

## Das Tor zum Himmel

Now you are one of a group, invested in the belief that it has elected the company it keeps, and that by this act can set itself aside both from those whose acts of power require of them a strict adherence to a state of ignorance, and the desperate rabble always seeking whatever it can get, sapped of intention - one of those whose lives miraculously prove to reproduce the ideal of that fantasy of being apart from the crowd and its automation - popping around the globe to the tune of champagne flutes and flight announcements, while at the same time adhering to and enjoying all the conventional accouterments and assurances of self-esteem and respectability - of mobility - aspired to by that very same normalizing mass one shuns, but whose effort of desire as a multitude creates the conditions under which that ideal can project itself as the fabricated lifestyle you assume, and which consumes you. And beneath it all there are the energies repressed into a sameness, the anger that manifests from and overrides such subduing, ready to blow its top - and your nerve centers with it. It is probably wise to have nothing to do with such powers, as it is a total mystery as to when the volcano will meet the conditions of its awakening.

The chimera these actors - attracted by its twin lures of narcissism and the gratification thereof - have invited into their world is the irony that: it is the very identity they have attained that renders them unable to do anything other than maintain the power their sentiments and reason both oppose, the system that in its enlightening process lifts the reason away from the animal existence, until it can no longer synchronize with the decision made, as the power as it stands has reconstituted their identities into a compatibility with the protocols the institution's format requires of language in the first place, quieting whatever instincts would be able to detect where and how it can move and transform.

Perhaps one must then begin with an ability to see that what one encounters as and through one's own person, along with that person's attendant subjectivities and even freedoms of thought and choice, in practice can often function like pieces of a vast intersubjective weapon. This kind of awakening can only be withstood through a program in which the encased layers which develop as a buffer against the shock of this realization can be systematically fractured, and the subject go through a healing process to regrow, until a more flexible and permeable membrane can gain enough strength to support a new form of personhood and subjectivity.

Then it becomes more and more clear that the human is not only-human or all-human - and as the human recognizes that the human body is an aggregate and in a sense even an extension of the world it experiences, the prosthesis as an extension of the human body begins to expand with the

developing sense of the body's co-extension with that which is beyond it - therefore aspects such as space, time, all aspects of the world upon which the human at one time saw itself acting as a separate agent, take on qualities of the prosthesis. Time itself then can be seen as a kind of organ of a body with which the human is co-extensive, and for which an extensive prosthetic apparatus mutates and develops. In fact the body is itself a kind of medium, in which case there is no reason for us not to also be able to conclude that the nervous system is perhaps a prosthesis of time, reaching into us as the puppets it requires to act out its agency, certified only when bound to the story the paperwork initiates with the birth of the alien, who is being signed according to fixed cycles of identification into a citizenship.

- Roger van Voorhees, 2018

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