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5 Jul 2014

Trenz Pruca
WWX
Re: PHARMAKON

Dear Trenz,

The party last night had no center of gravity, perhaps this is to blame for our missed encounter. I sensed everyone hovered between familiar and stranger, and no one was ultimately either. In your absence was Xaos: smoker's dervishes, bathroom lines, cellular automata. One could witness a collective forming, similar to the accumulation of lint. Bodies circulated into networks, networks into Xaos. We were moving particles filtered through party mesh: a generic gathering, the results of our loose rubbing off one another, off and on one another. If I thought I saw you, it was only your resemblance.

They say every letter is a love letter, but you and I both know it's a contract. If arrows are a metaphor for words, then Eros is Mercury prepubescent. Missing their target, words become letters and later, currency. Every letter is a business letter, a contractual understanding between two parties: the writer and her reader are bound to an agreement of terms, just as Self stakes itself on Other, and Buyer writes Seller into existence. And so, if *what cannot be said passes over in silence*, then letters pass over even silence: in the passing of bills between sweaty palms, the glint of foil in a handshake, in the *hermetic* gesture towards the bathroom door. Secrets, charged particles, encapsulated and charging static through to flesh.

Brings us closer to Xaos. We're strange bodies in a strange place. We keep missing each other here but it's the only thing we have in common. The desire to open ourselves up to drugs, collectively, is a manifestation of the desire to produce an event- a party- which, in its ultimate form, is a shared movement relative to power. The power of drugs, like parties, lies in the subsumption of the individual into the desires of the Body, and in activating those desires towards things that happen between bodies. Our desire to take drugs, in order to modify the Self, is the only desire that can be spoken, but it is not the only desire. Unspoken is the desire to encounter an other, and for that encounter to elaborate other encounters. It's the desire to warp space and time, in that you could have encountered me last night, and that we would not be alone in slipping through the filter.

What is the pharmakon? Of Greek origin, meaning: *remedy, poison*. In Plato, *Pharmakon* becomes philter, drug, charm, medicine, recipe, substance, spell, also paint, also artifice. The paradox of pharmakon is precisely how it moves between one user and the next: whether or not the pharmakon is the cause of the disease, or its remedy, is up to the translator: the go-between, the medium, the messenger.

Here's hoping for an encounter.

Ever yours,

Urna Semper
