

# PREFACE N°4 — DISCARDED / WITHDRAWN FROM CIRCULATION

The closest tentative to make organ speaks, to give voice to the multiple organism, this will be enlightened by the chapter on sex and sexual dysfunction as an example of interactional noise within the body.

This work, inherently pluridisciplinary, also has the luxury of simply goes without limits in all of its speculation. It does not answer any particular formalist peer group, acceptable way of speaking, methodological restriction. It goes as playfully as possible to the closest of heartfelt experience, raw impression, ethnophenomenological observation, where the observer assumes fully its own transformative hermeneutic of reality and still claims an abstract-reflexive general theory. Depending on one's cultural, intellectual training, we found our own appropriate way of conveying information to our selected audience. The one for this book, is somewhat high complexity, highly reflexive nomads, intellectual cosmopolite, multi perspectives gatherer, which exist at all levels of the current hierarchical structure of domination, and all current catégorisation of class structure and cultural capital répartition. That specific caste being the core recipient of that book, no effort will be made to follow any other formalist linguistic techniques of transmission, for example giving source to my claim in academic fashion, every reference made in his book will assume that you know about it, that you are up to date, that you are memetically trained to be "there". That referential circularity will allow free flowing speed of information, and unique poetic-data brain dumping process to occur. If at a later date this book is read and the references are no longer understandable, then so be it, this book never claimed to be absolute, nor universal, it's just good enough for a certain time frame, mind frame, but eventually you should move on and forget. That aspect is deeply ingrained in what life is about, a sort of pseudo reinvention, a somewhat inexact poetic reinvention of codes and memories. Literary criticism, hermeneutic and transmission should have the right to say stop past a certain date, and claim forgetfulness, and ask for a better disciple to take over. Very much like an oral transmission given in written form.

Beyond a certain point in transmission, I fear that all interprétation, and games of understanding will be so far removed from the original spirit, intention, that the author would rather wish to be forgotten then to become the foundation scholastic movement of men with bodies that he hates and that if they were to meet in person they would have nothing to say but risible words. To prevent time for betraying me, the only thing it's good at, (who know how many selves died for me to write this, quite frankly I don't care and I forgot) I must prepare for my own transformation, for your own transformation and makes sure that beyond a certain point, you will no longer dwell here. So yes, our message as a certain timing, it is not a dormant archive contrary to what the solidity of the "literary medium" is fooling you about. Timing, a mysterious power, being right on time, as if beyond that point the message is obfuscated, transformed, the cure becomes poison. Read this in due time, fast enough, well enough, get it, transform it, and move on. We will expand this idea further of art as temporary magical intervention with timing and the impossibility of trusting time with viliem flusser comment on negro's art that I will make meet with Proust.

Why me? As each domain tend to remain closed between specialized collègue and games of prestige, the pollinating cross domain knowledge is not something quite easy to get your hang of. Psychologist hang out with psychologist, neuroscience guy the same. They seek the same sort of book, share the same reference to climb up a certain prestige ladder. There is little incentive to say something outside of the expected, or you have to be tricky, well spoken, charmingly effective. Among the "autodidact", cosmopolite readers, researcher the situation isn't really better. There is not enough peer group energy to sustain that type of work, no clear expectation of performance, no clear enough reward, you peer are themselves living in sub multiple world, you meet halfway through. You are at the risk of not having any type of mentor that can really gives you a sense of direction from a lineage, an expectation of performance, as such your so called "marginal position"

tends to be a liability and rarely translate into effective success for structural interactional reason.

Being out of the system, and the center is generally speaking not really a good thing, you tire out, you can't really keep up. Most of the so called marginal you can think of in the history of art or intellectual or science were never that quite isolated as you think. Within high quality peer group and enemies the circulation of the best ideas circulate among human being, so a pluridisciplinary person that combine that much omnidirectional knowledge from so many field is very suspicious. It's very likely that they are just in the surface, that they don't really have what it takes to really make it. Having a truly out of field person that genuinely can carry it's erudition, pertinence, social energy in competing incongruent network, diligence that gives them the efficiency of actual pertinent research start to become an improbability. Very few think about the true ramification of a completely out of field thinker, and it's possibility of existence, not realizing that his chance of making it are absurdly low. They constitute of one the rudest metagame of intellectual artistic, which gives enormous stress, low reward, low social response, low recommendation. And the more you seek to expand and multiply the world view and epistemic perspective the more difficult it becomes.

We may start to see very slowly the possibility of existence that support these type, as the cybernetic spread out informational economy and logistical discrete intelligence of network may give it a better stratification. As such my exercise, lies in an improbable transmission, and must survive through rough bridge between commune, partial domination exercise, pseudo hierarchical climbing, to gather just enough will power to energize it's author for it's current contribution. I assume that only those with high immunological resistance to rejection, solitude, extracurricular knowledge gathering, out of caste heretical self sustaining ontology can really carry this type of work. Otherwise most other "specialist" will be more narrow, and as insightful as they will be, they will miss the timing of the current time not really knowing what's being prepared in other field. That strange exercise of a book is also an exercise for a true generalist intellectuality and artistic work.

In the (Art of roman), Milan Kundera noted that literature was transforming as a global European project, that eventually the mixing of the style and techniques could give birth to the perpetuation of an active reflective literature. Similarly we can expand that many art, and mediums got positive permutations thanks to a global competition, new innovation coming from the intersection of different practices, those who were not afraid of breaking the mold of true and tested practice could experiment forward with the genre to create new permutations. And the same story exists too in the industry, entrepreneurship, and all forms of technical creation.

No one can exactly provide you the perfect medication, at best if you can listen carefully you may build an array of mentors, artist, artisan, and people that can become proper exercise toward an active propelling into an active and juicy existence. The experience of the sublime as grandiosity that reminds us of the impossible, constitutes one of the ways in which a more erotic vocation may be born. I can only invite you in a nietzschean way to build your affirmation through sublime suggestion, that incite once again active participation, that can turn around all the province in which you reside, so that your voice can make a difference in the space which could become a spark of conversion for other people. Some discursive games are not even worth playing or participating into. You don't have to be seen by people you don't respect, you don't have to enter into the visible archive of people you don't want to write or speak for. You are free, as much as you can work it out, to add your own style and discipline in your own life, for the sake of your dignity.

If your province asks you to worship a man or an artist below your taste, you can always opt out, if they implicitly tell you to play a degrading game of language you can always out style them. Whatever esthetic, subservient code of recognition they use you can always leave, take their villager and build another province. And no you don't have to justify yourself, or explain anything, the ethic of finding your preferred acoustic space prevails over having to submit to the morale of a group that cannot guarantee your future. This difference is called ethics.