

Haida artists Duncan *ginaawaan* and Dwight Wallace. She suggests that Charles Edenshaw learned the art of silver engraving from Duncan *ginaawaan* (his wife's mother's uncle) and that Reverend Charles Harrison was incorrect in stating that Albert Edward Edenshaw was the first Haida to engrave silver; rather, it was his brother-in-law, Duncan *ginaawaan* (174).

What Wright does in her analysis of the oral and written history is to bring all existing documentation to the project of painting as complete a picture as possible of the production of Haida art in the nineteenth century. And of course she speculates as to the identification of the artists who produced the work that can be seen in historic photographs and museum and private collections. Although it is easy to see the problems with attribution, Wright herself does not pretend that this project does not sometimes use slender evidence to put a particular artist's name beside an unsigned work.

Wright's chronologically structured, descriptive treatment of Haida art history, which focuses primarily on

large monumental sculpture, is well researched, richly illustrated, and well written. In identifying the work of particular artists, Wright uses the standard practice of comparing stylistic traits on documented pieces with undocumented pieces, thus expanding the number of works that can be associated with each artist. Wright's decisions, however, would have been easier to follow if she had included schematic illustrations of the stylistic traits used in the attributions (e.g., Holm 1981, fig. 10). Wright's book is a welcome addition to Northwest Coast art history. It not only summarizes past work in the area, but it also offers important new information.

#### REFERENCE

- Holm, Bill. 1981. *Will the Real Charles Edenshaw Please Stand Up? The Problem of Attribution in Northwest Coast Indian Art*. In *The World Is as Sharp as a Knife: An Anthology in Honour of Wilson Duff*, ed. Donald N. Abbott, 175-200. Victoria: British Columbia Provincial Museum.

### *On Kiddie Porn: Sexual Representation, Free Speech and the Robin Sharpe Case*

Stan Persky and John Dixon

Vancouver: New Star Books, 2001. 247 pp. \$20.00 paper

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I AGREED TO REVIEW this book as a bit of a test. As a writer and teacher of the history of sexuality, I pay close attention to current sexual

politics. But I have pretty much ignored the past couple years of national debate about Canada's pornography laws, not for ideological but for

practical reasons: I have a new baby, I have no time. So Persky and Dixon's new book gave me a great opportunity to catch up on an important topic as well as to measure my response to the intellectual, political, and social morass that is child porn, this time as a new parent. Parenthood is a life-changing experience. Along with everything else, did it change my views on censorship?

Not really. But parenthood has made it more complicated. Parents know, in a way that few other people do, that children are different from adults. Parents know this, I hasten to add, simply because we spend more time with them than do most people. (Biology has nothing to do with it; my child is adopted.) I have a friend, a fifty-something man, who learned only recently that babies are not born with teeth. In our culture if you don't want to learn much about children you really don't have to. When you spend a great deal of time in the company of children, and realize how malleable they are, you become suspicious of people who make claims for or about them. And people who think children can fully and unambiguously consent to adult overtures (of whatever sort) know *nothing*.

However, Robin Sharpe wasn't charged with having sex with children; his is a story about representation. And there really is a difference between the two. He calls himself the "most hated man in Canada." He has also allowed that "if stupidity were a capital offence, I should be dead." I am not inclined to disagree. But after reading Persky and Dixon's compelling and well told tale of the demonization of Robin Sharpe, determining the forces of good from the forces of evil in the current child porn wars becomes tricky. This

book lays out a veritable rogues gallery, beginning with the ambitious and extraordinarily opportunistic former justice minister Kim Campbell, who oversaw the creation of Canada's ridiculously loose and vague pornography laws. Let us not forget the neighbours of Robin Sharpe, who drove him out of his apartment building. Or the "Family Caucus" of the Conservative Party, and virtually the entire Reform Party, who learned quickly that manufacturing a moral panic about children and sex grabbed plenty of headlines – many more than did tired old issues like "children and poverty" or "children and affordable daycare."

Dixon, president of the British Columbia Civil Liberties Association, was an advisor to the deputy minister of justice during Campbell's tenure, and he provides a close-up look at the crafting of the law that was used against Sharpe. The book covers the creation of the law, Sharpe's arrest and subsequent notoriety, and the challenges to the law issued by various BC courts. There's a lot here – including excruciatingly detailed legal decisions – but the topic is by no means exhausted. I'm left wondering about, of all things, geography. Somehow this has become a BC story – from former Justice Minister Campbell, to Sharpe, to Persky and Dixon – and I have no idea why. What is regionally or culturally specific here? Similarly, I remain curious about the extraordinary power of this moral panic. Persky and Dixon use the ideas of Ian Hacking and Wendy Kaminer to analyze current anxieties about child pornography, setting them within the context of late twentieth-century fears about child abuse. There's a much longer history of scary ideas about children, however, and this is by no means confined to North America. How and why do our

anxieties about children become sexualized? What is the relationship between the demonization of child pornographers and actual demons – sexual and otherwise?

Debate about child pornography brings out the worst in everyone. This book is a rare and valuable attempt to approach the topic with a level head.

*Pender Harbour Cowboy:  
The Many Lives of Bertrand Sinclair*

Betty C. Keller

Victoria: Horsdal and Schubart, 2000. 224 pp. Illus. \$18.95 paper

*Literature and Loss:  
Bertrand William Sinclair's British Columbia*

Richard J. Lane

London: The London Network for Modern Fiction Studies,  
2000. Open Archive Volume 1. 102 pp. £14.95 paper  
(Department of English, South Bank University,  
103 Borough Road London SE1 0AN)

BY LAURIE RICOU  
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**B**ERTRAND SINCLAIR is more quotable than his disappearing presence in Canadian literature would suggest. One of my favourite Sinclair passages, from *Poor Man's Rock* (1920), explains who fishes near the southern tip of Lasqueti Island:

The foul ground and the tidal currents that swept by the Rock held no danger to the gear of a rowboat troller ... Poor Man's Rock had given many a man his chance ... And because for many years old men, men with lean purses, men with a rowboat, a few dollars, and a hunger for independence, had

camped in Squitty Cove ... and seldom failed to take salmon around the Rock, the name had clung to that brown hummock of granite lifting out of the sea at half tide. (22-3)

This passage marks Sinclair's abiding interest in the individual entrepreneur overwhelmed by an emerging industrial capitalism. It is also a statement of faith in the intuitive perception that understands how non-human creatures inhabit a space; and, in some respect, it's a plea for an alliance of the hidden and hiding creatures.

Richard Lane wants to make of this writer-worker, despite his anonymity,