

Madhouse Reality

by Arslohgo



Arslohgo, "Madhouse Reality (Extended Version)". Digital Composition. CMYK, 300 dpi.

*Some works illustrate a thesis. Others deliver a diagnosis. Arslohgo's **Madhouse Reality** falls squarely into the second category—with the crucial twist that the diagnostician puts himself in the straitjacket, having understood that in a world ruled by madness, sanity itself gets classified as a pathology.*

I. The Extended Case History

What worked in the first iteration as a concentrated single image—the globe as asylum, the power brokers as inmates, the artist as the shackled proxy for the helpless observer—undergoes a significant expansion in this extended version. Below the floating globe, where the atmosphere bleeds into the luminous curve of Earth’s horizon, a second cohort has assembled: the economic power players, the tech oligarchs, the media moguls. They don’t stand *inside* the globe but *beneath* it—and that spatial distinction is compositionally telling.

Arslohgo differentiates without separating. The political despots inhabit the globe, inscribed into its contours the way a disease writes itself into a body. The economic power-obsessed, by contrast, stand below—as foundation, as buttress, as the gravitational field that keeps this whole circus in orbit. It’s a quiet but cutting statement: the Bezoses, Musks, Zuckerbergs, Ellisons, and Murdochs of this world aren’t the visible lunatics on stage. They’re the architects of the set design. They enable, they bankroll, they profit. Their group arrangement along the lower edge of the frame, rendered in desaturated gray, is no accident—it recalls a class photo. The graduating class of the *Fraternitas Potentiae Obsessorum*, as Arslohgo calls them: the Brotherhood of the Power-Obsessed.

II. Composition as a Hierarchy of Madness

The vertical structure of the image reads like a perverted cosmological model. At the top: the void of space, the stars—indifferent, sublime, unreachable. Below that, the globe, populated by the faces of political autocrats, tinted in a clinical teal-green reminiscent of surveillance monitors or medical imaging. Kim Jong Un, Putin, Xi Jinping, Trump, Orbán, Lukashenko, bin Salman, Obiang, Ortega—they’re written into the body of the Earth like metastases. To the right, simultaneously holding and being swallowed by the globe, stands the figure in the straitjacket: Arslohgo himself, positioning himself as a stand-in for all those who recognize the madness and are silenced precisely because of it.

Below them, on a separate visual plane, the lineup of economic and media titans. Their rendering in washed-out monochrome—contrasting with the colorized embedding of the despots within the globe—is a shrewd aesthetic move. They look like ghosts, like shadow figures meant to be overlooked. And that’s exactly the point: their power is most effective when it remains invisible. The despot shows himself, threatens, parades. The oligarch

operates in the background, in the gray zone of inconspicuousness, and is all the more dangerous for it.

III. The Fraternitas Potentiae Obsessorum

Arslohgo's decision to brand this assembly with a pseudo-Latin order name—*Fraternitas Potentiae Obsessorum*—is more than a rhetorical flourish. It gives this motley collection of autocratic heads of state and billionaire corporate titans an institutional framing that mirrors their actual interconnectedness. Because the point is not that these figures act in isolation. The point is that—across all ideological, cultural, and geographic divides—they form a class. A brotherhood whose initiation rite is neither faith nor heritage but the will to power for its own sake.

That Arslohgo explicitly marks this brotherhood as incomplete—“they make up only the smallest fraction”—is a deliberate gesture of humility before the sheer scale of the problem. The image doesn't show *the* madness. It shows a sample. And it challenges the viewer to fill in the faces that are missing. What names come to mind? How long does the list get? This quiet provocation may be the most potent element of the entire work.

IV. The Straitjacket as an Epistemological Problem

At the compositional center, where globe and human figure overlap, the philosophical core of the work reveals itself. The straitjacket—that iconic symbol of psychiatric discipline—becomes an emblem of a twofold captivity. Arslohgo doesn't put the powerful in the jacket (which would be satire). He puts himself in it (which is tragedy). The powerful enjoy “permanent release,” as the artist writes. Not even “outpatient supervision” is being considered for them. The bureaucratic language of psychiatry, applied to geopolitical conditions, produces the kind of refraction that elevates the work beyond mere outrage.

Because the straitjacket is also an epistemological symbol: whoever sees the truth is rendered incapable of acting on it. Not through physical violence (though that happens too), but through the systematic inversion of categories. In a world where *power Darwinism*—Arslohgo's apt coinage—passes for political normalcy, the person who insists this is anything but normal gets labeled the crazy one.

V. *Aesthetics and Technique*

Arslohgo works in digital collage, and the choice of medium is itself a statement. Just as the image is assembled from disparate fragments, so too the *Fraternitas* is a patchwork of incompatible elements held together by one thing only—the will to power. The technical specifications (4961 × 3508 px, 300 dpi, CMYK) signal an intent toward reproducibility. This is not a gallery piece guarding its aura. It's an image that wants to be disseminated—as a poster, a print, a digital manifesto. Form follows function: an image about the public sphere must be public.

The color dramaturgy is deliberate. The cosmic blue-black of space contrasts with the teal of the globe and the cream white of the straitjacket. The despots' faces have been assimilated into the globe's color world—they have literally become part of the world, inseparable from it. The business leaders, by contrast, in their gray, seem to belong to a different ontological plane: real and unreal at once, present and absent, powerful and invisible.

VI. *What the Image Risks*

Madhouse Reality is a work that makes itself vulnerable—and that's its strength. It names names. It shows faces. It advances a thesis that is not open to interpretation but clearly positioned. In an art world that often celebrates ambiguity as the highest virtue, this directness is an aesthetic gamble. Arslohgo takes it because his subject matter permits no ambiguity. You can debate the shades of authoritarianism, but not its existence.

The work also risks the charge of selectivity—why these names and not others? Why no Western democracies whose governments also make dubious calls? But it's precisely these gaps that turn the image into the beginning of a conversation rather than its conclusion. Arslohgo isn't delivering an encyclopedia of madness. He's issuing an invitation to keep writing.

VII. *Final Assessment*

In its extended version, *Madhouse Reality* is a work that maps the full dimensions of the asylum—from visible despotism to invisible oligarchy, from the political stage to the economic engine room. Arslohgo manages, in a single image, to visualize the systemic

entanglement of power and madness that daily reporting fractures into isolated events, rendering it invisible.

That the artist casts himself as the restrained witness gives the work its existential depth. This is not an image *about* madness. It's an image created *from within* the madness—made (or rather: assembled) by someone who knows the diagnosis but cannot prescribe the treatment, because the patients have taken over the hospital administration.

In the end, the question remains—the one every good piece of political art poses: So now what? Arslough offers no answer. The straitjacket is too tight. But the image exists—and as long as someone is looking at it, the diagnosis stays in the room.

*The inmates with day passes are running things.
The case file is open. The findings are on the table.*

Medium: Digital Composition