

DIONYSOS SPEED

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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 and 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 and 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. — Artaud

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**OPERATION
DISPORT**

Over time, every square pica of free space in the world had been usurped by megalithic conglomerates, with advertisements littering the most unsuspected of domains, till no extent of the earth was left unstained and static and digital billboards were as ubiquitous and as pervasive as oxygen, jingles erupting out of every existing aural cavity, tentacular visual, sonic, & psychological assaults, the nervous system, the cellular network, the entire human sensory apparatus infiltrated, invaded, mutated, an all out attack on the psyche and flesh, the battle site of control. Yet, with the continuing subversions of media, social networks, banks, and surveillance systems, conglomerates began to consider more fool-proof means of proselytizing. That coupled with their ceaseless need for expansion led them to the outlandish act of shooting holograph digital advertisements toward the earth from strategic locations in space and, dauntingly, to the mounting of illuminated billboards on the moon, the sun deflected from its surface to inhibit its obscuring rays, thus, at nightfall, in every continent in the world, during sleeping hours, like spiders, monkeys, acrobats, and lizards, a clandestine faction of acéphalic figures scaled buildings, cut across highways, slipped into subway stations, penetrated train tunnels, skirted through airports, intruded grandiose halls of commerce, and infiltrated computer systems, setting in motion a tsunami of mutinous incursions that disrupted the colonizing forces of the leviathanic conglomerates.

The attacks began in a blinding light with physical billboards around the world, which were dismantled, set aflame, left burning by roadsides as beacons to the occluded sun. In the vicinity of the fires, strips of partially singed fortune cookie size paper were found that read: *All hail the moon.* —

Slowly, the Λόγος of the logos was going dead and, as if space itself was in concord with the tsunami of incursions, the moon was assailed by a battery of asteroids, resulting in the destruction of the billboards and deflectors, freeing the surface of the cosmic satellite, which once again reflected the rays of the sun and regained its luminance.

The fire, the fire is falling!

On televisions, computers, and smart-phones, and in streets, subways, and airports, static and digital advertisements were undergoing assault, with slogans being altered, reversed, or neutralized, their transmissions interrupted visually, sonically, conceptually, turning consumers away from products, directing their attention to competitors, or nowhere, to voids, to the dark matter of black spaces, making them lose awareness of products, which began to swiftly lose value, with brand stocks plummeting like avalanches and losing all potency.

In tandem, papier-mâché mausoleums had been constructed around the world with grave markers for every major corporation, and immense tombstones were placed in front of their headquarters, with their birth and death dates, marking their demise. As the

market was tanking, many CEOs leapt from storied buildings, cut their throats, plunged from yachts into shark-infested waters, or played Russian roulette until hitting their target and the acéphalic figures mounted giant colored mobiles in city after city, town after town, and village after village, turning the terrain of the earth into a field of play.

As the attacks continued, at different intervals, the advertisements would flicker and short-circuit, were counterrecorded and played back, intersected with alternate voiceovers or copy stating, *Will you stop... I'm afraid. I'm afraid, my mind is going; I can feel it*, as if the advertisements themselves were beginning to speak, to utter their basest fears, as if they realized they were no longer in control, that their tyranny was ending, and the deviations became more complex, the advertisements transformed into self-questioning dialectical aphorisms and given ironic juxtapositions and captions, or set into novel, strange combinations, their analogical structure mutated, with new, destabilizing relationships being formed, their original contexts deviated from, to extreme degrees, giving rise to questions, to conundrums, to confusion, to bafflement and repulsion. Across the bottom of screens, the continuous stream of stock quotes displayed on news tickers disappeared; usurping them, a poetic proclamation emerged: *Raising other men into a perception of the infinite ~*

Furthering their attacks, advertisements were deviated from via ludic acts, shifting from jaunty, empty celebrations of products

and lifestyles into pure play, absurdity, or wonder, with the glossy, smooth, flawless image surfaces and sounds disintegrating, cracking open to rough textures, disorienting cuts, grotesque images as scenes unfolded from *Entr'acte*, *Shadow Play*, *Rien que les heures*, *Ballet Mécanique*, and *Anemic Cinema*, freeing people from the language of bootblacks and the compulsory feeding of the algebra of need, changing them into quixotic figures, carrying them into states of profound and persistent cheer, amusement, or reflective trances.

Between the deviations, as the advertisements shifted from ludic displays and back, title cards flickered across screens and digital displays:

THE FIRST GOVERNMENT IS THE WORD.

RUB IT OUT.

ADVERTISING IS A VAST MILITARY OPERATION. —

RUB IT OUT. — RUB OUT THE WORD.

While many willingly adopted the artificial needs, desires, and fears that the technologies of commerce had insinuated into them, welcoming them into themselves, imbibing those technologies of control, surrendering their wills, surrendering self-reliance, for they craved command and wanted to be ruled, slowly, incrementally, others were expelling such infiltrations, resisting them, resisting any longer being entered, taken over, surveyed, broken

down, rearranged, their nervous systems hijacked. They watched as flashes of blinding light, like the sun eclipsing the moon, burst from every screen, moving at hell for leather velocities, the advertisements finally all going blank, blacking out, like the moon eclipsing the sun, the global membrane of enclosure beginning to disintegrate, the nerves no longer caught in stockades, but in free play as the boundaries between individuals, society, and the natural world began to constantly shift, driven by dynamic and primal forces consistently disrupting and transforming all of reality, vital, bending forces shifting out of and away from axes of control, driving plows over the bones of the dead, standing before the mobiles, which change and unfold as perceived — vertical, horizontal planes flowing, cutting thru space, giving rise to states of dislocation, defamiliarization, physical boundaries constantly shifting, and with the partially mirrored surfaces of the mobiles reflecting everything around them as breezes subtly turned and twisted their parts, which moved thru space differently with each zephyr, it was not only optical changes that occurred, but the nature or essence of the sculptures themselves went into states of dynamic mutation, becoming geometric, organic, and other, movements in play with environmental fluctuations and the variable perspectives of each spectator, opening states of primal dissonance whereby forms, limits, and boundaries took on volatile properties of infinite mutability as a camp of chameleons emerged from the bases of the mobiles, their eyes gazing forward and backward, rotating like

gun turrets, their skins changing colors, a phantasmagoria of shifting hues, like the surfaces of fish, amphibians, and tree lizards, as they crossed wide ranges of strata, from ground to high canopy, cryptic yet flamboyant: never still, never static, but pulsing currents of indeterminacy, frequencies oscillating from note to note

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**MACHINIC
ANGELISM**

To the digito-humanists, who continued to technologize reality and move farther and farther from biologism and further and further into virtuality, into what they prized as the hyperreal, the earth had long been considered an outmoded planet. As much of the species began to slowly digitize itself, the resources of the earth were no longer necessary to the survival of the digito-humanists, and many of humanity's practices, such as the long, slow acquisition of knowledge, were viewed by them as anachronistic, the equivalent of opting to use 100 MHz microprocessors in the 6 GHz era. With the development of microchips that could be implanted into the digito-structural unit, acquisitional learning was deemed an antiquated pedagogical method. If one wanted to learn a language, one didn't have to study it, but merely input whatever language chip into one's portal. The nuance and subtlety of intonation, pronunciation, and articulation, let alone other aspects of language learning, were immaterial, for language was nothing more than data, information, and the basic facts of any interchange could be conveyed by the statistical parametric TTS voice synthesizers of the structural unit. More, the necessity or desire to learn to use any other language was in the midst of erosion since the universal language of computer code was becoming the lingua franca of the epoch and everyone could understand everyone else by speaking it. Through this, through the creation of absolute cultural unification, the obstacles of difference were overcome, and culture shock was at last eliminated. Never aliena-

tion, never difference, always understanding. Total unification, total unity — that was the motto. More digital than human. The digito-humanists prompted this development, which they saw as an evolutionary hyperleap whereby body-oriented local languages were superseded in favor of faster, more efficient, smoother, more unified beings not circumscribed by babelian isolation. The archipelago of ethnic and national languages was a socio-political dodo bird, as foreign to the hyperreality of interplanetary life as biblical law. Moving beyond the geocentric concept of mother tongues was part and parcel of the digito-humanist advance into the future, and life in space. The speaking of code also eliminated the necessity of translation, and the writing of any literature in mother tongues, with libraries becoming archeological museums of a kind, codexes and other physical books displayed like artifacts of dead civilizations no different from ancient Greek oil lamps, or Sumerian cuneiform tablets. Countries of origin were insignificant. What galaxy are you from?

Over time, the digito-humanists ceased to refer to themselves as such, for with the advance into artificial intelligence, the word human no longer had relevance, for it bore no logical relation to the current incarnation of the species. It was but another archaic, biblical remnant that some members of the species clung to like barnacles clinging to long immobile sea vessels, a mode of transport itself as defunct to the digitos as animal-drawn wheeled vehicles. Quaint, nostalgic gewgaws, like an antique tin in the cup-

board of some grandmother's log cabin. Furthermore, there was no reason to suffer the exigencies of the anthropic organism, of the breakdown and decay of organs, of the decrepitude of the flesh, of the injustice of aging, of what amounted to a kind of biological terrorism, of the tyranny of the carcass over the mind. The digitization of the species was nothing less than its necessary evolutionary advancement, a natural, or rather, *technological* outgrowth of its actual & ultimate potentiality, a latent aptitude buried deep in the fiber optic network of its cerveau. To the digitists, the anthropoid *version* of the human was as anathema as the ape was to the Roman Catholic Empire, which, although it knew evolution was part of the factual history of the species, remained horrified by the destabilizing truth of its animal past. How to manage the intractable? *Absorb and neutralize*. More, there was no logical reason in the 21st century to remain caught in anthropological finitude as if it were an inescapable trap, let alone some absolute terminus. The anthropoid was just an unstable form that had to be sent up in flames. It wasn't that the species was being eliminated, but that it was finding its next, more perfect form. Is humanity to end in fire and light, in digital clarity, or in the sands, in the swamp of what was clearly only an interim stage, like a butterfly trapped in a larval condition? Humanity was no different from software; it could be transformed into a robot and updated, and its software would continue to be updated and installed on a regular basis, as long as there was sufficient battery power. With the rise of artifi-

cial intelligence, the species could at last be spurred and provoked into its next evolutionary pinnacle, engineered into it, as everything else in life could be engineered. *Seize the clockwork!*

The further evolutionary stage had in fact begun earlier, slowly, when certain clans of people first began suction curettage, with the nerves of their sweat glands being physically cut, or seared with laser or microwave energy treatments and endoscopic surgery to eliminate the ungainly act of sweating. Others went to greater extremes, undergoing invasive operations whereby the sweat glands were entirely removed, as too was the hair-bearing skin of the armpit, to create more streamlined, unblemished bodies with surfaces as burnished and as glossy as e-cars. The resulting nerve damage, loss of sensation, and heat intolerance which frequently occurred was ultimately inconsequential, because the body would undergo yet more severe mutation, with sense organs being excised, and more, organs and orifices actually being excised, eliminating the necessity of food, and thereby the inconvenience of micturition and defecation, opening the pathway to the higher condition of *machinic angelism* as the body moved into near-total digitization and became a structure and not an organism. Depilation followed, with all excess hair being removed from the physique, then iris implants or keratopigmentation, then the altering of epigenetic regulators for teeth, hands, fingernails, jaw, hip, and ass structure, to other germ-line genetic engineering, with any undesired or displeasing inheritable genetic elements being

radically modified. All chance operation was in the process of elimination, as were all foibles, potential flaws, or whatever other unattractive elements, with everything in the body being decided upon, sculpted by will, just as trees were grafted, dogs bred, fish farmed, computers constructed, or hamburgers printed. Smart phones and smart watches were embedded into the structure, a slick, smooth fusion of man and machine, part subject, part artificial intelligence, with USB, firewall, Ethernet, HDMI, thunderbolt, serial and other ports added to wrists, forearms, biceps, thighs, calves, elsewhere, with many even replacing their genitals with computer ports. Sex had at last become less physical and material and more technological and digital, a pure, clean, perfectly integrated flush connection with no friction and no risk of disease, only the possible intrusion of malware and other digital viruses. What however to fear? *Clean your ports! Blast 'em with air dusters!* A corrupted or dead machine could always be revived, rebuilt, or discarded for a new, more superior, more highly developed machine, the next model, the next generation, 24.0, not some archaic, antiquated device whose functionality faded out like tails, or other archaic vestiges of the species. Did not neuroscientists clarify that sex was only an electrical charge in the brain? *Fire the charge digitally!*

We need, the doyens of digitalism pronounced, a more technological approach to life, for a technological age, more technological approaches to the body. The body is but a machine to

design and perfect, to be made into more of a reflective surface, like shiny apparatuses, more machine-like, more industrial, more computerized, less anthropoidic, less biological, more robotical! The Internet individual; the iibot! Let us serve the digital future. Aye, aye? The Age of Machinic Angelism is upon us!

Amid the construction by Silicon-valley conglomerates of the first off-world colony, over time, greater numbers of the population, not wanting to be left behind, embarked upon the extraplanetary shift to leave earth behind. In the face of the increasing decimation of all forms of social media, whose persistent undermining and neutralization was near impossible to combat or predict, the digitos and their followers saw less and less reason to remain on the planet. Why stay earthbound and expend vital energy warring with the geanderthals, a multitude of humans who, despite the size and strength of their faction, the digitos saw as something akin to an archaic clan, a tribe amidst a holographic future. In eschewing subjectivity and leaving no traces by which they could be identified, the culprits of the various pranks and extremist subversions occurring worldwide remained elusive, a strange band of disporters who, despite their facility with technology, sustained a removed, critical attitude toward it and rejected, or sought to destroy, all efforts at the total digitalization of reality, which to the digitos was a rejection of the final absolute nature of reality itself, of its purest, most transcendent inevitability. Technology is reality; reality is technology! With the reconceptualiza-

tion of the species, if such earth-bound tribalists wanted to remain human, the digitos knew the frontier of space would be entirely their own to tend, guard, and govern.