

letter to:



My friendship with [REDACTED] started through email exchange in which we'd make up games through language. In each email, the rules of the game were always shifting, which required us to study what was going on and define its parameters anew. As things continued, the games increased in complexity and developed an interior logic of their own.

Over a few months, our correspondence increased in frequency, and I found myself racing home from work to check my email. When I sent an email, I'd break into a cold sweat; sometimes checking my 'outgoing' email folder to doubly ensure that the message had left my computer, and sent to the right person. I would also discover myself pressing the 'refresh' button on my email program for entire minutes at a time, waiting to see if I might catch his email as its electronic bits transferred to my computer.

I wrote him the following letter...

**marisa jahn**

mail [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

tel 011.415.254.9151  
fax 011.800.867.2839  
e hello@marisajahn.com

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**to:**

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

March 10, 2006

Dear [REDACTED]

I'm writing to ask for your complicity.

Perhaps you didn't know, but it's enjoyable to watch you shave your beard. When I watch you tend to your body's exigencies, I encounter a pleasurable contradiction: on the one hand I recall my failure at times to locate the boundaries between you and me. On the other hand I am reminded of your complete bodily otherness. To watch you shave your beard—this masculine attribute—invokes the sensation of otherness; from this distance I then objectify you.

And I've noticed that you often end up with quite a few nicks. You then use bits of tissue paper to stop up the blood. I'm interested in thinking about artwork as something that touches the body and serves an alimentary function.

So here's what I ask of you: next time you cut yourself shaving, use a snippet of this letter in place of the tissue. As our relationship began first as epistolary correspondence, it's quite fitting that you would trust my words to dress your wounds.

If you choose to send correspondence or evidence/documentation it would bring me great pleasure.

Warm Regards,



Marisa



*X told me this was the nicest letter anyone had ever written him. After receiving his response, I wanted to see what happened if I extended the scope of the game outwards towards others...*