

Advance praise for Rainer J. Hanshe's *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 and 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

Feathers are falling, faintly falling to the relentless ticking of clocks, delicate feathers of untraceable birds. The light changes with the fall of each. Is it an installation? Is it one of the many technical glitches to unsettle the virtualized universe of compulsory happiness, the digital-humanists' brave new world of enhanced bodies and consciousnesses, where the last dregs of reality have been expropriated, every layer of the id, every nerve synopsis recuperated into wide-awake, productive consciousness, into the mercilessly ticking time-is-money minute-hands of self-generating and self-devouring capitalism? It is a poetic image of rare and eerie stillness in a book of blasts that seeks to dynamite the institutionalized and monetized taming of reality into infotainment, evoking the rage of the radical avant-gardes, as well as the gestures of sending up glitzy consensus in the air, of experimental theater-makers like Artaud or Carmelo Bene.

Thus the book starts with the sound of the splintering of eight billion mirrors, shorn of their silvering, so that the erstwhile instruments of self-reflection become disquieting, opaque matter, sabotaging the exorcism of thick, unmanageable reality into tame grids of comprehension, throwing the sense of identity into global crisis. With the optics of vision rendered "kaleidoscopic, hallucinatory, vertiginous," the reader is plunged into a sequence of vertiginous, hallucinatory, anarchic poetic exercises, howls that speak of the hacking and erasing of all selfies and all fixed and reproducible images of the self, of overwriting and disarticulating advertising slogans, stock-exchange data, info bites into randomized letters and signs, playful poetic phrases or pure gibberish, of blinding surveillance cameras and making their facial-recognition software collapse into mysteriously ag-

gregating, granular images of detached, copulating sexual organs in a Dionysiac send-off.

These poetic actions, performance instructions, visions or phantasmagorias create explosions of the messy, mucky matter of the fully embodied, non-virtualizable real, reality not emancipated from the indignities and finitude of biology – of the reality that matters, one might say. Whether in the form of a corpse that forensic investigations cannot identify, a rotting, shapeless, archaic torso of a member of the species whose very name is becoming obsolete, infecting the sanitized air of the eugenicist, virtualized metropolis with the foul odor of its putrid flesh; or slave bodies tumbling down, their twisted, broken limbs and riotous chanting sinking deeper and deeper into the coffee grains that bury the New York Stock Exchange.

If the target of *Dionysos Speed* is the “integrative, unitary capitalism” which absorbs, assimilates, and 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 (non-sense) poetry, drawing on the full range of avant-garde gestures and 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 and again, the book urges us to follow its envisioned terrorists, anarchist artists, or punk rockers: “cultivate your legitimate strangeness.”

It is a book that is properly read if enacted. Imagine the noise of the silence of every technological medium from where selfies are mysteriously erased. Imagine being overwritten by others who are in their turn ceaselessly overwritten, othered. Imagine the tectonic events set in motion by the Mallarméan throw of the dice. Imagine unknowing your ABC. Imagine.

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