

Lifeworks

Generation XXX

Medical students participating in Dalhousie Medical School's Art in Medicine project have put together their fourth annual exhibition, called XXX. The show features artwork from about 25 medical students that explores the theme of sexual dysfunction. The opening reception for the exhibition will be held in the main foyer of the Sir Charles Tupper Medical Building on April 18 at 6 p.m. The show will run until May 5.

The goal of the project is to allow medical students to learn about medicine in an alternative way. We have tried to choose themes for our shows that allow us to explore topics that have a broad range of medical, personal and social issues. This year's theme of sexual dysfunction fits those requirements perfectly. We have chosen the title XXX to portray something taboo or forbidden. We feel that sexual dysfunction is an important medical issue that most people are able to laugh about, but few are able to talk about seriously. This project allows us, as future medical practitioners, to face an important subject with thoughtfulness and to demonstrate to the public that we are comfortable addressing this issue. From year to year, the students' artworks have focused on the patient as a whole person, elucidating issues that sometimes get swept under the clinical carpet. This year is no different. — *Jonab Samson*, Class of 2002, Dalhousie University, Halifax



Kate Greenaway, Class of 2004, *This is not desire*, 2002. Image transfer on cloth. "This is: a) an answer to P.J. Harvey b) a question to Freud c) an apology to slighted lovers d) something to sleep on."



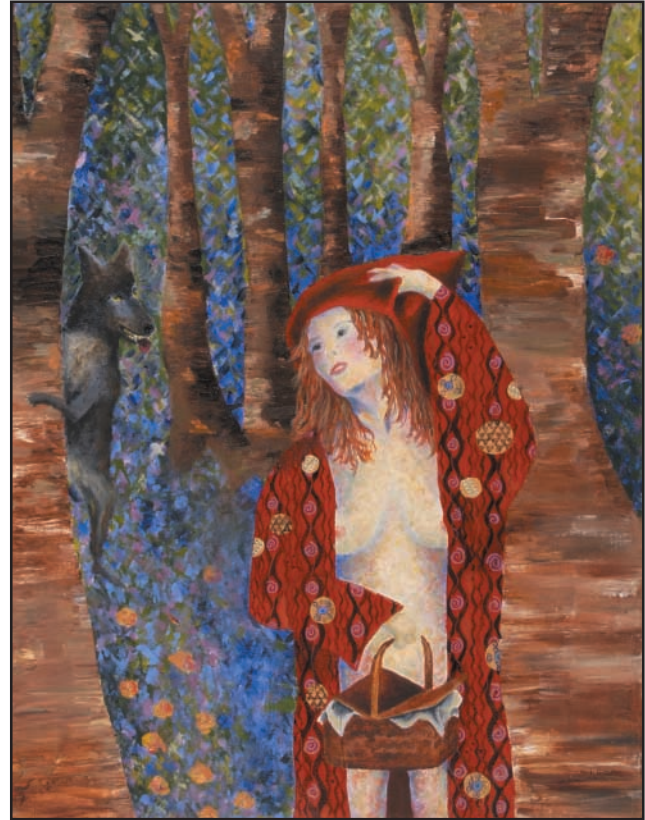
Ian Mackay, Class of 2004, *The Gruesome Fiction*, 2002. Mixed media. "This piece is meant to provoke thought about a problem of sexual dysfunction not often spoken aloud: that of sexual oppression. The ideology of religion may clash harshly with that of sexual liberation. For instance, examine the idea that the act of coitus is reserved specifically for propagation of the species, and that sex for the sake of pleasure is sinful. Also take into account the religions that condemn sexual acts between adults of the same phenotypic sex. For people growing up in an environment where their sexual practice may not match that of the norm, or of the religious backgrounds from which they come, the psychological impact on sexual health can be devastating. Fear of being perceived as deviant by others or of feeling deviant may increase anxiety and reduce enjoyment during sex to the point of anorgasmia, erectile dysfunction, delayed or premature ejaculation, painful intercourse or complete abstinence. The idea of sexual oppression can also be translated to the male/female dominant/submissive relationship that still exists to a large degree in our patriarchal society. The first step in the eradication of sexual oppression is the equalization of sexual power gained through the realization that an imbalance truly exists."

**Paige King, Class of 2002, *Untitled*.
Acrylic on canvas. Text by Jamie
Brown, Class of 2002:**

Here's Red Riding Hood
Stuck in this godawful woods.
Yo Red! See the Wolf?

Check out her basket.
It's been so long since he's had
a taste of her treats.

She won't give them up.
She wants to, but can't let go.
They're both so fed up.



Illness and metaphor

Abstinence

“Doctors is all swabs,” [the captain] said; “and that doctor there, why, what do he know about seafaring men? I been in places hot as pitch, and mates dropping round with Yellow Jack, and the blessed land a-heaving like the sea with earthquakes — what do the doctor know of lands like that? — and I lived on rum, I tell you. It’s been meat and drink, and man and wife, to me; and if I’m not to have my rum now I’m a poor old hulk on a lee-shore, my blood’ll be on you, Jim, and that Doctor swab;” and he ran on again for a while with curses. “Look, Jim, how my fingers fidges,” he continued, in the pleading tone. “I can’t keep ’em still, not I. I haven’t had a drop this blessed day. That doctor’s a fool, I tell you. If I don’t have a drain o’ rum, Jim, I’ll have the horrors; I seen some on ’em already. I seen old Flint in the corner there, behind you; as plain as print, I seen him;

and if I get the horrors, I’m a man that has lived rough, and I’ll raise Cain. Your doctor hisself said one glass wouldn’t hurt me. I’ll give you a golden guinea for a noggin, Jim.”

He was growing more and more excited, and this alarmed me for my father, who was very low that day, and needed quiet; besides, I was reassured by the doctor’s words, now quoted to me, and rather offended by the offer of a bribe.

“I want none of your money,” said I, “but what you owe my father. I’ll get you one glass, and no more.”

When I brought it to him, he seized it greedily, and drank it out.

“Ay, ay,” said he, “that’s some better, sure enough. And now, matey, did that doctor say how long I was to lie here in this old berth?”

“A week at least,” said I.

“Thunder!” he cried. “A week! I

can’t do that: they’d have the black spot on me by then. The lubbers is going about to get the wind of me this blessed moment; lubbers as couldn’t keep what they got, and want to nail what is another’s. Is that seamanly behaviour, now, I want to know? ...

As he was thus speaking, he had risen from the bed with great difficulty, holding to my shoulder with a grip that almost made me cry out, and moving his legs like so much dead weight. His words, spirited as they were in meaning, contrasted sadly with the weakness of the voice in which they were uttered. He paused when he had got into a sitting position on the edge.

“That doctor’s done me,” he murmured. “My ears is singing. Lay me back.”

From Robert Louis Stevenson, *Treasure Island* (1883) ch. 3