In a world with too much to look at and to desire, things come and go automatically. The most powerful is the thing that life trash-synchs up with the loading speed of that thing’s image onto your cosmopolitan digital device. Any culture that cannot re-create its own visualitization on a homogenic scale. The attention span of time. A longer erotic.

The Pink Panthers, an octopus-shaped thief syndicate from the former Yugoslavia, lived through the period of wild inflation in 1990s Serbia—333,563,558 percent inflation rate over 1995-1998. The Panthers’ motivation is not greed. Initially, their motivation was necessity. (They were unable to survive otherwise in a criminal state that was supported and perpetuated by the First World.) The trouble they ran into, individually, never rose more than a standard-middle-class salary earner in the West. They often returned to their home cities to looter the cash by buying real estate. After the first wave of houses they bought Audi, Porsche sunglasses, designer sweatpants, Nike shoes, et cetera.

The city of Niš in south Serbia is where most of the Panthers came from and returned to; it is also where they experienced the limit of the Western commodity. Their loot itself, and what they bought with it, had no lasting meaning. Eventually the act of theft became more meaningful than the act of consuming. This becomes more evident after looking at their targets: mostly Swiss, Belgian, German, French, English, Emirati, and Japanese-topper jewelry stores. The Panthers could go to Sri Lanka or Congo to rob the glass straight from the source, potentially obtaining much more loot; they have nowhere to install the island behavior to do so. They chose to use the knowledge they had obtained at the Pink Panthers to rob the First World metropolises. They often go in groups (like guns, wigs, costumes) and rob stores in broad daylight, carrying wearing painted faces. They operate with geographical intensification and they do things in public.

If a Panther’s catch, the following code is observed:

• Do not despair, no jail can hold you.
• Questioned in a country where you are fluent, you perform a fictional biography.
• If questioned in the native tongue, provide no biography.
• Never give out the names of your accomplices.
• Never give up your family name.

The First World art institution seizes novelty by assimilating biography into the asset market. After artists from the latest market expansion sites are forced into imposturerism, they are seized, imported, packaged, and delectably consumed. The First World needs the licences of imports because it is in decline. They nourish it up and redistribute it. In my conversation with one of the members of the Pink Panthers, he stated that they found the act of cutting intensely satisfying. Another—or piece of glass—can sometimes be recut into four or six pieces, it allows more people to have it, crating the precious object in a minor way, undermining its former exclusivity in the hands of the ultra-rich.

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