

Frank felt a gnawing in his stomach. He looked at the child and then got up and lay his hand briefly on his shoulder. The gesture seemed weak, he thought, but he remained standing at the boy's side anyway.

"There you go again. Lying." She started to sob, mascara-stained tears running down her cheeks. "No. We're sorry, David. You just don't know how sorry we are. But we can't take you home with us. We can't be your Mom and Dad anymore."

"Pardon?" Frank said. "What do you mean?"

Her face seemed to harden, and her voice became more controlled. "Exactly what I said. We don't want him anymore. We're not taking him home

with us. Call Social Services."

"I see." He looked at the boy. David's eyes were focused on some distant point; he was already somewhere else. "Do you agree with this?" he said to the silent father.

Mr. Spencer hesitated. Then looked at his wife. "Yeah, we can't go on like this, I guess."

"Okay, I'll call Social Services." He walked away, not daring to look again at the boy. He went straight for the telephone; it was clear that the parents had been pushed to their limit. Sending the child home with them again tonight seemed unwise, perhaps even dangerous.

"Another success story for the ministry," Frank thought, as he waited for

the social worker to pick up the phone.

"Hello, John Wilson here, Social Services."

"Oh, hi. Dr. Frank Breen, calling from Emerg at City General. Listen, got a child here who's going to need placement." He explained the situation.

"Let me pull his file up. Okay, yeah. This kid's been around the block and then some."

"What do you mean, exactly?"

"How about sixteen different foster homes? One adoption prior to this, lasted six months."

"Poor kid."

"I'll say. Anyway, look, I don't know where I'm going to find temporary care

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Lifeworks

Kinesthesia

The drawing reproduced here is part of a series created by Mexican artist Galia Eibenschutz in 1993. These drawings convey a sense of the transience and contingency of physical experience, qualities later expressed in the artist's more situational photographs and three-dimensional pieces. They are also a remarkable exercise in kinesthetic awareness. Describing her process, Eibenschutz writes: "The idea was to draw my memory of the feeling of my body in contact with the floor, so I used to take different positions and tried to translate into the language of drawing the sensation I was having. It was a way of "printing" my immediate memory ... an arbitrary translation of a feeling. It can be seen as a relation between the act of drawing, that is to say the pressure of the hand on the paper, and the feeling of the pressure of my body on the floor."

Eibenschutz was one the participants in *c/o la Ciudad*, an exhibition of works by seven young artists from Mexico City recently presented at Ottawa's SAW Gallery. Ranging from Yoshua Okón's *Poli I* (a videotaped confrontation with an irate policeman) to Jonathan Hernández' unassumingly elegiac



Galia Eibenschutz, 1993. Charcoal drawing, 80 cm x 1.20 m.

SE BUSCA RECOMPENSA (*Seeking Reward*, a collection of "lost dog" posters) to Minerva Cuevas' *Bar-code Stickers Service* (a self-serve display of fraudulent barcodes to help ordinary citizens lower their grocery bills), the exhibition offered a rueful commentary on the adaptations necessary to survival in a congested and volatile city of 20

million. Eibenschutz's contribution, *Sedentario(a)* (*Sedentary no. 1*) was a three-legged wood and leather stool with attached seatbelt — a not entirely whimsical response to the long queues that are a daily fact of urban living.

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