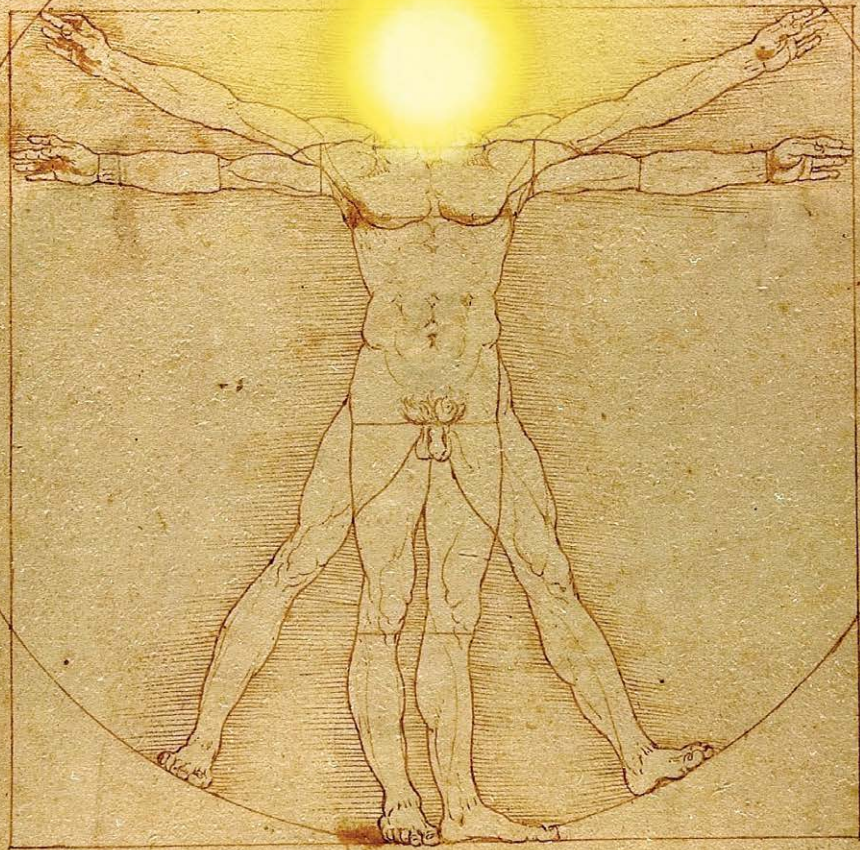


n. 1.
4

The terrifying, cataclysmic sound of over 8 billion mirrors crashing, splintering, shattering into
 pieces reverberates throughout every locale on earth, a piercing, eerie sound whose vibrations
 felt the universe. The animal kingdom's system of music is broken; the species bewildered; the
 species annihilated. The animal kingdom is thrust into states of balance at the alarming noise:
 howling, grunting, each animal uttering its
 animal uttering its

DIONYSOS SPEED



no longer longitudes, the territorialized earth, territorialized space, the biologically constructed
 space, appearing as multicolored walls at strategic places round the entire earth, at all
 points of extraction or production and processing, on hills and mountain tops, including on ships, a
 stable installation of muscular positions round the planet's basin including not only the north
 pole, equator, dividing up upon another, uncertainly thru-out space-time, till they traverse
 the planet, an intricate, ever-revolving circle of constellation of music, and notes continuing from
 the end of the race, constructed emissions reverberating round the planet, light quantum,
 from dark to sea to sea to upper hemisphere: vibrating, resonating, quaking, a vibrating frequency,
 a restrain descent of territorialized space into the cosmic, reverberated resonance, the earth's
 terra nullius, time dragging out over water, the bees giving birth to oceans, time, time, time

Rainer J.
Hanshe

Advance praise for *Dionysos Speed*

Dionysos Speed is a shot in the eye, a kaleidoscopic hallucinatory satirical rant describing a delirious feverdream of digital disruption and collapse. In short blasts skittering between breathless monologues and mantras, the book is a new apocalypse, in which *Revelations* meets *Nova Express*. It's a jeremiad for the age of AI fantasies & digital conspiracy that just might inoculate its reader against the viral lure of virtual post-humanism. Read it before you are consumed by the blue light!

Stuart Kendall

If the target of *Dionysos Speed* is the “integrative, unitary capitalism” which absorbs, assimilates, & regurgitates everything in its production of consensual reality, the book's devices are phantasmagoric images, striking associations: now raw visions, now elaborate manifestos punctuated with outbursts of (nonsense) poetry, drawing on the full range of avant-garde gestures & operations, and reminding of their creative disruptive rage in their attempt to smash in the façade of naturalized representations that bar us from confronting and undergoing the experience of the real – of what remains in excess of our cognitive rigging, of what refuses to be reified into screenable info content, troubling and unassimilable, flipping over the known into unknown. Again & again, the book urges us to follow its envisioned terrorists, anarchist artists, or punk rockers: “cultivate your legitimate strangeness.”

Erika Mihálycsa





DIONYSOS
SPEED

DIONYSOS ***SPEED***

Rainer J. Hanshe



Contra Mundum Press New York · London · Melbourne

Dionysos Speed

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Edition 2024.

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Library of Congress
Cataloguing-in-Publication
Data

Hanshe, Rainer J.

Dionysos Speed / Rainer J.
Hanshe

—1st Contra Mundum Press
Edition

192 pp., 6 × 9 in.

ISBN 9781940625676

I. Hanshe, Rainer J.
II. Title.

2023948215

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Our prehistoric life began amidst enforested gloom with the abandonment of the protected instinctive life of nature. We sought, instead, an adventurous existence amidst the crater lands and ice fields of self-generated ideas. Clambering onward, we have slowly made our way out of a maze of isolated peaks into the level plains of science. Here, one step seems definitely to succeed another, the universe appears to take on an imposed order, and the illusions through which mankind has painfully made its way for many centuries have given place to the enormous vistas of past & future time. The encrusted eye in the stone speaks to us of undeviating sunlight; the calculated elliptic of Halley's comet no longer forecasts world disaster. The planet plunges us through a chill void of star years, and there is little or nothing that remains unmeasured.

— **Loren Eiseley, *The Unexpected Universe***

The sailors' hydrarchy was defeated in the 1720s, the hydra beheaded. But it would not die. The volatile, serpentine tradition of maritime radicalism would appear again and again in the decades to come, slithering quietly below decks, across the docks, and onto the shore, biding its time, then rearing its head unexpectedly in mutinies, strikes, riots, urban insurrections, slave revolts, and revolutions.

— **Marcus Rediker & Peter Linebaugh, *The Many-Headed Hydra: The Hidden History of the Revolutionary Atlantic***

There is nothing I abominate and shit upon so much as this idea of representation, that is, of virtuality, of non-reality, attached to all that is produced & shown... as if it were intended in this way to socialize and at the same time paralyze monsters, make the possibilities of explosive deflagration which are too dangerous for life pass instead through the channel of the stage, the screen, or the microphone, and so turn them away from life.

— **Antonin Artaud, *To have done with the judgment of god***

DIONYSOS SPEED

**THE TERROR OF
NARCISSUS**

THE TERRIFYING, CATAclysmic SOUND of over 8 billion mirrors cracking, splintering, shattering into pieces reverberates throughout every locale on earth, a piercing, eerie sound whose decibels test the tympana. The central nervous system of most is scored; the psyche disordered; the eyes emaciated. The animal kingdom is thrust into states of delirium at the alarming noise: birds and other animals shrieking, howling, grunting, each animal uttering its primal intonation.

When gazing into the array of shimmering fragments of silvered glass: – images of the self split into endless discordant pieces gaze back, the degrees of curvature & vergence broken, the schismatic wavelengths of light now disorienting, distorting more than carnival mirrors – sharpness, lines, colors, contrasts no longer intact but, shivered, twisting in, twisting out, of: clearness, wholeness, distinction. The optics of vision become kaleidoscopic, hallucinatory, vertiginous.

From the fragments stripped of silvering, the gaze plummets into nothingness, into glass, where all temporality is lost. What gazes back? *Nothing but nothingness.*

Bewildered by the loss of mirrors, malnourished and hungry for returning images, the image hungry seek out reflecting objects of every kind, from toasters to pots to puddles to glassy ash trays to other dark yet shiny surfaces, but none of these surrogate echoes satisfy the urge, let alone satiate the desire for the clear doubling of the self that had been cut into the flesh since the birth of the camera & intensified to the *n*th degree, cubed to the power of mania, with the pervasive interlacing of social media into the fabric of every aspect of existence, into flesh, organs, cellular system, neural network.

Taking out their phones in order to gaze at themselves, the image hungry shoot self-portrait after self-portrait, thumbing their shutters with abandon, repeatedly pressing into their phones with force, as if the intensity of the gesture would guarantee the expected result, only to discover, to their panic, that each returning image was devoid of a head.

Malfunction??

Power off; power on:::re:load—update.....

Depressing the buttons on their phones as if paparazzi capturing infinite streams of images, the iris of each camera snaps open-closed with the anxious velocity of a dragonfly :|:|:|:|:|:|:|:|:|:| a barrage of images sputtering forth, shitting into the camera like a contracting and expanding rectum, reducing light to matrixes, pixels, voxels, bit depth, not light burned onto celluloid: an image, but not an image, all of which, too, emerge headless.

System breakdown?? Digital bedlam??

The bewilderment intensifies; the panic deepens.

Scrolling through their phones, they check numerous other databases: in these too, every portrait of themselves is, strangely, *headless*.

A sense of dread such as they have never before experienced seizes them, as if having been eviscerated, or somehow erased, bereft of sustaining oxygen and weakened, like deracinated trees, or clouds broken from the sky, cast to the ground like satellite moons devoid of gravity.

At midnight that night, the amplified sound of a handful of dice rattling together inside a fist is heard rumbling thru-out the world, coursing thru airwaves, interrupting broadcasts, disrupting television shows, disturbing podcasts, unsettling radio & streaming transmissions—an unexpected percussive blast or noise-cluster, the multiple die clacking together vigorously, violently, as if some prodigious atomic force, until, the wrist swiftly snapping back, then forward, cutting space like a conductor's baton, the fingers of the fist unfurling, the die released,

DIONYSOS SPEED

soaring into the air, tearing spider webs to pieces, ace, cinque,
deuce, cater, sice, trey blurring in time, numbers whorling
together, numbers breaking apart



The silence reverberates with palpable intensity through every technological medium as the dice tumble thru the sky, surging thru space-time like a broken constellation — stars dispersed, cut from gravity, whirling chaotically about, numbers in errant motion: cater, cinque, sice, trey, ace, deuce—cinque, ace, sice, trey, deuce, cater—trey, sice, cinque, cater, deuze, ace

THE TERROR OF NARCISSUS

until, one by one, like acrobats free of any directional point,
the multiple die tumble onto a table: the sound of the tools of
play echo outward like the reverberations of a sharply struck
snare drum, die after die after die — rapid, random, free of
predictability:

some landing

w/one strike,

others tumbling over twice

3×

or more

boom

boom

boom-boom-boom

boom

boom

boom-boom

boom-boom-boom-boom-boom

DIONYSOS SPEED

As the last die hits the surface, its thunderous punctuating blow is accompanied by the sound of the sea and crashing waves, of the sputtering, popping, sizzling noises of fire, gases expanding, cellulose breaking down, steam bursting open from wood, the splitting of tectonic plates noising like onslaughts of banging & cracking lightning

With the fall of the die, a new constellation forms, a number born of chaos, which breaks the existing systems of the world into generators of true deviant randomness, shattering the patterned and structured focus of algorithms into pure chaos, all technological mediums gone berserk.

The image of the *subject* in every self-projection database decomposes, is supplanted by the jagged shards, disparate elements, & ludic, disjointed features of terrifying carnivalesque masks, an amalgamation of materials and elements devoid of unifying characteristics, the face made monstrous.

Overcome by this disruption & rending of their images, the self-addicts possessed by the mania for infinite replication are set into frenzies. Seized by the irresistible force of the masks, they begin engaging in disjunctive movements and vehement gestures bordering on madness, tragico-absurd dances wherein revolt is given energetic physical expression. The anamorphic figuration of the face takes action in the fractured body—all control is lost, infection takes over, mania erupts, giving birth to streams of disordered ecstasy.

**THE LAUGHING
VULTURE**

THE first missive that went out that day read:

F m s b w t ö z ä u pggiv — ..? mü

Believing it to be nothing more than nonsense, a technical mishap, the keyboard gone accidentally amok, almost everyone deleted it, but when sending out a new message of their own, the moment it was deployed, what they wrote was immediately transformed into this second missive:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with ...

Although slightly bewildered by the event, this apparently spiritual alteration of their message was considered nothing more than an irritant, the invasive gesture of a pesky religious hacker. Merely aggravated, each person deleted this transmission & sent out another message of their own, only to find that it, too, was immediately transformed into this third missive:

zduc nfoünfa mbaah

Was this yet more gibberish, another technical snafu, or some bastardization of an African, Indian, or other tongue, a coded message preceding a phishing attack?

When entering the phrases into a translation engine, the machine thought it was Kannada, but it wasn't, and the text resisted translation, with not even a single syllable differing from the original.

Their mouths growing dry, their pupils dilating, exasperation intensifying, each person sent out yet another message, but what emerged resembled nothing that any of them had typed:

... from some alien energy the visions come:

What in the hell is this? many wondered, some UFO freak pranking them? A gang of physicist hackers engaging in digital flash mob acts?

Quickly sending out another message, what appeared in its stead was but more gibberish:

gadjama tuffm i zimzalla binban

Disoriented and nauseous, questioning whether what they were typing was not what they were typing, or if they were hallucinating, or delirious, or if their eyesight was going, each person deleted the strange missive and sent out another message of their own, carefully examining each letter as they frantically thumbed it in, then pressed send, only to be met with a missive they found exceedingly disturbing:

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.

Terrified by this statement, fearing they would be considered immoral, or deranged, they quickly deleted the missive and ran a virus scan, but no malware was detected.

Picking at their skin, swiftly losing the ability to control their impulses, discernment faltering, nose running, the inability to generate messages of their own was giving birth to violent sensations.

As if trying to control chaos through sheer velocity, as if speed alone might undermine interference, each person generated a slew of further messages, but every single one of them

was mutated into another unwanted missive. It began with this instance of gibberish:

gramma berida bibala glandri galassassa

However, after a parody of Genesis:

In the beginning was the Image, & the Image was with ...

further messages were not transformed into words, but images, a near-violent barrage of them, from pure black to disparate points of white light, to clouds of nebula-like hues, to indescribably phantasmagoric bursts of color, to black & so on, flickering at accelerated speeds, entering the body, altering perception, image become music.

While these lambent images were resonating through every screen, after emerging from their trances and attempting to send out another post, it came back blank, a wordless void almost more terrifying than each of the preceding seizures of their posts.

Frantic, many thought the system itself must be breaking down, & after attempting to make another post, were relieved to see their words appear, but then, almost instantly, they evaporated – in place of them, the following missive arose:

In the beginning was the Sound, & the Sound was with ...

Thereafter, every following message was not supplanted with images, nor with words, but with a series of eerie, unsettling sounds – first, a high-pitched glossolalic elongation of seemingly indiscernible words, extending for what felt like an interminable period of time, at decibels that made their devices rattle, then, sounded with searing ferocity & uttered with detonating force, the ceaseless repetition of two syllables,

jettisoned from the palate like a burst of rapid-fire bullets, enunciated ad infinitum, in a piercing crescendo and decrescendo, followed by nothing but pure frequencies, tones whose vibrations, after having entered the nervous system, rearranged its molecules. Then, another enigmatic missive emerged:

**It is upon us: — a new mystery sings in your bones.
Develop your legitimate strangeness.**

Immediately, people changed their passwords, rebooted their devices, logged into their accounts again, sent out new messages, but these, too, underwent mutation.

One after another, upon the immediate clicking of the send button, as their muscles began to ache and their heart rates increased, each new message instantly transformed before their eyes, like some act of digital prestidigitation, into yet some other odd, disturbing pronouncement, from babbled jumbles of letters to cryptic utterances, to sounds, images, anti-humanistic proclamations, and so on:

Beyond a certain point there is no return.

gadji beri bin blassa

“I” do not exist. Who am I? A stranger here and always.

Audio: the sound of a bow shock reverberating through space.

COLOPHON



DIONYSOS SPEED
was handset in InDesign CC.

The text font is *Auroc*.

The display font is *Auroc Display*.

Book design & typesetting: Alessandro Segalini

Cover design: CMP

Opening spread image credit: Giuseppe Cecere, *The Pillars
of Creation in the Eagle Nebula* (M16) (2021).

Image credit, p. 21: Giuseppe Cecere, *The Western Veil Nebula*
(NGC 6960) (2021).

With thanks to Germano & Giuseppe Cecere.

DIONYSOS SPEED
is published by Contra Mundum Press.



Contra Mundum Press New York · London · Melbourne

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Edited by Rainer J. Hanshe & Erika Mihálycsa (2014 ~)



CONTRA MUNDUM PRESS

is published by Rainer J. Hanshe

Typography & Design: Alessandro Segalini

Publicity & Marketing: Alexandra Gold

Fundraising & Grant Writing: Madeline Hausmann

Ebook Design: Carlie R. Houser

THE FUTURE OF KULCHUR

THE PROJECT

From major museums like the MoMA to art house cinemas such as Film Forum, cultural organizations do not sustain themselves from sales alone, but from subscriptions, donations, benefactors, and grants.

Since benefactors of Peggy Guggenheim's stature are rare to come by, and receiving large grants from major funding bodies is an infrequent and unreliable source of capital, we seek to further our venture through a form of modest support that is within everyone's reach.

Although esteemed, *Contra Mundum* is an independent boutique press with modest profit margins. In not having university, state, or institutional backing, other forms of sustenance are required to move us into the future.

Additionally, in the past decade, the reduction of the purchasing budgets across the nation of both public and private libraries has had a severe impact upon publishers, leading to significant decreases in sales, thereby necessitating the creation of alternative means of subsistence.

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As the digitization of every aspect of existence grows more pervasive and absolute, from the monitoring of thought to the tracking even of genitals, the central nervous system of the human body has been completely rewired. In the mapping of space-time, the species has moved into a state of total possession, of the enslavement of its drives, imagination, and will. Through this virtualization of life, the society of the spectacle has reached a point of unparalleled monstrosity, with the simulacrum usurping reality itself. The species is divided between the digitalists who see the total technologization of the human as its natural evolutionary development, and those who stand against them.

At this epochal crux, an enigmatic faction of anonymous figures engages in coordinated global poetic acts of destruction and creation, ludic and radical capers, dismantling machines of control and surveillance. The society of the spectacle is thereby short-circuited, scrambled, cut-up via skirmishes, detournements, and other subversive acts of havoc wreaking, interruption, and sabotage. Can these dice throws overturn all the mediums of control and enslavement? As time grows more and more constricted, the serendipities and transfigurations of human life suffer swift evisceration. To combat this chronotic devouring of temporality, the anonymous clowns of revolt seek to resurrect the moments and marvels when great forces open up the boundless and the limitless, creating combustion engines of play so as to generate new hemispheres of possibility.

Written as a burst of epigrammatic sequences, like Molotov cocktails arriving from elsewhere, *Dionysus Speed* is a series of erupting geysers, comets flashing thru space and dispersing new forces. Akin to a Heraclitean fire machine, this book is an act meant to give birth once again to dissonant desire through the powers of the dice throw, a machine forged to release by way of its ludic freedom the vital forces of the cosmos.

108 printing

printing 108

 Contra Mundum Press
 ISBN 978-1-940625-67-6

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