And so a year of setting up went by without me really being able to sleep. Everything has been slower and more complicated than expected, but I have never lived as intensely as I have since that year. I have, as they say, gloated.

We started by printing holographic eggshell stickers. The stickers are so thin that they tear instead of peeling off. The holographic chrome gave off a rainbow reflection that caught the eye. We created QR codes that directed people to thekidz.cool. Since it didn’t cost us any extra, we printed some for Jeffrey to continue the legend. The Cool Kidz website soberly presented the project in a cyberpunk retrowave atmosphere. It explained the concept, displayed its road map, and provided a tutorial on how to mint one of our NFTs. We had to follow the codes of this damn NFT world. We opened a Twitter and an Instagram. Even though we wanted to break away from social networks, unfortunately, we had to go through their channels. We opened a Cool Kidz Discord. We made sure we advertised it on Jeffrey’s Discord to build a base. That was because NFT buyers were checking out the seriality of the site first, then the activity and atmosphere of the social networks, mainly Discord. So, on the Discord, we needed moderators, chatbots, and even chatters to liven things up. We created a cozy atmosphere. A disco is like when you go into a restaurant, a lounge, or a club. If there’s hardly anyone there and everyone looks at you when you arrive, you’ll probably run away. If there is a warm atmosphere and you go back through the conversation history, you will join, see what is going on, and possibly make virtual friends. The moderator is also important. It’s like the leader of an army that protects the palace and the king’s court, except that in this case, it was the court of the owls. The more moderators there are, the more it suggests a certain power. In this case, after going through a bunch of virtual interviews, I hired Jason, a highly motivated Nigerian. He had two major assets. He spoke with a lot of emoticons, and he had an army of moderators at his disposal. They are the ones fighting cyber-attacks during the drop period. As I was building the foundations of our dungeon, I took the opportunity to ask Kiki, the hacker, for communication access. I pestered Jack, and since he didn’t know anything about the world of crypto, I was granted access on the condition that it would be under the cover of total anonymity and on a protected chat where he would be present to read the exchanges. Kiki helped me set up some important elements. He worked on a system of chatters and moderators encoded as completely autonomous artificial intelligences in particular. It was amazing. He was inspired by the lines of OpenAI's ChatGPT in conjunction with his own deep learning. The artifice was almost perfect. I told him to handle it on his end. It would make a good experiment while maximizing Jeffrey’s cash returns. While we waited for the robots to do their work, we could focus on the organic proliferation of our kids. At the workshop, we started a classic poster campaign. The logo was printed, tagged, and graffitied. Pedro was reviewing the cleanliness of the design. Jo did some networking. Jack went looking for the first graffiti artists who were not part of the company to convince them to participate in the project. That was our test sample. Jack reached them through his notoriety as a former graffiti artist. He explained the concept and the possible gains.

During this time, I took care of all the setting up of the NFTs themselves. Quite a mess this work. I connected the wallet. These are the wallets that take care of generating the NFTs and harvesting the fruits. It’s a very stressful responsibility. If you screw up, the money is lost, and there is no one to recover it. You are at the mercy of hackers and currency fluctuations. To restore a wallet or a lost account, when you create the account, you get a seed phrase. This is a sequence of words that must not touch the computer, or the account will be stolen. Some people put their code in a safe; others hide it in poems or other writings. I put my codes in the best of my blackbooks, my personal blackbooks. I tackled the creation of NFTs. Masks from Niger, Mozambique, Korea, Japan, Inuktitut or American Indian masks, and steampunk or retrowave masks were all recreated. I put them on silhouettes and vinyl decorations, paintings or cartoons, psychedelic cosmos or photos of cities. It exuded an artsy, collage-punk vibe that was distinct from the classic NFT. It brought a bit of artistic maturity while staying in a pop and fun world. I mixed up the credits and hid some magical NFT that would cost a fortune if the project took off. I spent nights in hell working with an engineer. Crypto engineers are unbearable. They are the new doctors. A form of erudition in their field allows them to behave like any of the latest boffins. I had to learn the codes to check his work. So I was sailing from Lips to Github to Pinata and other IFPS. I was exhausted. The team was too.We wanted to complete everything before summer vacation. The sector was announcing a bear market. In finance,a " bearmarket" is a freeze in financial trading, a hibernation that follows a loss of confidence or a "market fever. This time limit put a lot of pressure on the project and turned me into a trader. My goal was to get the NFTs out when the market was low so that I could move up when it recovered. a bit complicated. a very fine weather window. And then the street marketing didn’t work out as planned. The problem with graffiti artists is that they are just as low key as everyone else. Explaining to them the concepts of speculation, cryptography, and teamwork was hell. They were not being addressed as the idealistic teenagers they were, but as the bitter, petty, distrustful adults they had become. Jack’s aura wasn’t enough. They didn’t want to work for someone else; they were worried about the capitalist scope of the project, and they didn’t want to participate in an economic-artistic revolution if it were to exist either. The graffiti artists are, on the whole, boys who had a problem with an overbearing, patriarchal, money-obsessed father figure. So most people have a problem with talking about an economy that exceeds two digits. They simply took the material they were given. They promised to stick and graft, but without a carrot or a stick at hand, they simply lied. Apart from the material loss to the company, it was a huge blow to the team’s morale. My idealism was bogged down by the shortsightedness of idiots. It was proof that I was running the ship at a loss, and I was happy to be reminded of my position as a bad captain. I was taking all the responsibility. I was wearing the hat. Projects of this magnitude are almost pirate-like voyages. You have to inspire the confidence of an investor, arm a ship with treasure, assemble a team with the scoundrels of the harbor, and make your way through storms and pirates. We set the date of the drop to July 14, Bastille Day. After that, it was definitely the holiday season. No one would invest in anything anymore. It was the same for art. No sales are possible during the vacations. So I asked for almost ten thousand dollars to do growth hacking in crypto. In an NFT campaign for a drop, you need to pay calendar sites that announce upcoming releases. You need to pay YouTubers who will talk about your project and organize AMAS; these are debates, preferably with competing projects. You need to target "Laser Eyes," guys who have the reputation of focusing on the right projects, as well as Alphas. Alphas are often uncomfortable. They are guys who bought bored apes, and it made them rich. They have set up a clan, a mafia, which, by displaying their NFT, gives them the power of influence. Having a valuable NFT gives you social status and a job.

There were those and thousands of other things to do. We also have to protect the sites and the cats from all the threats. It’s extremely intense. It’s called going berserk. We’re blasting money. We talk to thousands of people we don’t trust, yet we send them money. We burn out and pray it works. We keep negative accounts. We dissolve the Treasury. We move forward blindly. It’s a living hell. The psychological breakdowns are numerous. Jo was at her wits’ end. In the middle of one of her now familiar laughs, she started to pour. Jack was making threats. Funk railed against me while I was preparing the machines. Pedro was watching me defiantly and telling me to watch out for Jack, that he was as smart as he was sneaky. I was lost. The company’s life expectancy was dwindling. A company, even one with a lot of capital, is always on the brink. Salaries make everything melt away so fast. I haven’t slept at all in the last few weeks. I paid for the right amount of comments, the right amount of bullshit experts, the right amount of fake likes, the right amount of emails... Whatever it takes to get the job done And we opened the "Green List. A Greenlist,

This is for all those who have been following. It’s a presale at half price. Nothing happened. No purchases. It smelled like crap. I stayed home, and since everything was already set up, all I had to do was open the door on drop day. I waited until midnight and opened. I opened it when our communication was at its peak. I opened the drop thinking about those stories of guys who opened where nothing happened, and overnight they made a killing. I opened thinking that the Americans, as big consumers of NFT, could save us at that time. They say that if nothing happens within 24 hours, the project is finished. Well, nothing happened in 24 hours. I was officially dead. Jack was probably going to send a bunch of ugly Jojos to beat me up. We don’t talk often enough about the heists that don’t pay off, the emptiness, and the feeling of being a total loser that they leave. The hackers instantly left us alone. We put it all on me, of course. When you lose, everyone thinks you deserve it, and when you win, everyone thinks you’re lucky. I didn’t really know where I stood. I felt bad about it. I hate to lose money. Actually, I had both. I lost, and it was deserved. I did a bad job with the street marketing. I had dug in on the NFT campaigns at a time when no one wanted to look at them anymore. That and too many fakes, too many spelling mistakes, and bugs in our links were enough to discourage professional bettors. My boat and I rushed through the transaction. It was a morbid and unconscious way to run straight into the wall, guided by pressure. Keeping a crew together is not easy. So I did the balance sheet to show that I was clean on my numbers. It was a way to hide like a naughty boy during quarterly review time. And as I looked at the transactional portfolio to check the books... That’s when the magic happened. Motherfock. There had been a few purchases overnight. First, a little. then a lot on the second night. Not knowing where it could have come from, I doubted my own imagination. The shopping was only done at night, so it was coming from somewhere other than our time zone. USA? Or Asia? I had to figure out where it could have come from before I could claim victory. I went on the Discord. Among all the branches, some were more active than others. I didn’t even know they existed, even though I was the administrator of the page, and more importantly, I didn’t have access to them. When I asked some of the mediators to explain, nobody could tell me anything. They spoke Indonesian, Malay, Cantonese, Burmese, Cambodian, or Thai. So it was Southeast Asia that saved me. I understood later that the Asians were not only sensitive to NFT projects but that mine was the only project in Europe, in France, that had reached them and, above all, that our Discord had served as a safe place to talk. The fact that we took out our NFT on the anniversary of the French Revolution was a powerful symbol for a group of young pro-democrats who were tired of their country being watched. Damned. These people were Joshua Wong’s heirs: expats, locals, or refugees eager to discuss the Umbrella Spring, 1984, and the Hunger Games in peace. Our NFT had become their ticket to their ultra-privatized living rooms. The dominoes fell as a result of their magical impulsion. I was still waiting to see what happened before I went back to the firm. In fact, they couldn’t really know about the money coming in yet since I was the only wallet holder. Unless they went online and looked at the transaction history, Jason, our main moderator, was inspired by this formation of independent discussion groups. At first he lost total control over the chat, but then he reacted and formed his own private groups where only Afrikaans, English, Portuguese, or French dialects, Yoruba, Bambara, etc. were spoken. Master Kakou Phillip had assigned him a meticulous task. Kakou Phillip was a local Nigerian preacher. He heard about Jason. He knew that Jason was working on a project with Europeans. That’s normal. Jason had told everyone in his village. He also said that the project was selling digital African masks. Master Kakou Phillip ordered Jason and his friends to promote and structure this project. The Master said that this project would give life to the African continent and its culture, and that from this project and its wealth, many countries in Africa would rise like dead people. Totally whatzefeuck. Africans are as much players as Asians. At least, that’s what I saw in my NFT sales. I was on another planet. I stayed home and watched this digital fire. We were three-quarters of the way through sales. It would stimulate our market, and we were going to make a killing on the royalties. And to finish it off nicely, South America added the final touch. An Argentine rapper named Elegante was following our program closely. He and his buddies were charmed by the graffiti and rough atmosphere of our NFT. He absolutely wanted to be our ambassador. At the beginning, he asked for an astronomical sum. I negotiated with him by promising to pay for his next video if he did product placement on Instagram. In South America, this is done a lot, and with the violent inflation of which the Argentines were constantly victims, the economic alternatives offered them a little hope to round off the month. And bam! We ended up with the Argentinians. I had a sellout in my wallet, crypto experts in every mailbox, and Jack everywhere looking for me to ask questions. I had reached what we call the tipping point. This is the moment when you get everyone’s attention and they stop fiddling with you. Still, I was dead. Making a lot of money is like losing money. It makes you feel strange in your body. It leaves you empty. It’s also the moment when you’re in the middle of the cyclone. You have to stay alert because the big one is ahead. Speculation has this problem that when people make money from you, they expect you to keep it up. So, you have to stay confident. And in order to do that, you have to respect the timing. Right away, blogs were only talking about us. We emerged from this period of depression like a shark’s fin at low tide. The wave was coming, and we had to surf it. We were on all the specialized sites. The Americans were looking for resales on OpenSea. That made us go to the top of the list, and the royalties eventually fell. The boat's treasure, its capital, is the sold out. The royalties are the cruising speed and the wind that pushes. From every direction, whales and robots, pirates and racketeers attacked us. We had to regroup in a pitched battle. A good career, as Hannah Arendt puts it, is built on the alternation of introspection and social action. I had to go to the club so we could coordinate. I would have liked to arrive at the company as a winner, but the opposite happened. That’s what the corporate world is all about. When there is a victory, there is a recovery. Everyone was congratulating themselves and doing everything to say that the job had worked out for him. Nothing for me. I was still an outsider to them. But anyway. I wasn’t complaining. We could pick up where we left off.

I paid for the rap video as planned. It boosted merchandise sales. The video was damn rockin’. He was a really good ambassador, this guy. There were more than enough pitbulls and tattoos. We were starting to enjoy the rewards of our fame. The discord was becoming very complex. We needed tons of ramparts to resist hacks. Kiki was at the mill and the stove. He had to protect the sites, which now had over a thousand attacks a month. The passwords were changed every week, creating a huge mess. Especially since Amer requested that the codes be written down only on Blackbook. Jack asked me where the money from the receipts was. I explained that it was in the wallet I controlled and that I could set up an automatic transfer to the company account. He didn’t like the power I had over the transfer. I saw it in those eyes. I could understand it. We were approaching the mili, and he had no choice but to trust me. You couldn't change the source wallet once the machine started. This dependence assured me of a promotion. Heh heh. You had to help me when I was alone to take the risk! That’s what he understood. I knew he’d come back for more. For now, he needed me. I needed him.

I felt strangely better able to handle the money. This much money can drive people crazy. If you’re wondering what it’s like to be rich, well, here you go... You go from the Joker to Batman. You were on fire, crazy about the injustices of the world, and you suddenly became the Batman, responsible for your city. My creativity and my desire to see if the plan worked were stronger than the desire to take the money and do anything with it. That was my strength. The graffiti artists we hired had no clothes. They turned against us. Even though they didn’t move their asses, they claimed the idea and the concept and united to create a group enemy: the TUG. The United Graffiti. I hate graffiti artists. Our Discord was attracting more fans. It was amazing. It was these fans who would spontaneously go out into the streets to tag the Cool Kidz crest. Seeing it in reality was crazy. The graffiti artists finally used the only fascist technique they know to respond to an enemy group: they were beating the crap out of our members in the street. They sent threats and discrediting messages on social networks. We were rather proud of our civilians, who were jumping headfirst into the street game without knowing the rules. They were proud and confident in their ability to be Cool Kidz. The team spirit was working. Guys who didn’t even own an NFT would go out on the streets and tag our logo. It was amazing. Well... if we didn’t want all this to turn into a bloodbath, we had to go ahead and launch the second campaign. We were already hearing stories of rendezvous and iron bars, and this had to stop as soon as possible. Creativity is stronger than the sword, so the preparation of Trinity and SEM was launched.

We created a crazy expectation. On Discord, there were general announcements. It sends messages to all the subscribers. We told them that the Cool Kidz were up to something crazy. Get out the instruments and the Mozart sheet music. Knowing how to play music is great. Conducting an orchestra is better. Pedro took some time to set up the posters. It was worth it. We used his synesthesia to establish the relationship between the colors and the months of distribution according to the messages on each poster. For each chakra, a message. For each message, a color of the rainbow corresponds with a feeling, an organ of the human body, a planet, and a month in the year. If the marketing codes are those of ancient mysticism, then we might as well go all out. Pedro would design the posters with a main color and a complementary color outside the text. He had a good eye for choosing the right shade and staying away from overly crude primary colors. He had a good eye anyway. He sprinkled a third color that covered the whole thing with polka dots. It lifted the whole thing and made for some really attractive visuals.

Funk was more than helpful. He worked on the design of the instruments like an engineer. We went back and forth, testing and prototyping endlessly. We needed perfect pieces that could be remade for all the participants. Once we knew how to build the machines, all we had to do was draw Ikea-style construction models and open source 3D files so that everyone could make their own part at the local Fablab.

We built the first pieces ourselves and sent them out for free to entice the hot ones. With a toy like that, they couldn’t help themselves. We started by contacting the One up in Berlin. They were the best crew to do a burn start. They were motivated and had a big fan base that would add to ours. We also had the contacts of MSK for New York, MTS for Spain and Portugal, BSD for Asia and many others for the French cities. We covered Bordeaux, Toulouse, Lyon and Marseille. We finally had some serious guys with us. Our reputation was a big help. All subscribers received a booklet outlining how to construct Trinity, a simple little machine that welded three spray cans together. Actually, it was three half circles welded together along a trigger. It made huge strokes with the three colors mixed together. It was a toy that was both playful and entertaining. It started a trend, as expected. The multiplicity of the logo made it incredibly catchy. We started a production of white masks with the Yin Yang on them. We also designed some Yin Yang sticker files. The movement was fast. Everyone was caught up in the game. It grew quickly, even before the first poster. We threw out the merchandise, which included t-shirts and hoodies. We put online the YouTube and Instagram videos generated by different identities. Africans made Yin Yang masks. In Asia, people formed a circle with the three fingers of each hand, the thumb touching the opposite little finger to evoke it. The hacker had produced tons of profiles and untraceable email addresses to keep us safe. The videos were endless shortages of graffiti artists and amateurs from all over the world wearing their masks and sweatshirts and sending their graffiti photos taken from their smartphones. The graffiti artists were engaged in a kind of internal competition to see who could draw the perfect circle and the internal S of the Yin Yang in a single wide and regular gesture. It gave hours and hours of the same hypnotic gesture with the hashtag #dripsanddrops to show that we were participating in the contest. We were really close to a raw graffiti aesthetic, but replacing the tag with a single line, a single common form, a single symbol. The Yin Yang was already prevalent in many streets and cities around the world. We released a small collection of ten thousand paid NFTs, just with Yin Yang triples on them. They vanished in ten minutes. Rappers like Freez Corleone, Booba, and others were showing off their NFT on social networks. The tattoo pictures were falling by the thousands. We started sending our t-shirts to the US. Other presses, other than those specializing in NFT or Street art, were interested in talking about us. The magazines called it the "Yin Yang Phenomenon," with many unanswered questions and a lot of mystery. They were forced to talk about the sign itself, the Yin Yang, and tried to philosophize about it. Soon the culture pages of the newspapers and blogs like 9gag and Kombini were getting into it. The phenomenon’s goals were announced in the streets of Taiwan, Japan, Korea, China, Thailand, and Singapore, where the anti-graffiti repression was the strongest. South America, the Chicanos of Miami or Los Angeles, and Africa were not left out. Only the Middle East was missing. After five months, our phenomenon was well known and commented on. But it could still fade, like a fashion. It was the end of the Trinity phase.

Cool Kidz and Yin Yang owners clubs had formed. They were definitely boycotted by the Bored Apes owners. The opposite was true. The human tribe was already fighting against its cousin tribe of monkeys. We got blue dots to officialize our socials. Videos were getting endless views. Brands were pestering us to sponsor us. The Discord was infiltrated by all of the world's surveillance police, who were looking for the identities of their adversaries. So, with Kiki, we kept fortifying the chat by creating new official site addresses that would later be used to hide our future treasures. I had the codes, he managed the wallets. It was our anti-corruption system. We began to create our internal currency and all the space required to chart our course, that of the Holy Grail of our sect's adherents: our Dao-tao.

Jack started to freak out. The number of members was far too large. The number of copies sold on alternative markets .The number of conversations that could not be understood or translated was also high. He wanted to be careful that no one bought the whole thing for a big burn. We had to be careful not to get dogged, which means no one would reveal our identity. We had designed our platform according to a system where the first message could not be traced. It was an ingenious system by Kiki the hacker. Every time we sent a message, it was instantly echoed back to us by the members, so we couldn’t know who was behind the first message. That, along with the Blackbooks, helped a little. But one day, with all this mess, we would have been discovered naturally, physically. We were probably already starting to attract the attention of the DGSE or Interpol. It doesn’t take much to be classified as a terrorist or a cult these days. And this was before we even hung the first poster. So Jack decided to close up shop. From now on, everyone worked from home. No one had the right to go back to the office anymore. He said he saw cops watching us, and it didn’t look good. He had a segmented mailbox set up for everyone in the backyard of a building near the Maison de la Radio. He had made an agreement with the owner, a shady guy who had flats with expensive whores.

I was sad that I didn’t have much contact at the most interesting time, but I understood what was at stake. Especially for me. I had the codes to get the money and just about everything else. I had the texts to come. In short, it was more than enough for a thug to kidnap me. Jack told me to stay home. I did a few nights out and I must say it felt good anyway. But I always  was running into Yin Yang on the streets, signed by illustrious strangers who, without knowing it, were my hand. It felt strange, so I ended up staying at home. I worked as before, except that I went to the mailbox to drop off or pick up my letters. get my blackbook back. We started the SEM phase.

The exchanges with Amer were always more intense. She, like me, seemed to be more interested in the artistic aspect of the project than in the madness and the riches that surrounded it. There was something reassuring about her demands. There is always something reassuring about free and creative people. They give off this impression of being the center of the universe. Always.

She would work out the details. She refined the turn of my first texts. She put a more engaging side to it, fractured with short, graphic sentences. She insisted on making it sound like a slogan. It was a simple text. It had to read like a love song and a serious speech. It had to touch hearts and put words to the unspoken hopes and sufferings in each country where it would be translated. It was difficult to find images that would speak to numerous cultures. She kept me going for the most concise, calls for insurrection, comparisons. The text spoke of silly things, but silly things, affixed to all the walls, have an incredible force. The world needed manichism. It was too much in controversy and had lost its appetite for the good and the simple. Amer spoke with adages and generalities as if to shut herself in. She was also severe. When I wrote to her that the text was too politic and that he risked setting the world ablaze, she replied that political discourse was surely the most contemporary Ready-made that one could do. She would not give up. She loved art too. She corrected my rough vocabulary, my continuations in ideas that were not really ideas. This collaboration made her almost intimate. It was my only tangible contact for those few weeks, months of gestations, before giving birth to the fire. Impact.