

One is struck by the bold, cymbal-like style of *Dionysos Speed*, clanging together opposite things that echo harmoniously though their polarity. The relentless satirical advertising imperatives become one in the end with sacred incantations, thanks to Hanshe's writing's charged blending of markers of high lyricism — apostrophes and invocation — with crude and violent language. The extremes to which he carries us in exposing what our daily practices imply, make it so that readers cannot avoid seeing that the ultimate undoing of the body through our progressive advances into VR — our ultimate digital decadence — cannot end otherwise than in our demise and the revolting sanitization of life itself. The only access to hope or beauty left, and it does emerge in the end, comes through the full stripping away of all thinking networks, a return to the dark, which in turn allows a rebirth of visceral earthly song aimed directly at the stars themselves.

I delighted in the texture of Hanshe's work, richly weaving together such a vast and varied array of allusions, from the early chapters' confrontations of foundational biblical and dada dictums (boldly marrying the gospel of John with Marinetti's booming *parole in liberta* and Hugo Ball's *Gadji Beri Bimba*). It was downright tonic to hear resounding (more or less directly) through Hanshe's text sources as disparate as Shakespeare, Beckett (Lucky's monologue?), and an inane Olivia Newton John song. Hanshe's tweaking of Leadbelly's "jump down turn around" where cotton becomes data and hay becomes shit is simply brilliant, nailing in one strike not only how one race, but how our whole species has become through economic "progress" digitally enslaved.

The careful building and structuration of the work's parts, as in the juxtaposed equally trenchant take-downs of wall street, and family values (in the sequences "Operation Tradewinds" and "Operation Sandbox"), which one way or another still sanctimoniously gird modern society were also deeply felt and appreciated.

Finally, the design of *Dionysos Speed* is fantastic, with the blown-off head of Da Vinci's Renaissance man. It is characteristic of Hanshe also, to articulate and celebrate a blazing return from a meaninglessly civilized world order to the beauty and splendor of chaos, through his very own beautiful, finely wrought, and deeply personal (hand?) writing."

— Mary Lewis Shaw, author of *The Cambridge Introduction to French Poetry and Performance in the Texts of Mallarmé: The Passage from Art to Ritual*