



Group photo  
of the Department  
of Medicine,  
TPH, 1975.

would it be classified 'Restricted Artistic (RA)' by the film censors and therefore forbidden to be performed in front of pubescent student nurses?

When 'Bobbitt-ing' is not even a word in the seventies, Oshima released 'In the Realm of the Senses' to critical film acclaim for its exploration of sexuality and power, domination and identity

ending in the severance of the member. Honestly, only the dismembering act is similar. The rest of our skit is too crass for any literary pretension. We did not have any 'chimm' philosophical or sociological statements to make. Why was it even produced?

We did it for laughs, to let off steam and to celebrate the spirit of Christmas in

a small medical community we grew to love. A quarter of a century has passed. We may have forgotten the murine typhus and other quaint diseases we encountered in TPH but scurried in the attics of our mind is 'Phallusemia', a disease created by us one Christmas past in Toa Payoh. ■

Cheong Pak Yean

## SILENT NIGHT

*Old Changi Hospital ICU, Changi Point*  
*12 midnight IVs (intravenous medication rounds)*  
*(When housemen gave practically all IVs)*  
*11:50pm 24 Dec 94*

The forlorn whispers of the ventilator  
punctuate the quiet air,  
misty with triumphant bacteria  
we have spawned with our oversight

The night is old with admissions  
Of fatigue and forgotten causes.  
I look at him, or what's left.....  
.....he breathes through machines  
and eats through lines.  
The ECG trace is but  
the last gleanings of life,  
now sequentially evaporated.

My somnolent eyes screw and train  
on the aurous liquid, restless  
in the confines of the bloated syringe.....  
I expel every drop  
into the half-filled microdrip;  
it glistens and gleams like a sensual wine.  
Still I suspect,

a glass of Montrachet\* in a better time  
will do more than this puny putt  
to prolong a battered life.

The door swing shut behind.  
My reticent steps dot the corridor  
and echo the question I try to hide.  
I cast myself afar  
and flee into the Changi night:  
of little fires that bob in the seas,  
and winds that tranquilizes besieged psyches.  
And in my thoughts I can hear,  
frothy waves gently kneading  
mercurial sands in the cool moonlight.....

No jingle bells  
and no sleigh rides.....  
and still I ask  
will death cradle him tonight?  
Merry Christmas. Silent Night.

WONG CHIANG YIN

\* a prized white Burgundy Wine