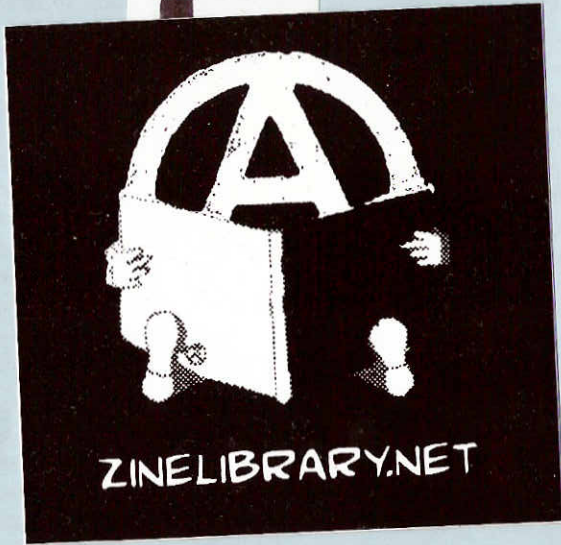


BABY BLOC



For Activists "In a Family Way"



BABY BLOC: New Address!!!

L 102 - 133 Powell St.

Vancouver, BC V6A 1G2

CANADA

www.babybloc.org

babybloc@yahoo.com



Baby Bloc on the Road!

by "Papa-Bulapa" (Bruce)

As I write we're starting the fourteen hour car-trip (over two days; we're not that crazy) to the Edmonton Anarchist Book Fair. We'll visit the girls' great-grandma Jo near Calgary, so it should be fun. This is my first trip to the Canadian interior and I'm excited to have a look around. Thanks to Lynette in Edmonton for welcoming us.



Baby Bloc & godmother Cathy at Holden Village

We moved to Canada! After the US election, some folks felt like abandoning ship, but that was not our motive. Laurel's Canadian, so she's able to work and live here more securely, and the kids have dual-citizenship, so we're a step closer to activist-family goal #1: *universal health care!* I'm applying to immigrate, which can take two years, but at last I've posted the paperwork.

Since leaving the Catholic Worker in Tacoma, Washington last summer, we've moved house four times. This April we've finally found a spot in a cooperative building in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside (right on the edge of Gastown and Skid-Row). Please note our new, new, *new* address, and let us know if you visit Vancouver!

We travelled a lot this year: leading two weeks of puppet and bible/justice workshops at Holden Village way up in Washington's Cascade Mountains. Then Laurel taught a Baby Bloc class in Rochester, NY, near suffragette Susan B. Anthony's house. [They have a statue in a nearby park of Susan B. having tea with Frederick Douglass!] We hung with friends from *BARF: the Baby Anarchist Revolutionary Front*, whose manifesto demands: "Even with all the pressing work of creating a just and peaceful world community, there is enough time for play."

Baby Bloc: the Activist Family Handbook has been sadly neglected during this half-year's moving, but now that we're settled for a while, we'll return to that. We've got a wide selection of articles in or promised, and do expect to publish the book this year. This zine and our website have been similarly delayed, but since you're finally reading this, take it as a sign of more Baby Bloc thrills to come.

We're still looking for a lucky publisher for the *Baby Bloc* handbook. We'd be happy for any recommendations from readers. Who publishes the books you like best? Who uses recycled paper? Who's got good relations with their authors?

Hope you enjoy, and thanks for *your* work. ☑

between this task and the next. Zines also decrease my sense of isolation. I love getting an issue finished, reading it, seeing it done, and I am immensely challenged by trying to make that happen oftener.

I think zines and mama's are a natural. If you have kids of schoolish age, you have the stuff there; stapler, pens, paper. Making a zine is a way to be actively creative in an alternative way that does not involve a lot more consumer culture (like say scrapbook classes). Parenting can be very isolating and the drive to communicate some of your life can be met in a way that doesn't have to be perfect (like a magazine submission). For the most part mama zines are pretty accepting and supportive so that has great appeal too.

Zines I admire and recommend are the *East Village Inky*, *EdgyCatin Mama*, *The Mouth*, *Joy Bringer*, *Red Diaper Baby*, *Tales of Nico*...Lots. I really like comix by women.

As far as political power in zines, Mama/Grrl zines are a tool for conscientization and self-reflection. They are a means for women to communicate their own experiences unmediated, but a social movement involves social action, so zines fall short. Zines can/could be part of a social movement but are not necessarily. My experience of zine making is more *fun* than specifically empowering.

Elka adds: When I tell people in the US that in Austria (the country where I come from) all mothers get a paid 2 and a half year maternity leave as well as the father half a year (or the other way around), they hardly can believe it. However, in Austria there are discussions by feminists that this causes women to stay longer at home so that they loose connections to the work environment, or completely drop out. On the other hand, when I tell people in Austria the situation in the US, they tend to think it's "cruel" to give 6 week-old-babies into day care. What would a feminist family-friendly society look like in your view? How do you think society might be re-thought and transformed to come closer to an "ideal" world for mothers, parents and families? Do you have any suggestions for the development of progressive-mum/parent-friendly policies?

Off the top of my head: how about universal health care that included dental and optometry. Wages for mother-work, and a variety of options for paid childcare. Parental-leave pay that does not just assume a primary *and* secondary parent/care giver. Recognition of families outside a binary model: three-parent families, grandparent headed families, mother/grandmother/kids families to name a few. Affordable low-income housing. Laws that protect children as individuals not as extensions of their bio-parents, or semi-sentient property. Shelters – safe places for youth and kids who can't live with their families, esp. Queer youth.

Some of my hopes for the future are: I would like to complete the Baby Bloc anthology of activist family stories Bruce and I are working on. I also want to finish my lesbian murder mystery, illustrate my children's book, write my book on the matriarchs of Genesis, and get together an anthology of essays on family, gender, parenting, etc, called *Hot Tips For Butch Mamas*. How's that?

Please check-out Elke's awesome Grrrl Zines Network for the original interview: <http://grrrlzines.net/interviews/babybloc.htm>

[Zine Editor's Tip: Get other people to interview you and reuse their work!]





Mama Laurel

From *Elke Zobl's* interview on <http://grrrlzines.net>

I am 37 y.o. and was born in Victoria, British Columbia and currently live in Vancouver. In between I lived in Toronto; Cuernavaca, Mexico; Boston; and Tacoma, Washington State. Besides the *Baby Bloc* zine, I am mother to twin four year olds Harriet and Myriam. When I can, I do freelance writing for parenting magazines and christian-left publications, and I lead workshops on reading the bible and on street theatre and giant puppets.

I'm also an activist, but currently with parenting and moving from one country to another, my activism is at a pretty low ebb. I am involved with the campaign to close the US army School of the Americas, mostly doing big public spectacle and street theatre with the puppetistas. My writing is political and aimed at

social change in various areas: family, poverty, housing, health, and gender. My biblical writing is specifically aimed at challenging people who identify as christian to see and act out of the radical justice content of our scriptures. My other major political work is networking and educating about families and activism. I want movements I am involved with to be friendly place for families, and for those movements to benefit and grow from the inclusion of families.

Baby Bloc, the zine, has been running for about two years. Bruce Triggs, the father/sperm-donor for my kids, put it out for the Mama Gathering in L.A., summer of 2003. He and I do the zine together, but I would describe my role as a contributing editor. I am responsible for some content but he does layout, mailing, collating, distribution and pretty much everything except what I write and draw. I do produce a (very) mini comic specifically about my adventures in parenting. It has been out a little longer and that is my own project. [#4, *Hot Tips: Twin Toddlers and Dyke Mom fashion*, out now!]

The main motivation for the *Baby Bloc* was frustration with the isolation of trying to be involved in activism and being a parent at the same time. Going to a big School of the Americas demonstration in Georgia – when the girls were 4 months old – I designed the logo, “Baby Bloc: We refuse to be pacified!” with a raised baby fist and a pacifier. Bruce silk-screened little shirts with the logo to help fund our trip, and out of that we got a reputation for being folks to hook up with on issues of activism and family.

I make the zine to start challenging conversations with like-minded folk, and to read what I don't find elsewhere. We discuss families and activism, child activists, gender, gender difference and parenting. For me, zines are a quick read (at least the ones I like). I once read that the typical readers of Harlequin Romances are women with interrupted lives. In some ways zines serve a similar function for me. I can read a story or article in

Hot Tips For Butch Mamas

by Laurel

My dad likes to say, “Pick up a calf every day beginning the day it's born—it's the only weight program you need.” How about bench press your kid – ten times a day starting on day one? Curl that baby, build those biceps!

Look for *Butch Mama* in an upcoming issue of *Gay and Lesbian Issues in Education*. My article on making preschool trans-friendly, includes such sage advice as:

- Find pink sparkly hammers and hard-hats
- Invite friendly tannys to show their before and after photo albums
- Make sure there are accessible non-gendered bathrooms.

I'll have more information when the issue on Trans Youth comes out in 2006.

www.haworthpressinc.com/web/jgled

Finally here are some quotes heard around our house:

- “Mama, you have whiskers! Can I draw you some more?”
- “I am a bride, and you can be my baby-bride.”
- “You are fabulous and weird.”
- “See this baby? I growed her right in my belly.”
“Wow. I won't put her on fire!”

(Parenting tips from pre-schoolers.)

- “I'm not in jail, I'm just havin' some quiet-time in my room.”
- “You are too in jail, and mean guys are hittin' you with their *baaad* swords.”
- “A grandma could be a man sometimes.”
- “Our doll Anna has a penis.” (True, she does.)
- And after several days listening to non-stop Billy Tipton Memorial Saxophone Quartet:
“Papa, can a *man* play a saxophone too?”



**“I don’t see anything but puppets!
I want to see treats to eat!”**


Last fall Bruce and I took Harriet and Myriam to Columbus Georgia to the annual protest and vigil to shut down the US Army School of the Americas (now WHSC). Every year thousands of people gather to call for the closure of a school that has graduated dictators, torturers, rapists and murderers. The girls first experienced the vigil when they were only 3 months old: while their family and community members made giant puppets they lay in strollers, snugglies, cots and were attended to by various freaks and weirdos.

This year at age three, they were well able to participate in the vigil and the proceeding puppet-build and we had a fantastic experience largely because of other families. We arrived at the convergence site about the same time as “Uncle Sam’s Little Global Circus,” consisting of three dads, their three kids and two or three supernumerary adults, all in one Ryder truck. They had unicycles, stilts, masks, and a collection of musical instruments and were touring the eastern US on a sort of travelling roadshow/home schooling field-trip, educating folks about the US election.

Next to arrive was a family of Catholic Worker farmers bearing organic greens, cases of tofu and their home schooled, free-range bare-foot anarchist children. These kids who got to a lot of political events claim, “This is the only protest we like!” They quickly got together with kids from the housing complex where we were staying. My kids were swept up by this newly formed pack of feral beasts, and borne away on a tide of kid energy. They never would have left my side if invited by adults.

All through the week kids were integrated into the events. Audrey, Jessica and I breast fed through working group meetings. My kids would beg to attend meetings, (much to the horror of the older kids) since they perceived meetings to be nursing dates with Mama. Kids spoke from the stage, slept on the floor, danced and drummed, built puppets, and followed worshipfully in the wake of Arnie who taught them Samba drumming and Jake who taught them stilts. During the puppet performances there were special invitations made to families with small kids and strollers who wanted to participate in a safer, more subdued manner. We marched together in a stroller bloc, sharing juice, sunscreen, and manageable props. We placed our painted stalks of corn in the fence surrounding the base, and we prayed for peace and justice, and for people to stop teaching hurting. Our corn said, “Hope.”

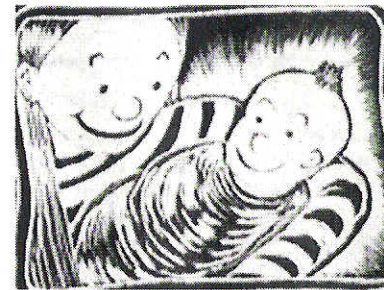
The event was not perfect. I talked to some mama’s whose partners were working the event who had to push strollers around all day with no place to fall back for naps, diaper changes and respite. But for me it was a reminder of all that I want for my kids.

Mama Laurel 

**The Amazing True Story of a
Teenage Single Mom**

by Katherine Arnoldi, Hyperion Press, 1998, reviewed by Laurel

If you are a mom, if you have a mom, if you know a mom, you should read this book. If you know a young mom, she might like it for a present. In *The Amazing True Story of a Teenage Single Mom*, Katherine Arnoldi tells of her struggle to go to school as a teen mom. She talks about poverty, violence against women and girls, workers’ rights, education, making art, and loving your kid.



If she talked about race, it would be perfect, but the book is a personal account, not a political manifesto. *Amazing True Story* is a straightforward and open, and best of all, it’s a comic book! Swoon! Well drawn and funny, the art is as impressive as the text. Because it’s accessible, the book is a great choice for new or reluctant readers. *ATSoaISM* ends with practical information on leaving an abusive relationship, applying for college, getting financial aid and finding child care. I highly recommend it.

The author now does education work for young moms, and the book is currently being made into a movie by the Kennedy Marshall Company.

Katherine is our hero, and she wrote to us!

“Thank you so much.... Writing is so isolating. It is just such a boost to think that someone actually read my book. Thanks for the review. And I love your website. I’ll make a link from mine to yours.

“It sounds like you are doing similar work that we do here with the WW3 painting group. We paint posters, banners etc for demonstrations. We made the Guernica signs that were often photographed for the peace demonstrations here.

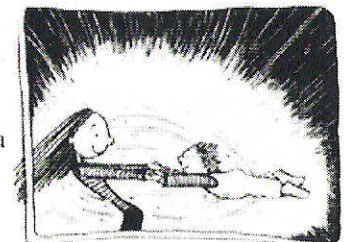
*The Amazing True Story
of
a Teenage Single Mom
Ends Happily!*

There is also a mamagathering group here that I like to support and that is similar to your work. Keep in touch. I’ll go back to your site now and see if I can see copies of the zine.”

—Katherine Arnoldi

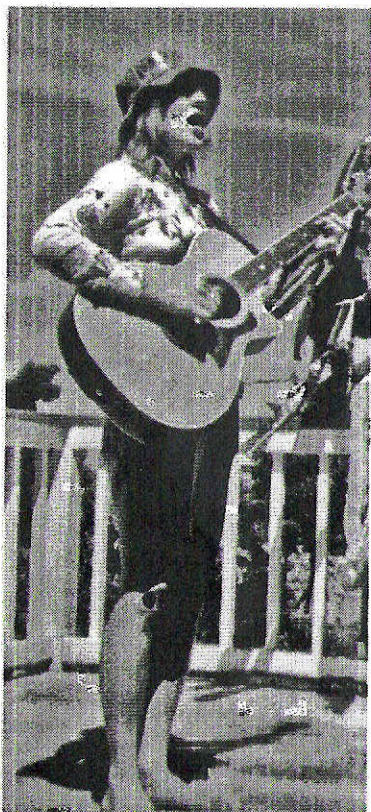
Katherine’s website has good links for young moms, artist moms, applying for college, and being a cool cartoonist, writer, artist, and popular educator. Also, you can order her book!

www.katherinearnoldi.com



In Loving Memory Jolie Christine Rickman

July 9, 1970 - January 19, 2005



**Jolie on the back-porch of
Guadalupe House in Tacoma.**

I remember Jolie coming to town for a show with Roy Borgioise of SOA Watch. We stood backstage as she prepared to go on, and she suddenly did a handstand against the back wall. Her stylish black dress slid right up to her belly, and there she was, upside down in her underwear and boots!

She surely left impressions everywhere she went!



Peace and feminist social-justice musician, activist, and humanitarian watchdog Jolie Christine Rickman of Brooklyn, New York passed away January 19, 2005 at Memorial Sloan Kettering Hospital in New York City, eleven months after her diagnosis of ovarian cancer. She was 34 years old.

Jolie is survived by her loving husband Bill Mazza, her mother Jacqueline Rickman of Chicago, father Donald Rickman of California, three younger sisters Aimee Rickman, Elisabeth Williams and Margaret Mary Rickman, her beloved dog Roo, and many very close friends and family far and wide, including in her homes in Australia, Syracuse, Chicago, Champaign-Urbana, and New York City.

Pronounced legally blind at age 11 due to juvenile onset macular degeneration, Jolie graduated summa cum laude from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign's Department of Political Science in 1992. She later earned a graduate degree from Syracuse University's department of Peace Studies.

Jolie was the driving force and artistic genius behind such music-based projects as ArtCar, the HEN Foundation, and Sing it Down! - all designed to connect music and social movements in effective and educational ways that reached diverse audiences throughout the country. She released four original CDs and her original composition, "Romero" remains a signature song of the movement to close down the US Army School of the Americas (WHISC).

In lieu of flowers, the family asks that donations be directed to either Friends of Dorothy, 212 Wayne St, Syracuse, NY, 13203, or to Jolie's partner Bill Mazza, 23 Virginia Place, Brooklyn NY 11213, to assist in deferring medical expenses.

www.jolierickman.com



SOA Watch Families at November Vigil, 2005

SOA Watch activists want to encourage and facilitate family participation in Columbus, GA at the annual vigil to close the SOA/WHINSC. Some suggestions so far include: a hospitality room for parents with babies; an area in front of the stage for kids; a time for teaching "close the SOA" songs to children; art time for kids to make symbols they can carry in the Sunday procession; and a teach-in for middle schoolers.

Have you brought kids to the vigil in the past and had ideas about how to make their experience better? Are you interested in working with children in Georgia this November? Contact **Nancy Jones** at njones48@yahoo.com, to get involved in this exciting process!

More info: www.soaw.org or call the DC office at: 202-234-3440

MAMACCESSIBILITY

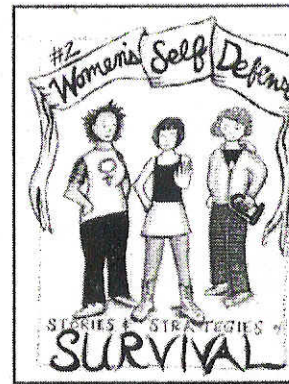
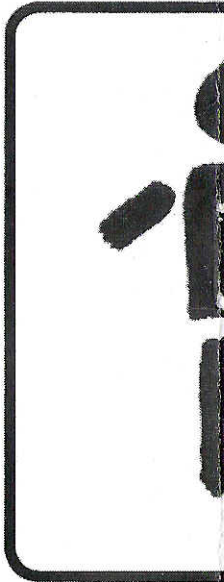
by Laurel Dykstra

Like everybody else, my friends, co-workers, neighbors and family are people with various abilities and disabilities. Unlike a lot of so called able bodied or even normal people, (alright no one has ever accused me of being normal; I don't know if it's the piercings, the politics, or the sperm-donor twins) I am pretty aware of the issues around disabilities. I know enough Sign to give directions or have a slow conversation. I don't wail, "why do you say things like that?" when people call themselves crips. I don't rush to "help" when I see someone using a wheelchair. Perhaps my greatest moment of gyp-solidarity was when I turned a blind delegate away from the WTO street blockade at Pike and Boren during the "Battle for Seattle" just like all the other delegates. So what I'm saying is that for someone who doesn't have to fight out the issues with my own body on the line every day, I kind of get it. But since becoming a mom my understanding of accessibility issues has become a whole hell of a lot more visceral. Which, duh, is what access is about: bodies.

I am a low-income mother of twins (toddlers now) doing majority parenting in a hilly city with limited access to a car. My first big aha, as I tooted my dumpstered stroller around the neighborhood, was curb cuts. I had to plan my outings around them and the broken pavement that mars one in four streets near where I live, if I didn't want to pitch my darling bundles into traffic. Now in my town some genius thought to save a bundle by cutting corners, literally. Instead of two curb cuts at right angles to one another each dipping down into its respective crosswalk, we have one curb cut on each corner leading directly into the center of the intersection. This forces me to break the law, prevents me from using the crosswalk and shoots my tiny babies out into middle of the intersection where motorists are not expecting us to be. Unlike many wheelchair users, I have the consolation that this is a temporary stage for us, probably my kids will not always need curb cuts.

As the babes got bigger, the stroller seemed smaller and grew increasingly rickety so I tapped the grandparents for a luxury all-terrain model, a kind of low key baby-jogger for two. Curb cuts are no longer a challenge, we roll over 'em like bigfoot, but this beastie is a double-wide so now our issue is doorways. At 34 inches wide it is not that much bigger than the average wheelchair (ADA 32 in) but we can't get in our neighbor's door, we can't fit down the aisles at the dollar store and bathrooms are out of control.

Let's just talk about bathrooms shall we? Most public bathrooms require feats of navigation and planning that have me close to tears, especially if there is



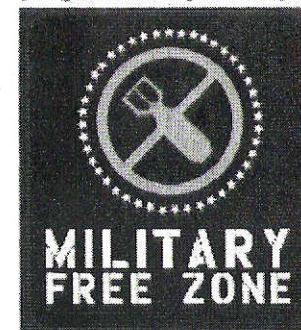
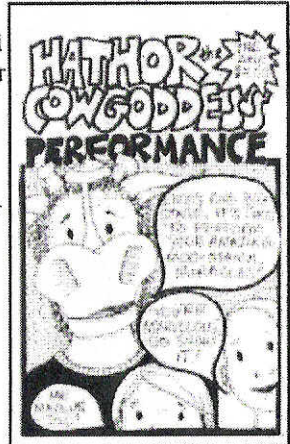
Women's Self Defence #2: Stories & Strategies of Survival Now that I'm papa of two young girls, issues of violence against women are much more present in my day to day mind. These stories of women responding forcefully to threats and fears of violence are the kinds of thing I wish my girls would never have to learn, but given reality I just hope that these kind of voices can be there for them when they need them. It's so worth it for you to contact: Ariel Clemenzi, PO Box 2433, Champaign, IL 61825 USA mspippilotta@yahoo.com We got this and many more great things at **Clamor Magazine's InfoSHOP:** www.clamormagazine.org

Hathor The Cowgoddess: is fabulosa! Funny comics and stories from the attachment mom you wish you lived next-door to. "Although we are sometimes boring."
www.thecowgoddess.com hathor@thecowgoddess.com

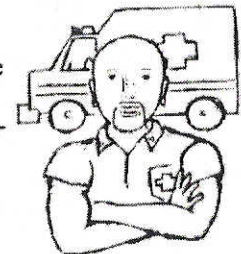


MAKING STUFF AND DOING THINGS: a Collection of DIY Guides to Doing Just About Everything. ed. Kyle Brano We got this in the mail after submitting to it years ago. The original project was never completed, but its material was included in this new guide to doing all sorts of fascinating stuff. Hand these out and stop conversations while everyone starts browsing.

A random selection of what's inside: Make your own toothpaste, Unstink your socks, Garden, Sew, Make Sex-Toys, Fix Plumbing, Fix Wiring, Stop flats on your bike, Repair your shoes, Get rid of fruit-ly (methods rated from one-four flies!) Make a quill pen, and of course, *How to make Simple and Giant Puppets!* Courtesy of Laurel and I as Mad River Puppets. The articles aren't all as thorough as you might want, but they're filled with the energy of people who've learned how to do things themselves, and want to share how. Get it from **Microcosm Publishing** PO Box 14332 Portland, OR 97293-0332 www.microcosmpublishing.com joe@microcosmpublishing.com (503) 249-3826



Anti-Recruitment!
I've been encouraged by the growth of the movement of GI's, families, and allies joining to save our kids. Want to get recruiters off a kid's back? Work to bring them home from Iraq? One place to start is this useful website: www.militaryfreezone.org



Uncle Aiden says"
¡Fabulosa!

Our Summer Reading Program



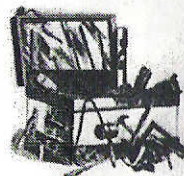
Well, y'all have waited enough and I'm gonna get this done. This "Spring" issue lapsed into Summer and of course more stuff has happened. Laurel has a new children's book out, about a little girl and her gay **Uncle Aiden**. (Check out the flier we've subtly included.) It's cool. She self-published and got better than average recycled paper. Now all we got to do is sell it!

It premieres at the Pride Festival in Vancouver and we're distributing to local libraries and independent bookstores. You can help by taking it in to shops in your area. Laurel's gonna have "coloring book" pages of the artwork to get people to hang around our table, should be great. (We've included samples here.)

We've got a lot of great zines from other famous mamas lately. Makes me feel a slacker.

My favorite is **Joybringer #3**, by our friend Rahula Janowski: she interviews a queer mom who's raising a kid with a gay (sperm-donor) co-parent who lives next door. Vikki Law writes about multi-racial parenting in the White anarchist Movement. Lots of good challenging anti-racist stuff and writing about violence against women. I wish our zine was as rich as Rahula's. Best *Joybringer* yet! Rahula Janowski: Joybringer 4104 24th St. PMB 669 San Francisco, Ca 94114 anarchakitty@riseup.net

TOOLBOX



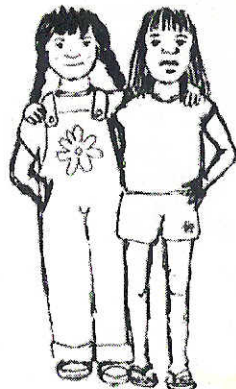
FOR ACTIVIST PARENTS

Yes I'm Still Nursing II Look for Myriam as cover girl! Order from Kara Fleck at Wrinkle Zine: knittyk@aol.com, www.wrinklezine.com

Mama's Toolbox for Activist Parents: Created as a companion to the Beyond Online Activism workshop for the Mama Gathering 2004 in Minneapolis. Contact M*A*M*A at mamariseup@yahoo.com <http://inama-nyc.org> 212-714-4725 (They're doing an anthology too! Can't wait to see it.)

Laurel's writing and comix appear in **MAMAPHILES II: Cutting the Cord**. Order this great

anthology from Mamaphiles: PO Box 4803 Baltimore MD 21211 USA www.mamaphiles.com tenderfootzine@gmail.com [We got ours from editor Stacey Greenberg at **Fertile Ground Zine:** 2084 court ave. Memphis, TN 38104 USA sgreenberg@mlgw.org]



My Baby Rides the Short Bus is a zine by families with disabled kids. It arose out of a discussion on special needs parenting at the Mama Gathering in Minneapolis, MN last July. Good stuff, great title. For copies or to submit to the next issue, email, saucyrev@yahoo.com



any degree of urgency to the trip. And with small children in public space, it's *always* an emergency. First there's the outer door, then the stall door, followed by the ethical dilemma, do I use the empty wheelchair stall or leave the stroller in the corridor and do

my business with the stall open. Once inside the stall can I fit myself, the stroller and the diaper bag and still close the door? Can I then orient my nether regions to the porcelain goal? Then what shall I do with the small fry who are ever eager to explore smooth cool surfaces with their mouths and check out those fascinating little garbage cans? Remember, I have two of them. I have seriously considered hooking their little Osh Kosh on that scary rusty purse hook on the door. Believe me, I am neither squeamish nor lacking in creativity (I have done my fair share of my business with a child in my lap, and I can do my pants with one hand) still, there are some functions for which two free hands would be useful.

While bathrooms threaten to make me scream, at least for me they are not dangerous. For people who do not conform to society's gender expectations—who don't really match the block figures on the door or aren't readily identifiable to others as either male or female—public bathrooms are one of the most dangerous places in the world. One trans-man told me, "I have been screamed at, assaulted, spit on, hit with bags and purses, had things thrown at me and chased outside all for trying to use the toilet." And I know that the situation is possibly more dangerous for trans people who share public bathroom space with men. I heard about a trans-child who never used the toilet at

school because there wasn't one that he felt comfortable to use. Bathrooms seem like a really basic issue that a whole lot of folks could really unite around: mamas, crips, transnys, and what about those crip-transny-mamas?

At the pool where I take my kids to swim they have women's change rooms, men's change rooms and family change rooms. The family rooms are big, clean, wheelchair and stroller accessible, they have grab bars, and low sinks with room underneath and people can use them in any combination genders. Why couldn't all public places have such universally accessible bathrooms? All equipped with safe change tables and low tampon and pad machines.

Part of the issue is that we don't like to talk about the bathroom and piss and shit and *gasp* even blood. Bathroom shame is responsible for a whole lot of fear of disabled people and disabilities. The issue of "what if I couldn't wipe my own ass" reduces seemingly brave souls to jello. You can have a good life in diapers. Listen: every body goes, about seven times a day the statisticians tell us. Why can't we talk about it? Really what could be more basic than the idea that every one should have a safe, clean place to do something we have to do repeatedly every day. What if that were an election issue?



Presents

Uncle Aiden

written & illustrated by

Laurel Dykstra

*The charming story of why every
little girl needs a gay uncle.*

Mexican-Irish Anna Maria Flannigan Cruz narrates the story of her love and admiration for her paramedic uncle. He helps sick people, knows what it's like when other kids act mean and he never gets tired of playing dress-up. The book presents two members of a working class, interracial family who have a straightforward affection for one another despite differences in race, age, gender and sexuality. *Uncle Aiden* gently explores and explodes stereotypes. This story of diversity and acceptance appeals to all age levels.



¡It's Fabulosa!



ISBN 0-9738191-0-3
24p ill. throughout
8" x 8" Original Paperback
\$13.95 Can, \$10.95 US
Available July 2005

Printed on 100% recycled paper

Family Values
Love, Respect, Pride

Nearly one third of gay and lesbian couples are raising children, according to the US Census. Gays, lesbians, bisexuals and transgendered people are members of biological and chosen families that include children. This is an enormous market, but literature for small children that portrays queer characters is extremely limited. Now is the time for *Uncle Aiden*. Anyone who has (or is) a gay uncle or a lesbian aunt, as well as progressive straight families, tranny grannies and feminists looking for strong girl characters will love Anna Maria and her fabulous uncle.

To Order *Uncle Aiden* Contact Us At:
Unit L102, 133 Powell Street
Vancouver, BC V6A 1G2 CANADA
604-488-1523, babybloc@yahoo.net