





**ENCODE
GRAPHICS**

„IMMORTALIZED“

PRIMAL CYPHER

STORY, SCRIPT & EDITOR

ROBERTO CAPORALE

PENCILS AND INK

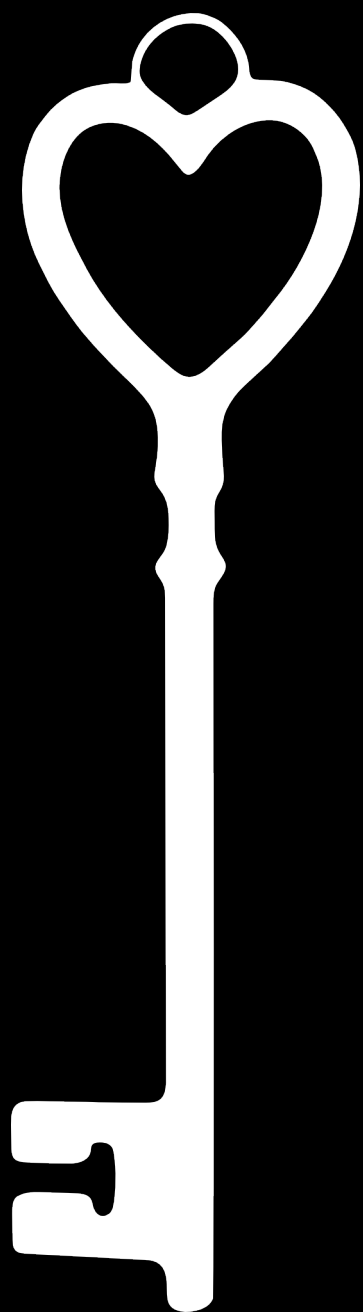
RICARDO WINKELMANN

LETTERING

ROBERTO CAPORALE

COVER ART

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PRELUDE



The idea for THE oX ARCHIVE has been floating around in my head for over a year. Initially I wanted to create a series that not only unites artists from the cryptoart scene, but also offers a platform for short stories to serious WEB3 projects. When I was invited by Trevor Jones as one of 30 artists for the CASTLE PARTY, there was probably no better occasion to finally start this project and at the same time to commemorate and pay tribute to one of the most important cryptoart artists from the “pre-hype” times - Alotta Money.

It would definitely be too presumptuous to say we were close friends, but we were always in touch especially in the early days when the NFT and Cryptoart Space felt more like a family. Philippe and his work always made me smile; the way his animations came to life amazed me and I felt he was a pioneer who was very versatile in his artistic expression. What connected the two of us was certainly an affinity for the dark humor of Monty Python films, which certainly don't always elicit a laugh from the viewer, but in their depth always carry truths that artfully criticize society and its excesses and ills with a touch of absurdity.

It's no secret that Alotta Money wanted to become a comic artist as a child, and it was precisely this shared passion, as well as the diversity of this very often underestimated world of artistic expression, that always connected us both in our conversations. Giants such as the cartoonist “Moebius”, for example, were close to both our hearts and comics exerted a certain fascination on both of us.

So this first edition is something very personal for me. On the one hand, because it is dedicated to an artist who is very important to me, and on the other hand, because we were actually already planning a collaboration towards the end of 2020. However, we had to postpone it again and again because things came up with Philippe and then again with me. After Philippe's passing, it was too late for that. This work is therefore a subsequent, albeit one-sided, collaboration on my part, which I am sure he would have liked.

When I began writing the 18-page short story presented here, I never dreamed it would be the fastest elaboration by far. The entire process was completely different than usual. I had no idea. Nothing!! All I knew was that 3 characters absolutely had to have their place in it: Alotta Money, Trevor Jones and ETH Boy. The standard I set for myself was to capture the absurd wit of Philippe's oeuvre. There should be no limits here.

I was sitting in front of my computer. A white page. Only the blinking of the insertion point. Various disconnected ideas were flying around in my mind. All of a sudden, something magical happened. It all fell into place and I was able to crystallize a quintessence that I desperately wanted to convey. I began to write and, except for occasional short breaks, I wrote from morning till night. Idea after idea lined up while I was still in the process. When I sat down the following day to finalize the story, it seemed as if I had not stopped writing at all. This truly unusual state of mind returned and I finished the story in one go. I must confess without any false modesty: I was really proud, more than satisfied and probably never had more fun and joy writing a story like this. I hope the esteemed reader enjoys the story as much as I do!

PRIMAL GYPHER

:: July 21, 2023, ∞ ::

SOMETIME IN THE NOWHERE
OF A SOMEWHERE...

IN CONCLUSION,
IT REMAINS TO BE SAID
THAT BLACK IS NOT ACTUALLY
A COLOUR, BUT A STATE THAT
IS EXPRESSED BY THE
ABSENCE OF LIGHT.

THE LIGHT IS
ABSORBED, SO TO SPEAK,
AND NO HUE OF THE LIGHT
SPECTRUM IS REFLECTED BY
BLACK THINGS. BLACK IS
THUS THE ABSENCE OF
VISUAL PERCEPTUAL
QUALITY!

BLACK... HMM...
HE LOOKS SO
BLACK...

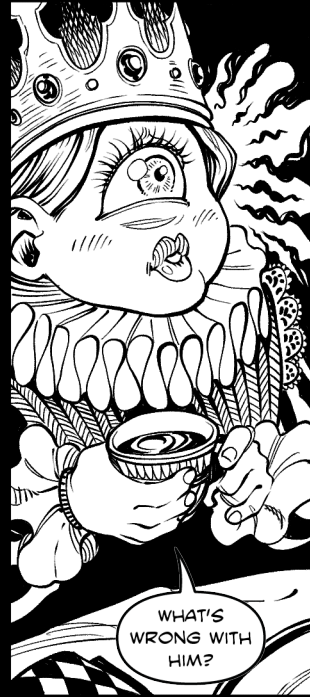
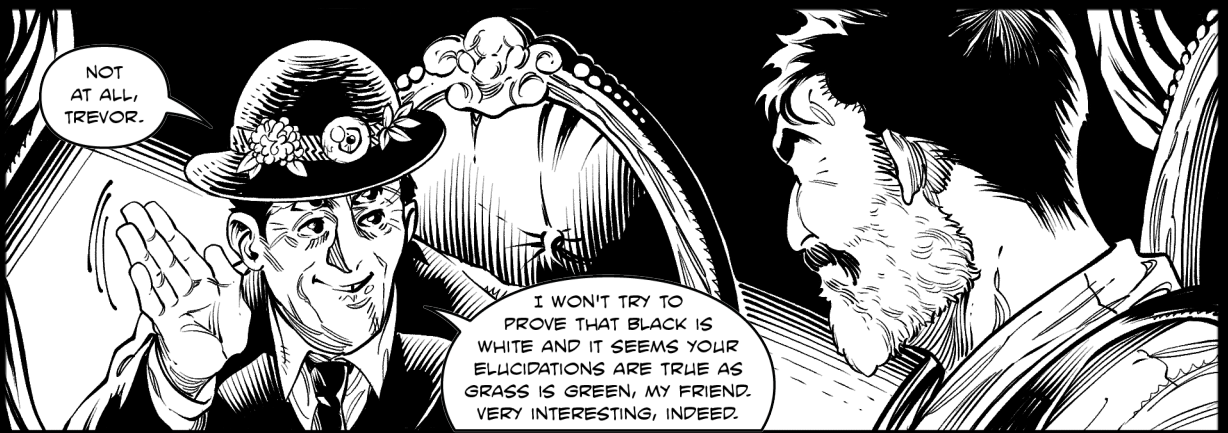
ARE YOU
BORED WITH MY
FIVE-HOUR LECTURE
ON COLOURS,
PHILIPPE?

I WONDER WITH WHAT
JUSTIFICATION REGARDING
YOUR MENTAL ABSENCE
YOU ARE GOING TO GET
AWAY WITH A BLACK
EYE...

HUH?

WE'VE
ONLY REACHED
BLACK AND, TO
BE HONEST, I WAS
LOOKING FORWARD
TO TALKING ABOUT
THE COLOUR
BLUE.









OH COME ON MY BOY! SPIT OUT WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND ALREADY!



ONE DAY WE WILL ALL DIE!!!

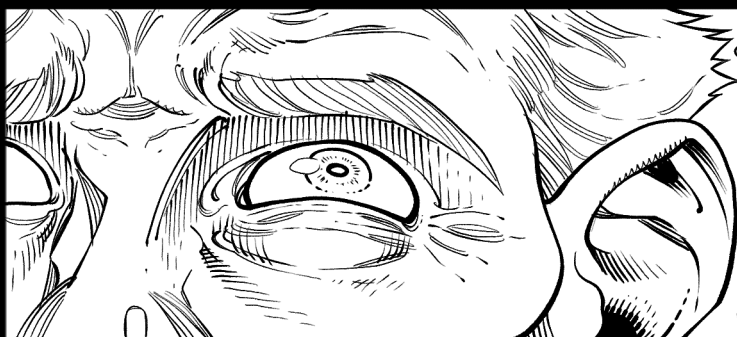


LOOKS LIKE HE CAUGHT ONE WITH A BREEZE OF "EXISTENTIALISM"

I KNEW IT



DIDN'T WE AGREE THAT YOU WOULDN'T TOUCH THE BISCUITS ANYMORE?



OUR EXISTENCE IS GOVERNED BY BLOODY MATHEMATICS. ONE DAY WE WILL ALL DIE...



MON DIEU! IT DOESN'T HELP. THE EFFECT ONLY WEARS OFF WITH PERSUASION...





YES IT IS TRUE MY LITTLE FRIEND, THE LAST HOUR WILL STRIKE AND ONE DAY WE WILL ALL DIE...



...BUT ON ALL OTHER DAYS WE DO NOT DIE!



AND ISN'T IT PRECISELY THOSE DAYS THAT MATTER?

WHY DEPRIVE YOURSELF OF THE BEST IN LIFE BY LOSING YOURSELF IN THE FATALISM OF FINITUDE, WHEN THE MAGIC LIES IN THE BEAUTY OF THE NOW?



I SAY, LET'S NOT FORGET THE SADNESS OF THE PAST, BUT LET'S NOT GIVE IT POWER OVER US AND LET US KEEP THE JOY OF THE PAST IN OUR HEARTS!

I SAY, "FEAR OF THE FUTURE" BE DAMNED AND AWAY WITH ALL THE GLOOMY THOUGHTS!

I SAY, LET US SAVOUR EVERY MOMENT TO THE FULLEST AND SEEK JOY IN IT!

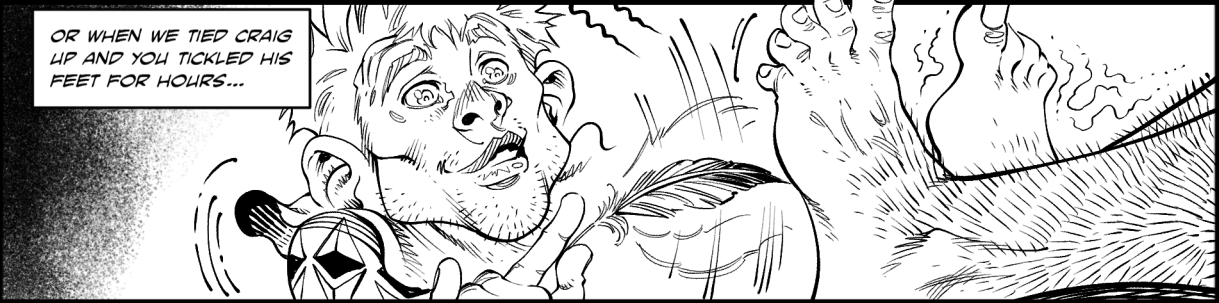


OH COME ON BOY, SURELY YOU CAN REMEMBER ALL THOSE MOMENTS YOU EAGERLY AWAITED WITH ANTICIPATION OR WHEN YOU WERE REALLY HAPPY?



FOR EXAMPLE, YOUR LAST BIRTHDAY WHEN ABRAXA BAKED YOU A CAKE JUST FOR YOU?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY LITTLE MUNCHKIN.



OR WHEN WE TIED CRAIG UP AND YOU TICKLED HIS FEET FOR HOURS...



...UNTIL HE PISSED HIS OWN TROUSERS?



YOU WERE SO HAPPY IN THAT MOMENT AND THAT HE FINALLY STOPPED ASKING FOR AN INVITATION TO TEA.

PLEASE, STOP IT!



OH, THAT REALLY WAS FUNNY!





LAS VEGAS. A PRIVATE ROOM

...AND I SAID TO HIM, IF YOU SIGN THE CONTRACT, I'LL MAKE SURE THEY BUY YOUR ARTWORK FOR 69 MILLION!

HAHAHAHAHAHA!



HAH, SOME OF THESE ARTISTS... I COULD ALSO TELL A STORY OR TWO.

FOLD!



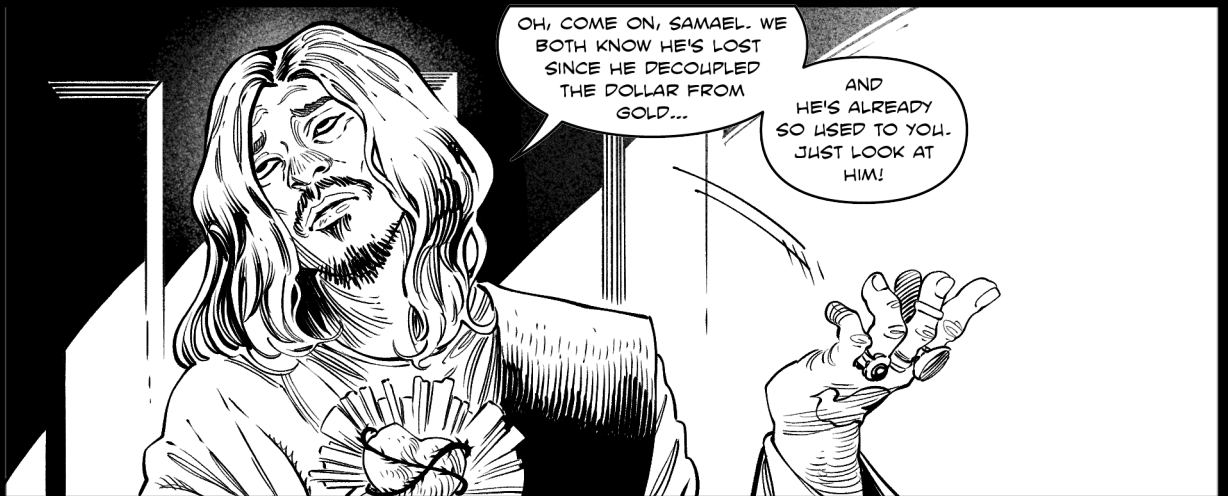
FOLD...



HOWEVER... LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST THE TWO OF US LEFT, HUH?

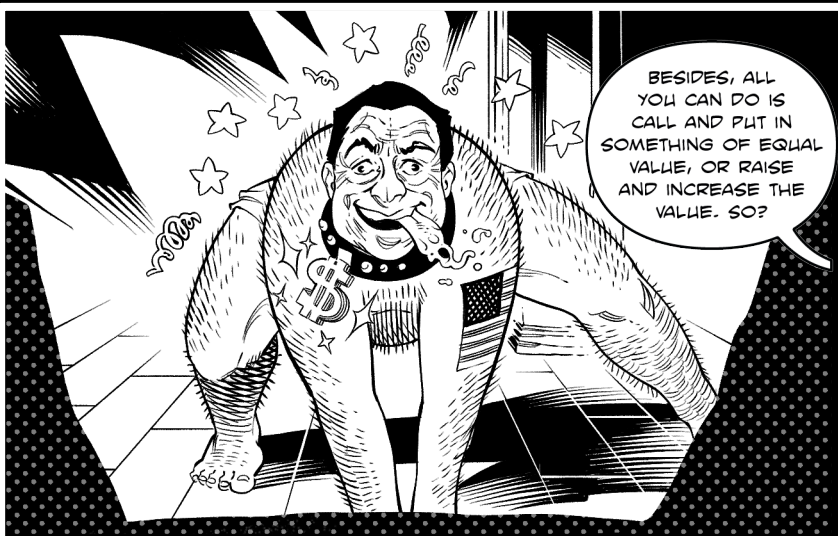


I RAISE AND BET THE SOUL OF MY FAITHFUL LIL' NIXON!



OH, COME ON, SAMAEEL. WE BOTH KNOW HE'S LOST SINCE HE DECOUPLED THE DOLLAR FROM GOLD...

AND HE'S ALREADY SO USED TO YOU. JUST LOOK AT HIM!



BESIDES, ALL YOU CAN DO IS CALL AND PUT IN SOMETHING OF EQUAL VALUE, OR RAISE AND INCREASE THE VALUE. SO?



AH MY LITTLE ONE... I WOULDN'T WANT TO GIVE HIM AWAY ANYWAY. ALL RIGHT THEN...



JUST SAYING FINK, POWELL, YELLEN AND THE REST OF THE GANG!



I... I HAVE TO ADMIT, I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT...

THAT WOULD SIGNIFICANTLY REDUCE THE LIKELIHOOD OF FINANCIAL COLLAPSE AND MORE WARS IF I WIN.

TOUGH ONE... I'LL PROBABLY CALL, BUT I'LL NEED TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.



♪ YOU WALK ON THE WATERS ♪
♪ YOU SPEAK TO THE SEA ♪
♪ YOU STAND IN THE FIRE BESIDE ME ♪
♪ YOU ROAR LIKE A LION... ♪

WAZ' THAT?



UM, MY RINGTONE... I MEAN, MY MOBILE... HOLD ON A SEC!



Incoming Call...
ALOTTA MONEY ♡
slide to answer



I HATE IT WHEN THAT HAPPENS!

ABSOLUTELY!
WE SAID NO MORE CALLS!...
HMPF!



PHILIPPE, HOW NICE TO HEAR FROM YOU! I WAS ALREADY WONDERING WHY YOU DON'T GET IN TOUCH MORE OFTEN.

OF COURSE YOU'RE NOT DISTURBING!!



OH, SO IT'S URGENT.... I SEE... THE BISCUITS AGAIN... DEATH DILEMMA... HMMM.



SURE I WILL COME AND HELP.



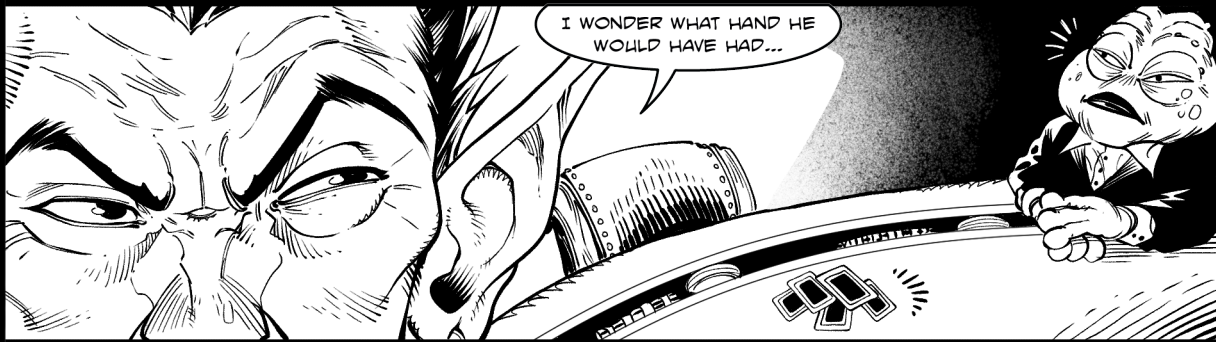
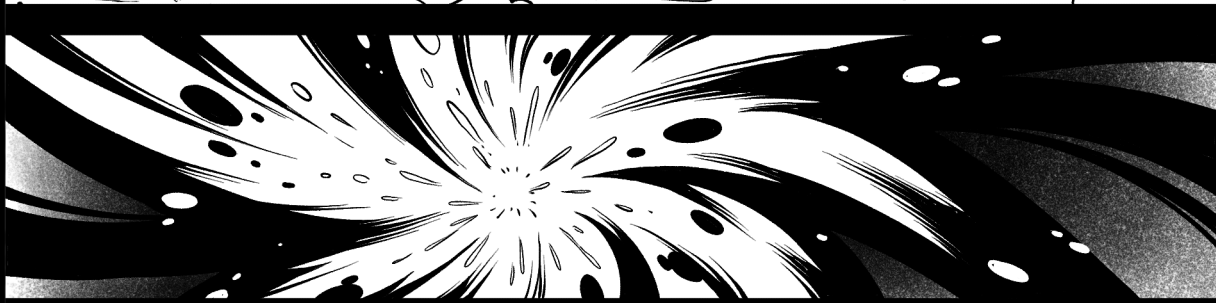
I'M AFRAID I MUST EXCUSE MYSELF. I HAVE MORE PRESSING MATTERS TO ATTEND TO. DEATH, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME.



HOW DARE YOU CRASH OUR POKER WEDNESDAY AGAIN!

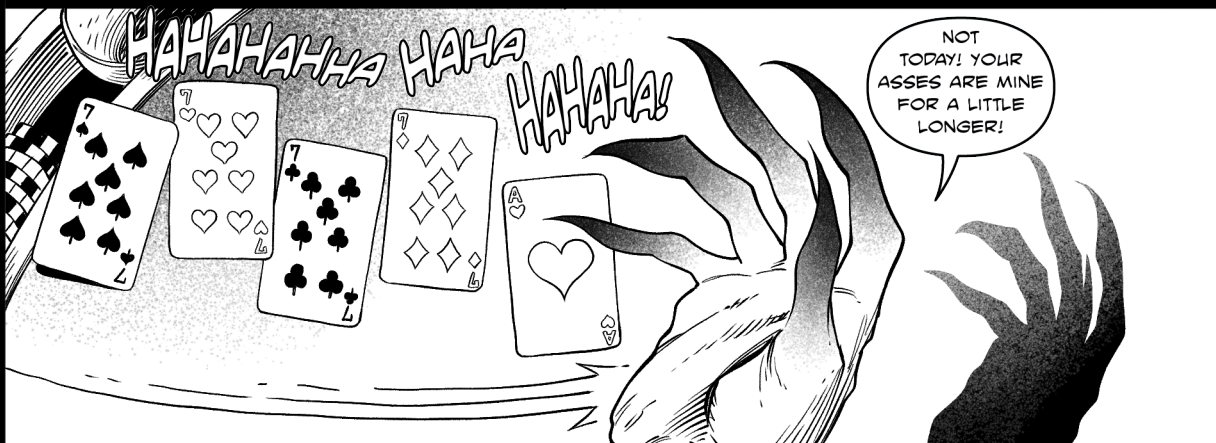
YOU'LL GET OVER IT!

BETTER BE BACK SOON! WE STILL NEED TO TALK ABOUT ELON...



I WONDER WHAT HAND HE WOULD HAVE HAD...

HAHAHAHAHA HAHA HAHAHAHA!



NOT TODAY! YOUR ASSES ARE MINE FOR A LITTLE LONGER!

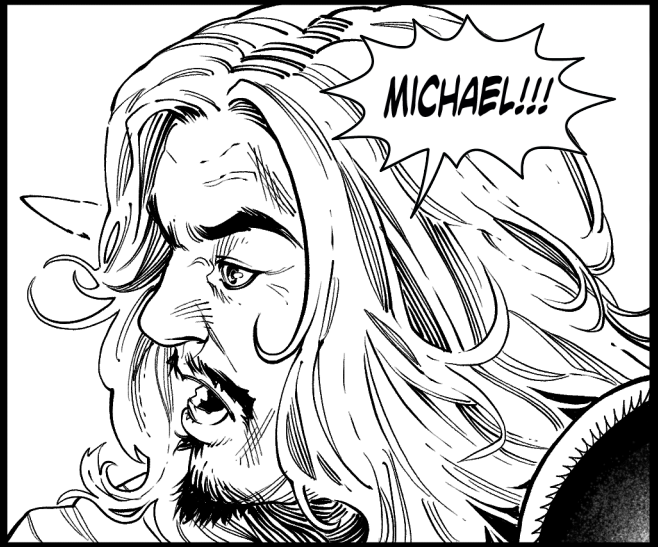


PHILIPPE,
IT'S A PLEASURE
TO SEE YOU! IT'S
BEEN A WHILE,
MY FRIEND!

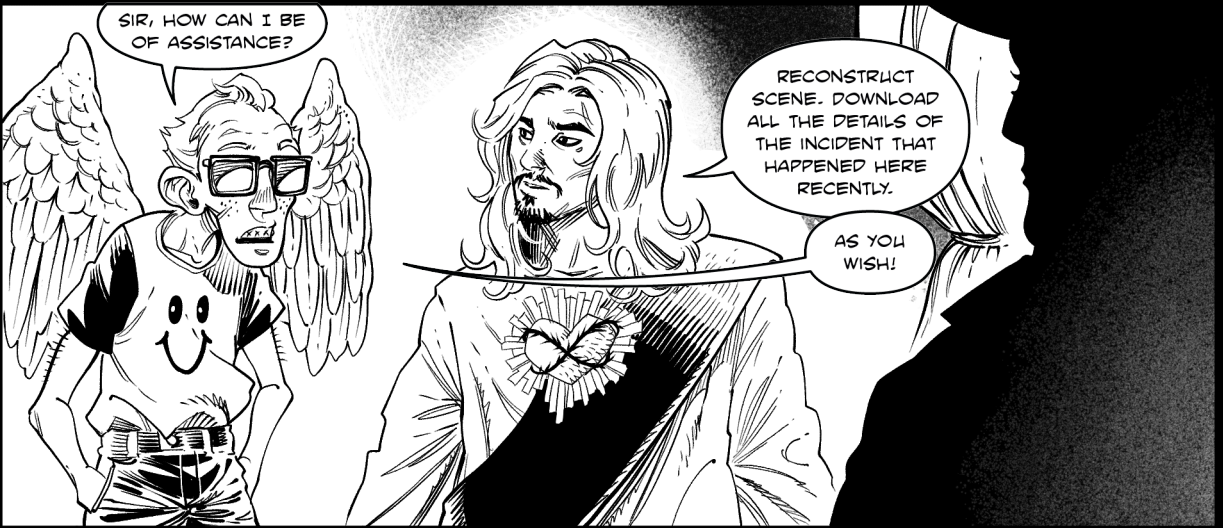


DON'T
BOTHR GIVING
ME ALL THE
DETAILS.

UGH...



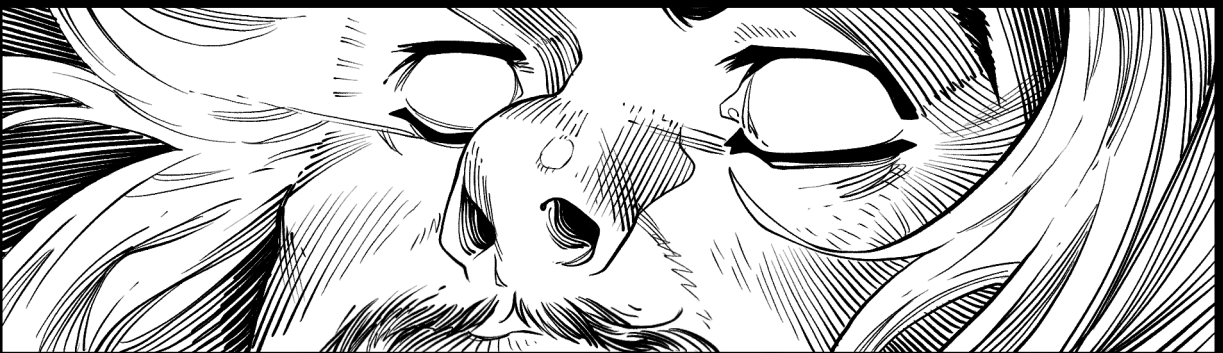
MICHAEL!!!



SIR, HOW CAN I BE
OF ASSISTANCE?

RECONSTRUCT
SCENE. DOWNLOAD
ALL THE DETAILS OF
THE INCIDENT THAT
HAPPENED HERE
RECENTLY.

AS YOU
WISH!





WELL, WELL...
I SEE.

WILL HE
GET WELL
AGAIN?

DON'T WORRY.
WHERE IS THE
PATIENT?



ONE DAY... WE
ALL WILL... DIE...
ONE DAY...



HELLO, LITTLE FELLOW...
YOU REALLY GOT HIT
HARD, HEH?

YOU KNOW,
YOUR FRIENDS ARE
RIGHT: ONE DAY YOU
WILL DIE, BUT ON ALL
OTHER DAYS YOU
WILL NOT...

IT IS
PRECISELY
THOSE DAYS THAT
MAKE UP LIFE...
WITH UPS AND
DOWNS...



WHAT MATTERS IS ONLY YOUR FOCUS AND WHERE YOU PUT YOUR ATTENTION. IF YOU CAN FIND THE BEAUTIFULL AND ESSENTIAL IN ALL THINGS...



...THE ENERGY OF YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS WILL POUR OUT IN JOY!!!

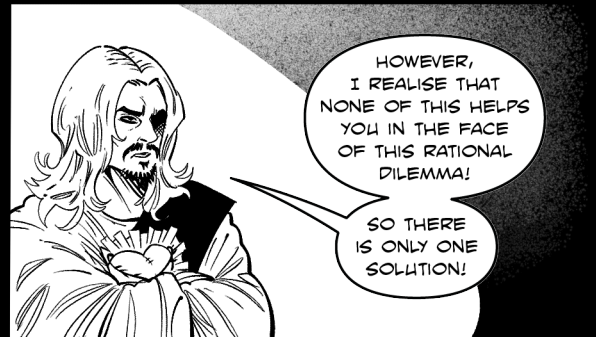


BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, DEATH IS NOT THE END MY FRIEND. TAKE IT FROM SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHAT HE IS TALKING ABOUT.



DEATH IS ONLY A DOOR THAT CLOSES AND AT THE SAME TIME OPENS A NEW ONE. IT'S ACTUALLY AN ILLUSION...

I AM ACTUALLY QUITE REAL...



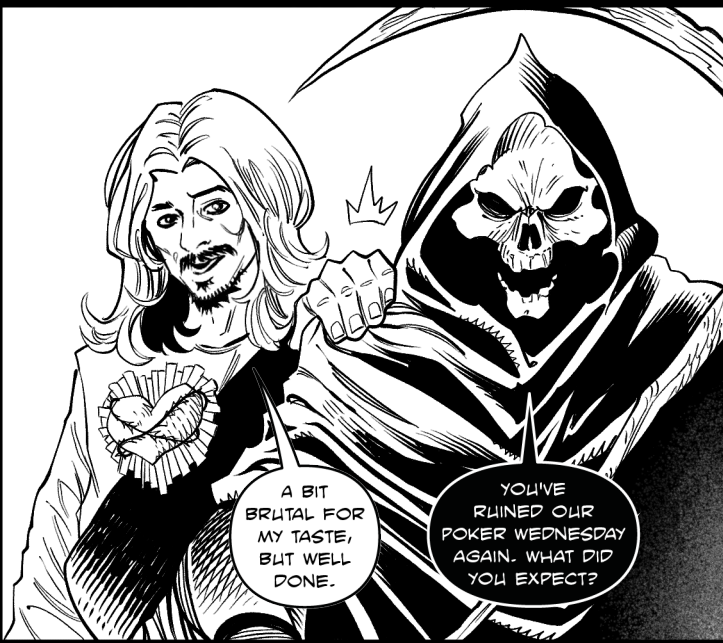
HOWEVER, I REALISE THAT NONE OF THIS HELPS YOU IN THE FACE OF THIS RATIONAL DILEMMA!

SO THERE IS ONLY ONE SOLUTION!



YOU MUST DIE!!!





A BIT BRUTAL FOR MY TASTE, BUT WELL DONE.

YOU'VE RUINED OUR POKER WEDNESDAY AGAIN. WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

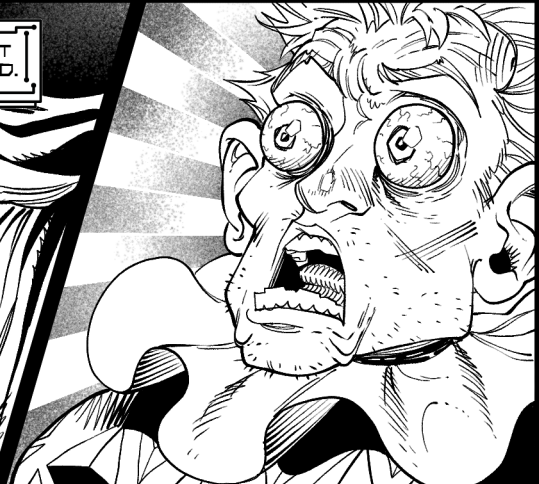


HOWEVER... DON'T WORRY GUYS!



COMPUTER, ACTIVATE LAZARUS PROGRAM. INITIATE REBOOT.

REBOOT INITIATED.



I... I SAW THE LIGHT. NOW I UNDERSTAND...

I KNOW.



GOOD, THE LITTLE RASCAL IS FIT AGAIN...



LISTEN, PHILIPPE. YOU CAN ALWAYS GET IN TOUCH WITH ME...

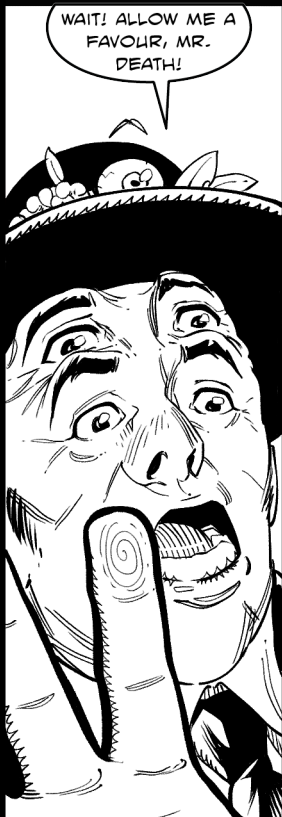
...BUT I SWEAR, IF YOU DON'T GET RID OF THOSE BISCUITS, YOU'RE GONNA BE MY ANTE AT THE NEXT GAME!



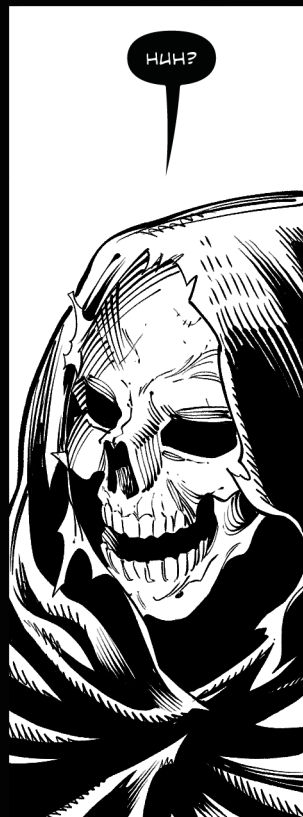
THANK YOU, MR. JESUS, SIR, FOR HELPING OUR FRIEND!



YOU'RE WELCOME! IT'S MY JOB TO HELP...



WAIT! ALLOW ME A FAVOUR, MR. DEATH!



HUH?



SURE... OF COURSE.



JUST FOR THE RECORD, Y'KNOW?!



RAISE A GLASS

A POEM written by TREVOR JONES

In the realm of art, where dreams entwine,
There lived a man, a friend of mine.
He danced with code and painted with light,
Crafting visions in electric nights.

He loved the machines, their hum and their hiss,
Technology's embrace, a digital kiss,
With brush and code, he wove his spells,
A master of bits and bytes, to build voxel hotels.

In the tapestry of his affection,
His daughter Perrine, a cherished reflection,
Bound by love, their hearts entwined,
A bond unbreakable, forever aligned.

He walked through the shadows, his heart of light,
A beacon of hope, dispelling the night,
Through laughter and mirth, he wove a thread,
Uniting the tribes that once had bled.

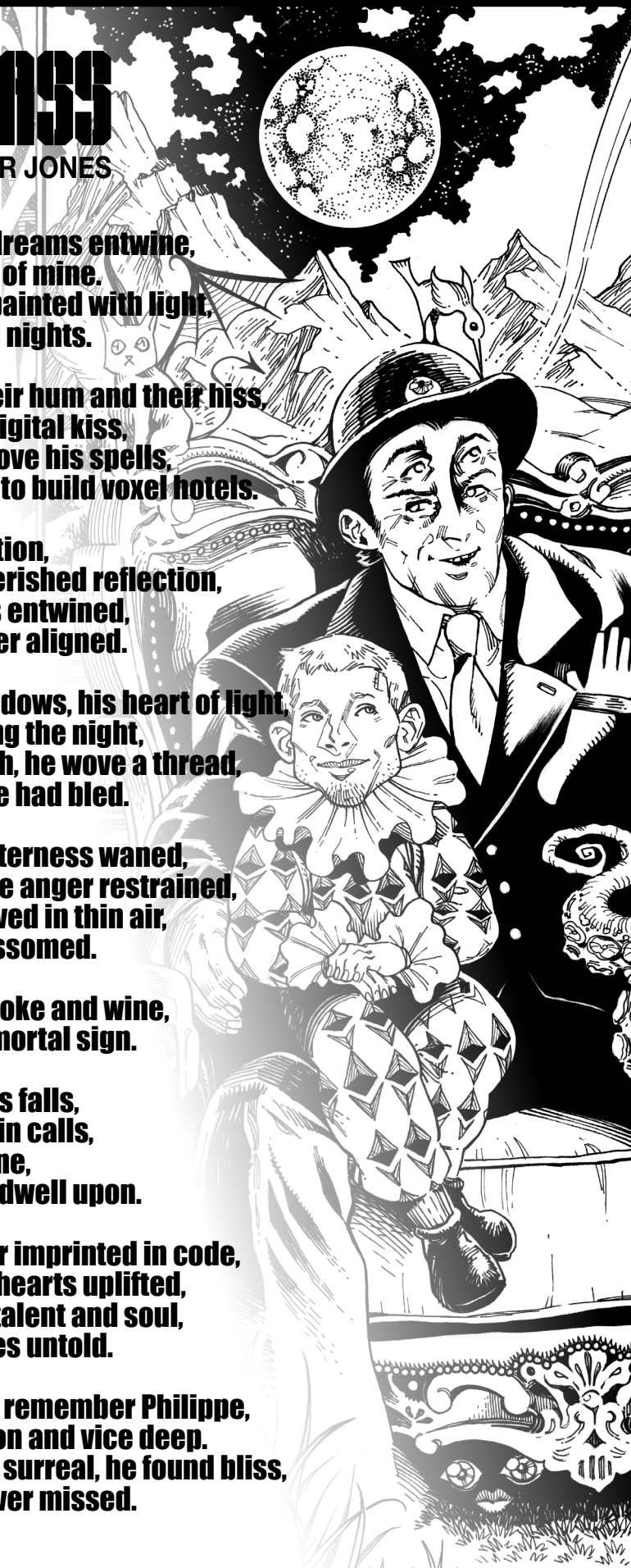
For in his presence, the bitterness waned,
The animosity softened, the anger restrained,
Jealousy, a spectre, dissolved in thin air,
As friendship and love blossomed.

But through the haze of smoke and wine,
His brilliance flickered, a mortal sign.

And now the veil of sadness falls,
Destiny's capricious curtain calls,
For the one-of-a-kind is gone,
Leaving an empty stage to dwell upon.

Yet his legacy lives, forever imprinted in code,
In the laughter he shared, hearts uplifted,
His art, a testament to his talent and soul,
A timeless reminder of tales untold.

So let us raise a glass and remember Philippe,
A complex soul with passion and vice deep.
In the digital realms of the surreal, he found bliss,
A French digital artist forever missed.





WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT ALOTTA MONEY

Alotta was always very giving w his time and artistry, especially for philanthropic reasons. He created amazing artworks for the Kitty Bungalow cat hospital charity shows I curated. When I thanked him for all his wonderful art and the time he donated, he said. "It is no problem. I love cats." He cared deeply for everything even animals. He was a one-of-a-kind soul.

He created the most amazing video loop of cats walking titled '9 Lives'. I couldn't figure out how he made it, so one day I asked and he just laughed at me, in that kind of playful way that we all know him by. Looking back, I think this piece was a reflection of his own life. He always encoded deep meaning, often not understood for years later. That's what masters do.

There will never be a person like him and I feel fortunate for having had the opportunity to share space with him and appreciate the person and great vibes he embodied. Our interactions were always virtual, but I feel that he will always be with us in the metaverse, so it feels fitting. Somewhere, in some distant dimension, Alotta is smoking the finest weed and laughing and cheering us on, the strangest tribe, who are carrying his torch of crypto art absurdity. - **COLDIE** -

Alotta always had time for me and my noob questions. A wizard with unlimited talent, Alotta was one of the pioneers that lit the flame for crypto art and the early metaverse. RIP. - **XCOPY** -

Maybe the best leaders do so without us really realizing they are guiding us. A friend of mine George Boya describes what we're doing in cryptoart as settling a new land and it strikes me as a good metaphor; what we lost with the passing of our friend Philippe was someone leading us on this drive towards a new way of living as creators. And to be honest, I've felt that we have lost our way a bit, and are wandering a bit aimlessly at times without his inspiration. I'm not sure he would like that he's increasingly being seen as the patron saint of cryptoart but I know that he would get a wonderful laugh out of it. - **BASILEUS** -

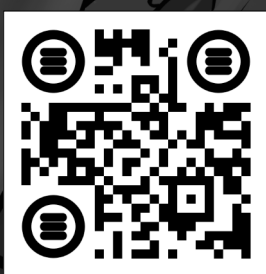
Phillippe embodied crypto art. He was fearless, with incomparable humor and wit, and an abject disregard for authority. His ability to create satirical art that captured the moment and prompt a collective pause, allowed us all to deeply consider the implications of the unknown we were so wildly treading. He was incredibly passionate and equally kind. His vast collaborations were a testament to this. The ripple effects of his energy are profound, and I am incredibly grateful to have gotten to know and carry a piece of this spirit forward. - **COLBORN** -

Philippe was a true pirate with a smooth heart; he gave me the full cracked Adobe package with Photoshop and AE, etc. I was broke back then so I used it like crazy to improve the animations of my works. Much love Alotta Money À plus ma couille ! - PASCAL BOYART -



CHECK OUT THE ENCODE GRAPHICS TITLE

2024





DRAWN BY RENATO CAMILO

