



## **Usurers Devoured by Black Panthers**

The catastrophe! No one can explain how it happened; the history manuals written by the victors do not explain—they merely leave their offspring scattered across the region. On the table of the usurers devoured by black panthers (anthropophagic art of the submerged? art of catastrophe against Structural Evil, the one we read in Fernando Grillón's triptych?) lingers the smell of Guaraní blood spilled in the War of the Triple Alliance, but also that of 108 homosexuals from the provinces and one spectral burned body—the number 109—martyred by Stronism in the streets of Asunción (events of 1959). What remains is virtual money, the fleeting cash value of art held captive by the market. The usurers do not show themselves. That is their barbaric staff. Their obscene clandestinity. And yet, whoever looks closely at what Osías Yanov proposes in his installation can see them. Absent and resplendent. In truth, they only pretend to have been devoured.

A 1970s issue of GENTE magazine summons the gaze. On a glass table designed like a sarcophagus, the magazine is the graphic trace of Argentine infamy, a threshold testimony of an era of crimes—and also of state-mandated “wholesome” humor. On the cover, and mirrored, a dark photograph of Jorge Rafael Videla, the liberticide of the South. To the left, the Pink Panther being interviewed. Pure color. The cartoon—beloved by my generation—thus replaces the bad vibes of night and fog. Pink Panther, a reversible nickname to mock Videla (they say it was Massera who made the joke), on account of his lanky figure.

Is the Pink Panther an irony on the part of the cover designer? Does it seek to ridicule Videla? The two images complement each other

through contrast. They become complicit. Pink—long pink prepuce—may also signify the mask under which cultural Videlismo hides. The mask of the exterminator of all critical difference, of the non-binary; of the one fallen beneath the usurers' table, who continue to lend their criminal money to the State and to the desperate.

No one forgets anything, even as forgetting insists. As a child, I once heard Videla's nickname mentioned: Pink Panther. Pink may also be Doña Rosa, privatized by Bernardo Neustadt, or pinkwashing: the gay as supermarket product. The shelving of dissidence.

In the installations, there is a Sadean chain of signifiers resolved in art, even though the artist knows in advance that the work will itself become matter for consumption and profit. Every complaint dissolves in the entrails of the era. It tells us: the pink model imported from the North after sexual liberation is saturated with marketing, with serial individuals, with internet clones, with wedding planners and cruises of sameness. Hyper-classified, over-coded ads: in the well-known NEXO magazine of the 1990s, desire is already that of a double. Review the sauna towel racks—smoke-filled wagons: masculine seeks masculine, bear seeks bear. A mustached man seeks another mustached man... owner of a PC. Meanwhile, the rainbow flag flies over Deutsche Bank.

Has even sex itself not been exterminated in the interface? In that obligation to enjoy imposed through dating apps, in the persistent disappearance of its exquisite secret, in its contact without carnality—did not the divine sovereignty of (homo)sexuality in the West begin to empty out? But the orgy—ah, the orgy—behind the doors of public bathrooms, penitents kneel, in the curved perception of that foreign body in such a room, the glory hole certified in luminous darkness, in the alleyways where panthers cross—black and pink—to devour one another's cocks... one must ask whether a final order of the Sergeant of Sex, Sade, does not reign there, when from an inner vortex he cries out: enjoy! Such a command terrifies, but at

least it frees us from the suffocating sameness of screens, from the illusion of fullness, from the toxic breast of 2.0.

Perhaps we will be killed in some urban ditch, but we will die saved from the boredom of our time, from its unbearable spleen.

Friends, the work invites us to immerse ourselves in the undecidability of a foreign skin. Its flip-flop, its sneaker will carry the smell of the unknown. Gay pax, gym-made seriality, is the desert. Reynaldo Arenas said it in New York: a desolate world where almost no one finds a wink.

Heidegger said that only a god could save us from the technocapitalism that was then approaching and now devours us.

That noctivagant deity will not be within reach of a delete key. In its messianic, sweat-soaked becoming, it will suspend the darkness, so that from time to time we may celebrate difference. The difference we propose is a singular mestizaje against the serial gay—analog-digital—who looks without winking, touches without trembling.

May your signifying winks be saved, your cosmic bite, your comic antennae that call for another world beyond necropolitics, your illusion of a prayer answered against the usurers, Osías Yanov.

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