



## Radiation therapy, circa 1930

Nurse stands firmly at this too-young woman's side—her personal Cicerone—delivers herself with a bored intensity. The patient doesn't seem to hear Nurse's starchy admonitions. Face averted, head held downward, spine bent back the wrong way, arms cruciform: all part of the resurrected cruelty of the regimen she undergoes.

The ravaging machine hovers over her—dark wingless thing—its grain hopper of a snout roots at her pelvis. In the wall to her right, behind the wire glass windows, the horror-movie nervous system of the beast, febrile with electric menace.

On the patient's upturned face, befuddlement, as the camera takes its voyeuristic pleasure in every convoluted process of her treatment.

Most of all, the forlorn hope that this black monster will ferret out the vermin in the crawling trash heap she envisions, where her uterus used to be.

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