Today most diseases are being transformed into lifestyles that can be modulated or modified. It is not uncommon for parents to give their children drugs (Zoloft, Paxil, and numerous other SSRIs) designed for adults, since such drugs don’t cure illnesses but foster lightly regulated forms of mood alteration synonymous with parenting and growing up/old. In such a world all treatments, including drugs, are a domesticated, quasi-religious interface between self-diagnosis (self-consciousness) and its placebos—in our era, a host of naturalized treatments (acupuncture, herbal medicine, osteopathy, homeopathic cures, psychoneuroimmunology, etc.). In the old days, “real” (synthetic) drugs eradicate disease from the somaform. Today “natural” drugs promote wellness, decentralize one’s symptoms, and help one be oneself. In today’s climate, diseases become less a form of medical non-fiction (hence the prevailing mistrust of physicians, the insurance industry and pharmaceutical companies) and more subjective, genealogical, spagyric, and ritual-like [poesis], as witness the over-the-counter treatments for depression such as the magical St. John’s Wort, and the no-less-heavenly milk cures prescribed in the early twentieth century for such nosological nonentities as neurasthenia. Most pills today are deployed fictionally as non-fiction, i.e., color-coded lozenges, a kind of micro-information architecture [theatre calibrated as dosage] neatly packaged as an architectural escutcheon or fleur-de-lis, and reminiscent of the ornamental sugar icing and fondants on cakes and pastries. Pills are the new aphrodisiacs. Through them we prescribe the more diffuse patterning of our symptoms and our love lives.