



Editorial: Toy and Dress Porn
—Perry Nodelman

The most immediately obvious feature of the new format the *CCL/LCJ* editors adopted upon the journal's recent move to Winnipeg is the bold photographs of objects like teddy bears and prom dresses on the cover. The complex process through which we arrived at the decision to adopt imagery of this sort reveals much, not just about our ideas about the journal but also about significant currents in recent discourse about children's literature and the culture of childhood, in Canada and elsewhere.

Our decision to give the journal a new look to match its new beginning in a new home immediately led us to think about the look of the cover. Just about every journal devoted to research in children's literature that we are aware of uses illustrations from children's picture books as cover art. As much as we admire many of these images, and as much as we like the idea of promoting Canadian picture-book art on the cover of a Canadian children's literature

journal, we knew the cover of *CCL/LCJ* wouldn't express the new beginnings we wanted to emphasize if we stuck to what is by now a cliché of publishing in our field. My own uncertainty about the nature of picture book art also came into play: can images intended as illustrations to accompany texts in a series of similar illustrations stand on their own as art worthy of attention outside of their original context? Should we be encouraging the idea that they can by separating them from that context and displaying them on our covers? I had an uneasy feeling that we shouldn't be—that isolating one picture from a picture book is something like choosing to reproduce only the few square inches of Botticelli's *Venus* that depict her elbow.

In any case, we eliminated picture-book art. No elbows for us. That left us with an obvious second choice: if not images from children's books, then, surely, images of children? We toyed briefly with the

idea of photos of children at play and so on.

And almost immediately stopped toying. We found ourselves feeling uncomfortable about photographs of children, for reasons that are revealing enough for me to discuss in more detail later. Meanwhile we quickly moved on to the conclusion that, while children at play was a fruitful concept, we could represent it just as well with images of just the things they play with—with photos of objects like teddy bears and prom dresses that occur in the lives of children and young people, starkly isolated against an otherwise empty background. Our knowledge of semiotics and of cultural studies informed us that objects are inevitably rich sites of meaning, that, for people familiar with them, their images communicate much more than just the fact of what they are or what they are used for. Images of such objects would imply the children who played with them without the children needing to be seen—and much, much more. Consider the images we've included on our covers so far.

Our first issue, 31.1 (Spring 2005), featured objects built from Lego building blocks. The bright, bold colours of the Lego pieces (and of course the happy smile on the face of the Lego person included) nicely represent conventional ideas about the cheerful utopia of childhood—ideas intriguingly in conflict with the object depicted on the cover, a sort of tank with what appears to be parts of guns and

rockets and other warlike things. What could better express the conflicting threads of play or conflicting ideas about childhood that trouble just about every text or object adults produce for children? We specifically chose an object with wheels to represent *CCL/LC*'s movement forward into a new era, and we were also taken with the ways in which the myriad possibilities of building blocks could represent the myriad possibilities for research in our field and the imaginative kind of discourse about texts of children and childhood that we hope to publish. For me, also, this image has more personal connotations. The Lego pieces we used for the photo are all that is left of a vast collection my children had in their youth, and the objects depicted were built by one of those children and his friend, both now in their twenties, who had an exuberantly pleasurable time building them. For me, then, the image resonates with memories and with ideas of aging and my own mortality. I obviously can't expect other viewers to share these personal responses—but they suggest how evocative of experiences and of other things images of objects are capable of being.

There are similar personal resonances in the image on the cover of *CCL/LC* 31.2 (Fall 2005). The slightly scruffy stuffed animals depicted belong to our former administrator Ben MacPhee-Sigurdson, who has treasured them since his own childhood and who insisted on calling each of them by name

throughout the editorial work on this issue. While Ben's personal memories aren't accessible to *CCL/LCJ* readers by means of this image, I suspect many of the connections to their own earlier years that beloved stuffed toys give them. As for more publicly available implications: as well as evoking that paradoxical strangeness of our idea of childhood—the savage bear and savage gorilla represented as cuddly and cute, either de-fanged or still dangerous under the comforting plush—we thought this particular array of stuffed animals of different types, colours, and sizes resonated intriguingly in terms of ideas of multiculturalism and difference, ideas that emerge prominently in essays in the issue by Suzanne Pouliot and Catherine McLaughlin.

Similarly, the magnificent prom dress on the cover of *CCL/LCJ* 32.1 (Spring 2006) speaks poignantly to the themes of Sidney Eve Matrix's discussion of the prom in that issue. The dress, divested of any body to fill it, says volumes about how cultural ideas about clothing and appearance can absorb and diminish the individuality of the young people who interact with them—or, perhaps, in the image's evocations of Disney fairy tale princesses and its sexy invitation to the gaze, glorify that individuality. This particular dress, an elaborate concoction of crinolines, embroidery, and beading in the same pinks and purples that Barbie dolls have taught young girls to understand as the essence of femininity, was actually

worn to a 2005 prom in Winnipeg by the daughter of one of our colleagues at the university. It continues to exist, swathed in protective plastic in a closet, as a souvenir of that happy time.

As for the cover of the current issue: beyond saying that H  l  ne Beauchamp's article about *Glouglou*, a play about babies, determined our choice of objects, and that the toys provided by Toad Hall Toys, my favourite toy store in the entire world, remind me of many happy shopping expeditions both with my children and all by myself, I leave it to *CCL/LCJ* readers to consider its wider implications.

So these objects evoke and imply the children and young people they have been designed to interact with. That doesn't bother us at all. Indeed, it's why we chose them. So why were we uneasy about actually depicting children and young people using them?

Our most immediate concerns were practical. We knew we couldn't just, say, stroll into a school playground with a camera and start snapping pictures. Before we could even get out "Say cheese, please," the cops would be all over us—and rightly so. Human beings generally, but children particularly, have a moral right to privacy. Contrary to the assumptions of paparazzi, we all should have some say about whether or not we want our image recorded and preserved by someone else.

There are legal rights involved as well as moral ones. Like many universities, the University of Win-

nipeg, the institution that houses *CCL/LCJ*, rightly requires that “Ethics protocols . . . be submitted by all researchers whose work involves direct contact with human subjects/participants,” and that researchers use “free and informed consent procedures” (“Research Ethics”). For *CCL/LCJ*, this means that we require permission forms from the legal caregivers of any children described or quoted in work that appears in the journal. Similarly, if we chose to publish photographs of children, we’d need to be sure that all appropriate release forms were signed and all ethical procedures were followed both in the taking and the publication of the pictures.

Clearly, then, using photos of children would be very complicated. But our discomfort with doing so consisted of more than just laziness. We found that we simply didn’t *like* the idea of announcing each issue of *CCL/LCJ* with a photograph of children. It seemed wrong.

We live in a world where the images of children—especially photographs—are often sites of intense controversy. The major reason for this is an increasingly obsessive concern with child pornography—which most usually and notoriously consists of visual images, almost always either still

photos or videos. Concern about child porn is, of course, just a branch of a wider societal obsession with (or, more exactly, panic about) questions of children and sexuality. We live in a time when the American TV network NBC can devote many hours of



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prime time to episodes of *Dateline* entitled “To Catch a Predator,” in which, after chatting online about sex and then making a date with what they assume are youngsters, men show up at an undercover house and are confronted by a commentator who grills them about why they are there. As much as I abhor the idea of adults preying on the young, this

ritualistic spectacle of unquestioned evil being exposed and punished again and again, apparently beloved by millions of North Americans, represents a degree of self-righteous smugness that’s more than a tad nauseating. A similarly thoughtless certainty can be found in the rhetoric of crusaders against child porn. Writing about *The Internet/Online Summit: Focus on Children*, a meeting of some four hundred leaders from government, industry, education, child advocacy, and anti-pornography groups held in Washington, D.C. in 1997, Scott Rosenberg says, “‘Child porn is evil’ is the *only* position that all parties involved in the Washington summit share.”

Rosenberg tellingly calls his article “Kiddie Porn: The Enemy Everyone Can Agree On.”

I, too, object to the exploitation of children. Strenuously. But as a scholar aware of how adults construct visions of childhood for their own ends, I have to wonder about all this certainty. Why is it so important for these adults—for so many adults in our time—to want to imagine and firmly enforce and insist on a childhood so completely devoid of sexuality, and a world in which no one, child or adult, has any awareness of children’s bodies as anything but dangerous containers for their innocent and/or asexual souls? And why is everyone so insistent and certain about it? Why do we all need to hate child porn with such fervid intensity, or else declare ourselves as monsters?

Nevertheless, we do need to hate it that much. Pictures of children’s bodies—especially but not exclusively naked ones—are sites of controversy, sites of discomfort. Many adults understand images of unclothed children to be pornographic even when they weren’t made specifically with the purpose of arousing sexual excitement in their viewers. In Cincinnati in 1990, an obscenity trial involving a gallery showing photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe significantly concerned two images of the children of Mapplethorpe’s friends. *Jesse McBride* shows a young boy posing frontally nude atop a chair, *Rosie* a seated four-year-old in a dress but no

underpants, her legs bent to reveal her genitals. A recent story on the CBC website about the Saskatoon-based art magazine *Blackflash* makes it clear that attitudes to pictures like these are no different in Canada now. After a warning from lawyers that they might be breaking Canada’s new child porn law by publishing images of famous art that sexualized children to accompany an article on art and child pornography, the magazine’s editors chose to replace the images with blank spaces. One of the missing images was Mapplethorpe’s *Rosie*.

When I look at these pictures myself, I’m not aware of any sexual arousal (and you might not be either—you can test that out for yourself by viewing them on the website of the Guggenheim Museum in New York). But I suppose I can imagine a pervert who would (and it is the imagining of such perverts with responses different from one’s own that seems to drive most attempts at censorship). Similarly, I can imagine some perverse photo developer, back in the days before digital photography when most people sent their pictures out to be developed, getting off on pictures parents had snapped of their children in the bathtub—and I can certainly remember news reports of parents in trouble for taking such pictures. Listing a series of cases in which parents were arrested and even convicted of various crimes for snapping such pictures, James Kincaid concludes, “At this time there is no way to differentiate—legally—between a family

snapshot of a naked child and child pornography.”

But maybe that’s because they are not really so different. I said earlier I felt no sexual excitement in my response to Mapplethorpe’s photos. But if I’m completely honest, I can’t deny that part of my appreciation of these images stems from the sensuous pleasure I take in the fragile beauty of the children’s bodies they depict. Is that pleasure really so innocent, so completely unmarked by sexuality or by my appreciation of their relative lack of power in relation to myself? I’m really not sure, not sure at all.

And I have an even more alarming question for myself: would my sensuous pleasure in these images be much different if Jesse had his clothes on, or if Rosie sat in a more prim position that revealed less? The answer, I’m afraid, is no. I don’t have all that different a response to Mapplethorpe’s *Lindsay Key*, a sensuous depiction of a clothed child also on view on the Guggenheim website, than I do to *Jesse McBride* and *Rosie*. These are sensuous images, as is almost every image Mapplethorpe produced. Even his *Calla Lilly* exudes a sensuality that seems likely to remind viewers of the blossom’s function as the plant’s reproductive organ. These are sensuous pictures, and that’s hard to distinguish from sexy ones.

Even if they were not sensuous, all these images partake in the invitation to voyeurism inherent in the existence of photographs of people—in pictures of people generally. As the work of John Berger in *Ways of Seeing* suggests, they show either someone



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apparently aware of a viewer outside the pictures and inviting that viewer to view by gesture or facial expression (like Rosie and Jessie), or else, someone apparently unaware of the viewer, like Lindsay Key, and yet still available for a viewer’s voyeuristic gaze. It is inherent

in the medium of pictures that they imply a power dynamic. While they (and the human subjects they depict) often compel our gaze and thus have power over us, they and their human subjects are always on display, always vulnerable to a viewer’s regard. So when the human subjects they depict are children—people we tend to construct as already vulnerable—those children seem doubly vulnerable, doubly at risk, doubly in danger of predation (or, as I guess a child stalker would have it, doubly inviting predation). There are excellent reasons for worrying about the implications of using photos of children on places like the cover of *CCL/LCJ*—and not just nude ones.

Nor are the concerns merely about the ways the

photos might excite the sexual or sensuous interest of the adult viewers who make up the audience of this journal. As an awareness of the power dynamics inherent in picture-viewing suggests, there are wider questions about power generally.

Let me describe a particularly resonant example. In late 1998, a controversy erupted over a showing of photographs in the University of Winnipeg's Gallery 1C03 by Sheila Spence, an artist who lived in West Broadway, a neighbourhood near the university that was then and is now on the verge of a gentrification that never seems actually to happen, and that is most often thought of by more middle-class Winnipeggers as one of the city's poorer and more dangerous places. Because, Spence said, media reports about the neighbourhood's danger distressed her and "I didn't want to feel afraid and vulnerable anymore" ("Portrait" 7), she decided to set up her camera in a park near her home and offered to take the picture of anyone who wanted her to. The resulting show, called *Portrait of a Neighbourhood: Images of West Broadway*, consisted of images of children and teenagers who agreed to Spence's offer. Some of the images, and Spence's commentary on them in a panel discussion on Censorship and Public Art held in 2005, can be viewed on the website of Winnipeg's Urban Shaman Gallery.

Before the show even opened, the parents of some of these young people and other residents of

the neighbourhood publicly objected to it, claiming "that the portraits gave the wrong impression of the neighbourhood and of the individual children. 'They look like gang members. How is that good for the community?' asked one mother" ("Portrait" 6). Spence, on the other hand, insisted that "the exhibition was intended to be empowering" for her subjects: "It continues to be my intention to give them a face and a voice" ("Portrait" 6). Nevertheless, she removed the pictures, replacing them with newspaper clippings about the controversy and with pieces of Plexiglas over paper on which gallery-goers could write comments.

Responses to all this were varied and very revealing. According to a report in *In Edition*, the University of Winnipeg newsletter, "One art lover says . . . that Spence captures her subjects with sensitivity, giving them dignity and grace," and others commented on "'the beautiful faces' and the 'poignant moments'" ("Portrait" 6). These responses are intriguingly like my own to the Mapplethorpe images I discussed earlier. By making art out of the way these children appeared to her, Spence may well have opened herself to the same sort of charges of creating sensuously beautiful and therefore, perhaps, potentially pornographic images, as I suggested Mapplethorpe's might be.

There is certainly no question that her pictures engaged powerful cultural ideas and feelings about

the vulnerability of children—about their lack of power. The language of Spence’s comment about *giving* her subjects a face and a voice, and the comment of the “art lover” about *giving* them dignity and grace, are especially resonant in terms of the specific situation here: a middle-class artist who feels at odds with and endangered by her non-middle-class neighbourhood makes herself feel more comfortable there by changing her neighbours into something less frightening to her—and does so by becoming a sort of Lady Bountiful, a *giver* of valuable gifts that make them better people, a person with the power to endow them with important goods they apparently didn’t have without her.

I don’t necessarily mean to single out Spence here, for the language she and her viewers use are common currency in discussions of art. We do often assume that artists have the power to give significance, meaning, and value to their subjects—and that, as inspired and inspiring creators, they have a right to that power. Was the woman who posed for da Vinci’s *Mona Lisa* actually mysterious or the children who posed for Spence’s pictures actually dignified? Who knows? And most of the time, unfortunately, who cares? As much as they admire the painting, experts now aren’t even sure who da Vinci’s subject was. And is the gallery-goer who saw dignity and grace in the children’s image therefore likely to invite the children depicted over for tea? Probably not. The art absorbs

and in a sense extinguishes its subject. What Spence saw as empowering is inherently disempowering.

That’s made blatantly obvious by another aspect of this controversy—one that relates to issues about children on the *CCL/LCJ* cover that I discussed earlier. Some of the parents who objected to Spence’s show did so because Spence had said nothing to them or their children about putting the pictures on display and had not asked for permission to use them. According to *In Edition*, “Nina, one little girl whose photo appears in the exhibit says, ‘I felt happy that she wanted to take my picture at first, but I didn’t know she was going to spread them around.’” In response, Spence made what seems like the rather ingenuous claim that “I was operating on good faith. There was an unspoken contract between the children and myself . . .” (6). It’s instructive that it seems not to have occurred to her to speak about the matter of her power to control the use of their images with children she wished to empower, and paradoxical that she would expect children poor enough to need empowerment to understand the complex and very property-oriented and therefore middle-class idea of an unspoken contract she herself apparently took for granted.

Furthermore, Spence made it clear that she had a political agenda for her show—one that she felt allowed her to make use of the children’s images as she did. In an article published in *The Globe and*

Mail before the controversy began, she told André Picard, the reporter, “People tend not to want to believe that these photos reflect the reality of our city and our country. . . . So I hope they open some eyes.” It worked for Picard, who says, “The younger children, many with torn T-shirts and broken teeth, look like they could be street urchins in Calcutta or Port-au-Prince” (D2). Pictures that cause observers to view their subjects as miserable, downtrodden unfortunates are hardly empowering.

But while one can blame Spence for taking pictures that prompted that response, one can’t completely excuse her subjects. They did have those teeth and wear those shirts. And the older children did wear the gang insignia and make the hand gestures that, according to Picard, form part of the street language of gang members. These children then made it possible and even necessary for those who looked at them—in life on the street or as depicted in Spence’s photos—to interpret the insignia and guess what it might represent. We may not be able to control responses to the way we appear and the visual information we provide through the clothes we wear and the gestures we make. But we certainly have some choices about these matters.

So these children did wear gang insignia. But were they really in gangs, or just wishing they were? They would know, and some of their neighbours familiar with the insignia and/or the actual gangs

might guess. But otherwise, who can tell?

And that, really, is the largest problem Spence’s pictures reveal. Pictures mean a lot more than just the thousand words they’re often attributed. But they mean differently to different people who view them differently within different contexts and with different repertoires of visual interpretation. Pictures of children from West Broadway are almost sure to say something quite different to children from West Broadway than they do to middle-class gallery-goers a few blocks away. By making the images available in the context of a gallery in a university very few West Broadway children are likely ever to attend, Spence was trying to change their meanings—and both did so and failed to do so in ways that raise serious questions about misuse of power.

Okay, so we who produce and consume *CCL/LCJ* have too much power, and the children who might appear in photos on our covers have too little and are too easily misunderstood. But what about all the children who have appeared on the covers of *CCL/LCJ* over the decades—the ones included in images from picture books? Are these images any less open to similar charges?

In one sense they aren’t. Photographs exude an aura of verisimilitude. Not being in photographs, the children in paintings and drawings seem less connected to real children and more clearly created by their artists. And while questions about permissions

to use their image may have developed between the illustrators and actual models they may have used, they weren't especially relevant to the *CCL/LCJ* editors, who received permission to use the images from the publishers of the books they originally appeared in and could only assume the publishers and the illustrators had the right to give the journal that permission.

On the other hand, however, these drawn and painted images invite exactly the same kinds of relationships between viewers and subjects that photographs do. In an article published over twenty years ago, I discussed images of naked children in children's

picture books in the context of Berger's ideas about looking at pictures. I speculated about why, while I could find a number of male children without their clothes on in picture books, images of unclothed girls were very rare—and also, why those male images seemed to excite so much controversy: "I suspect the point is that we have categories to account for female nakedness in pictures, and therefore don't find it surprising even in children's picture books. But unfortunately, the category we have to account for it is the category nude, so that even unclothed female children are inevitably pinups" ("Of Nakedness" 28).



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I go on to discuss the one full-frontal nude female child I could find, from a reproduction in a book of images of childhood of the Swedish painter Carl Larsson's *Bedtime Scene*, which includes a pouting child in nothing but long black stockings who looks

like she's inviting viewers to enjoy looking at her and whom I found myself thinking of as a sort of centrefold: "I find this picture embarrassing; I'm not sure I do have a right to look at a child in these terms" ("Of Nakedness" 28). This image is available on the sites of many sellers of art posters on the internet, who often identify it as *The Room of Mammy and the Small Girls*.

My article suggests that, while controversial simply for being unclothed, the naked males I found depicted in books like Sendak's *In the Night Kitchen*, who were shown to be moving and active and clearly not posing, were not nudes—not equally to be suspected of tendencies to pornography. But they're really not all that much different from, and just as vulnerably pleasurable to look at as, say, the Victorian English painter Henry Scott Tuke's paintings of naked teenage boys swimming and sunbathing. And as I suggested earlier, clothing doesn't necessarily change things all that much. Tuke painted

a clothed version of his picture *Noonday Heat* that is no less sensuous than the unclothed “no trouser” version, and Sendak’s Mickey clothed in dough is just as sensuously appealing as the naked child under the dough revealed elsewhere in the book. Is what’s sensuously appealing any different from what’s pornographic? As I said earlier, I really don’t know, and I’m distressed by my uncertainty.

All things considered, then, pictures of children—*any* pictures at all—are pretty suspicious, pretty dangerous. I have no choice but to conclude that we editors were right to choose objects of childhood rather than children to depict on our covers. In much the way that people talk about mouth-watering pictures of delectable food in magazines and on TV as food porn, these pictures might amount to toy porn or dress porn. They are sensuous and tactile, and they make me feel good about looking at, and enjoying looking at, teddy bears and pink purses. But just plain porn they aren’t. Except, I guess, for teddy bear or dress fetishists.

Nevertheless, the logic of the argument that has led me to this conclusion has other, even more sinister implications. If visual depictions of children are suggestive of worrisome power dynamics and misuses of the young, why not verbal depictions also? To be sure, verbal texts for children don’t so obviously invite their readers into unequal power dynamics with their subjects—or do they? If their

readers are children, often children assumed to have the habit of identifying with the characters they read about, then those child readers are being invited to see themselves as similar, and presumably equal, to the characters in children’s literature. But Jack Zipes declares, “My guess is that the largest reading audience of children’s books in the United States and England is constituted by those students at the college and university level who take courses in children’s literature along with teachers, librarians, and writers, who eagerly and discriminatingly read vast numbers of books for children” (54). What about all those adult readers? In an article published a few years ago in *English Studies in Canada*, I asked, “As a form of writing that, like child pornography, stages childhood experience for a significantly adult audience, might children’s literature, too, be at least potentially pornographic? Might texts of children’s literature then come under the purview of the criminal code?” (“Children’s Literature” 34). My conclusion was that they might:

children’s literature is the exact antithesis of child pornography. . . . As a literature that leaves things out, the purpose of children’s literature is not centrally to depict reality as it is—particularly, I believe, not reality as children themselves might actually experience it. The childhood children’s literature stages for child readers more

significantly represents an adult wish-fulfillment fantasy of what childhood ought to be. (35–36)

“Children’s literature generally,” I concluded, “might be most pornographic exactly in its absence of sexuality” (36)—in being as utopian and dishonest about childhood as child pornography is, albeit in the quite opposite direction.

In other words, children’s literature generally does what I accused Spence of doing in her photographs. It imposes a more powerful outsider’s view of childhood on the children it depicts. When it comes to describing, explaining, and interpreting childhood, it leaves actual children out of the loop except as the theoretically implied readers of its adult-engendered texts.

Consider, for instance, the texts for children discussed in this issue. Almost all of them are texts that describe and interpret aspects of childhood. Almost all of them are by adults. The one significant exception is Kathryn Carter’s “Discipline, Bodies, and Girls’ Diaries in Post-Confederation Canada,” which describes texts actually written *by* young people. It represents a rare occasion on which *CCL/LCJ* has discussed literature by the young. That’s something we’d certainly like to see more of in the journal.

But let me take that even one step further. Would it really make a difference if we discussed more texts by children in the journal, if the people doing

the discussing were still adults? Wouldn’t it be less imperious and more liberating if a journal subtitled *Canadian Children’s Literature/Littérature canadienne pour la jeunesse* consisted of discussions of texts by children written by children?

It might. But, I finally have to say, so what? That would be a different journal, and one edited by someone a lot younger and less wizened, in some other time in a galaxy far away. The simple fact here is that our subject is children’s literature as it is, in this galaxy now. And children’s literature as it is and has been in the centuries in which it has existed thus far has been, except for actually individual acts of child reading, primarily a pursuit of adults. If *CCL/LCJ* is to accurately represent children’s literature and the culture of childhood, it has to be primarily about versions of childhood produced by adults, and it has to be primarily by adults. We’re delighted to have published the responses of the children Janette Hughes included in her focus group on children’s fiction, as described in her review essay published in *CCL/LCJ* 32.1 (Spring 2006)—but then, rightly or not, we’d have felt uncomfortable about not including Janette’s informed adult comments on the children’s responses. This is a professional scholarly journal, a site for the expression and reception of expertise—and while individual children are certainly experts on their own experience, none of them have had quite enough time yet to get their doctorates

in cultural studies or education or information science. I think we just have to accept that, for all its focus on cultural production for children, the field this journal exists in and interacts with is an adult place—a place where we hope adults act

with a humble understanding of the less desirable implications of the unequal power dynamics their very claim to expertise in these matters implies. I believe our choice of cover subjects represents that sort of humility. I hope it does.

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