exposed. But there is little desire anywhere in these drawings, even on the part of the adult figures. Many drawings suggest the absence of power: a kneeling child held by his hair, an adult towers about him. Power emerges from the dimensions of proportion and perspective. And yet here, in this topsy-turvy world, it is the larger figures who are exposed as apparently vulnerable, and the child-like figures are charged with the responsibility of witnessing.

One theme unites both children and adults in these pictures: shame. One drawing in particular tells a vivid story. The scenario is captured in this time it takes an unappreciated child to say: "You're laughing!" This drawing is updated, but it is, as are the others, part of the aftermath of the trial. Langer's drawings and paintings were saved from destruction because of their artistic merit; yet the humiliation of having to argue for their worth is written into this drawing and others. A laughing adult; her (I think) eyes rolled sideways, covers her mouth in a gesture of weak restraint. Her myth is obvious. Before her stands a child whose shame is captured in the powerful gesture of his hands thrown upward towards the unexcited laughing face. Sidelines two stands another figure, who does nothing to help the child. Behind this trio two ducks loom. They are partially scrubbed over, as if to hide their shame, the shame of their creator, and to protect the observer from embarrassment. The drawing speaks to a child's fascination with sexuality and adult embarrassment about some of the fears that children are allowed to see sexual activity—among animals. Every active element of this drawing expresses shame.

Two weeks later, after March break. The drawings are gone from my room. The exhibition opens this week and the drawings are now hanging in the gallery. The leftover relics make the walls seem emptier than they were before. I miss the intimacy of the drawings. I miss the way they drew me in: each time I came back I found myself looking at them more closely. In some, I saw things that I hadn't seen before. Only after several days did I see that the child crying in front of the eyeballs was shifting. A child's pride in his body's products, the gift of shit, has turned, once again, to shame.

Shame has come to explain how I understand the anachronistic of these drawings. Eve Sedgwick has written that shame is "integrated and residual in the processes by which identity is formed." She argues that shame is an integral part of both childhood formation of self (shame produces self-consciousness) and later political identification (shame is the precondition for "pride"). I see both instances of shame in Langer's work. He has rendered visible the processes by which children come to know themselves as (sexual) beings, while writing through his own shame of having to prove the worth of his "artistic" gifts. This regression to a childlike figures quality constitutes a method and a challenge.

Eli is coming to town for the opening and to give a talk to a drawing class. We have arranged to meet at the bus station; he will be arriving and I will be leaving, with few hours in between. Langer is a sweet, edgy, interesting man. He has brought slides of all his work, including the paintings and drawings that were rejected by the police. He offers me if I can pick them out. They are quite obvious, and I am glad that I have not been faced with the task of setting about them. Sharon and Claire have carefully chosen a normalized selection of the less offensive drawings, no children and adults in blantly sexed positions. He tells me about the humiliation of leaving the courthouse with his artwork under his arm, about the shame of having been publicly stopped on the street. He does not think the publicly has learned him as an artist; he has given away far more of his work than he has ever sold. But, he has been given a Gannet Council "Big Grant" this year, so nobody has taken notice.

Eli talks about the fun of drawing and the speed with which he produced these sketches. Looking through his slides, I find what I want to see: his paintings show signs of strong talent in their colour and form, and there is no question that he knows how to draw. I feel much more comfortable about the artistic merit of the scribbles. Some of the paintings are, in his words, "snot." He's not shy of all about his sexual imagination or about admitting that these are images that give him sexual pleasure, but he is also admonished that he has never used models to paint his scenes, and that much of the imagery is nonrepresentational. He is not educated anything; he is only trying to work through the things that float through his mind. Outside of his circle of friends, there has been little discussion of his work beyond the sexually-explicit content. He has recognized that the content has become a liability.

The last painting I look at is of a girl sputtering beside a pond. It has the hallucinatory intimacy of his other work, but the pastel colours and the soft, blurred lines are surreal. The sexuality is hard to pin down to the content.

As we get away the slides, he laughs about wanting to spend the night in a downtown hotel with an overnight girlfriend; the fans were so playful in contrast to his troubled and troubled images. I put him on the bus to campus. I get on the bus to Toronto. He spends the night in my room.

EL Langer's drawings were exhibited in London, Ontario at the Palace on 4th Avenue, February 25 to March 9, 1987. They were part of a joint exhibition with Shary Boyle called "Drawing From Memory," curated by Sharon Swartz and Claire Sylvester.

Scanning of EL Langer's drawings courtesy of Claire Sylvester.
"Da, da, los ninos, ba ba, ba da dum."

Pacing out between the slats of my bedroom window around 8:30 a.m., I see about fifteen four-year-olds checking what I'm talking to one of them, man, to Fidel. They're in a semi-circle around a smiling but strict woman, who, my friend says, has been lecturing children such as these in this way for about two years. The performance isn't for me—it's not as if, a North American, I am meant to be with the CIA and being aroused with a deliberate display of socialist devotion. If it so happens that my bedroom window wall doubles as a day care's boundary. During some months in Havana, my eyes and ears haven't registered anything else nearly as celebratory of Fidel. It's not that things aren't appreciable better than they were even two years ago when I first lived in Cuba. Then, blacks occurred four or five nights per week, reminding everyone that Soviet Hindu, or whatever the name was, had pulled back the plug in order to light the postcommunist era. Now, the lights only come on once a week... or whenever the wind washes the aging electrical equipment.

Then, cars—stolen fitful vehicles mainly—were one rare sight, like the spotlighting of a Japanese soldier from World War II wandering out of hiding into the future imperfect. Now twenty-four hour gas stations are scattered throughout Havana; the mandate, though, is still, "still be up... and push." My recent return to Miami Airport was a classic: a classic; "48 Chevy was waiting for me to smile and we were to push it, bypassing a winter that only recently snowed helped the car.

Then the only green to go with leaves was... and some olives, in Spanish "hierba luisa", the white safflower a substitute (recalling his propensity for space-mashing) within. Now, cucumbers, lattas, tomatoes and onions are being sold in farmers' markets that have sprung up all over the island. Not incidentally, Fidel's salt is still circulating; a few nights ago both Cuban TV and newspapers broadcast his complete two-extens half hour address to a science convention. If you by chance missed it, it was repeated in full in Granma the next day. He appears as if he was a daily dispenser of all the good news—about the harvests—its to point. (The North American version of this a bit different: the accent is on the Bay of Pigs, the Orange County Register, as the Havana version, as the brief, exclusive soundbite over and over on CNN or CBS Newsworld.)

Thus, the only cocktail restaurants one could go to (and find food—lots of restaurant facades still in need of '90s with nada on the menu and dilts in the fridge) were official tourist areas, complete with haute cuisine lists and cafeteria presentations. Now, paladares (a neo-logic from the Spanish word for paladoo) have been legalized—a to maximum of twelve seats so that no one gets rich and exchanges a chiefs hat for a green Commander-Chef's cap. My favourite paladar—mostly producing for the first Cuban restaurant in the city, since former dictator and American rankey, Batista, boasted on Cuba is then sizeable underclass—is El Picador in Santa Fe, the old fishing village, now suburb, just west of Havana. Mom grills what her local famous famosas son, nicknamed "Barmuda" cocktails. For $2 U.S. you can, if that day "Barmuda" was luckier than Santiago, Hernandez's old man of The Old Man and the Sea, eat steak starchy, as it was, like the Jews of overripe package, but the large tourists consegnal to eat at hotels just down the road. (I'll bet neither R.O.M. chel, James Kennedy, or any member of his family has ever fished for shrim.)

Interestingly, it's the hotels class by is called "The Old Man and the Sea" and is managed by a Cuban firm. The Hemingway era in Havana, like the Toronto's movie industry, has produced a celebrity signature to the North American imagination. There is evidently no sentimental than even streetwise/big fish hunters, have become a nuisance at the Hemingway finish (finca) run, poach-swatching from the barrier that grew up around it, then melting like the snows of Killingero into the wilderness. Papa wouldn't have noticed, elud., evidently, to keep his nose in a caintow while being chased from the finish to the coast, so his view wouldn't be bastardized by the locals.

Hemingway's house is a free place to wander in—women have spoken to say they fitch-hitchike and/or bicycle safely throughout the day and night. The city is also rechristened, blaxing up the Miami world culture in which most Cubans sean bout on window-shopping or minimum-wage working. The desire to "get out" is exemplified by the following: Last year the Canadian coach who fell in love with a Cuban woman managed to meet her just off his yacht on shore. When offers on the specifed beach saw the woman wanting to step on the boat, they split up, one might say, hoping to be included in the extended family. Mayhem ensued, one of the yacht's poles propels up someone to death and the police, alerted by the fuss, carted the Canadian off to jail. Despite the urge of Cubans to go "bathing," lots of tourists are coming "bathing."

Think of the desire of being in winter, another for some) stock joy of not encountering many American and the burgeoning for many, I hope pleasure of ducking the snow on the beach of the Bay of Pigs, a.k.a. the Ontario Cabaret as it calcifies and snuffles its dispicable way to Gingerich. Mentally, I would think, the town is like the accent of the state, which try, for the most part, to keep tourists drinking officially pro-duced drinks and otherwise out of private spaces (which drawn the public place), have made it difficult for bookers to try their trades. The protagonists have been bounced from the absences, dried, etc., on the whit, one hours, at Real Cienfuegos's wife.

Thus, it seems, can generate policy as easily as "acoustic socialism" does. This year, Christmas trees were deceased not to be flagrant violation of socialism until a senior bureaucrat entered they taken down from the one or two public places in which they stood. When Fidel returned from Vancouver, among other places, he is reported to have said: "What happened to the Christmas trees?" One particularly large tree was purportedly tossed, tossed and then raised again quite as aggressively on a city skyline on billboards at Chateau Blue Jay ball game.

Curiously, the life itself leads here passes in a kind of Connie Dishonned. If you're tired of — or even more maturly, never could oversad—polyester have-run-in days in mid-winter America's notion of tour, Havana's official and capitalist Dishonned, then this fetoralyn should stimulate you (as much as it does me). With "socialism in a democracy" [shock] or [shock] painted proudly on your back, you know, from the face-to-faceleich bagging for loyal, companionship, lodging, etc. To give the commerce added [police], the most that talks is Uncle Sam's — who only metaphorically, then, gets the boot as he does on one comprises billboard in Havana. The Canadian was, in fact, "Canada's first cultural partner." It should be noted — can be traced to state funding, a state Ontarios can only remember nostalgically as their own cultural life turns to Mashkiv, Ontarios's [impro-portioned minister of, among other things, culture].

I have been giving lectures at the Instituto Superior de Afro, once the exclusive Havana Community Club. It is more than to contemplate the beauty of a universe that has grown — and grown over — magnificently from a golf course, while "subway." Mike Davis figures on Castro's publicly printed (green/bk.) The finest and most creative young artists — hipster, painters, writers, dancers, actors — in Cuba take classes at ESG, whereas, instead of flipping beans to pay their habits their way Canadian kids must, ESA's, pregnancy, whose tuition is free, can flip pages... or dispense onto the fitch-hitchike world, none famous, to practice their instruments, steps or gustatics. From my showed aloud, a few doors down from what was Richard Nixon's bedroom in the White House, I use the Cuban corsa drummers, a cappella singers, Bobfies. As far as I'm concerned, it is the most beautiful sensing in the world, as for away from Stilfe, otherwise known on the prowl, cannot Canadian university lens, as this lush red flowers that deck the camp are from footnotes.

Sadly but irreducible, anger has accrued here: from a few years of shortages and many in too many direction. Lack of toilet paper forces most Cubans to reach for a substitute. The paper, ding-dong, might, have been toned down before depilation has, producing discomfort until reading before relief upon wiping. The state in the giving to the arts, and the state in the instance is understood: a student art exhibition at IAS had its displays suddenly reduced by one, when one piece, it was felt, transgressed on the sanctity of the state's ruling party.

Disgranemnt was even evident on December 30, 1985, the anniversary of the Revolution. Just a few years earlier I had gone to the Plaza of the Revolution along with a few hundred thousand others to co-ordinate Fidel's victory over Batista. On this thirty-seventh anniversary, maybe five or ten thousand people were on hand—mostly young people drawn by the hip music being performed on stage. The crowd consisted only one flag-waver. Nevertheless, I knew, even the friends who were adamant that the rhetoric of socialism and revolution should be abandoned, want an invasion by big-brand American tosolve Cuba's problems. Now wants Fidel deployed by Mar Canosa, the right-wing Cuban America's legacy's big Chandlerian. The bicycle-riding, vegetarian lifestyle that appears to be anything of a certain temperament, such as myself, grates on a population for which it is the most pet, insisted upon. Regardless, Fidel's the sign, still holds sway and is still exciting. One night around 2 a.m. some visiting Canadian friends, sweet Cuban friends and I were in that good of 48 Chevy on our dessert-inspired way home. Out at midnight we were suddenly waved on and into another lane by a policeman. One of the Cubans said this signalled one thing: Fidel's full of it at black.