She liked hip hop dancing. She had jargon around her profession, marketing, which she embellished with onomatopoeia. For me, digital marketing is people who hang out on Facebook, but I have to admit that they are the kings nowadays. Jo is in demand by everyone. She landed here because she wanted to be adventurous.

I knew we’d run into a glass ceiling with Jeffrey. Loose! I busted my ass to get him a hundred thousand followers and two thousand commits to every post. Pffff! Yikes. I hope I didn't waste my two years of whore-for-likes! It’s not enough for a big brand because you can’t see his face! This is so stupid. We can’t make a video. We can’t do anything. except vandalized videos of actions at night. The communication is wrong! "We hire an actress, a chick that’s too good, and that’s it!" Everyone took exception to it. It seemed to go against the grain. Funk remarked that if we hired an actress, it would backfire on the box in no time.

I asked Jo:

What are the other sources of income for the company?

There are promos for rappers and street wear, but frankly, the sooner we drop them, the better. Ahahah!

-Why?

Ah, go ahead. It’s a pain. They pay nothing. They shit on everything. They think they are important. They are tortured. It’s a pain in the ass. Now there are way too many of us for it to pay off. Lisa cut her off. The little girl was transformed by rage. She had no time to lose.

"We attack them. We stuff two weeks' worth of ads, like we said, the Nestlé and Coca-Cola files, pure and simple counter-advertising. We’re offending dry!

Jack turned to me. He was looking at me.

Can Mr. Art History take care of it? Can you find us some leads?

I was uncomfortable. Loving solitude tricked me. I don’t think I’ve ever been in a serious meeting where I was supposed to be a serious person. When I do, I make weird movements. I have Fester Addams contractions. After a series of tics, I said:

Yes, I can. I can work on that.

Do you have any ideas?

Well, not really. But it can be found easily. Coca was used by the Nazis and...

"Yes, we know that. Okay. So, are we on?

I had to come out of my shell. I wasn’t there to enjoy the radiator. I cleared my throat.

«In India, there was a scandal involving the Coca-Cola company. They created a water brand. They wanted to sell remineralized tap water. Their drinks contained pesticides—like forty times the standard amount—that gave cancer to everyone. They were able to do this because there was no control over it, not like in Europe. As a result, Greenpeace got tangled up in it. The Indians took to the streets to burn the Coke bottles. India ended up banning the brand on its territory... By the way, there was a similar situation in Mexico. The inhabitants were suffering from a lack of water. Cola recapped the majority of the drinking water. The water was sold in bottles. This created tons of plastic waste. The population suffered; people went to the streets, but the Mexican president is actually... the former president of Coca in Mexico. So, it was hard to move the lines.

Jo said:

That’s pretty good. At least I can put some substance into the papers I’m serving up to blogs and chats. It’s a change. a few writings and inlays to explain the topic. Jack, will you give me the reference for the articles on the internet?

Funk: "It will be a change from the Kinris posters." Lisa pitched

So, do we go? Do we really attack them head-on? They were playing their role of welcome. But something was missing. So I added:

Do you know about NFTs?

-The what?

The NFT The non-fungible token I’m surprised you’re on Discord and don’t know about NFTs.

The monkeys there

-Yes, these are the guys who made their fortune with NFTs.

Why does everyone make monkeys?

I guess it's because we're a bunch of monkeys on a rolling stone... or because the others want to make a fortune.

too. Jack:

What are NFTs?

-Well... It’s the birth of a new economy, a new art form, and a new way of looking at the internet... It’s the birth of many things.

As Jack punctuated his sentence, they looked at me as if I were a merlin.

Tell me about it!

"This is art's bitcoin."

And what does this have to do with us?

You have a community that needs more motivation to support your turnaround. You have to offer them a game, real participation, and rewards like money...

But what is an NFT? I still don’t understand... It’s like little digital works of art.

Is that all there is to it? Jpegs?

"Jpegs that sell for hundreds of thousands of euros..." added Funk.

Yes, but these jpegs are part of what we call the blockchain.

What is this?

This is what made bitcoin possible. The principle is very simple. It is a system that uses the validation of a transfer by several servers. Thus, everything is recorded and public. These kinds of programmed public registers allow unique trade actions. From these exchanges came trust in one or more units of exchange. These units created decentralized economies. And that’s where everything changes. Decentralization... It’s an economy without central banks and exchanges without multi-millionaire fertilizers.

It’s mostly scams and money laundering. I bought some, and I don’t even know what I need it for!

Funk was one of the NFT wave's letdowns. I had to defend my steak.

No, it’s not a scam. There have been scams because it’s a new movement and based on speculation, but it’s anything but a scam. "To me, it’s a revolution."

At the word "revolution," I realized that I had made Jack tick.

-Good. Without going into the big theories, how can it be of use to us now?

Jeffrey Celavie's NFT series is created. It’s a bit like trading cards. NFTs usually trigger collector’s fever because their economy works like a piece of art that can be bought and resold quickly. And since, of course, some NFTs are worth more than others, it makes for a hyperactive market. This is what the creators of NFTs like Cryptopunks or Bored Apes do... You already have a following... So much for using it.

But here you are talking about creating a collection, and what does that have to do with street marketing?

Members can be motivated to participate spontaneously in street marketing. If they own Jeffrey’s NFTs, in addition to the artistic motivation, they will have the traditional art speculator motivation. The more noise the street marketing makes, the more valuable the NFT becomes, and the more valuable the NFT becomes, the more motivation the owner has to participate in the movement via street marketing.

An angel passed by.

-Okay. I’ll talk to Amer about it. It sounds like a good idea. I hope you’re geeky enough to set up your NFT system, because no one here dicks anything. Is that understood?

Yes, that’s understood. You can trust me.

I managed to give myself a little credibility for the morning. Jack invited me to check out Funk's workshop. Funk was a military man at heart, a military leader who applied Clementia, rule by gentleness. He was very quiet. Sleeping water. The workshop was very orderly. The color bombs were arranged in the open boxes of a large wall shelf. A sofa faced a large wooden table on trestles, woodworking equipment, and a station that played without

music, a fridge. A large white wooden board covered the back wall, and above it was the ventilation system. The rolled-up canvases were placed on the left and right of the shelves, depending on whether they were already painted or not. Everything was sorted out and classified. The traces of the painted canvases left marks on the board, giving it the appearance of an abstract painting. A projector came out of the ceiling. Pedro sent his productions directly to the projector. The team would project the image onto the canvas, and off it went! The canvas was painted in two hours, maximum. We weighted them down with clotheslines while they dried. No decoration, just a map of Paris pinned to cork and some tags. No smell of cigarette, nor of joint. A clean workshop for graffiti artists, in fact. The storage room on the left kept all the output material for when they went on assignment. Collage materials, printed sheets, stencils, roller skates, gloves, backpacks, crowbars, soldering irons, and tool boxes Funk brought out thin metal plates. They were cut out in the center in Jeffrey’s well-known patterns. This is our last test. We’re looking to make more efficient machines to do the graffiti faster, cheaper, and longer. Glued posters are expensive in the end; they wash out; the colors are ugly; and they are easily torn off. By making too many poster collages, we gave the impression of participating in an electoral campaign, and we like to work with spray paint to paint the walls.

Where are the others?

They are not working today. They are going on an outing tonight. I prepare the material for them. They will arrive with some friends who will help them at about 21:00.

Do you pay the buddies who help?

-Yeah. It’s important to have soldiers that we can hire when needed.

Do they have skates?

No, not this time. Here, look. This is how it works. We drew a handle on the side to go faster. It unlocks if needed. We, on the other hand, take the can. We apply the paint. We start with the yellow. We have a blue that is similar to cyan and a magenta that is similar to red. There are parts where the three colors come together for black. He gave me a demonstration.

«-It’s beautiful. It’s very clean and efficient.

-Yeah, thanks. Do you want to go tonight with the others with the others? We need someone to film.

-Why not.»

I went with Bomb and Cum. They were with two buddies, the ones I saw the first day at the workshop. We drank. We took the subway. We went to the thirteenth. They applied the stencils. I filmed. Their buddies were on the lookout. Their method was pretty good. Except for the smell of the bomb, everything was done very discreetly. It was an automatic painting—I would even say Taylorized. There was no need to think. We did a dozen of them and bought more beer cans to celebrate. That was it. We made tags on the way home. The concept was good. The graffiti artists were enjoying their evening and getting paid for it. It was like paying mercenaries who only live to kill.

The next day, I was going to take the video to the videographers. They would do a quick edit. The finished video would go to Jo, who would put it on the internet along with a little text. Blogs thirsty for clicks would just copy and paste it. Meanwhile, the graphic designer would finish the originals and send them to print for shipping. Lisa would put them on sale on the official website, and by Friday, the sales would start. It was magic. Jeffrey existed in the collective unconscious. I was working for Jeffrey. He was there like Renaud is there, like General Motors, Macdo, the CIA, and all those other things that don’t exist. There are groups that work, people that buy, colors that circulate, and ideas that stick to them.

At the beginning of the week, I went to my local library. I had to work in the privacy of my home. I went through Coca's files and picked up a few books on the subject. I had to have the main lines I also took pictures of the Nazi propaganda posters, Indian muralists, and Mexican posters. I went through it all with Pedro. He changed a lot of things, actually. He wanted to be efficient. We used an old key ring, a Coca-Cola edition in the shape of a Swastika, with the catchphrase "Private industries have never had to pay compensation for their political mistakes," and another Coca Group creation: Fanta. A poster was made of a bottle of Fanta drunk by its creator in his work suit: Max Keith in a Nazi suit. Fanta is a Nazi creation like Adidas, a small name for Adolf Dassler. It’s a real shame to think that we wear Dolfi in our cities. And there are so many other examples like that.

-Lol. Excellent.»

We printed a poster about the many esophageal cancers attributed to acidic drinking. We didn’t attack overweight. Too easy. We printed one of John Pemberton shooting up. The guy invented Coke to calm his heroin addiction, but it was all in the title. We passed on a Sudanese poster. Coca-Cola is made with gum arabic as an emulsifier rather than cola nuts. The binder is what keeps the water, sugar, and acid together. Otherwise, you would see the layers of chemicals appear after a few days. The problem was that gum arabic was imported from Sudan, a country that was supposed to be under US embargo for its sympathy with terrorist networks. a fictitious embargo, since Coca-Cola and Pepsi probably imported eighty percent of the total production. One might think that Coke and Pepsi were, after all, partly financing terrorism.

«Isn't that the gum arabic used in paints?» Besides the ink, the gum arabic is a very old product. It was a glue that the Egyptians used to adhere the strips of their mummies...

And we drink this...

-Well, yeah... It keeps the body clean.

There was a scandal about expired aspartame too, if I remember correctly... During the war in Afghanistan,

Yeah, aspartame, under intense heat, transforms into methanol, a toxic alcohol. But it is allowed by the C. But it’s approved by the EC, and there’s too much information and counter-information. It’s hard to put it in our posters.»

Pedro get for triads, complementary trichromes, avoiding primary colors, in a simple and clean style. The style had a tasteful, graphic avant-garde note.

I started my NFT dealer site. I was a solo artist. The NFT world already had very well-constructed codes that you couldn't help but notice. Investor confidence was based on the description of a road map, which was a kind of simplified business plan. Since NFTs were based on speculation, they were based on investment and, by default, on trust due to a concise and honest explanation of the project. So I announced a collection of two thousand small images that would soon be available to fans. I drew classic NFTs, PFPs, and small portraits that declined according to a generative art program. Generative art is a program that delves into the particularities of the portrait through combinations of different features. In my case, I drew a portrait of a manga-style woman with different and more or less rare eyes, clothes, haircuts, and eyebrows according to the random sorting of the program. That was how it was done in the NFT world. If the green-eyed portraits were rarer than the others, like panini cards, they would be more valuable in future resale markets. It might be funny, but NFT was still in its infancy, and rare tones could fetch hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now we’re not laughing so hard. That’s why it was called PFP (profile file picture). Because after that, the owner could display his jpeg as a profile picture—a luxurious profile picture that could be displayed like a Ferrari or a yacht. If we could pay graffiti artists to make some posters, we could also build a kind of lottery that invited an audience to go into the streets to draw the logos of their favorite artists' revolts. The manga portraits were dressed up with retro posters, Jeffrey’s round glasses, and his round, cursive signature, so there was no doubt it was her. This was Jeff’s new work. Jo would soon encourage fans to log on to jeffreycelavie.team with an access code. The access code would be obtained under one condition: send in photos of an act of vandalism against a public appearance by Coke. Any advertisement or public distribution channel had to be signed with Jeffrey Celavie’s glasses and tag. All you had to do was post the photo on the Discord newsgroup. With this proof of good faith in a targeted act of vandalism, the fan would receive his or her unique collectible NFT. I wrote in my little black notebook, dubious about its usefulness, but as I saw that everyone was taking it to heart, I imitated them. I didn’t think it was possible to make a more acidic campaign. Amer decided otherwise. I had to add a little cherry to the cake. The next day I had a note:

Hi Domi.

not bad, but something is missing. I really like your construction. It’s good. It goes fast. But it lacks a punch, an act that makes the press want to stir. You should take down the Swastika-shaped Coke poster and paint it bigger in a very conspicuous spot. In front of the Georges Pompidou Center, there are very sturdy buildings with roads separating them. Go make your cross on one of them. The operation will be done on Thursday evening, and we will be able to take the photos for the weekend. People read the articles on Friday. Go do some scouting. Go paint it with funk.

Amer