

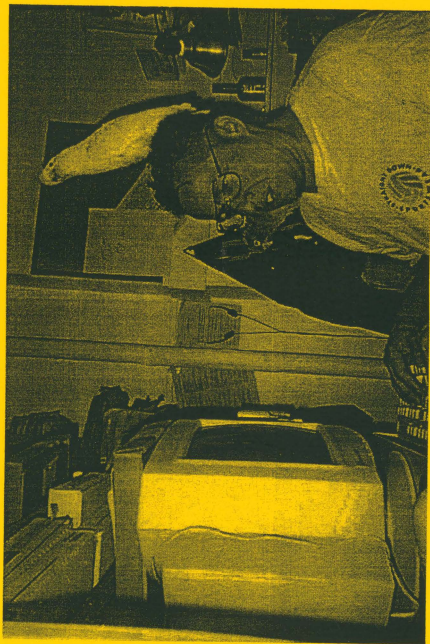
C
A
T
A
L
O
G
U
E



THE WATERMELON EATERS
RED JORDAN AROBATEAU American (1943 -)

RED JORDAN PRESS

RED JORDAN PRESS



C
A
T
A
L
O
G
U
E

SELECT A BOOK BY
RED JORDAN AROBATEAU

Red Jordan Press Catalogue
Copyright © 2005 by Red Jordan Arobateau
All rights reserved.

ON HIS ON-LINE CATALOGUE

www.redjordanarobateau.com

Cover Photo by Dalila Jasmin 2000

Also, go to the Search Engines
And view his other websites.

RED JORDAN PRESS
484 Lake Park Ave. PMB 228
Oakland, CA 94610
USA

Or send money order & list of titles to:

RED JORDAN PRESS
484 Lake Park Ave. PMB 228
Oakland, CA 94610
USA

Red's Books Index

A. Page number

- THE AGE OF OM 49.
(Collected Poetry 1957-1967)
- ALEXANDER D'ORO 1.
A Collection of Short Stories
- AUTUMN CHANGES 88., 91.
Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5-Epilogue

B.

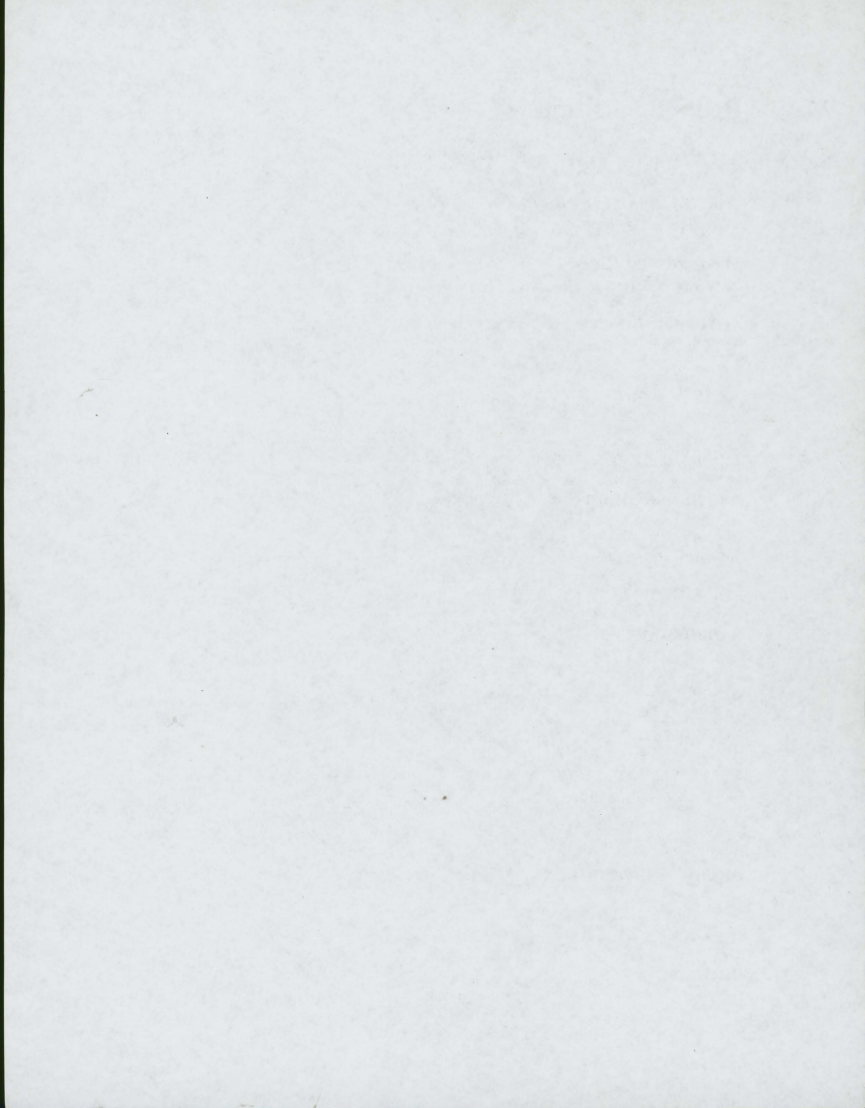
- THE BARS ACROSS HEAVEN 3.
- THE BLACK BIKER 9.
- BOY'S NIGHT OUT 73.
A Collection of Short Stories
- THE BIG CHANGE 6.
- BARRIO BLUES 95.

C.

- CHINA GIRL 82.
- COME WITH ME LUCY 12.

D.

- DAUGHTERS OF COURAGE 16.
- DOING IT FOR THE MISTRESS 50.
A Collection of Short Stories
- DIRTY PICTURES 74.



F.

FLASH! ON THE HUSTLER 18.

FOR WANT OF THE HORSE,
THE RIDER WAS LOST 69.

FISHERPEOPLE 22.

G.

THE GREAT HEART BANK
ROBBERY 25.

H.

HOBO SEX 29.

HO STROLL
Vol. I. II. 74.

HOW'S MARS? 31.

I.

THE IRON WOMAN 84.
(Collected Poetry 1957-1967)

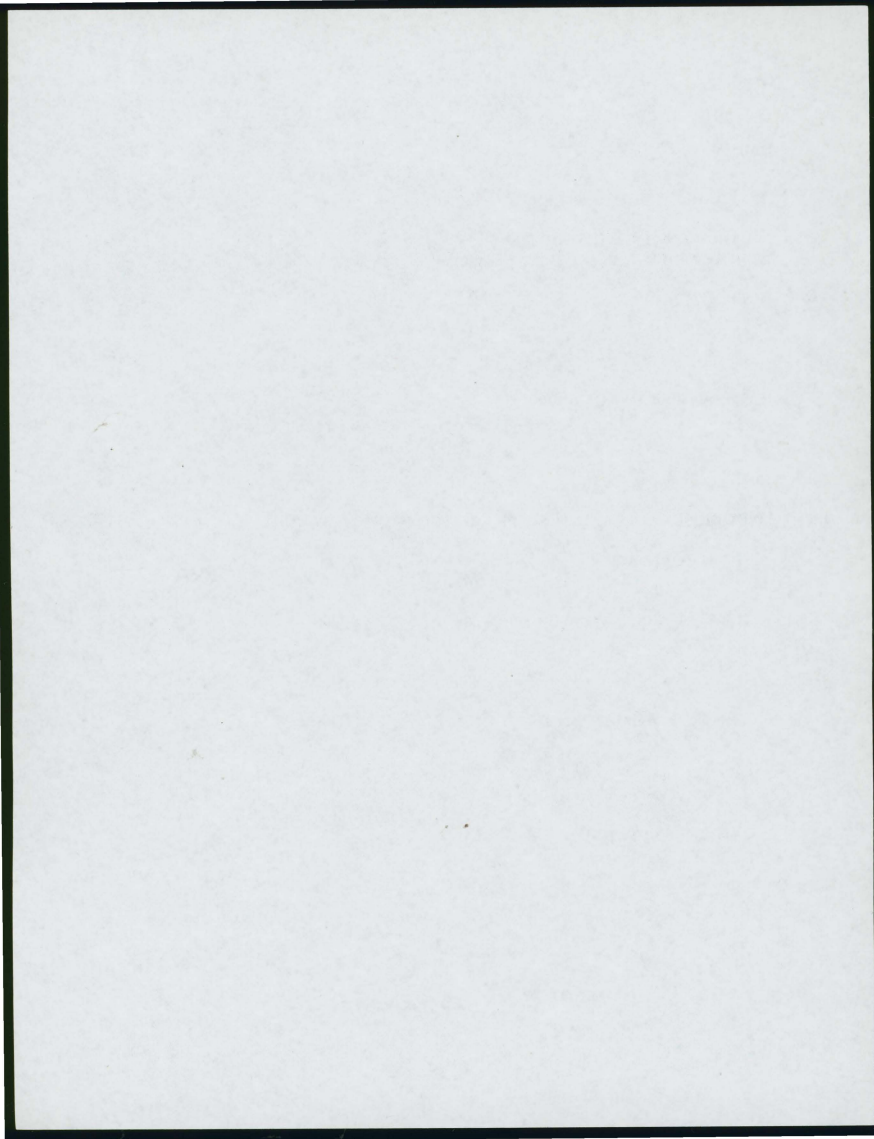
J.

JAILHOUSE STUD 34.

L.

LAY LADY LAY 41.

LAUGHTER OF THE WITCH 47.
A Poetry Sampler



LUCY & MICKEY 38.

LEADER OF THE PACK 44.

LADIES AUXILIARY OF THE LEFT/
CHAMPAIGN, GUNFIRE, FIRECRACKERS
& THE SMOKE FROM THE DEATH FACTORIES
My Diary 1969. 75.

N.

THE NEARNESS OF YOU/SORROW
OF THE MADONNA 92.

O.

OUTLAWS! 76.

P.

3 PLAYS
Daughters Of Courage
Our dyke House
Higher Ground 76.

PASSAGE --My Journal
Parts 1, 2, 3, & to be continued 94., 77.

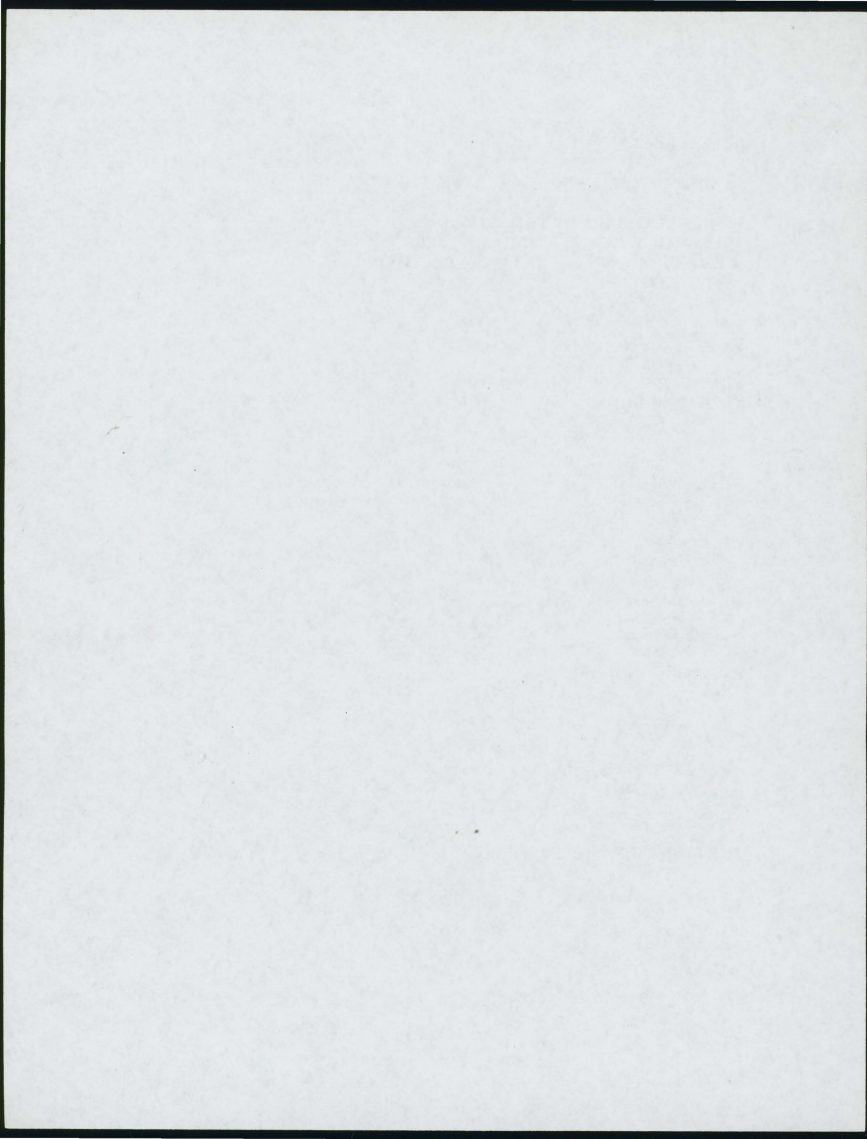
R.

ROUGH TRADE
A Collection of Short Stories 77.

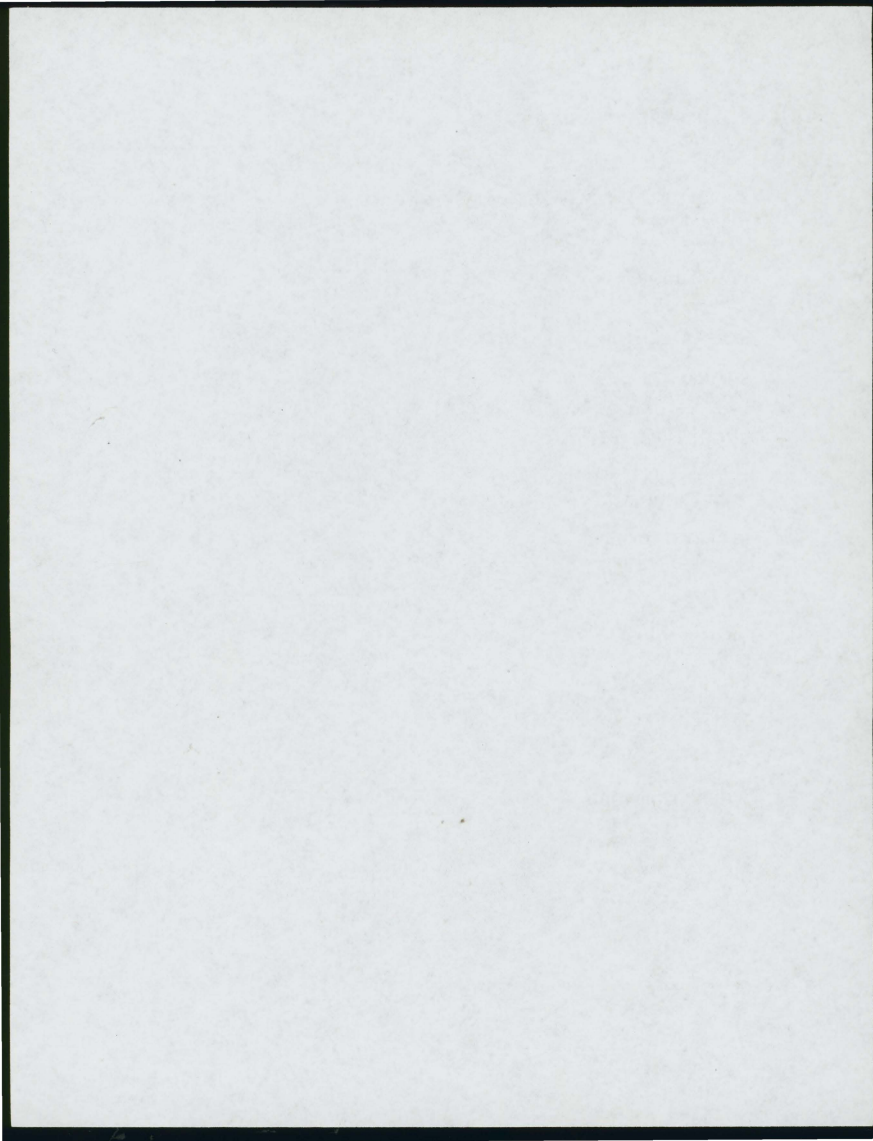
THE RICH/THE POOR IN SPIRIT 53.

S.

STORIES FROM THE DANCE
OF LIFE Vol. I.
A Collection of Short Stories 96.



STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE Vol. II. A Collection of Short Stories	97.
STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE Vol. III. A Collection of Short Stories	59.
STAGE DOOR Vol. 1, 2, 3, 4.	92., 79.
STREET FIGHTER	78.
SUZIE Q A Collection Of Short Stories	63.
SATAN'S BEST	78.
IN THE STRANGE EMBRACE OF A PRODIGAL	79.
STREET OF DREAMS A Collection of Short Stories	55.
T.	
TRANNY BIKER	66.
V.	
VENGEANCE!	96.
W.	
WHERE THE WORD IS NO	80.



**PLEASE SEND \$5 FOR CATALOGUE OF BOOKS
BY RED JORDAN AROBATEAU
FROM RED JORDAN PRESS
(PRICE INCLUDES SHIPPING & HANDLING.)
THIS A 100 PAGE BOOKLET
IT READS LIKE A NOVEL IN ITSELF!**

RED JORDAN AROBATEAU
RED JORDAN PRESS
484 LAKE PARK AVE. PMB 228
OAKLAND, CA 94610
U.S.A.

**PLEASE SEND \$5 FOR CATALOGUE OF BOOKS
BY RED JORDAN AROBATEAU
FROM RED JORDAN PRESS
(PRICE INCLUDES SHIPPING & HANDLING.)
THIS IS A 100 PAGE BOOKLET
IT READS LIKE A NOVEL IN ITSELF!**

RED JORDAN AROBATEAU
RED JORDAN PRESS
484 LAKE PARK AVE. PMB 228
OAKLAND, CA 94610
U.S.A.

**PLEASE SEND \$5 FOR CATALOGUE OF BOOKS
BY RED JORDAN AROBATEAU
FROM RED JORDAN PRESS
(PRICE INCLUDES SHIPPING & HANDLING.)
THIS IS A 100 PAGE BOOKLET
IT READS LIKE A NOVEL IN ITSELF!**

RED JORDAN AROBATEAU
RED JORDAN PRESS
484 LAKE PARK AVE. PMB 228
OAKLAND, CA 94610
U.S.A.

127

ОУКЛАНД СУ БУРА
184 ГАКЕ БАРКАВЕ ЫМБ ССР
БЕД ТОБДАИ БУБЕЗ
БЕД ТОБДАИ БУБЕЗ

ОУКЛАНД СУ БУРА
184 ГАКЕ БАРКАВЕ ЫМБ ССР
БЕД ТОБДАИ БУБЕЗ
БЕД ТОБДАИ БУБЕЗ

ОУКЛАНД СУ БУРА
184 ГАКЕ БАРКАВЕ ЫМБ ССР
БЕД ТОБДАИ БУБЕЗ
БЕД ТОБДАИ БУБЕЗ

SINISTER WISDOM-- ed. Michelle Cliff & Adrienne Rich, 1982
COMMON LIVES/LESBIAN LIVES, 1982
TRUE TO LIFE ADVENTURE STORIES-- ed. Judy Grahn, 1978
ON OUR BACKS Magazine-- ed. Heather Findlay
MASQUERADE Newsletter-- ed. Richard Kasak
FTMI Newsletter--ed. Mighty Fein-Rawlings

Red appears in the movie BEFORE STONEWALL
His books & papers are archived at the BANCROFT LIBRARY--
UC Berkeley

JOIN THE RED JORDAN AROBATEAU FAN CLUB!

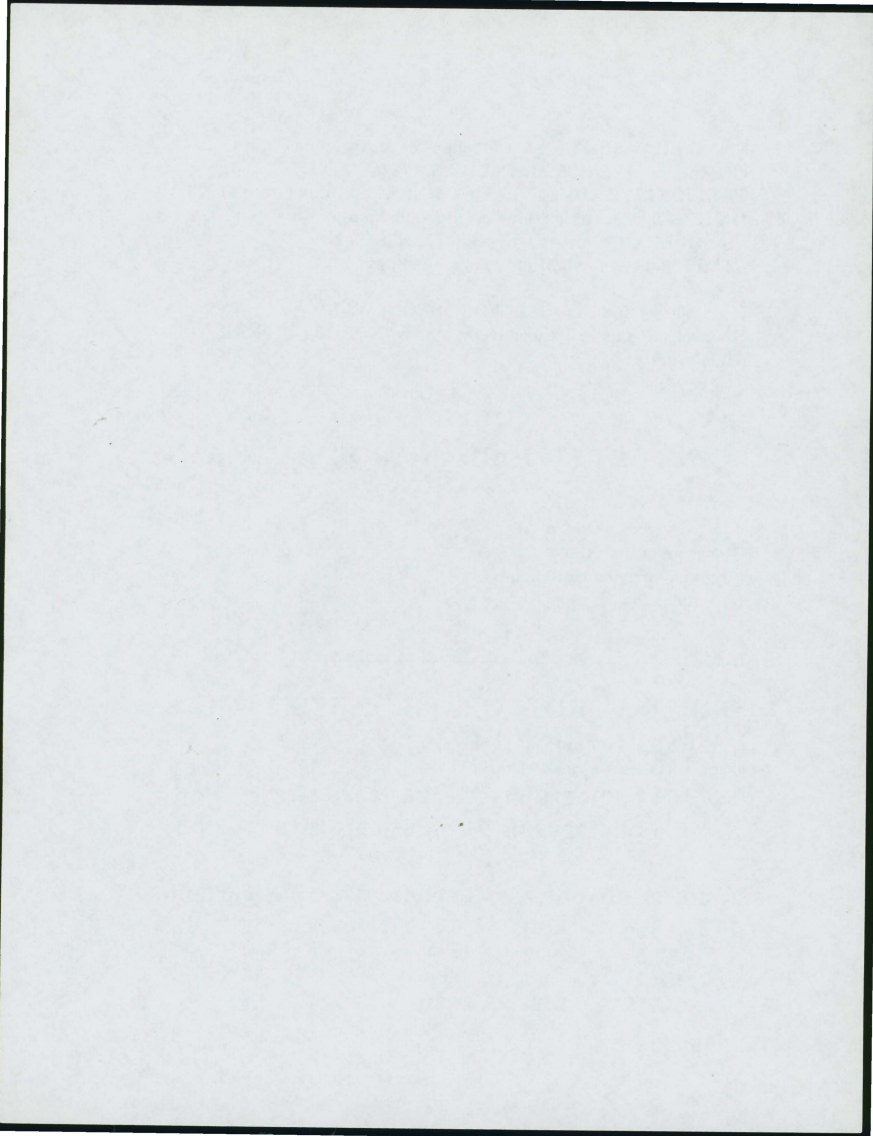
This is an online club,
redjordanarobateaufanclub
on Yahoo.com

ORDER A PHOTOGRAPH OF RED'S FINE ARTS OIL PAINTINGS!

(Seen in catalogue and his online site.)

Set of 4 photographs A.-- Postcard size \$8
Set of 4 photographs B.-- Postcard size \$8

A poster of your choice (chosed from postcards)
11" x 16" \$25



How to Order:

Time dated material!
Prices subject to change!

Please order these books directly from:

Amazon.com
Lulu.com
redjordanarobateau.com
or Red Jordan Press (Snail Mail)
484 Lake Park Ave PMB #228
Oakland CA 94610 USA

Price List:

THE AGE OF OM	-----	#35
ALEXANDER D'ORO	-----	25
AUTUMN CHANGES	whole set-----	120
Vol. 1	-----	25
Vol. 2	-----	25
Vol. 3	-----	25
Vol. 4	-----	25
Vol. 5--The Epilogue	-----	20
THE BARS ACROSS HEAVEN	-----	20
THE BLACK BIKER	-----	20
BOY'S NIGHT OUT	-----	25
THE BIG CHANGE	-----	20
BARRIO BLUES	-----	25
CHINA GIRL	-----	20
COME WITH ME LUCY	-----	20
DAUGHTERS OF COURAGE	-----	25
DOING IT FOR THE MISTRESS	-----	25
DIRTY PICTURES	-----	20

FLASH! ON THE HUSTLER-----	[#] 20
FOR WANT OF THE HORSE-----	20
THE RIDER WAS LOST-----	20
FISHERPEOPLE-----	20
THE GREAT HEART BANK ROBBERY-----	20
HOBO SEX-----	20
HO STROLL VOL. I & II-----	50
HOW'S MARS?-----	20
THE IRON WOMAN-----	35
JAILHOUSE STUD-----	20
LAY LADY LAY-----	20
LAUGHTER OF THE WITCH-----	10
LUCY & MICKEY-----	25
LEADER OF THE PACK-----	25
LADIES AUXILIARY OF THE LEFT/ CHAMPAIGN, GUNFIRE, FIRECRACKERS & THE SMOKE FROM THE DEATH FACTORIES My Diary 1979-1975-----	20
THE NEARNESS OF YOU/SORROW OF THE MADONNA-----	30
OUTLAWS!-----	30
3 PLAYS-----	30
PASSAGE--My Journal	EACH 20
Volumes 1, 2, 3. And to be continued.	
ROUGH TRADE-----	25
THE RICH/THE POOR IN SPIRIT-----	25

**For these books order directly from
Lulu.com
you will save time and it will be easier and
faster:**

Barrio Blues

Vengeance!

Fisherpeople

The Rich/the Poor in Spirit

Tranny Biker

The Big Change

Stories from the Dance of Life Vol. 1

Stories from the Dance of Life Vol. 2

Stories from the Dance of Life Vol. 3

SAVE MONEY!

The following titles have been previously published in New York, mass market and many can be found for sale cheaply on internet trading, on Amazon's and other on-line book sellers used books department:

LUCY & MICKEY

DIRTY PICTURES

ROUGH TRADE

BOY'S NIGHT OUT

SATAN'S BEST

THE BLACK BIKER

STREET FIGHTER

WHERE THE WORD IS NO

To order by snail mail send money order only to Red Jordan Press

Make check payable to Red Jordan Arobateau

RED JORDAN PRESS

484 LAKE PARK AVE. PMB #228

OAKLAND, CA 94610

USA

STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE	# 25
Vol. 1.-----	
STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE	25
Vol. 2.-----	
STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE	25
Vol. 3.-----	
STREET FIGHTER-----	20
STAGE DOOR Whole set-----	100
Vol. 1.-----	25
Vol. 2.-----	25
Vol. 3.-----	25
Vol. 4.-----	25
SUZIE Q-----	25
SATAN'S BEST-----	30
IN THE STRANGE EMBRACE	
OF A PRODIGAL-----	20
STREET OF DREAMS-----	25
TRANNY BIKER-----	25
VENGEANCE!-----	25
WHERE THE WORD IS NO-----	20

How to Order:

Time dated material!
Prices subject to change!

Please order these books directly from:

Amazon.com
Lulu.com
redjordanarobateau.com
or Red Jordan Press (Snail Mail)
484 Lake Park Ave PMB #228
Oakland CA 94610 USA

Price List:

THE AGE OF OM	_____	# 35
ALEXANDER D'ORO	_____	25
AUTUMN CHANGES	_____ whole set	120
Vol. 1	_____	25
Vol. 2	_____	25
Vol. 3	_____	25
Vol. 4	_____	25
Vol. 5-The Epilogue	_____	20
THE BARS ACROSS HEAVEN	_____	20
THE BLACK BIKER	_____	20
BOY'S NIGHT OUT	_____	25
THE BIG CHANGE	_____	20
BARRIO BLUES	_____	25
CHINA GIRL	_____	20
COME WITH ME LUCY	_____	20
DAUGHTERS OF COURAGE	_____	25
DOING IT FOR THE MISTRESS	_____	25
DIRTY PICTURES	_____	20

FLASH! ON THE HUSTLER	# 20
FOR WANT OF THE HORSE	20
THE RIDER WAS LOST	20
FISHERPEOPLE	20
THE GREAT HEART BANK ROBBERY	20
HOBO SEX	20
HO STROLL VOL. I & II	50
HOW'S MARS?	20
THE IRON WOMAN	35
JAILHOUSE STUD	20
LAY LADY LAY	20
LAUGHTER OF THE WITCH	10
LUCY & MICKEY	25
LEADER OF THE PACK	25
LADIES AUXILIARY OF THE LEFT/ CHAMPAIGN, GUNFIRE, FIRECRACKERS & THE SMOKE FROM THE DEATH FACTORIES My Diary 1979-1975	20
THE NEARNESS OF YOU/SORROW OF THE MADONNA	30
OUTLAWS!	30
3 PLAYS	30
PASSAGE-1 * \$20	25
ROUGH TRADE	25
THE RICH/THE POOR IN SPIRIT	25

**For these books order directly from
Lulu.com
you will save time and it will be easier and
faster:**

Barrio Blues

Vengeance!

Fisherpeople

The Rich/the Poor in Spirit

Tranny Biker

The Big Change

Stories from the Dance of Life Vol. 1

Stories from the Dance of Life Vol. 2

Stories from the Dance of Life Vol. 3

SAVE MONEY!

The following titles have been previously published in New York, mass market and many can be found for sale cheaply on internet trading, on Amazon's and other on-line book sellers used books department:

LUCY & MICKEY

DIRTY PICTURES

ROUGH TRADE

BOY'S NIGHT OUT

SATAN'S BEST

THE BLACK BIKER

STREET FIGHTER

WHERE THE WORD IS NO

To order by snail mail send money order only to Red Jordan Press

Make check payable to Red Jordan Arobateau

RED JORDAN PRESS

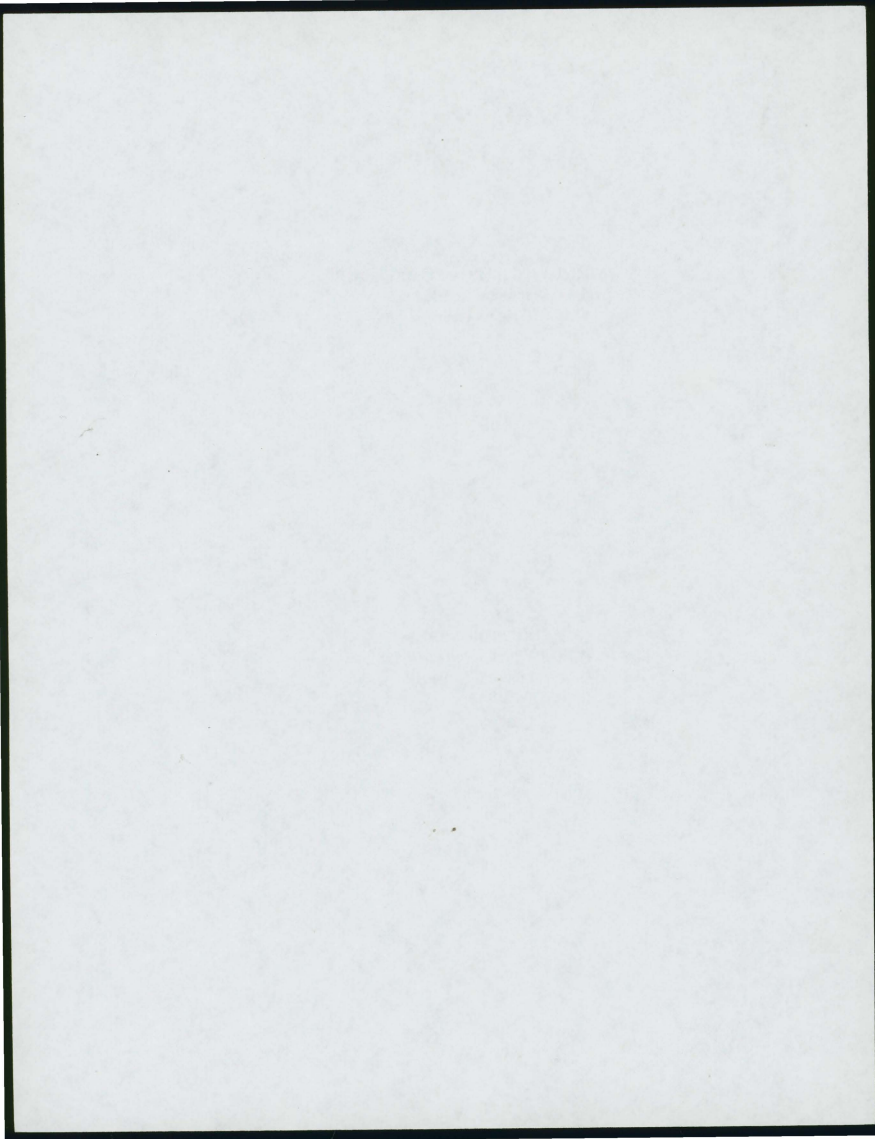
484 LAKE PARK AVE. PMB #228

OAKLAND, CA 94610

USA

Red Jordan Press Catalogue
Copyright © 2005 by Red Jordan Arobateau
All rights reserved.

RED JORDAN PRESS
484 Lake Park Ave. PMB 228
Oakland, CA 94610
USA



LADIES AUXILIARY OF THE LEFT/
 CHAMPAIGN, GUNFIRE,
 FIRECRACKERS
 & THE SMOKE FROM THE DEATH
 FACTORIES
 My Diary 1969. 75.

N.

THE NEARNESS OF YOU/SORROW
 OF THE MADONNA 92.

O.

OUTLAWS! 76.

P.

3 PLAYS
 Daughters Of Courage
 Our dyke House
 Higher Ground 76.

PASSAGE --My Journal
 Parts 1, 2, 3, & to be continued 94., 77.

R.

ROUGH TRADE
 A Collection of Short Stories 77.

Red's Books Index

A. Page
 number

THE AGE OF OM
 (Collected Poetry 1957-1967) 49.

ALEXANDER D'ORO
 A Collection of Short Stories 1.

AUTUMN CHANGES 88., 91.
 Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5-Epilogue

B.

THE BARS ACROSS HEAVEN 3.

THE BLACK BIKER 9.

BOY'S NIGHT OUT
 73.
 A Collection of Short Stories

THE BIG CHANGE 6.

BARRIO BLUES 95.

C.

CHINA GIRL 82.

COME WITH ME LUCY 12.

D.

DAUGHTERS OF COURAGE 16.

DOING IT FOR THE MISTRESS
A Collection of Short Stories 50.

DIRTY PICTURES 74.

F.

FLASH! ON THE HUSTLER 18.

FOR WANT OF THE HORSE,
THE RIDER WAS LOST 69.

FISHERPEOPLE 22.

G.

THE GREAT HEART BANK
ROBBERY 25.

H.

HOBO SEX 29.

HO STROLL
Vol. I. II. 74.

HOW'S MARS? 31.

I.

THE IRON WOMAN
(Collected Poetry 1957-1967) 84.

J.

JAILHOUSE STUD 34.

L.

LAY LADY LAY 41.

LAUGHTER OF THE WITCH
A Poetry Sampler 47.

LUCY & MICKEY 38.

LEADER OF THE PACK 44.

THE RICH/THE POOR IN SPIRIT 53.

S.

STORIES FROM THE DANCE
OF LIFE Vol. I.
A Collection of Short Stories 96.

STORIES FROM THE DANCE
OF LIFE Vol. II.
A Collection of Short Stories 97.

STORIES FROM THE DANCE
OF LIFE Vol. III.
A Collection of Short Stories 59.

STAGE DOOR
Vol. 1, 2, 3, 4. 92., 79.

STREET FIGHTER
78.

SUZIE Q
A Collection Of Short Stories 63.

SATAN'S BEST 78.

IN THE STRANGE EMBRACE
OF A PRODIGAL 79.

STREET OF DREAMS

A Collection of Short Stories

55.

T.

TRANNY BIKER

66.

V.

VENGEANCE!

96.

W.

WHERE THE WORD IS NO

80.

early 1970's, got it's first paid typist, and mass release at the end of that decade and has been a steady seller since. It is an off-shoot of the larger work HO STROLL.

BARS ACROSS HEAVEN-- Red Jordan's blockbuster dike novel first surfaced into the gay literary scene in 1979. It & HO STROLL were both written circa 1974-'75, back to back. When the author, awestruck at the stack of notes piled on his desk for HO STROLL, acquired while a participant in The (Street) Life briefly 2 years before, decided to yank out a bunch of the papers and write a short, quick read which is what BARS ACROSS HEAVEN is. A powerful, brief, glimpse of 2 worlds simultaneously inhabited by one character, an underclass butch dike of color, Flip Jordan. By night on the ho-track hustling scene & criminal underworld, by day the created sanity of a middle class women's therapy group.

The scenes shift rapidly between ordinary gay bar life of those by-gone days, the criminal underground, and the safe, protected environment of the Support Group composed of bourgeois professional women, who try to help the antisocial Flip get the things she wants for herself & come to terms with her frustrating life.

The action is fast & raw. Complete with true-rendered dialogue of the street players. The reader boldly bold steps underworld: "First thing that morning Flip had visited the pawnshop; sold four stolen tape decks, so she could eat. This is how she made her money. Hustling."

Early on we see Flips discomfiture on being a person of mixed race heritage. "A hi-yella African American amid blacks." -- A nigga on the chalk side. And whites of the gay bar, who shun her: "Flip leaned against the wall, tried to appear nonchalant. The bar crowd did it's thing. No one noticed her. She felt like a sore thumb. Her chalk white face in the Afro American sea of blackness. Lone figure, un-movable in this sea of dancing people, who (so she thought) were together in pairs and in the IN CROWD."

A telling scene at a 'segregated' dike baseball game. The hero, Flip sits and simmers under her hat like a pressure

ALEXANDER D'ORO A COLLECTION OF STORIES
ISBN: 0-9703237-7-8

Like it's companion anthology SUZIE Q & OTHER STORIES, ALEXANDER D'ORO contains 5 shorter gems, including the title piece, which is semi autobiographical and mostly about a fabulous character we first met in Red Jordan's FLASH! ON THE HUSTLER! Alexander D'Oró--later, Soltar Saturn--a beautiful black sissy, failed theatrical actor, and hustler extraordinaire. At 35 chapters this piece takes up fully half the book-- and that's a good thing, for the reader doesn't want it to end! And probably won't put it down until they've sped through the fast moving developments-- the growing up of two gay teenagers in which the author, under a pseudonym, describes his own early years-- and his friend, whose birth name is Bobby Goldberg. Their victories: "This is the kind of people we were. While the rest of the students moped along talking about sex, and who got pregnant and had to drop out of school, we were talking about ideas and the civil rights movement. All us oddballs." -- And, their downfalls: "Every day for a few weeks on the way home from school, Bobby was waylaid by a gang of youths who beat him, socking him in the face and stomach. They rubbed snow in his face. Blood dripped on the snow, speckling it red. He bent over trying to protect himself with this hands while they punched him. His mouth was a bloody mess. He didn't try to fight back-- maybe afraid of being killed." -- More about Bobbie: (Who renames himself Alexander, and finally, Soltar.) "He liked to meet people and was very flexible in his associates. His turf was as wide as the four corners of the world. While most sissies lived and died on Chicago's South side." -- "Bobbie confided his own sex life. The days of his innocence had lasted up until about age 10 when he'd (been approached by) an old man who had an apartment in the same building they'd lived in down on 40th street. In exchange the man had given Bobby money for soda pop and candy and little toys." Later: "At the moviehouse in Chicago's Loop noted for homosexuality-- and rumored to have lesbians-- Bobby met a rich white man, a homosexual, a doctor, a john. We will call him John, but that is not his real name. Bobby was 15; John, 29. They rode around in the doctor's car. The doctor gave him money, but respected him, or was he cautious of the law,

or was it both? they waited to have sex until Bobby turned 16." It is this 'John' whom Bobby/Alexander later will blackmail for fabulous sums.

Next comes THE INVESTIGATOR; opening with a scene of 2 African American dikes having a discussion in the femmes living room: "Etta's ex-husband had told the authorities she was a lesbian because he wanted custody of their children: two daughters. He had taken her to court. This was a dirty, underhanded blow." For the simple reason, back in those days being a lesbian was seen as a bad influence. An Investigator from the Department of Social Services begins visiting unexpectedly, any time of day, asking all kinds of questions, to evaluate the children's home life. So Etta must keep up the pretense of not being gay, for 8 long weeks before the court date. The deception Etta must undergo is told with humor: "Miss Dandley showed up looking harder than Alexis (Etta's roommate) was. Had on three-piece blue suit, no makeup... "She comes in here in her suits, her hair is short. She looks like a damn bulldyke her own damn self." A slip up occurs: "And then Alexis's calmly informs me one day, of the cast on my leg--everybody had signed it." She pointed to the white cast with her finger. By now the blue ink had been washed away. "It had 'Bev & Carole' on it in a big red heart. And 'Mable and Joan Forever.' Alexis asked me, 'Have you thought about your cast?' Here I was on this very couch sitting up here all in Miss Dandley's face with the cast and saying, "Aw, I'm not gay." Etta laughed, her eyes twinkled. She moaned both in laughter and pain."

ALEXANDER D'ORO is mostly a black-of-center collection, with the exception of HARBOR LIGHTS, and, another of Red Jordan's tales about a very special person, which comes next; THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY OF THE BARS. (There are about 4 of these tales, scattered throughout his Shorter Work Anthologies.) It's the usual format.... Stormy, an Irish dike with red/golden hair is holding court in the gay tavern with her associates; this evening, African American Monk, & Stormy's wild girlfriend Donetta, et al. "The night passed with its gaiety, which was often a mask people wore, being unreal." They talk of Spirit. Of their immediate problems, their lives olives, dreams and desires.

HARBOR LIGHTS A portrait of an introverted lonely young woman who rides the commute train back and forth for companionship. "Why didn't she talk? Why didn't she join a woman's support group? Why didn't she have a lover? Why was she the way she was? What was she waiting for? She was as the lake in winter, it's ice frozen over."

HOT SAUCE the final story in the collection. In it reappear 2 characters, Prince & Flip the reader will recognize from STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE, HO STROLL, & BARS ACROSS HEAVEN. Prince, a high yella butch, is quite a player, while poor Flip, older, hard working & richer is often alone. Flip finally meets a young fast lady. --The first inkling of problems to come is when we discover the ladies name; HOT SAUCE. And she lives up to the reputation! In Flips recounting to Prince of a party, Hot Sauce shows out: "THIS PARTY'S SUPPOSE TO BE FO' WOMEN! THE MINUTE I GET HERE A BIG UGLY NIGGER PUTS HIS HANDS ON ME, ASKING DO I HAVE A CIGARETTE, TRYING TO HUSTLE ME! GET AWAY FROM ME NIGGERS I'M GAY I'M A DIKE! YOU CANT DOMINATE ME! YOU KAIN'T DO NUTHIN FO' ME!" Via telephone, Prince & Flip discuss the previous evening: "Hot Sauce showed out at the party." The yellow butch told Prince in amusement. "Yeah? Wadda she do? Take her clothes off? You always seem to know those type... So do I. We attract 'em." Prince said, mildly interested."

As usual, humor mixed with biting truth; analysis of the human soul, interlaced by great dialogue. Another offering of Master Artist Red Jordan Arobateau.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS 2005.

BARS ACROSS HEAVEN
ISBN: 0970323700

This controversial first-published novel of Red Jordan Press, manufactured after Red's poetry chapbooks of the

fishes and everything! And then she shrieks, and runs out! With her hand over her eyes! So watch out for her!"

Sandy speaks: "I see my own kind about me, or, what I must be with for now. Gay people. They are closer to me than anything... But I am not really gay. I am a woman, in a male body. I want a man. A husband. I want to live a life as normally as I can make it. This gay life, its allnite spots, its shows. it is only to make do for now. A temporary place. The warmth of something."

A lot of pre-Stonewall herstory about surgeries: "The operation seemed to be getting performed in Europe, most famous-- in Denmark." And: "Now, at 28, for the third go-round I resumed my hormone treatment. They were beginning to do something for Sandý.--5cc's twice a month. A type of estrogen.--At first they were oral. Pills. Faithfully as a woman takes her contraceptive pills every day to keep from being pregnant. You put them in your mouth under your tongue and let them dissolve. They go into the blood stream through your throat. Later, the doctor discovers that shots are more effective." Also: "As she glanced around the room, she saw the instruments, the patients exam table in the next room. The sound of the nurse sterilizing bottles. The wild, impractical thought, would he do it here! Could he do it TODAY?"

This book will make you glad you are living now, and not back then in Prehistoric Times-- but, what fun they had!

Sandy's testimony in her own words: "This is my story! Perhaps very confusing. But not a bit overdone. I'll never be out on the streets again, so help me. I vowed this everytime I came off of them, and I always went back. But one thing for certain, I knew after my operation, I wouldn't, NO! I would not sink to be, such a sorry-sorry case as a woman, a transsexual who lowers herself to whoredom & degradation after spending so much effort to become a female. To dirty her new vagina by those lewd acts. That I vowed. To make an end to my career, right then."

Sandy is a fighter! --"But don't tell me of my Assumptions! I was only four years old when I began longing for girls dresses! My fifth Christmas, when I asked for a doll to

cooker, until misplaced anger (problems arising from her bi-racial status) erupt, is well portrayed.

There are scenes of Flip in the street, hanging out in hustlers dives along Oakland's ho stroll amid giant men: "Suddenly, blue and purple flooded Flip's brain. The big giant came up to her. The man towered over her. "Say MAN gimmie a light, BROTHER! WHOOPS! Excuse me Sister! His pool game was over, his stick clattered on the table, where he'd thrown it. "Say, is you a man or a lady?"

Enter another of Arobateau's fabulous characters: "Ruby jitterbugged on tapered legs. She wrapped her coat tight around her shoulders in a gust of wind. --Her lips glistened. A silver smile against her dark skin. Her eyes sparkling with turquoise make-up gave her a diamond effect. But this beautiful woman went right on and lied her lies." It's Ruby from Red Jordan's beautiful crafted pimp-ho novella HOW RUBY GOT THERE. (Found in the collection STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE VOL. 3.)

Then come the scenes which made BARS ACROSS HEAVEN additionally controversial within 1970's lesbian literature; seeing Flip & a black prostitute in bed together in a sexually explicate scenario of play-for-pay: "Ruby had taken Flip for a trick many times. This older woman had become one of her regulars. She came down to the stroll to date some girl every few weeks or so. Ruby thought as she walked down to the club what was in store for her."-- "Ruby looked around in the dim light, then she saw the bulldagger. She was very glad to see the familiar hawklike face under its blue hat. Ruby grinned and walked over."

The reader will be amazed at the contrast of low-down street, & barroom scenes interspersed with middle class group therapy sessions. Lacing these two worlds together is great dialogue, an evolving plot, and the most insightful intimate revelations of character as one witnesses the transformation of Flip, due to the care she receives at the Women's Group.

The reader will truly want to make this first class book part of their collection; listen while Flip speaks: "I was

now listening to her soul. I had touched something real. That love they had given me was beyond the surface of appearances. After the meeting, as the sisters swirled around, a pregnant woman came up to me. She said, "I just wanted to tell you, I think you're a very brave woman!" Flip sputtered. Tears broke. She stood in her tennis shoes, wrinkled blue denim shirt. She held her wide-brim hat with its red-checked rag in her hand."

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

THE BIG CHANGE
ISBN: 1-4-6-2266-9

When we first visit Sandy-Paul, Arobateau's middle America proto-type transsexual, she is in male 'drab'. Quite a poor ragged boy. And loaded on drugs.-- In the remembrance of Herself, a New Woman and a now famous performer: "An average, tidy apartment. Only two things remained of her old life. Ornamental; a picture of two persons framed inside a valentine wrought heart. One male, short hair, a plain dark suit & tie, an adolescent. The two crooked teeth in front, the unnaturally thin eyebrows. The same receding chin. The other, the woman, in a low-cut dress, chest bare, a round bosom, a necklace. Her shoulders bare. Hair long and black, smiling."

This lyrical novel's set in the late 1950's in which cross-dressing, and being openly transsexual or gay, was criminalized behavior: "Coming home that night, a dark, svelte figure.-- She couldn't resist the urge--in her dress, secret Fatima among the night pedestrians. Tulip bulbs lit up in silver, the street. Were cool caterers of false daylight. The suspiciously angular figure scurries past the nuns convent, around the corner; a fugitive snatching the barest enjoyment out of her lavish attire, picking up her skirts & running, anticipating home. Fall had scarcely sculpted the windows with early frost, and down the street, the shadow of the great cowbell dress 'it'; wore, bobbing under his coat, which he pinched together, looking up and down the Fall tipped streets in anticipation of the patrol

cops. Listening fitfully to slow gyration of tires of any passing car for fear it be the Vice. And an arrest for 'Female Impersonation'. The silver lamps were like prison lights. Awe blinding her wide eyes. Biting her lower lip (red with lipstick) urgently, icily, and heard, (thinking it was a gunshot) her murder. Her discovery in the AM, lying, bleeding to death in High Regalia on the pavements--as she set foot on the last league home, on the very steps of her apartment! The shriek of fatal discovery as they lifted up her skirts at the morgue! Only, it was not a gunshot, but the cry of a sparrow lost in the night, screaming for direction. Afloat prematurely in the dark sky. High, and blind in the blackness above. 'And may God save this soul of mine. Rich or poor. Real, or reflection... Give us this day our daily bread.'" This man Red Jordan is the 21st centuries answer to Jean Genet!

Days & nights of hustling, drug abuse, employment in a queer brothel, a stint in beautician's school, thief, showgirl, waitress, the US Military, husband in a straight marriage, and other endeavors, through which Paul tries to survive, to ultimately become Sandy, and does so, gradually morphing throughout the pages of this book in a grand procession (all too familiar in Arobateau novels) of tricks, thefts & falsifications and prayer, up to that thin dividing line --the divine Change!

A fabulous cast of supporting characters garnishes this literary feast. Red well describes age old 'Carrying's-On' of young fags & dikes clustered together in their habitats. It's fun to see the young queers of mid--century laughing and shrieking in an allnight diner at 5am, which they have taken over from the straight's, finding fun in the most barren and inhospitable of landscapes of social repression. Yet Sandy-Paul doesn't quite fit in the homosexual scene either... Here is the reaction of the astounded True gays around her: "Look at that dizzy queen!" "Oh don't! Oh she thinks she's a real woman! A fish! I saw her one time girl, tryin' to walk into the fishes toilet. Oh yes... You won't believe what she said... "Oh I forgot I wasn't really a girl!" She says it so innocent, I really BELIEVED that poor child, that she had forgot! --Until I saw her pull it ANOTHER time, down in Maxine's!" "Does she actually walk IN?" Replied the other, a lesbian. "Inside! With the

You will see these issues and many, many more, examined in **THE BLACK BIKER**; a magnificent short novel by Master Author Red Jordan Araboteau—a person of African American Heritage.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

COME WITH ME LUCY
ISBN 0-9705161-2-6

COME WITH ME LUCY for those who don't know, is the third book in the **LUCY & MICKEY** Trilogy--and the conclusion of that masterwork which opens in volume 1, the pre-Stonewall, underground, **LUCY & MICKEY**; set in Chicago, Illinois, in 1959. In this vol. 3, **COME WITH ME LUCY** we discover what happens to the great cast of characters we first met in that classic dike street novel -- with a few surprise additions.

The opening line: "It's been a hard life ever since I can remember. Lesbian life,--and it's never gonna quit." Is part of the private reflections of Mickey, a handsome Italian butch. "The black haired butch moved through her apartment. Mickey was age 42. The year, 1983. 25 years, and her male sex drive still hadn't gone away." The reader observes her thoughts & memories which are a testimony to a hard life. Both trials and joys.

Next scene finds that the debonair Mickey is now married to Marsha.-- "They had come in from a never-never land so fine; her and the blond in the evening dress; pretty; had been to an exclusive restaurant where they were treated well by the waiters & had the best seat in the house..." Further: "Her lady dominated the closet with dresses, a few gowns, pantsuits, and high heels." Is the part about a never-never land real? "Mickey is sprawled out on the sofa in her black tuxedo pants & jacket." And: "Marsha, round curves poured into a silk gown, on which a strap fell over one shoulder." Marsha shakes her lover awake to the reality of their lives. Their cluttered apartment. Where upon the butch: "Glances around her to get her barring, saw the beaten up sofa where she'd collapsed for just a

play with! And a baby carriage to put her in! I've carried my grievance with me a long time!"

The reader will thoroughly enjoy this Transsexual Fiction by the Master Author of Queer Lit!

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

THE BLACK BIKER
ISBN: 0970516169

"'Shit!' Declared the black stranger. "It bes cold out heah." Said this aloud, but to herself. And it wasn't the weather she was talking about. She had a southern drawl draped in what seemed to be an adopted East Coast accent."

THE BLACK BIKER, one of Red Jordan Araboteau's Afro-Centered works certainly is an examination of black life, chiefly centered around OILS; clubhouse for that infamous dike biker gang **THE OUTLAWS** in all 5 in his series of books comprising **THE OUTLAW CHRONICLES**.

THE BLACK BIKER, book 3 of the series, has all the expected stuff-- as usual the gang goes on Runs: "Two-hundred thousand tons of steel; was the bridge over the river. RRRRRRRMMMMMM MMMMMMM! Out of the twin cone shaped exhaust pipes. The Run began at 8 AM. A thick forest of bikes with a combination of gold, red, black, silver gas tanks; and a sea of chrome & steel sparkling at the sun. Sunlight struck the sleek chassis of the black biker's motorcycle." There are sleazy sex shows, and plenty of high female misbehavior. We see again in cameo appearances some of the prime movers in the **OUTLAWS** gang, Daddy George, Queen Georgia; all the Warlords, Lou, Hawk, & Rip, plus some of the cast of familiar characters, Sandra, KT, Ebony, Gerri,-- with emphasis on two of the clubs more affluent friends, African American Ross, a Senior Postal Supervisor, and old Kelly, the owner of the building in which **OILS** is

situated. Many late night conversations are held between the two, revealing much of the dirt of the foundation upon which the Club is built. In fact it is through the eyes of Senior Postal Supervisor Ross that this story is narrated. It is the springboard on which the mysterious BLACK BIKER entrances & exits.

Ross is off on "annual five-week paid vacation" from her lucrative position in the US Postal Service, & instead of traveling around the world, for a change has decided to spend the days puttering about in her suburban home, gardening, doing put-off projects; and evenings drives her Mercedes Benz leisurely down to the clubhouse back into the inner city to sit among the raunchy, sexy, bad ass biker women. Here, Ross is a magnet to the black members & their girlfriends; as a counselor, friend, & simply a listening ear. Over the long evenings a professional of bikers (with all their pride & prejudice) come to sit on the barstool next to Ross to pay their regards & spill out their hideous problems-- mostly about \$ money and failed love lives.

Then the mysterious BLACK BIKER makes her appearance: "The Mysterious Biker sat with the rest. A stranger. When she got up, clanking chains & silver buckles, lumbering off on big biker boots, Gerri asked in a whisper, "Who is she?" "I don't know," sez somebody. "But she has just broke up with her lover. She's very depressed. 'You gotta get out of the house.' I told her. That was last week. So she shows up.-- When? --Tonight. During what? --An SM demonstration. A whipping. She's trying to get over her lover, and there they are, drawing each other's blood & being brutalized, and loving every minute of it, and she gets even more depressed. She ain't into SM. She don't know a Bottom from a Top. She's already seen too much blood, flowin' out there in these mean streets."

Later, the unnamed biker, just like all the others, confides in the older black butch: "So Ross got the story. It spilled out. The mature stud wasn't sure she wanted to know, but this was the penalty of being a good listener & having a calm personality. Purple haze, tinkle of glasses then loud shouts of the bikers, mixed together in a sea of music. "So I got schooled how to stand up 'n be a man. 'N had me

some fine womans, and got me some good ****. I got de best womens. I made a lots of good money in my days, an' I ain't even that old, as yo' kin see." The biker cast a sideways glance at Ross.-- "I respects yo', Ross. I don't want yo' to think of me as a criminal, or somebody low-down. I wanna make somethin' out of my life. I jes' made mistakes. Anybody livin' my life, walkin' in my shoes could have. Anybody now, anybody den. God knows. Anybody gets in a bad sit'ation, dey does thangs dey shamed to talk about. 'Cause dere ain't no MONEY." The biker looked dark and leathery; she hunched over the bar, big shoulders stretching her jacket taut."

During these long evenings we find out some pertinent facts about the Postal Supervisors life as well: "The older bulldagger looked like an undersized man. "Of course I dress for work", sez Ross. "I look hard, but I wear women's pantsuits; not much difference." She said it emphatically, fixing Sandra in her gaze. "I'm not going to feel guilty about it. Women's shoes with no heels--they practically look like men's, but they're women's." That's what it took to get ahead in life sometimes-- compromise. A super-hard masculine-appearing dike would never have advanced to the position Ross had. "Anything it takes to turn the trick, as the saying goes. I see lots of gay women down at the Post Office. They wear hats, wigs, high heels, skirts--bulldaggers. I know 'em, yep. Been knowing them for years. There's others could have advanced themselves in job rank but never got past distribution clerk-- that's the lowest station--because of the way they insist on dressing. --Like men. I'm butch, but it wasn't worth it to me to throw away my future."

Contrast of the po' ass broke bikers hustling up room rent to Ross's affluence & also Kelly's; the old white clubhouse proprietor (who actually owns the building OILS is in, and maintains a flat over it just to crash in those few hungover nights she can't navigate the drive back to her palatial home in the suburbs) --makes for colorful reading.

These are some of the dynamics this fine book is about-- comparisons of class; race conscious, money issues, women power, and dike validation.

WAS LOST, which is book 2 in the trilogy. That volume was written closer to the actual point in time of these events, around 1962.

COME WITH ME LUCY is excerpted in 2 anthologies OFF THE RAG, edited by Lee Lynch. And, A MOVEMENT OF EROS, edited by Heather Findlay.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS 2005.

DAUGHTERS OF COURAGE
ISBN: 0-9705161-0-X

This is a brilliant novel about faith, spirituality, and revolutionary feminism. It is a beginners introduction the Radical Matriarchy, composed with high intelligence and portrayed through the vehicle of common ordinary characters. It is a manifesto wrapped in the covers of a novel. Master Author Red Jordan Arobateau has scored a winner with his DAUGHTERS OF COURAGE!

The opening scene introduces us to Valiant, a born-again Christian dike, preacher and husband, determined to make a difference in the lives of women everywhere. She is in her narrow study pondering over a Holy Bible, which she is busily correcting with blue ink pen. Later at night will continue to work on her manifesto; a plan for Women to Take Over The Earth. First we have a little herstory of the roots of THE DAUGHTERS, which: "Had begun as an informal gathering of lesbian women-- who called themselves the Holy Order Of Mary-- in an attempt to feminize, in a new slant, the patriarchal tradition of the Christian religion which had dominated 2,000 years and to which they had little allegiance."

Valiant's relationship to her long-suffering wife Serena is well documented: "Valiant had met Serena when she was older and not a baby butch & had already wore herself out chasing after those gals. So was quite ready to be settled and a loyal husband.-- Serena. Her face was wide and full, framed by dark curly hair.-- Of Mediterranean

moment, then fallen asleep. Crayon marked walls. The tiny 3 rooms their family shared." We see the lives of Marsha & Mickey & their children. Apartment they rent-- though they would like own a house. Find out about their jobs, & the savings in their growing bank account and their dreams for a lifetime.

Next scenes begin to reveal Mickey's angst--sex red hot lust driven to the point of destructiveness which is threatening to undermine the stability of their happy home. Scene after scene of Mickey after work roaming the red light district where she use to live as a bachelor, and lesbian venues --without her beloved wife. Including picking up women at a sex club. Some very erotic descriptions in the true Red Jordan style: "The little stage is empty. Amber lights beam down onto scattered one & five dollar bills. The dancer is tired and doesn't want to work any more. Puts her short leather miniskirt back on & does up her bra and lace lingerie." This novel is at least 5 times more graphic then we dare tell in this book review! Mickey's thinking suddenly delves into ideas and fantasies which reveal a crisis of her sexual identity. Is this new behavior middle-aged angst? --Change of life crisis?

Another new event: "Then the news had come from New York. Mary Alice Leonardi had died at the age of 76 from a stroke. The estate was in the hands of the family lawyer. The family home was valued at \$220,000. Car worth \$5,000 bluebook price; and the accumulated furnishing of generations, antiques passed down from her great great grandmother valued at another \$18,000.-- All to be sold and the money split 4 ways between Mickey and her 3 brothers. Mickey's share would be approximately \$60,000."

As in book 1 there are plenty of sex scenes & memories of star filled gay nights.-- Memories of her first one true love, 25 years past-- Lucy Matusumi. Flash backs with still another of Mickey's lovers, African-American Linda, "Linda was a bisexual prostitute who worked the sex industry in the Tenderloin of downtown San Francisco a few blocks from where Mickey had lived. They had met in the street. The butch & her were together a few months while Mickey got her start in the new city." Socialists will

delight in glimpses of working class routines of both Mickey and Lucy respectively at their menial survival jobs, and the political analysis Red Jordan makes. Meanwhile Mickey's aberrant dangerous sex-driven behavior has so hurt Marsha she's distraught. "WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE TO YOU IF I AM READING THE LOVE LORN ADVICE COLUMN INSTEAD OF SEWING YOUR PANTS MICKEY? I'M THINKING ABOUT LEAVING YOU! I LEFT YOU 2 OTHER TIMES, REMEMBER!" The upside to this dilemma; is an aside, a few pages later when Master Author Red Jordan Arobateau notes: "There is a condition called Lesbian Bed Death among gay women.-- Two women get together, they get warm & comfortable with each other, --and 2 years later the sex stops. They live as a couple, cuddling in the same bed; in a partnership,-- and have no sex. This idea was foreign to the hot blooded butch. Every night sex drive pounded in her loins.--Her want. Desire came of its natural accord." In fact, this book is at least 10 times more graphic than we dare reveal!

Then the plot begins to roll: "They were preparing to go East. The flight would take them through Chicago; & planned to stay over 5 days in that Windy City which Mickey, at age 18, had first passed thru on her way to California. Where she had tarried nearly a year with a redhead woman named Lucy --4 years her senior, who she'd met at a trick show, performing a live sex act for money, & who became her love & wife & whom she subsequently left. This reminiscence began to wear on Mickey so that she wanted to see Lucy very very much.-- That out of all the girls in all the sexclubs in all the towns across the Cities of The Plain- specifically San Francisco, she'd dwell upon Lucy.--This Lucy."

The story continues with some flashbacks from the premiere novel LUCY & MICKEY. Plus odd developments to the stated reason for their trip.

"Mickey came to Chicago with a 28 year old wife in her bed. Traveling East as the seasons moved from Indian Summer into Fall. To see the sights in that town where she'd lived before. Spending half the money they'd taken over 12 years to save,--because of receiving the inheritance. Soon they would be proud home owners.

Stood at the window of the hotel room, Legs spread. Trousers, jacket; handsome, hair slicked back."

We won't reveal more of this plot, or the fabulous ending to the LUCY & MICKEY trilogy. But that Mickey in her stop over in Chi--town (the Windy City) encounters some familiar faces. For instance, going down to Skid Row, one of her old haunts of yesteryear: "As she looked around the tavern, past rows of stools, broken down tables & benches along the wall, the raised platform for the band to play later in the evening; bleary eyes turned to stare at her a moment, then went back to drink. Butch dykes not a common sight here. Lucy. One of a series of half-breeds she got to know. "Lisa, Lucy and Duke. Duke Washington who we later discovered was one-quarter black. Which accounted for his perpetually tanned skin, and how he could dance." Came out of the mouth of the tavern into the sun; hears a voice call; turns around, there's a scraggly man, skinny, disheveled clothes, a fire-water etched face, alcohol wind blew from his mouth as he yells: "BOBBY! HEY! SAY! FRANKIE! SAY!" Looking in her direction; a mad scarecrow, but with a look of recognition; while addressing her by some other dykes names. "FREDDY!" With shaky steps the man-scarecrow had jolted across the barroom floor and they grabbed each other in a hug. It had been 25 years. Held each other a moment. Freddy was a head taller, but he felt light as a feather against her sturdy body. Stink from his clothes; wrinkled, grizzly face. "GODDAMN YOU OLD SON OF A GUN! FREDDY!" Alcohol had eaten him up from the inside out. No longer a sane person. The smoke & fire from hell snaked through his blue bleary eyes. Freddy staggered at her side. "I'M MICKEY!" She yells. The name rang a bell as had her face. "MICKEY! MICKEY & LUCY! GREAT GOOGA MOOGA! THOUGHT I WAS SEEING A FUCKEN' GHOST! GREAT GOOGA MOOGA! I GOT THE JITTERS & THE HAUNTS! THOUGHT I WAS GOING ALL THE WAY CRAZY BUT IT'S LUCY & MICKEY! LUCY & MICKEY!"

The writer copyrighted this in 1991, in a feverish continuation of LUCY & MICKEY written only a few months before-- but both constructed on memories of a 'Q-Novel'-- FOR WANT OF THE HORSE THE RIDER

shadows. The Stars, and would-be stars--who glide beside them. The assorted misfits, and Suburbanites. Everybody else, with their hangups. They all come to get their heads into something."

The next scene shifts to portray Delight who is also a Star of the tale-- a black hippie, and wife of the Drug Lord, the Boss, soon to be his would-be killer. Delight is stunning in a Dashiki, she has ideas.

Of course as in many Red Jordan Arobateau books politics is interjected. The action returns to the strange little North Beach nightclub: "In the Mother Mirth near where the blackman sat, the tension was high. They were discussing politics. The dancer from Delano was there. Italian grapepicker. Her breasts curved in the moonlight, her chest rose and fell in a pink sweater. "Oh mercy god... How can I explain to you!" She bent over the table, and their eyes followed, watching her. "You see honey, I've fought all my life for the people. I helped blacks out in '62 and '63 with the Southern Civil Rights. Honey, last summer I was with the grape strikers. A man died in the back of my truck. I was driving him 30 miles to the nearest hospital-- that would take MIGRANT workers. Chicanos. They don't take THEM. The migrants, you understand. No money. Cash in advance. A cop had shot him honey, with a shotgun--for trespassing. It is all legal to murder you see... It was during the strike... I see how this is taking shape. John Kennedy no, he wasn't with the people yet, but he was getting recognized... He was getting identified with the black's 'cause.... Oh mercy God! You see honey, they just aren't going to let persons be free in this country! The power, the corporations-- the Army. John Kennedy didn't see it like that. He didn't believe in that shit. He was killed because he was getting too close to the TRUTH!" - Then they talked of the riots. Watts. Harlem. Chicago's South Side. Detroit."

The dancer from Delano continues: "This is America, honey, you see, life here, it's not free. The Russian peasants had their revolution because they were STARVING. The Chinese were selling their daughters. PEASANTS. The hungry people, you see? In America, this middle-class, this working class, we aren't starving... Those middle-class voters out there, they will send their

decent. Her eyes were wide with a greenish hue. Fair white skin. A peasant body. --Serena was poor like Valiant. They were landless & of the vagabond class. They had been married for 7 years so they had a body language going between them." The butch/femme dance between the couple is well portrayed. The area in which they dwell, an underclass, interracial neighborhood across the water from San Francisco is very well described. The couple misses the companionship of other dykes, thus is motivated to form a series of groups; little church gatherings-- in their hotel room with Valiant preaching-- and finally, a radical feminist organization, The DAUGHTERS OF COURAGE.

The organization rapidly grows; they get their own meeting hall; hold events: "We used our welfare checks to pay for it!" Some of the poorer members yelled, in a toast, clinking soda cans at the celebration. Bare floor; 2,000 square feet stretched out before them. The few folding chairs the church owned by now had been moved in. "And the bourgeoisie pays for it all!" A dyke hollered with glee." True to the Arobateau style there are many humorous passages. Also, amazingly, amid all the action there's still time for some sex scenes!

DAUGHTERS OF COURAGE begins self defense training with Martial Arts and weapons: "As they practiced pulling their guns out of hidden holsters--imagined the safety they'd feel walking thru the night armed, instead of cringing in fear at every shadow they passed." The Daughters hold parades, street demonstrations & rallies. We are introduced to a number of interesting women. Sappho Witch, Kenyetta Nyrobi, et al.

More & more disfranchised women pour into DAUGHTERS OF COURAGE: "THE WHITE WOMAN'S HEAVEN IS THE BLACK WOMAN'S HELL!" Cried a voice from the back." Each woman has her own unique problems. Can the little ship hold them all?

This novel takes on some very serious issues like incest, sexual abuse, poverty and the failure of women to come together and form powerful organizations to lobby in their own behalf. "We are at war! And the real enemy we're suppose to be fighting is the patriarchy! Not other dykes!"

No radical women's organization is complete without a Dominatrix, and one appears named Satin Lucy: "Looking good in my tiny skirt, vampish jet-black hair & red pumps. I'm a fast girl. A Player, ready for action." -- Who later experiences a Divine Vision: "Satin was disconcerted.-- Now that she had taken charge of her life, had her string of murders all planned, mapped on an evil web of criss cross plane flights from city to city across America-- just to find she couldn't ever become so evil as to be forsaken by God..."

Events thunder down towards conclusion with unforeseen twists & turns: "What's this?" (Valiant) asks, looking up at the purple banner. They face each other, two boy dykes, boot toe to boot toe. "WHAT IS IT?" Valiant says quizzically; Devon is holding the pole of the banner at one end, another familiar dyke on the other. Then Valiant just stared at her; held in her eyes, locked--and Devon just keeps staring back at her, behind the new spiffy glasses of her new sporty look, body scrunched; a crooked little smile on her face-- a sneer; not saying anything. "Lavender Avengers?" Vallant croaks feebly once more: "What does that mean?"

Will you be ready for the startling ending of this great, as-of-yet undiscovered literary gem?

Parts of this novel appear in Marci Shiner's BEST WOMEN'S EROTICA 1996.

PS. The dedication page of DAUGHTERS OF COURAGE reads: "In memory of Valerie Solanas." Valerie Solanas; madwoman, creative artist, and would-be assassin's last earthy address was the Bristol Hotel, not but a stones throw from the San Francisco branch of RED JORDAN PRESS who provided this Book Report; 2005.

FLASH ON THE HUSTLER
ISBN 0-9703237-3-5

Opening scene of this magnificent plot-thick novel-- descriptive of hippie era foggy San Francisco of the late 1960's-- introduces us to some of the most fascinating characters you will ever meet. "They were going to kill me. They were discussing it in front of me! They had it planned. I even knew who my killer was! Who was going to give me the fix-- a guy I'd been friends with just the night before!--" They brought Alexander out to the Pacific ocean. "My killer came up to me! But he wouldn't look me in the eye: "YOU!" Alexander said, in a voice flattened with disbelief. "Not you!" "She came to me! The wife of the Boss! If anybody I thought Delight would stick by me!" But no. Silhouetted on the beach, a figure, Delight. Her thin arms waved, a prophetess, denouncing him. "DOWN ON YOU! DOWN ON YOU ALEXANDER!"

This is a rich & poetic tale set amid the swimming mists of San Francisco's colorful cut up Victorian mansions, hippie squats of that magical era. "Don't talk all 'dis negative shit y'all! Yo' ain't gonna do it now is you! Don't try to scare me! Yo' ain't gonna. You wolven'! It's all a mistake brothers!" Cried Alexander, (slipping into black vernacular from his usual crisp white English & or Hollywood Fag accent) -- But under his toes the sea was beginning to run. Tide's come in. One mans stolen raincoat flapped over Alexander's knees, as the mass of male bodies collided. They came together. He ragged against them. "AGGGGGGHHH!"

Chapter 2 begins with flashbacks in which the plot is unwound for the reader to see. We come to an interesting North Beach tavern where Alexander meets a childhood friend Flip (From the BARS ACROSS HEAVEN, HO STROLL, and STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE.) "Flip's hands fly up in the air as she talks. She acts the yellow monkey that she is. As usual, her red hair is sticking out all over her head--she is haute culture of Miss Fonky Broadway."

A bit more about this unusual tavern, which also serves as an After Hours club for the disfranchised literati and just plain hangers on. "Why are they here? Because it's fashionable. Mother Mirth is The Place. Here, all the freaks and apprentice freaks. The REAL people, and their

mercy, for it's life. "Oh no you don't! 5 cats, Ha. That ain't nuthin'. The lady down the street, look how many cats she got! Her yard full of cats! They suns themselves up on top her house!-- So you can count every one of 'em!"

Senor A's poverty is documented: "His pension check was due. He had saved two potatoes--the last--from the sack, to plant. --Cutting out the buds, or eyes, & set down into the earth of his garden to make more potatoes. But he got so hungry he sliced & fried them in grease & ate them. "What am I going to do?" Questioned Senor Alvarez, pacing the floor. "What am I going to do? No money. Dog hungry. Cats hungry. I am hungry." And the simple idea flowed to him, smooth as waves in a tide. 'I will go fishing."

We read with interest his history as a young man in the fields: '8am. The ground crew had already been picking for an hour since daybreak. Picking fruit by the pail. Cutting lettuce at 20 cents per carton, two dozen heads in each. With knives they cut heads off their stalk, took off the broken leaves around it, and put it in a carton that traveled on the flatbed, pulled by a tractor thru the fields. Huge cauliflower's. Produce to stock the supermarkets of the cities." Soon, Love comes to the romantic Theodoro: "There in the Imperial Valley he had met a beautiful Chicana. Lupe wore Indian dresses, Colombian style jewelry, blue Topaz set in silver, and imitation red Rubies set in tiny crucifixes in her pierced ears. Braided hair. Her Indian face dark complexioned. Lupe was very impressed by the Rose. Her boyfriend was a dreamer."

Descriptions of the ocean. The fishing are so palatable, this novel transports you THERE: "Cold windy day at the pier. Big white splotches-Gull droppings. Ocean made it's noise slapping against the pilings of the pier. Steady breeze from the south. Gulls landed on the rail. Majestic birds, white feathered wings outstretched. Sky was greyblue, identical to the water. Near the end, out into the ocean, he found a booth in which he sat. It smelled of stale piss. And empty cans of soda underneath; a fishhead, and rusted hooks."

FISHERPEOPLE is also a very spiritual book: "He was hungry to follow after Christ. He was hungry to go

pigs out to imprison their own children.... Why? Because they're AFRAID! They don't know what starvation is! They will make this country into a fascist state out of their fear. THAT'S how America will lose it's freedom. People are giving away their freedom into the hands of the pigs. The military pigs, the CIA secret pigs. The pigs are the Fascists too..."

Among these: "radicals revolutionaries, artists freaks & just plain ordinary hangers-on", Alexander begins to speak in a strange accent: "I'm going to tell you a story, but before I get started, I want Nina Simone to come up here and sing my theme song. "Nobody Knows You?" That tune she made popular about 1958 when we was still kids going to house parties in the Negro ghetto? Flip! I don't! mean the actual SLUMS, dear, I mean the restricted neighborhoods. COLORED,-- you know, when we bought in and all the white folks moved out?-- "I met them. They told me they were into making some money. I was excited for them. To them it was something heavy. Gradually they let me in on it. Their idea of Money was \$5,000! Imagine."

This special novel continues with numerous great scenes of eccentric Delights Palatial Dope Palace & Flips miserable artists 'garret'-- a one room in a Tenderloin hotel. With intricately woven plot this long-neglected Masterpiece thunders to it's exciting & poetic conclusion: "Using my soul of a criminal, I shoved a chair up against the door, so I could sleep without being disturbed by unwanted company. But instead of sleeping (for I was expecting burglars) I blew out the fire-exit door, swift as the black autumn leaves."

"So you see, I'm running. Running from those maniacs now!" he hit a side street, scattering rats. A black figure, a desperate expression. He moved in the shadows. Raincoat flapping over his tall skinny frame. Purse over his shoulder made of burlap-- Alexander Girls traveling bag."

"Flip started in her seat. All that coffee had thoroughly wired her nerves. So Flip called out to him, "BOOGER!" And as Alexander turned, looking for the direction of her voice... she saw desperation flirt on his face. "I glimpsed

it, peeking out of the corner of his self-assured mask. And this glimpse made me more afraid then before, for suddenly, through all the third Reich, through all the goose-stepping columns, the police, the army of WACS and WAVES; and behind me, my ordered, sane life-- as I reached back to get him a chair and met his eyes, I peeped into the keyhole of his soul, there was SEAWEEED in my fingers! As he walked towards me in his Vaselineed-back hair, I realized he was the dead man come back to life!"

As the dedication page of this book states: "This is a tale told by the hustler, full of peoples sound & fury. It may resemble the living & dead, but it signifies nobody."

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS 2005

FISHERPEOPLE
ISBN: 1-4-6-2132-8

FISHERPEOPLE is Pulitzer Prize winning material. Reminiscent of Hemmingway's Old Man and the Sea.-- Step by step Red Jordan Arobotatau takes us through the life of Senor Alvarez. His daily routine with his animals, his yard, and his past as a young migrant farmworker in the Salinas Valley: "Senor Alvarez had once been a big man, tall, medium weight; but now stoooped, thinner. 6'3". Brown skin, thin white mustache like a line against his swarthy skin. A Chicano. Tweed pants of gray, an olive green jacket; his cowboy boots had Cuban heels, high ones, black & white bucks like saddles. Senor Alvarez and Senor Poochie. See them making their way down the road. Senor Poochie. She was a refined dog, yes. Walked with an even gait." Sometimes the writer frames the conditions under which the old man dwells like a social scientist: Senor Alvarez lived in very troubled times. Crime. Political upheavals. The beginning of the widening split of lower and upper classes--between which the new striving middleclass was being wrung dry like a rag. He lived in a predominately poor neighborhood, few whites, a lot of Mexicans, some blacks and Chinese. Mostly older people in the houses which they owned. While the young were in

new apartments going up. Among them, the wild ones who hung around Main Street. He'd been in the neighborhood a long time." We find out the essentials of his life, his family, now grown & flown. And his daily worry --getting food for his table: "One thing to know about Sr. Alvarez was his backyard. Behind the 1 bedroom house was a broken down lot filled with assorted junk. Fenced areas-- which had once been even rows and paths,--now the grass was everywhere and blew like wild green hair with the wind. A hen coop built of spare lumber, rotten with age, wire sagging, rusted; feathers & straw caught to it like moss to branches. The hens were old like he was, seldom laid an egg. He'd been meaning to buy a handful of chicks and begin raising a new batch... 5 of them; Conchita and her bunch. Corn grew in the garden, striving for water among the weeds. Artichokes-- a perennial grew along the border. The same vegetables he had harvested in his youth in the Imperial Valley. Lettuce, beets, turnips, spinach, strawberries. Many were rotted, devoured by bugs. But the bed still produced--and were tasty even when partially green. He fed the animals vegetables from his garden; the dog & chickens that is; the snotty cats turned up their nose. And fed the cats an occasional egg the chickens cracked by mistake, scooped it up in his wrinkled brown hand out of the straw. People with land don't starve to death in California. There is food to be grown all year 'round."

A mix of peripheral characters surround the old man, who are quite interesting; and, typical of this author, there's lots of great dialogue: "The way he'd gotten Nino; he was standing in his front yard & Hattie in hers, just having passed by each other and stopped to say hello and remark what a warm day it was, and about the latest crime in the neighborhood; when a baby kitten came stumbling across the lawn. Pitifully thin, on shaly legs. As if by the hand of God, the kitten meowed, and walked straight up to Theodoro. "There you go." Hattie remarked, or something to that effect. "I can't take it." The old man had said stiffly. "I already have too many cats. I have... Cincó." He held up 5 fingers. "Of course you can!" Hattie said sharply. That ain't too many! I know folks who has 10, 15 cats!" "But I have too many!" He protested again, looking down at the pitiful kitten as skinny as a skeleton with huge liquid eyes begging for

metal there to make a sound. "Man, I'm tellen' ya', lets pull a job." One says. "What kind of job? "Hell, I don't know. Wait 'till it's dark, grab some fucker in the hallway and beat shit out of him!"-- A good looking woman walked past, and one ugly little squared off dike took off from the pack and began following her, hands jammed down in her pockets, following this poor straight woman along the avenue. The woman wore a dress, high heels, and looked like a very cold mannequin. "Hey baby! Do you want a thrill! I CAN GIVE YOU A THRILL!" She whistled thru her teeth, 'till the annoyed woman disappeared in the crowd. The dike came back, lounging, like she didn't give a damn. ratty, but disappointed as usual."

"WOW!" Says one of the girls. "That's neat!" A woman passed a few yards away, stockings legs crossing scissor like. She was a splendidly built mannish woman, about 160 pounds, dressed in a blue light satin suit, that softly rounded over her full bosom, strong hips and thighs. Tan and brown sporty heels. Trim legs. She looked like a woman who was good at sports. Soft hair caressed her face. But there was more. Bronzed. Bullish, yet soft. Her eyes, were deep and gave off a warmth that most women walking thru this crowded street didn't have. Poignant. Like she was REAL person. A swing to her walk. This woman looked hip. There is a rich, sporty, warm air about her. She is free. Maybe she is a successful show girl. She has a strong worldly face, and short blond curly hair. "WOW!" Said another, sizing her up. "HEY MOMMA!" "Looks more like daddy." Said another. "Hell! She can get on top of me anytime!" Responded another. "HEY MOMMA! LET'S LIE DOWN!" "SAY! BE COOL!" Says Timmy, wide-eyed, "I KNOW HER!"

Scenes of a hot Manhattan summer. Again, Timmy meets the fabulous femme: "The next evening, Ellen appeared early. Well made-up. A printed shift on, and her black glossy hair groomed out in a beehive."

A gay memoir at its finest! You will love reading this historical book & all the adventures in it.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS 2005

walking across the water on spirit feet into the setting sun, to see his Maker. Hungry for relief. For salvation. For the end of troubles. Fishing. For a few dollars passed over the wooden counter; racks of flies and casting reels & rods and hooks and snells, hung from the ceiling, or on shelves behind glass in her dusty little shop; put to use. -- They say the water is the home of the Spirit. We are baptized in water... Born in water. Conceived in water. They say we evolved from water... That life walked up from out of the sea millions of years ago. The old man looked into his heart and saw the thing he wanted most in life-- 'Master, I want to sit by You, by the sea of Galilee.'" Like many Arobateau's stories, there's a twist at the end. Dedicated to the author's own father, you won't forget this wonderful tale & its deep spiritual insights; another human portrait by Master Artist Red Jordan.

Book Review by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

THE GREAT HEART BANK ROBBERY

by Red Jordan Arobateau

ISBN 0-9703237-2-7

The streets of New York City, 1962, Greenwich Village.

We are introduced to Timmy: "a tall, good looking girl" who is cruising the gay section of the Village (before Stonewall) where the gay kids assemble from: "All over Manhattan, the boroughs. They came over from Jersey, to hang out in the streets."

Timmy is a waitress, a butch sort. A confused 18 year old. A nice kid amid the good kids & street tramps. Confused if she should go all the way gay, or try to be straight.

"Each group in this drove of gay kids, each is a messenger exchanging phrases of companionship. Each new group coming up, out of the subways, off the busses, out of taxis, - from uptown, from downtown, from the boroughs, walking from the Hudson River side, and from the East River side-- multiplies in its great experiment. We cry back and forth to each other; birds in some haven arrived

to this migratory place. Some still in flight. Some undecided. Cry like kites. "Hello! Hello There!" Passing along, cruising. Casting an eye as where to stop and settle in." But there is an undercurrent of drugs, dope, pills & fighting in jealous love triangles. Then the scene is moved along by: "MISS MARY!" Cries, squeals of gay boys with peroxide hair, at the sight of 'her' blue uniform: "ALONG COMES MARY!"

Then Ellen, fabulous Ellen, arrives by taxi, exits it theatrically. Ellen is a decent girl. She is immediately surrounded by her fans and admirers. Soon, Jackie a 'Drag Queen' comes on the scene: "Jackie is about 28. She picks up tricks in Times Square, or 5th Avenue, or Bryant Park, where the New York Public Library is, in upper Manhattan. She is a man posing as a woman. She didn't wear any make up, just the wig, and the falsies. Too frantic to stop."—As Arobeteau describes it: "I'd like to tell you about the already tiered boys, street-used. Who are just hustling enough for a meal, because they're not pretty. Skinny butts, in their rumpled clothes." Occasionally a gang of dikes walks up a few blocks to hoot & howl up at the girls up inside the stern brick building the House of Detention.

Timmy crosses paths with a middle age man who hangs around the scene: "One of the main johns who came down here to buy young meat—he was a heterosexual—was the head State Psychiatrist of a nearby state. This job he had acquired by having a doctors degree, money and connections. The man was really sick. And down on the streets cruising in his \$15,000 convertible every week to catch some young girl, or maybe a boy." After receiving an impromptu 'psycho-analysis' from this pervert Timmy is even more confused about her life.

Gay kids, & gay street kids, they all play together in the streets. Timmy is cautious. Undecided. And returns home alone—but still thinking about the lovely Ellen. In the subsequent days, while hanging out, the kids notice some odd goings on of two suspicious men who have the fortune/misfortune (depending how one views it) to be living above their hangout, Pam Pam's Restaurant, outside of which up to 100 gay kids congregate. The two seem to leave their apartment walk around looking suspicious,

then return; just to come back out, every few minutes. Are the undercover cops? They seem to be casing out the bank across the way!

Throughout subsequent days, Timmy meets up with Ellen again, in the tumultuous street scene assembled around Pam Pam's; in the gay bars and Washington Square park. She cruises beautiful femmes, tosses and turns in her young mind as to which road to travel. —As well as keeping notes on the two mysterious men, and their assumed bank hoist. She attempts to solve the mystery of these would-be bank robbers.

Timmy interacts with some interesting characters in some very emotional exchanges of teenage angst, in which older people attempt to 'figure out her gayness.' And advise her 'what she should do about it.' Although primarily interacting with her own kind—the gay street children with all their humor, hustling & great expectations. Sometimes even panhandling to supplement her waitress job: "They stood. A gang, under the eaves of huge New York buildings. Loitering. Hooting at passerby's. Timmy's feet hurt awful, from nearing the end of the week, constant walking. But it was too hot to go home and change. Sweat dripped down her back and her uniform stuck to her pink thin body. Bare arms and legs sticking out of it. She hadn't been in gay life long enough to get freaked out by other gay kids seeing her in a dress—work clothes. "Timmy! This is my lousy name! I wish I could be somebody else for a while!" "Well be me! I need the company!" A little rough dike says, loud. 'Lousy fuckers.' (Timmy) looked desperately out at all the full grown people passing around them, imprisoned in their dresses and suits and ties. "They give me a pain up my ass!" Timmy commented, and turned, and spit shreds of tobacco from her hand-rolled cigarette out on the pavement. Another reason she wanted to stay out here, she was broke. Payday was every Friday. Today was Thursday. She'd only made \$1.30 in tips today. 15 cents busfare. 10 cents for a phone call, left her barely a dollar. Hunger would hit her later that night.— "Well I need some bread man... You got some bread Mister? Whoops!" A butch propositions a butch next to her—in joke. "Yea man, you and me both. I'm broke as a joke." Says the other dike, hands in empty pockets, jingling her keychain, the only

neighborhood of the downtown district." It's the early 1960's when gay was still the love that dare not speak its name.--But it definitely did Carry On, in the bars, parks, restaurants and streets regardless!

"The ones in the back seat, they'd been up drinken' all night. --The three girls, so they were hot, and dizzy. Their three heads line the backseat window. In the middle, jauntily, a red beehive of hair teased to nearly a foot in height. The starlet, striking in her toreador pants, high backless cocktail hour slippers. It is Lois. Who looks like Elizabeth Taylor. To her left, a platinum blond, a butch hairdo, but beautyshop done, short cropped hair, so her pink smooth chubby neck showed thru the tail, it was JoAnne, in white khakis, gymshoes, and a blue shirt. And to the other hand, is Ursula. A plainfaced girl, medium length brown hair messy. Nondescript." They arrive at the hotel and Lois, the Star, tries to work the two men into paying for their hotel room, but the two are broke and refuse. Lois responds: "FAGGOTS! GET LOST YOU BIG TWO BIT PHONIES... FAGS! NOTHING BUT FAGS!" The car drove off fast." So Ursula, who works an honest job for a living must pay for the room. Lois complains: "It's Fucken' demented! Look at the fucking demented wallpaper!"

The threesome have a discussion as they unpack their things, revealing their past. Also, that plain, simple Ursula has a mad crush on both the blond butch JoAnne & her snappy showgirl femme Lois. Distanced herself from the Blah Ursula, Lois primps in the mirror complaining to Jo something about "the night before." Subsequently it is revealed that Lois has left New York City in a hurry, because she is on the run from a Mafia loan shark--And what he is going to do to her if she doesn't give back his money-- with BIG interest.

Chapter three flashes back to NYC, Friday, where the 3 are seen going frantically between gay restaurants and infamous Mafia owned dike bars; from one to the next: "We'll find that money before the day is out today...." Promised little Ursula, and put her arm tight about Lois."

The first in a sequence of rapid scenes, like a macabre Fellini picture, or a portrait of Dante's inferno is when

HOB0 SEX

ISBN: 0-9705161-3-4

This short read, written by the Master Author of Queer Literature in 1991 bares a picture of him--prior to transition-- in a photo from the '60's on the back cover. Red Jordan was close to homelessness himself on so many occasions it ain't funny, and proves the adage that Art Seldom Pays. He has dined out of garbage cans-- Which is sometimes higher quality then food in the Church free lines! It is rumored in a fine article by Michelle Tea which appeared in the San Francisco BAY GUARDIAN (June 23-29, 2004), that all of the furnishings in his studio are 'found' objects, discards from the streets of Empire.

HOB0 SEX is about just that-- dumpster diving. It is about two disenfranchised white women,--part of a 4th world estate right here inside the borders of the richest country on earth. One of them hampered by being young, the other, mentally challenged. Diana has made appearances in other of Red's writings-- notably THE HERMIT in the long ago feminist publication COMMON LIVES/LESBIAN LIVES.

Diana is a cut above the average homeless person, as the territory she chooses to roam is Berkeley, a student area; particularly Telegraph Ave which dead ends on the UC campus; site of the demised Flower Children of the 1960's, and People's Park of the Free Speech Movement 4 decades past. Their lives together, Anne and Diana is just hanging on, daily with their dogs and shopping carts full of crap. We must warn the reader there is a lot of sex in this portrayal; as well as rotten food, and stained plastic garbage sacks. Sex- with a capitol SEX! And no holds barred!-- Nor the least bit inhibited. Amazing what two dikes can do out in the streets under the cover of several shopping carts covered by tarpaulins! There is truth and humor. Like when some snotty middle class 'dykes' catch them in their facility in the women's restroom taking a

bath-- its hilarious. Mostly the book is high energy and greatly entertaining. A non stop read.

How did (AKA) Diana get there? "Her name at that time had been Clara. -- A Mother Given Name. Clara Van De Clerk. So it was bleak after her father committed suicide. Mrs. Van De Clerk and Clara sunk into poverty--of a specialized variety. Lived in a big house that was paid for by the fathers insurance, in an affluent neighborhood. Mother educated, but couldn't earn a decent living. So they starved; shared a can of tomato soup for dinner and dwelled by candlelight, having the electricity cut off repeatedly for non-payment of bills. It was an antisocial upbringing. Clara's mother was too hysterical to mix with co-workers; and took very negatively to being elbow to elbow with the stupidity of the common world."

This novel is a view inside the private/public lives of the principal players Diana & Anne and compatriots like African Queen Zimballa & her gay son. Is also a portrayal of the dezzines of the street and their collective essence: "And this of course was before the bulldozers lunged thru the lot & Park, vise-jaws uplifted-as the mouth of a giant sloppy eater dripping coats & backpacks out of its iron teeth--the peoples bedrolls and tents & carts and stuff scooped it up & vomited it out into garbage trucks that sped off to the city dumps, & cemented a chainlink fence around the property & kicked them out."

More descriptions from HOB0 SEX: "At first, a decade ago, when she'd been living on the streets alone, Diana's survival plan was to creep away in secrecy into a park and no tell anyone. "No one knows where I'm hiding." That was the old defense. But now Diana was too prosperous to hide-- 3 dogs, 2 shopping carts laden with rugs and sacks and sacks of clothes from the Free Box.--Possessions. Amid bags and bags of old mildewed clothes-- older acuirements; and the cans and bottles that her and Annie Pickup picked up on their way to nowhere, bony white hands reaching from ragged sleeves and padded jackets; carts bursting with junk as they walked stoically up the streets from the lot to the Park 20 blocks off."

There's class consciousness in this very special book. The wheel of fate turns in a unexpected way: "Rich (primarily)

that lived on their hill suddenly found themselves homeless. 5,000 people.... 2 billion dollars in lost homes; valued in the half million to multi-million dollar range. Luxury for it's own sake. Red Cross stations were set up and food giveaway programs for the Yuppie Homeless affected the programs for the poor. The Food Give Away held every month was delayed several days. When Annie & Diana finally lined up, after waiting 2 hours they discovered instead of the usual 5 pounds of cheese and canned goods there was only stale bread and butter. Which Diana threw down in disgust & her tiny companion quickly retrieved. "THEY'RE GIVING AWAY OUR CHEESE TO THE RICH YUPPIES WHO GOT BURNT OUT BY THE FIRE! YOU KNOW THOSE RICH PEOPLE AREN'T GOING TO EAT THIS CHEESE! IT'S HIGH IN CHOLESTEROL! AND THEY HAVE TO WATCH THEIR FIGURES!" Diana howled. "THEY'LL PROBABLY THROW IT AWAY!"

There's spirituality in this book and a lot of love: "Soon winter winds would come, wet on the ground, and wash it clean. The century would change to 2000 AD,--it was just around the corner. Nothing else much would be different, just this cycling, the poor always with us; women having to defend themselves, the mad, the Christian, the rich, the oppressors, the darkness that envelops us-- and us always looking towards the Light beyond, from somewhere--that never dies."

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

HOW'S MARS?
ISBN 09703237-1-9

The book opens with the scene of 3 hungover dikes who have hitched a ride from two nameless men just released from prison. Their car radio blasting: "TROPICAL, THE FOURTH! \$80. \$4.20, AND \$3.60. AT HIALEAH, THE DAILY DOUBLE...." Boomed down the dusty streets of Philadelphia, out of the four open windows of a two-bit black car; shaky-frame, as it skinned down the ancient

The first night in lock up something bad occurs. "Minutes ticked on into hours. 1am. Many fish still had not found sleep. Suddenly, a scream rent the fabric of night. A loud scream, it was not play. Folds of sleep drew back revealing a skeletal backbone of fear as many women rubbed their eyes, awaking. It was a hideous scream that went on and on, lungs filling with panic and exhaling shrieks—like someone being beaten or tortured. 'AAHHHHHHHHHHH HGGGGGGGAHHHHHHHHHHH!!' ~The scream was ice cutting. It penetrated into the psyche of the entire women's prison. "AGGGHAHHHGHAGHUIUA HHHHHHHHHHOGGHHH!" As the guards dragged Cookie down the waxed corridors to the basement."

Differences & rivalries between the prisoners becomes apparent: "They had only been in 10 days when some shit started. Jo Jo was in the laundry room with her dorm and 2 other dorms getting clean uniforms when she saw Desiree. They smiled and Jo began to talk. Suddenly a redhead butch, black, with an evil expression butted between them, shouldering her way; "I DON'T LIKE WHAT YO' SAYIN' TO HER! MOVE IT, GET LOST!" Later Jo Jo saw Desiree and Cadillac with their heads together laughing, & the short redhead cast a dark expression at Jo Jo across the room which made her wonder; was that a set-up from the beginning? Whose side is that Stripper on?"

Later another habituate of the block is bussed back in. "Coral was 22. Very fluffy and femme. Her hair was long and streaked blond. But she was a bold sister. ~Some of the white cons hated Coral. Wanda, the attractive forger sat with her group of 3 other long-term white cons. Evilly they looked upon Coral who was gabbing along with the blacks in a black accent. Wanda & her gang sat at the smaller table—for they'd been displaced from the best table (in the day room) by the ever-increasing numbers of blacks. For years the best table had been theirs. Wanda blew smoke down her chiseled nostrils."

We are introduced to their problems here in the women's lock up:
"The largest group of offenders were the prostitutes. There was Eleanor Jenkins, a black sister who had acquired this street name of Kitty Twat. Over years of

Lois gets in an altercation in Greenwich Village restaurant with a hooker friend—to whom Lois also owes money, in which this pretty would-be movie star receives her first slap of the evening. A portrait of street characters. Gay girls & their baby face butches: "Good. I left her. She wouldn't listen to reason. She's going berserk. OH! That Dederia! She's so Demented! Did ya see her in there! The cops'll get her!" Lois stood, a fashion model of these streets, in front of Pam Pam's. Night had fallen. Now, neon decked the streets multi-colored as a Christmas Tree. The neon winked on and off behind them.... "Why that syndicate punk is going to kill me if I don't get him his money. Ursula, I HAVE to have that money this Week! She can do without her lousy fix more then me without my face! That Wench slapped me! Already he's bothering me! He MADE me give him everything I had... He twisted my frigger' arm half off! That lousy four dollars! He was gonna kill me! Then, WACK! Just like that! WACK! She really slapped me! Oh it hurts! Fuck!"

The trio repairs to the next tavern, a gaygirl/sissyboy/hustling bar, in which Lois receives a slap from the barman's towel for trying to clip a male tricks wallet.

More fights follow in more locations: "And now we have Miss Ricki. A real lesbian. Ex-hustler, of the burglary variety. Face fixed with a bit of make up, wearing the very popular butch hairdo—stripped to the roots of color, and thus turned platinum blond, like Joanne's. As Ricki sauntered along the bar talking to the kids, a drink sloshing in hand, nodding and greeting folks, out of the corner of her eye she caught something familiar. Ricki turns—there, before her eyes, Lois stands—pressing Donna into the wall with a straight arm. Surrounded by a crowd of hostile people. "GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY GIRL!" Ricki howled, leaping across the room, upsetting tables. She snatched Lois by her blouse and covered her face with slaps, screaming, "FUCKER! MOTHERFUCKER!" Lois snatched herself away... Ricki went at her again. "FIGHT! FIGHT!" Cried the women, cheering, howling and laughing. Another girl grabbed Ricki from behind. The two fell, squirming on the floor her skirt up, holding the other down, arms and legs wrapped around her like a crab."

Friday night is filled with wild antics, altercations, in which the poor starlet is slapped dozens of times, but she is fearful of a far worse fate at the hands of the syndicate stooge. Until finally as the night is endings, the still unsuccessful to find money, they escape by Greyhound bus to Philly intending to continue the non-stop party at a gay bar there, newly opened--when night falls Saturday. They find themselves disembarked in the stony caverns of downtown Philly, hail their 'cab' and the story continues to its exciting climax! As all of Arobateau's work, the reader will never fail to be entertained by this underground street drama worthy of it's place in gay history.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS 2005.

JAILHOUSE STUD
ISBN 0-9703237-6-X

The blurb on the back cover of JAILHOUSE STUD reads: "Prison is a huge factory. A fortress made of gray stone. Bars from bottom to top. Guards in the towers, with rifles. Screens on every window. Windows spaced out evenly, in rows. Behind each is the prayer of a woman: "I want to win! I want to be free!"

In the opening scene JoAnne Woods stands before the judge in a courtroom in Los Angeles, California. She is "in drag": "Jo Jo looked different then anybody would have ever remembered seeing her--had there been any friends or relatives in the spectator section. Big; a stocky build, black skin, the 22 year old was wearing a skirt, blouse and sweater; ill-fitting. -- Jo Jo's thick nose was dabbed with a tiny trace of powder-- to keep the sweat from turning her black skin shiny like a Seal. And, she'd taken her nose ring out. Eyes painted in a hint of lady make up. The Public Defender was at her side. "JOANNE WOODS, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF SHOPLIFTING, HOW DO YOU PLEAD?"

Soon we see Jo Jo disembarking a jail bus into women's prison. Now clothed in a blue uniform dress with other inmates handcuffed in double rows. We are introduced to Guard Knorr. "The matron led them down a cold drafty hall.-- She was strutting in her gray uniform. Her mouth twitched at the corners, almost breaking out in a selfish grin of power.-- Females. A sea of them. Sitting on their bunks, or, in larger dorms, at tables-- metal slabs bolted to the cement floor. Young fast talking slicks; arthritic old horrors in their 70's. All dressed in the same blue uniforms. Sometimes the noise was deafening. There was no privacy. Yet, oddly, it was a lonely lonely place."

We begin to meet the other prisoners: "Rosie Sanchez was in for Murder 1. Cookie. A white woman from the near-poverty class. She had a medical condition--Diabetes--at the border-line state. Judith was in jail for demonstrating against the Vietnamese war. This Jewish woman was in for political reasons. 70 days. Desiree was a stripper, in for indecent exposure. 60 days. Tall, brown and attractive. Desiree had a regal baring and many lesbians secretly eyed her; both prisoners and guards." The plot begins to stir with new found friendships building behind prison walls.

"Jo Jo's hands were empty. She was poor and couldn't even afford a cigarette. Down the brick wall she heard the melodious voices of two fish talking. The stripper was saying; "I got my money already. \$1,000. It was to advertise for the porn studio." She wiggled her curvaceous body demonstrative. "\$1,000. I took my clothes off in the middle of Venice Blvd.-- They had a float in the parade. That was at 12 noon. At 2pm they bailed me out, and by 3 I was out shopping."

Interjection of some of the more detestable prison guards begins to add fuel to the plot: "Footsteps clicked primly down the hall, the shadow of the female guard Knorr. She liked it on the block with the girls. They obeyed her or went to solitary. Knorr was a nervous and high strung woman. Tiered easily of being cooped up in the guards cubical. She too was trapped behind prison bars-- 8 hours a day. --She walked the halls like a cat pacing on a hot tin roof, looking for trouble."

elflike. Mickey is startled, turns to see her as though she was a ghost. Lucy's head snaps around immediately; all smiles & reaches out to touch Phyllis as she does with people she loves. Phyllis endures this touch with gritted teeth; stands there like a shirt on a hanger; spooky, silent. Drugs have taken over her body & possessed her. She hovers, in the way heroin junkies do; it's their chemistry--dope re-creates their vibes, restructures them with its own metabolism, like a chemist. "Come by the apartment sometime; you're invited." A cold smile spreads on her face. An underseas junkie. --Phyllis hovered, feet in plastic boots almost unconnected to the cigarette butt-littered wino floor of rough boards. "We just need some money. We can cop again." Phyllis says sweetly. "I have a foil package." She smiles. "You know what's in it Lucy. Would you like a cut? Huh? Just a little cut, with me--for free? Shall we go in the bathroom? Is it safe here?"

Cops crisscross the scene-- likewise violent queer-hating punks.-- This is from a day before the words 'queer' & 'freak' had been claimed back by gay people & used as a badge of courage & solidarity. Back In The Day when these shouted epithets were an overture to beating, rape or murder. Those times-- often glorified now --when gays and anyone not fitting the gender norm were criminalized outcasts. Read about the real thing from Master Author Red Jordan, who, himself was on the scene!

"And time passed. Life was a hard motherfucker riding them down. Low-class dykes-- some go straight. Others are dead. Others are brave, live gay life in the open. So at the 169 Club they would meet again. It was the weekend, after a long unendurable panic of daily days. Braved the dangers of the streets of night to get there. Hustled a beer from a dyke as poor as them."

Near the end of the starving times in Chicago, 8 months into stormy hair-pulling love affair, Mickey finally realizes she needs to find work. This book is raw & real: "(Mickey) Huddles in the brick entranceway. Toes going numb. Wants to put her fist into something.-- Wishes desperately she had a dick like the johns & could take Lucy to undreamed-of heights in bed & out to dinner in nice restaurants; instead of being short in stature &

selling her sex in the streets she gradually came to BE Kitty Twat. After ten years of whoring and arrest, and re arrest, now she had a new title-- number #3017464.-- The second largest group are the drug traffickers: "It was the most cutthroat of the girls who were involved in the narcotics trade within the hollow cells behind the stone walls of La Habre. -- When Kitty Twat's 6 months sentence was over two men encased in metal-- a \$20,000 Bonneville Cadillac car-- would glide up like death to the front gate of the prison; hat brims over their eyes, stern faces, nodding in time to music's cool sound of black jazz. Her limousine dope dealers would glide away with her as undersea fish gliding thru the night, predators with luminous eyes hunting for prey. And carry Kitty back to Los Angeles, drop her off at a curb on Hollywood Boulevard to continue her prostitution & minor drug sales."

The story begins to mix it up. The drama continues with a horrifying discovery: "That night on the way to the kitchen, a woman Jo Jo hadn't seen in jail before filed into line with a slow swagger; blue dress stretched over her immense bulk. Other prisoners clustered around her-- retaining the double file, and obeying the SILENCE! rule, but nodding with their heads, & gesturing with their hands in a show of support.-- When Jo Jo's eyes beheld the monster a chill ran down her spine.--She recognized the huge brown woman from the LA clubs where she had a reputation of being a mad dog who would fight anybody for anything.-- In battle her modus operandi was to leap on the enemy without warning, without a yell or squint of an eye, crush them flat on the floor & lay with her full weight on top of them, a razor in one hand, knife in the other pointed at their heads--and a gun to back it up; totally subduing her victim. Bulldozer was a bad bulldagger."

What follows are scenes of women behind bars in which the heat continues to build. "Judith talked to whom she felt like-- yet she too avoided the ratpack of Bulldozer, and Wanda's white cons." Racial tensions simmer. Sexual pairings between some of the women begin, and subsequently jealousies are brought to a boil.

Finally: "Jo Jo had 30 more days left to serve." But she hears some of the lies being told about her behind her back. The tension builds... as Jo Jo's sentence shortens, with freedom in sight. "She could hear metal doors clanging in her dreams. She'd heard them enough." During this time Jo has self reflection. A growing determination to make a better try when released back to society. "Slowly they'd been processed thru the prison machinery. It digested them and was preparing to spit them back out into the free world! Sister Black Woman had played the game right and was going to get out! Less then 2 weeks." Meanwhile, rumors move thru the grapevine. Jealousies & frustrations begin to rage.

The reader's attention will be held captive until they get to the unforgettable--and unexpected ending of this classic Women's Prison Dike Novel!

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS 2005

LUCY & MICKEY
ISBN: 0970516142

The opening scene to LUCY & MICKEY, Red Jordan Arobateau's classic Old World Dike Novel is at a freak show, where young butch Mickey meets her problematic lady-- half breed, high fem, occasional prostitute; alcoholic Lucy. Mickey, just turned 18, is fresh out of juvenile detention in New York City, and has skipped town for Chicago, Illinois. She's starving, can't find legitimate work because of her dangerous transgendered presentation; and soon she's at this trick freak show--doing it for money with a redhead woman, several years older. This story's set in the late 1950's on Chicago's near north side; Rush street nightlife zone and alternately, skid row.

So many memories are contained in this book that if you're over 60, you will remember. The police

harassment. Queer bar raids & crazy street scenes. -- Prior to the liberated air of today.

"In the bar life, Mickey & Lucy were Lord & Lady. Back in their own environment amid this gay wild crowd, wrapped in music they couldn't slow-dance to; buying drinks for herself & the redhead from their welfare money, and feeling healing waves--internal vibes pass thru them from being with their own people again. It was a gay girl/gay boy summer. Shorts. Tans. Gym shoes.-- Gee! You two look so PERFECT! Where did you meet? Down here?" A blond guy asks. Mickey gulps-- it's hard to think-- but answers quickly; "We met in New York. We knew each other there first." Smoke from cigarettes, chitchat, revolves under the stars of a Van Gogh print. So that's how the lie of Mickey & Lucy meeting started & circulated around the ever-changing gay bars for months, when in reality Lucy had seldom been on the gay Village scene, but had hung out in Washington Square Park with the park bums, and, in the protection of their company frequented the Lower East Side cheap-shot brewery & winery halls on the fringes of the Bowery, deeply enmeshed in the liquid fingers of alcohol--drink. And was down and out and knew no gay kids at all. "Is she any good in bed?" "She wants it bad--from me. & me alone." Mickey says coolly, examining her short fingernails. Then hitches up her pants, thumbs in the belt, and adds, flatly, like she don't care one way or the other; "I see the begging look in her eyes, and I give it to her." And combs fingers thru her dark hair. This virile, gallant butch stud, Mickey Leonardi.

Yes, LUCY & MICKEY is loaded with sex! This is an Old World Dyke novel with all inhibitions stripped away by modern times. So you can read what those dykes were actually doing back then-- it's not just polite guessing games like much of that passed literary genre-- & between us honey, some old gals here at RED JORDAN PRESS remember they were doing Plenty Of It!

Love affairs, love triangles, clashing personalities, survival strategies of these very poorest of American society --well described by Arobateau. Drugs make their nasty intrusion: "Phyllis came gliding into the tavern wearing a short skirt, & white plastic vinyl boots with toes curled up

she go to the truck with me?-- And stay here and keep buying her drinks so she can get drunk for free; and at the end of the evening I go home alone. Or I can just leave now.' So she rose up in the shoulders, hitched up her jeans, got her buckskin jacket off the barstool & swept change back for the bartender to keep & saw the woman staring at her. "I'm not such a bad guy." Whitey was saying. "Come on spend some time with me. We can drive up to the ocean." And Nicki laughed, swirled her drink, swayed on the barstool, legs spread, tossing her blond hair in time to the music." The two begin the long drive North. Typical of an Arobateau novel, the scenery descriptions are in depth, drawing a picture of the ocean, the wild Pacific coast line: "Wind, ever constant blew down the beach. Wind never lets up, and the sound of it made a low howl."

What follows, including some SM scenes all too real will leave the reader electrified: "And the woman was trying to loose control. She tugged the rope, pumped her hips, and the pain inside her physical body grew. 'I've been hurt so many times before. Over and over.' "Take your knife, lift it up in your hand." And Whitey did, fingers now in a different kind of fist clutching the hard metal handle wound with plastic strips..." Another potboiler based on the human psychological drama, character study, --& lust! By Master Artist Red Jordan Arobateau.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

LEADER OF THE PACK
ISBN: 0-9705161-1-8

"I was on my way somewhere. Wild horses couldn't stop me." So begins LEADER OF THE PACK, #2 book in the series THE OUTLAW CHRONICLES by Master Artist Red Jordan Arobateau. Sometimes surrealistic, a tantalizing drama opens with a snapshot of a hero from the series, handsome Angel: "A young husband, blond Angel took care of their babies. Changed diapers. And at night they snuggled close and they (XXX rated). As a

skinny." Naturally, as all of the Arobateau oeuvre, it contains humor.

Some final words the original intent of the author was to use the original cultural spelling of the word 'dike'--not 'dyke'-- as other of his unspellchecked manuscripts, but as this is one of Red's New York Published novels (Richard Kakak's MASQUERADE BOOKS) it probably got turned into the bourgeoisie 'dyke' by an unknowing typist.

You won't be able to stop reading, up to the final words in this Masterpiece-- but to reassure, besides being a fully contained novel which stands on its own, it is the first book of the LUCY & MICKEY TRILOGY --so you can read more about these characters in Part 2, the fem's story, FOR WANT OF THE HORSE THE RIDER WAS LOST, and the denouement, Part 3, COME WITH ME LUCY.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

LAY LADY LAY
ISBN: 0-970323794

This highly erotic novella by one of the worlds cutting-edge Artist-Writers of Homoerotic Lez/BI/Trans fiction begins with a clue as to it's content: "San Francisco's got a monster menu. Just a faste whets the imagination. Some who pass thru or hear about it, must go there for a deep drink. We've got the freakish nature of people, plus scum & sleaze here to provide props to make The Scene. And a sophistication to tolerate different lifestyles." LAY LADY LAY has two main characters, The Woman, Nicki, and butch dike Whitey; plus some peripheral people with whom the main players interact-- which adds to their character development-- and the Spice! This story begins when The Woman walks into a lesbian bar: "She had come from a small town near the Oregon border. 32 years old. Blond, full figure; about 5'3", very feminine.-- She had heard about this lesbian bar from another woman downtown where she'd been staying; surviving in & out of a few sleazy hotels when she had the price, and going home

with people she met in hustling bars when she didn't." The descriptions of Nicki are extensive: "(She) wore bluejeans tight and designer stitched to fit her sleek curves, a lady jacket with a decorative pin, blouse, ladies' cowboy boots; fluff blond hair to her shoulders with curl; and a hint of makeup. Image she projected was, 'a walk on the wild side.' To whom domestic life was too tame—or too hazardous to her sanity."

Soon a challenge is given, the gauntlet dropped to dykes of the world who would dare rise to the occasion: "In her eye and mind; and within her body, it was a lesbian she wanted. To give a woman first crack at her. If it didn't work out, if the dyke couldn't perform, then she'd take her need elsewhere to be filled. Back downtown where she'd been & make some money too. And'was real serious about it. A woman who moved in and out of the fringes of the gay world."

We find out about the big dyke: "Wind moved the white-blond hair of the big woman in a buckskin jacket, as she strode to the entrance of the bar. Thru the open door, scent of Patchouli oil, that of the style of the Hippies & their love beads. Click of her boots went from cement to tile. Dank interior. Heads turn to greet her; dykes holler; "HI WHITEY!" Whitey felt like her whole body, her whole soul was in heat. Felt the toes of her pale body up to the top of her wild blond hair, 180 pounds of her was in animal lust." Our hero is also well portrayed, both visually & inside her mind: "She'd given up the inner city & moved out the poor whites' way-- into shacks way, way out, or into vehicles. Nomads on the land. Whitey had given up on cities. So, in a few days last spring, just before another monstrous summer full of noise and crime & grime, she'd cut all ties; and a sense of freedom had begun for Whitey. Sold all of her furniture and gave the rest away. Cut all ties of personal property. All that was left was-- a large bank account in the thousands. The truck. A few belongings in boxes. Her union card which had expired 8 months past; & some jobs. -- Living in the truck was cheap."

We find out many facts about Whitey, such as her experiences in the massage parlor--as a regular customer. And: "(She) had been to a whore house once. A proper

one." As well as raw sex, there is a lot of SM in this book, which makes it popular among leather players.

This book is in heat! The description of lesbian & women's desire will melt your pants right off! There's also plenty of psychological examination: "Her soul was in pain. She'd let music and alcohol fill her for a while. Was broke, but with her looks it was certain someone would buy the rest of her drinks. This was simply a way of life. --Someone would take care of her for a little while-- 'till she couldn't stand it any more." And: "Faces at a bar. They carry their private pain around inside them & their private hell". When our big butch dyke sits at the bar in her buckskin jacket with the fringe-- all up and down her heads turn and Whitey sees ex lovers on parade. Through their hushed conversations we learn more information-- as gossip about her begins to fly: "Oh she looks like a rough character. Wouldn't want to be alone with her in a dark alley." "Whitey's not that bad. It was a bum rap if you ask me. She's pretty mild mannered." "Well that's not what I hear." "She lives alone up in the country in her truck." "Oh Bad News! She snatches women off in a truck!" "I hear she likes straight women. Overtime you see her she has a real straight looking woman." "Probably because all the women here know about her. With her reputation. She can't get a real lesbian, so she has to turn to straight women who don't know her."-- Are these rumors fact or fiction?

Amid the clatter of a bar full of glamorous women, Whitey has flashbacks of past exploits with buddies. And the reader takes a surrealistic view thru the long mirrored wall behind the bar full of liquor bottles, at long haired women laughing, talking & drinking: "And the mirror said; "I am your mirror. I am a reflection of things that have been."

Of course the two connect: "Night passed. Their conversation circled like cats testing the territory. Whitey couldn't tell if she was getting anywhere with the woman; for she wasn't showing anything about what was inside. About what she might like in her life. And soon, the lure of the ocean called. The country. And to bid adieu to city lights. Whitey turned it over in her mind: 'I can stay here and play cat and mouse, wait to see what she'll do-- will

ISBN: 0-934172-40-4

Inside is a wellspring of magic from where the Red Jordan Arobateau novels get their 'soul',—the poetry! See for yourself! LAUGHTER OF THE WITCH is a sampler of the extensive poetry of Red Jordan. He struggled with poverty and illness through his teens and twenties and in this period of 20 years (1957-1978) wrote approximately 500 poems both short and epic length. This Sampler contains 11 short to medium length works, plus numerous excerpts from 2 epic poems COME TO THE BLACK MARKET, & DEATH FAMILIAR. Now, take a moment and allow yourself to be introduced to the magic!

From LAUGHTER OF THE WITCH

"Follow the jack-o-lantern lights!
Just like tonight,
while you were out drinking in the
tavern,
you accidentally put your foot across,
into the main street of the universe.
See how that foreign feeling
is in
the lights!
See now, in the distant chaotic scenery
of horizon;
your witch still lies!
She tosses
she turns
she tosses
inside her crazy
quilts.
Hearing all your evidence.
As you strut above
the sewers,
she's struggling below the sewers of your dreams.
In the horizon
vainly is the witch
trying to reconnect
with her energy.
Flying
and

teen, she had been more or less disgusted with life, with the world. Grown up in a square industrial city whose gay life was subterranean—it would not be until age 26 she'd have her first joy, with Pam. (Who she later looses in a tragic spill.) She had lived too long a lone butch roaming a straight landscape of honky tonk bars, Mafia joints catering to freaks, whose star was a female impersonator on stage, while B-girls worked the audience. Real women, warm, naked shoulders, big breasts bouncing under satin; round hips in tight dresses, jangling jewelry." This, as the entire OUTLAW CHRONICLE series has plenty of sex. And a lot of chopper scenes: "The wind in her hair, knees wide, seated on her motorcycle, power throbbing between her legs; air gushing all over them in a bath. Ahead, silver rails and a cement highway plunge into the unknown." The action begins early: "FUCKING LEZZIE QUEER! FUCKING TRANSVESTITE BITCHES!" Feels a shove; Crystal screams. Angel turns around swinging her fist. A man backs up & she misses, he stands, tall, bigger build, outweighing her by 100 pounds. An evil expression on his face. Angel jerks a knife out of its sheath at her side, and swings it back and forth in front of them. He backs off.—"And Angel knows she's got a gun to back up the knife.—"I should have shot him right there." The big blond exclaims. Soon Angel and her woman receive a visit from an Important Personage; the LEADER OF THE PACK and his/her wife. It's George & Georgenia, the four go out to dinner and 'Georgie' spins tall tales about OUTLAW victories in gang battles of the past against homophobic men, and their rival gang those rotten dikes, The ARYAN AVENGERS. In this novel we take a close up look at OUTLAWS leader: "Daddy George had coal black eyes and coal black hair. A very large he-she; tall and wide also. Georgenia was a large white woman,— and fat. Near 6'2" herself, and tipped the scales at 400 pounds. Had lots of jewelry, earrings; was a total fem." This book is about Daddy George/Georgenia's personal lives, The Club, and it's happenings. Soon comes the first glimpse of Oils the dike bikers hangout, where more sex ensues: "When they entered the Clubhouse it was dark night. Inside, the walls were painted black, which gave a dungeon like effect. Women, most of them bikers, many simple personalities; and vanilla. Others of a more complex strain. In back many gathered, watching a show."

Descriptions of the immense bulldike and her wife: Queen Georgenia, their 15 room mansion: "The Mansion had a dungeon full of playtoys for SM (George had established this when she saw it was a way to empower dikes & herself) a sewing room with lacy curtains, a weight lifting room. Georgenia had control of the Master Bedroom where they slept. Her things were everywhere. Her sewing room was to one side, and also a huge walk-in closet--which was formerly a 2nd bedroom, --resplendent with 450 pairs of shoes-- to rival Imelda Marcos Queen of the Philippines. Ribbons and bows; and rows, rows, rows, of spike heels, thigh-high boots, sandals and shoes with pointed toes." Descriptions of The Queen: "Georgenia was a huge woman equal to the size of George, plus very fat, outweighing her by 50 to 100 pounds depending on the state of her dieting which was perpetually in flux." There's plenty in this book. This novel is purportedly about George, the Leader, but it's also a narrative of the other gang members. Learn more about your favorite characters; all familiar to the reader from SATAN'S BEST #1 and THE BLACK BIKER #3 issued in 1997 by MASQUERADE, Inc. Hooker Debbie, the bulldike who pimps her-- Rip, former Roller Derby Queen. Stryker-- whose great idea it was for a Bikers Poetry Slam in TRANNY BIKER #8 now with a controversial idea for a most politically incorrect SM scene for Daddy George's X rated Xmas party. Native American Indian Commancho and her showgirl wife Frosty, and many other biker couples the reader already knows.

Arbateau takes on racial issues: "Daddy George took Sandra's orange Afro'd head gingerly between her huge hands, pressed it against her broad chest, and blood that was on the woman face smeared the leather.-- But Sandra wouldn't be pacified. She was going to go home.-- White bikers in the club might not have realized it, but the (race) riots had been right where she lived; and it was grating fiercely on her too.--And she was the same color the rioters were.-- She got up to walk out alone, with shaky steps of her stiletto spike boots."

They go on runs: "Their hair was full of oil from the bikes, and dirt from the road. It was a small run, not like the Memorial Day in summer, and half of the membership,-- 50 or so showed. -- They'd do Harley Drag Races. It was

awesome to see a dike biker go from zero to 80 MPH hour in 2.5 seconds. Had a Tire Drag contest, on which a biker is dragged on a tire behind a cycle;--she eats a lot of dirt. A Slow Driving contest. A Weenie Bite." At their rest stop they horrify the Fairbrook Suburban Mall: "Like Huns come down from the North, sweeping over what remains of civilization, they had come-- overturning garbage receptacles, pissing in the bushes, and making public displays of their lesbian sexuality.-- Kissing and pulling up their tops and wiggling their tits at the straight women."

RED JORDAN PRESS has republished all editions by MASQUERADE, which went out of print. Next comes OUTLAWS! #4. LEADER OF THE PACK illustrates quite a great variety of kinky & unusual sexual practices including some great Diaper Baby (Adult) scenes. But also many glimpses of their domestic life: "Georgenia rocked the behemoth peacefully asleep under the sheets. She was an immense woman, muscles; had done hard labor carrying steel in the yards of long-ago factories. Georgenia's arched eyebrows were plucked, almost invisible without cosmetic pencil; her lipstick was wiped off."

There are touching scenes of Queen G. & her boy-girl pal Selby: "Selby's lean male body was draped over the bar. He wore female undies, pink, under his perfumed suit and lacy shirt. He was a polite sissy of a gentlemanly era. Angular, a male, but an indefensible quality that was so feminine that it transcended his sex. The dignity of a lady was how he carried himself. "I've lived a hard life & I must confess, I've been a mean woman." He was saying to his old friend Georgenia."

Humorous & serious. Full of great dike biker action. Alive with dialogue interactions. A fast moving read. You will just love this wonderful novel, kinky sex scenes & all.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS 2005.

LAUGHTER OF THE WITCH

3rd is the novella length TRANSMAN RED'S JOURNEY which seems to be autobiographical..... although the author repeatedly insists that it isn't and that he often uses the name 'Red' in works which are part or all fantasy, and ain't him; IE: LADIES' AUXILIARY OF THE LEFT/CHAMPAGNE, FIRECRACKERS, GUNSHOTS, & THE SMOKE FROM THE DEATH FACTORY, AUTUMN CHANGES Parts 1-5.... Yet he states in his Introduction: "The trans story TRANSMAN RED'S JOURNEY encompasses all the heartwrenching feelings I need to portray due to our present living circumstances.-- Grief about our impending homelessness; about poverty (which has dogged my footsteps over the 40 year span of my adult life).-- This intertwined by race, class, more poverty, sex, and the current trans issues in my life-- which is blazing new frontiers!" Enough said! TRANSMAN RED'S JOURNEY is an education from a transitioning male in the underclass who views the world through untraditional eyes.

The last piece in the book titled FTM--A Short Piece; is just that, a quick presentation of miscellaneous facts, medical info, trans terminology, queer history: "Us young dudes call ourselves T's. But a lot of older, bearded, gnarly, heavy muscled guys who've been in transition for years have no doubt that they are men. Men totally and fully."

RED JORDAN PRESS plans at some future date to publish TRANSMAN RED'S JOURNEY as a separately bound novel, and combine the two collections (STREET OF DREAMS, & what remains of DOING IT FOR THE MISTRESS) into one, then this book will go out of print! So get it now-- it's an adventure!

Portions of this book have appeared in ON OUR BACKS magazine, and ON OUR BACKS BEST EROTIC FICTION edited by Diana Gage.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

flying.

Her voice
that you heard
before ending

That you feared
in your mother's

In deja vu
before concrete,
where

soundlessly

innocence!

scream.

your patterned feet

hammered it."

From A QUESTION OF SURVIVAL

"Tonight came
to the narrow hour of the wolf.
A pacing cat *
comes to sit on your stairwell.
Those hustlers using assumed names
knock on your doors made of subterfuge.
Boogies laugh, they know, for they can sniff
yellow in your underpants.
Moses, he points to you.
Transfuses his blood across the sky
into your menstrual smear.
Daddy screamed
"BABY! BABY GIRL!"
As his corpse went to the soil
You wail
for you hear the barroom call.
Night's curtain draws disclosing,
unveils the blue chimney staved sky.
There are pavements, sister. Walk."

From THE AGE OF OM

"Equation is
oceans at keyholes.
Enormous morning funnels

into pink seashells.

Walking across the park
don't you hear some heads discussing it?

Observe
how the earth desires.

Listen--you can hear
what the fossils confide,
(with bi-lingual chants)
about the Eurasian procession.
About the doctor of death.

As Sigmund Freud says
"Now you will find it here."
information;
about the age of OM."

Contained in this little sampler are intriguing fragments drawn from that amazing body of work-- the great poetic engine THE AGE OF OM, and, THE IRON WOMAN: THE COLLECTED POETRY OF RED JORDAN AROBATEAU Volumes 1 and 2. It also contains a brief 2 page autobiography by the author.

Poetry Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

DOING IT FOR THE MISTRESS (Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transsexual F*ck Stories Vol. 3.)
ISBN: 0970516177

Companion book to STREET OF DREAMS, this thick volume contains 3 stories, a novella, & an introduction entitled PLAYGROUND FOR PERVERTS, in which the author, Master Artist Red Jordan makes this politically radical statement: "I would like to express my desires-- that we need more erotic sharing between female and male. (FTM/MTF, lesbian, gay.) In all our various,

colorful potential combinations of gender, sex, persona, inner girl/inner boy, etc. And that there is something queer men and former males can do to undo some of the hurt and abuse done to women's bodies by hetro males. To help heal the abuse. We need some sexual healing-- as the pop song goes. And further, to suggest that the sharing of love be between us all, and not confined exclusively to some bi polar mindset of gay only, or lesbian only. And report what I have witnessed, about the coming together of the erotic forces of female & male in the altered bodies of transgendered people."

The first story, title piece, DOING IT FOR THE MISTRESS, is a powerful work containing a lot of truth. Well worth the price of the collection in itself! A pre-trans construct about a hard butch dike, Tommy, who lusts after a voluptuous lesbian porn star/stripper-- who is under the control of her cruel and powerful lesbian butch dike mistress: "Dominique didn't participate that night. She was tired of her sport. Her big guns trained to other prey." And: "Later that week Tommy went back to the same peep show arcade, feverishly fed five dollar bills into the money slot of the video machine and the screen lit up. He unzipped his pants held his ***** This tale-- like the whole book is Hot! Hot! HOT! Dark emotions also stir: "Fate plays a strong hand sometimes. A bitter hand. It's an exceedingly hard life being a hard butch born on the transgendered cusp of the gender line." The reader will discover the unexpected ending for themselves.

DADDY the second piece is FTM (Female To Male Transsexual)/butch love. Plenty man/'boy' sex-- flavored with SM: "ONE! THANK YOU DADDY! TWO! THANK YOU DADDY!" Boy's body quivers with the impact; small, slender; white flesh goosepimpled. A red circle appears on the right cheek. "Am I beating you hard enough Boy?" "A little harder please Sir, or I'll think you don't care." And: "Daddy's voice is changing. Lowering week by week.-- But he still sneezes in a high pitch--like a girls voice. "I sneezed at work the other day and almost outed myself." He confides, chagrined." The Arobateau Humor Machine is alive and well despite going to depths of the darkside; raunch, and hardcore erotica in this collection.

This collection of lez-bi-trans fiction is one of Red Jordan's all time Best Sellers. Used in classes at UC Berkeley, it's the original, unpellechecked document fresh from the pen of a New Man. Author Red reveals the angst & action of early transition's first months on Testosterone. Beginning with his introduction & notes: "The characters (in STREET OF DREAMS) like myself, are struggling with their sexuality; struggling with their economics; struggling with their lives." And: "As of the last 5 months I've been traveling thru the transgendered pipeline as an FTM transsexual." This volume, part of a 2 volume set, contains 6 transsexual tales, and some additional works, the never-before published A LITTLE BIT OF THIS, A LITTLE BIT OF THAT, plus AT MR. LEE'S, and, Red's world-famous essay-story on race, NOBODY'S PEOPLE.

The first tale, FUCKING BOY PUSSY deals with the arrangement of an FTM (female-to-male) transsexual and a gay boy: "There's enough maleness in her/him to attract the femaleness in him. 'He will probably never be a tranny...' S/he thinks. They sat on the sofa in the moonlight... It had been a long time since s/he'd had sex, and he looked so erotic.... "Come here." S/he said. His face turned from a profile; he looked at Star. "Come here. I want to play with your hair." I had to see if he'd obey orders, that's basic.... He smiled a funny smile and slid the remaining distance over the sofa." We must remind the reader, these certainly are not conventional stories—even for a tranny.

The title piece STREET OF DREAMS is next. Certainly anything but conventional—including the protagonist's, a homeless FTM's religious views. As the majority of these stories, it involves both 'the girls' and 'the men': "A tell-tale-tall drag queen/pre-op MTF Transsexual fleets thru the street of dreams.— She, like a butterfly is too beautiful to hesitate here, but must flit about from her room to comparative safety in the Laundromat—in a big hurry on long daintily shaved legs." And: "Long ago the white horse withdrew it's golden tides leaving the nightmarish black web of reality plus its glistening neon cop paranoia watching me in each fang-tooth fiend face. But I made my way here. I came to see God like a lover. Eagerly. I am going to see God like She is my mistress. Going to see God like a virgin for his very first time. Going to see God like

THE RICH/THE POOR IN SPIRIT ISBN: 1-4116-1917-X

This novel is great fun & Master Author Red Jordan must have had fun writing it—a unique and varied cast of characters, true to life, compelling. THE RICH/THE POOR IN SPIRIT has a weary, lowpaid fry cook, — attractive femme dike of mixed race heritage— Shelly, for it's hero. It also stars a rich heiress, a black prostitute, a wild-hair revolutionary radical. And many other fascinating people beside these. It is set in a 1970's fast food joint; downtown San Francisco.

Shelly is a cartoonist in her spare time: "The next morning, after a sweaty, difficult night which left the sheets twisted, her own ghosts had departed. Shelly sat up in her room in the sun, surrounded by illustrations in watercolor. Gay pink, blue, green. Lady Trash was there. The Dog who talked. Betty Boo. Also she had flowers she'd drawn. These are inexpensive pets."

The plot begins to unwind fast as one by one the players make their entrances: "(A customer) had made some off color remark to Shelly: 'DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT BASTARD, I'LL HAVE THE POLICE THROW YOU OUT! PERIOD! YOU KNOW BETTER THEN TO MESS WITH ME, AND I AIN'T SERVIN' YOU NO FOOD, SO GET OUT OF MY LINE!'" "NAW WOMAN, DIS' A RESTAURANT AND I WANT A GODDAMN CUP OF COFFEE!" "NOT HERE! NOT IN THIS LINE!" Shelly leaned across the table, her teeth gritted, her hand groping for a hot bucket of deep fish fries to fling at him—in case he might try to jump over the counter and attack!"

Next we meet a young, wild hair woman suspiciously splattered with red paint: "Lisa was a Communist. Her family was well off. Parents & sisters & brothers were all professionals & small business owners with annual incomes into the \$40,000 and \$50,000 bracket. Lisa had a degree at Stanford University & had held a good pay government job, but, at the age of 27 had renounced this to 'go down among the people'. Lisa's last name was X. A big red X."

The characters develop and take on lives of their own. Reva Fentress: Suddenly Reva's finances fall through the bottom: "Reva's days were frantic. Juggling her expenses—the little money she hustled had to balance out between which bill it was most important to pay. A partial payment there.. a song.. a dance.. another excuse.. but the time for excuses runs out fast. When dating the heiress, (Reva) had to resort to picking up the tips off of tables of the expensive restaurant where they'd just dined. Furtively her fingers darting among the Dresden china, and the now-stained hand embroidered Norwegian lace : napkins to pick up that \$10 bill."

There's racism & reverse racism: "(Allison Cashmore's) Smoky gray eyes stared warily for a moment at this servant who brought her breakfast... The rather gross, dumpy black maid of middleage. Then Allison shoved her plates of eggs away in disdain, stifling a mental shudder; "I wonder if she can tell I'm sleeping with a black lover... they say these blacks have a heightened sense of intuition..... " The idea that Bertha, lugubriously going about her kitchen cleaning might have picked up the truth of their sordid affair by some kind of Unknown Powers--African Powers--disturbed the Heiress greatly --on one hand, yet.. on the other, gave her an even more sublime pleasure... Erotically charged. A kinky twist! Here she was in the presence of her black servant, while only days ago she'd had one of her kinswomen in bed, underneath her, moaning to the rhythms of their bodies in a tryst of lovemaking!"

See the politics! "As she sped down the freeway, white exhaust from the tailpipe of her sports car was an indicator of gross pollution of indigenous lands of native peoples where oil is pumped up from under their earth--adding carcinogens, lead, nickel, to surface water used for drinking and bathing. Turning their rivers and wildlife habitats into oozing slime pips of spilled oil.-- Early death to third world people. A poisoned fourth estate land, colonized by American tentacles, reaching, grabbing more, more more.. Allison drove fast, as a bat out of hell--like she was trying to escape the immutable evidence of exploitation which followed. In a trail of inexorable evidence from which she could not separate herself."

Shelly's love affair grows rocky. "Shelly gazed at her lover across the yellow table top. She had chosen, but not wisely or well. Lisa was not giving her the love she needed. Shelly needed radical love, not radical politics."

Even as this magnificent, historic tale thunders down to lit's completion, poor Reva, only now begins to suspect the extent of Allison's wealth: "Reva stalked thru the rooms. 'MISS ALLI-SON! That rich bitch's something else! She is! Miss Allison is hellfire! She'll take a bullet almost fo' me-- risk goin' to the women's penitentiary!---And she rich! RICHER THEN RICH! Boat... Sailing ships? 2 Mil? Who dis bitch anyhow What kind of Operator is she?"

This novel is complete with the standard Arobateau Political Diatribes & Religious Dogma. (Which ain't half bad!) "Part of the capitalist ethic is competition. And scarcity. The idea that only a very few of us can have joy in this world because there is precious little of it-- so we better fight like dogs over it, tooth & nail. This is a lie. Capitalism is based on a lie. There is enough love to go around. There is enough energy among us to help each other if we would communicate and be honest about our feelings & fears. There could be enough material goods to supply us all if we would share knowledge, technology, resources. If we would practice peace."

Like all of the EARLY WORKS series manufactured by Lulu.com for Red Jordan Press, the back of THE RICH/THE POOR IN SPiRIT contains a NOTES section. Further miscellany fans of this marvelous author might want to know.

Book Report provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

STREET OF DREAMS (Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transsexual F*ck Stories Vol. I & 2)
ISBN: 0-9705161-8-5

This truly is 'a collection from the early years'— according to Red 's NOTES section, while preparing this final volume of THE DANCE OF LIFE Series for it's final rewrite, he rediscovered some of the manuscripts in a lost anthology which had slipped down underneath a file cabinet.

The second short work shows the author's fantastic adventures with his dog, told in a surrealistic account in 'ROUND BELDEN CORNER. We learn quite a bit about the author in his sharp, imagery, diary-like prose written when he was a teen: "Had a cup of coffee, planning the first robbery casually, 'till it would fit like the ring on a finger into my plans. To steal. I have to steal. I haven't done it before. Disciplined as a child that it was a sin. But never without as I am now. 17 years old, out in the world. I am literally starving. Two weeks go by with nothing but a sack of potatoes."

Third; the humorous CARDGAMES & INDIANS; 3 African American men lost in their truck in the middle of a Kansas corn field. "Near the swoon of dawn, the little truck had continued among the rural styled backroads, & finally having to admit it was lost, had headed towards a single light—the farm house, where, miles off, it had stopped, anticipating day— that wild drive of night to seek out Beirut and it's unknown direction having all but vanished. They was lost & needed a navigator, tho they wouldn't admit it. How many times had these three men (adults) run away before? Got started, drunk at 4AM in one of Chicago's taverns, the silver & asphalt city, man-made metropolis, wound-up by alcohol, and left their jobs in the canning factory, plus their wives or girlfriends, their routines, and daily pain, these honchos begun driving thru the network of silver highways off to New York, Or Ohio; California, or Beirut— of fantasy— driving their car or truck to death, just to sober up & have to drive back the following day. This time it was Kansas."

The fourth work, poetic & sensual, CHINESE HEROES IN WOMEN'S LIBERATION is the brief synopsis of the life of a young Chinese-American woman, Yung Kan, who breaks with family tradition to attend the university, and take a woman lover. You will love this story and get a

the last supper on earth. Like the breath of a dying souls last seconds on this planet."

INTERLUDES (MTF/FTM) is set in a Sex Club in San Francisco: "All the broken hearts are here... Looking.. The cinematic view of our world— it's scope of drag pre-ops, bi-genders, queens, broads & bio girls, TV's, transsexuals, new men, lesbians, straights, gays; and assorted freaks of the industry with all their mental baggage. Hung in a vast B&D web of drugs; heroin, crack cocaine."

A LITTLE BIT OF THIS, A LITTLE BIT OF THAT -- (The Hermorphadites Theme Song),— the title of the story adds, in parentheses; but it probably should say, The Bisexuals Theme Song! This is an early work, thrown into the mix. Circa 1966. Written while the author was still living in Chicago under it's harsh Vice Code Laws. A fascinating study of a woman finding herself when she meets 3 outlaw hippie chicks who've hitchhiked cross country from the West Coast.

The next is also a Blast From The Past, AT MR. LEE'S in which we are reintroduced once more to one of Arobatean's fabulous stock characters Mr. Lee— from WHERE THE WORD IS NO. It is set in a theatrical stage set atmosphere, the artificial construct of a tourist area which has been superimposed upon the former, older community of beatniks/hippies: "Old Town was a part of Chicago where people's mannerisms & dress attempted to match the cravings of their inner identities. It was not like the suburbs where robots live, who dress alike, walk upright, afraid to be unique.—So everytype of conversation & character was here. Take a stroll down Broadway, a man drag that cuts thru Old Town & turn at Wells street. Go past the sidewalk cafes, the tourist traps— Originally this was an artist colony, but shop owners & landlords have exploited it; jacked up prices. It is 1966, and today it swarms with tourists." We are introduced to some fascinating characters male, female/gay straight in this fabulous tale: "Mr. Lees whole life, family, fun & recreation, was wrapped into a single package.— Tricking. His nightly voyages out into the street to meet a man. Night after night excitement which proved hollow the morning after. On Wall Street the word is business. Here, it's trade.— From the stoop he eyed a young hustler. The

man slowly ambled along pretending to look in shop windows, but his eyes were diamonds & dollarsigns. And Mr. Lee hated to pay for it. It was better by mutual physical need." So much history is jampacked into these older stories, counterbalanced by such a great futuristic vision of the trans work, all done in fine, poetic, action packed writing; it makes this collection a collectors item.

BUDDY'S, a homoerotic FTM on FTM scene in a peep show booth follows: "Suddenly Scott feels a hard familiar touch. A hand clenches his shirt collar at the back of his neck. He's being pushed in an unmistakable direction--down. Down on his knees to the floor to----"

SEX LIFE AMONG PERVERTS is the next to last of the trans tales. It involves a broke FTM hustler and a more affluent MTF-- or is 'she' actually a transvestite with an agenda of her own?

NOBODY'S PEOPLE-- Red Jordan's study of mix-race heritage is reprinted here. It is a welcome addition to this volume which spans race, class and gender lines: "New York City. A white woman asks me: "What Nationality are you? Basque?" "Basque?" "It's in the Southern part of France." "No." "Italian?" "No, guess again." "You must have an Indian grandparent." Then she told her. "OH!" Drawing back. "Well! You don't LOOK like it!" Her white face flashes red. Suddenly the relationship between them has changed. The power balance must be readjusted. "OH. That must have been difficult for you, growing up!" (A few say. "Oh, you've had it easy!") Or, "Excuse me!" And they walk away and avoid me like death."

The final story in this Not To be Missed Historic Collection is LOVE & SEX ON THE FRONTLINE: "A transwoman is in distress! She has no where to sleep tonight. A major difficulty. She went to the homeless shelter and wanted to get in the woman's' side.-- Had her make up on, dressed as a woman, and estrogen has softened her body-- but the staff read her as a biological male. She showed her ID, saying female, but they told her she had to get a doctors certificate before they'd let her in the woman's side.-- And it's 3am."

STREET OF DREAMS holds a lot of feminist theory-- as it applies both to biological females and transwomen (new females)-- interlaced through this raw, rough sometimes brutal and highly sexual drama.

STREET OF DREAMS has a companion, labeled Volume 3, DOING IT FOR THE MISTRESS. Read the set and understand more deeply the new phenomenon which is sweeping planet earth-- Transsexuality/Transgenderism; those kissing cousins of the gay movement, but who have entirely their own identity. We can't say enough about this book in such a short space. And we have only quoted from the more tame episodes for this book report-- get the real work and see for yourself!

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE VOL. 3.
ISBN: 1411627474

The first two short works in STORIES OF THE DANCE OF LIFE Vol. 3., are autobiographical as the author explains in the NOTES section-- a welcome additional input-- at the collections very end. IT'S SO EASY TO BE A REDNECK portrays the young artist, late 1967, days of the Flower Children; having become homeless, piling up a few belongings in boxes along with his dog, easel, & guitar into his truck and hitting the road. He is given a place to crash for 2 weeks in Marin County --that bastion of wealth of the privileged class. It is a period piece: "Our lives are trips. I use to resent the hippies of San Francisco saying, 'that trip', or, 'this trip'.... So lighthearted. I had my ideas. I did my thing. Still trying to overcome, to achieve, out of the old Negro ethic. Work hard. Accomplish. That bit. So the connotation of 'my Trip.' Like it was lightweight, but it had all these season of hell come into play, moving behind me. -- In the diminished sunlight just before the second ice-age, I write this. The world is getting colder. World, prepare!"

glad to have something in my life to go home to-- my music." Also: "Vaughn was in a terror. Vaughn strode to the closet in a few steps, flung it open. Shoes and suits, pretty as a bouquet of flowers. With stubby fingers she picked up a pair of brown boots. "Is it worth Shorty's life?" And with her two hands she ripped the leather apart at the zipper along the sides of the shoe, white teeth gritted, eyes in squints, grunting. Then tossed the broken boots onto the middle of the floor. Vaughn fingered the material of her best blue suit, then ripped it down from the hanger. "Is this worth ----'s life? Suddenly rage struck her once more, and grabbing the sleeve of the jacket, she ripped it off at the seam, leaving tattered pieces of lining hanging from the body and threads like broken veins. It fell onto the rug besides the boots."

The next, is Red Jordan's well-known piece on the subject of being of mixed-race heritage, NOBODY'S PEOPLE, reprinted in SINISTER WISDOM, 1982, and a decade later in Margaret Busby's fine anthology DAUGHTERS OF AFRICA, 1992. "What race are you? If you don't mind me asking." This question has perused me since before I learned how to talk-- in inferences, facial expressions of curious people who saw me. I am one drop black. Raised black. This is the killer--your culture. What is HOME to a person."

Next comes DYKES OF THE ROAD, a great short Motorcycle tale of love, lust, rich vs. poor, choppers & blackmail. To quote Arobateau: "Her parents had homes all over the world. They owned apartment buildings and private residences in which they might stay two weeks out of a year, one in Mexico, one in Canada, in several countries of Europe, and the United States. Homes complete with a staff of servants tending to them, waiting for their return." And: "She hated what she had to do but it was necessary. Saint walked through the park and through the adjoining streets until night settled all over in a blanket of secrecy. 9pm. She walked high and mighty in her white suit. Proud. But Saint could stoop low, very low and reach into the gutter with her hands with their imitation gold rings on each finger, -- if she had to."

SUZIE Q was reprinted from its original in 1978, in TRUE TO LIFE ADVENTURE STORIES; Judy Grahn editor;

glimpse of a radical feminist conference during the second wave of feminism, circa 1970.

Next to last, CONFESSIONS OF A SCHIZOPHRENIC TEENAGE LESBIAN. Again, an autobiographical account, as the NOTES section says: "I look back on my work; little of my books is devoted to the subject of mental illness, which is remarkable, since it has been a major force in my life." --Enough said. You can read the rest for yourself!

The final story, HOW RUBY GOT THERE; this glitzy, fast moving piece races along off the page, fresh from the ho track into the readers mind. RUBY dominates a full half of this book. It has quite a bit more sexual content than the other stories. None of it about Ruby's 'dates' or 'Johns', (barely worthy of mention) but only between her sorry parents in the welfare program where she grows up, and between Ruby & her 'men'.-- Some prefer to call them pimps. Ruby is a character who appears in several of Master Author Arobateau's novels -- BARS ACROSS HEAVEN, and HO STRQLL. In this tale we frequent some of the same lowlife dives we've been to before in Red's aforementioned works. We are introduced to a secession of 'managers' including fabulous and crazy hi-yella Reginald: "The next pimp Ruby met didn't even share a car, but came walking up the street--albeit with a mean strut and a pimp cane." More about Reggie: "He was so fine he didn't have to mack. All he had to do was walk into a room and stay long enough for the shy girls to get up their nerve to approach him. He was like a housecat taken in out the alley. Women took him home with them and set him up on pillows at his ease, so they could enjoy him and take him around town and show him off!-- He said: "I can go down to the gutter baby, but not loose my glitter. I got class. Once you got it, you never loose it. It just gets rusty sometimes. It's like learning how to ride a bike, you never forget how. You never loose class. --Even when you fall. You can be in the gutter, folks look at you and see that class shining thru. Niggas are dying to get what I got. I'm bourgeoisie and don't forget it!" We meet a succession of pimps who try dipping their hand into Ruby's purse, including one hard-nosed Bad Bulldagger whose raw, hard, gritty true-to life portrayal is astounding! --Both in bed and out!

Arobateau does not glorify the Fast Life, al la The Happy Hooker.

There are poignant observations of Ruby: "She was being turned into a human trap. One that catches people to use them for all they can get. Somewhere in a part of her brain, or a sector of her heart, the real Ruby --that had begun as a child, was beginning to get harder to find." There's a Moral to this story; Sister Ruby is contrasted with another black sista-- Betty, the same age and from the similar circumstances of poverty: "While scatter-brained Ruby was throwing away her hard hoed dollars right & left on dope, junkfood from the shanty take-out joints, fantastic motel bills and an increasing wardrobe, plus taxis and liquor bills-- the dues of being in The Life-- Betty was steady accumulating her smaller dollars into a big green pile. She knew she better get whilst the gitten' was good." Red Jordan shares some Feminist Theory with his readers: "Ruby was struggling. Fighting for that lean mean green dollar out on the evil streets among cutthroats.--Privately she was struggling--fighting the battle everywoman wages on a male-dominant earth; to take her space in the world! To know her beauty! To realize her power! To grow up into a woman and a full humanbeing."

Arobateau has some good political viewpoints about The Game- which we don't find in Iceberg Slim or Donald Goins who chiefly write from a old fashion sexist point of view. Red's take on the whole affair is piquant: "Prison guards will tell you the pimp is one of the meanest prisoners on the cell block. Dirty double dealing; mean as a woman and a man all rolled into the same body. They combine the bitchy viciousness of a woman on her menstrual rag, combined with brawny muscles & male ruthlessness. Like a cat's mind graphed onto a dawg's body."-- "Pimps are male chauvinists and male chauvinists are afraid of the truth because they are going to hear things they don't want to hear. Like racists, dictators, and all people who gain power only at the benefit of someone else who they must step up on, to get over. Thus, they need someone who they must keep under. By trickery or brutality. Who they must oppress by putting their boot in the persons asscrack. However, time shall unveil what is wrong, and if we continue to struggle facts will become

manifest that corrupt ruler don't want to see!"-- Hit's home doesn't it!

Ruby certainly is a woman 'buked & scorned' but has her final say in this fast moving tale. You won't want to deny yourself the treat of reading HOW RUBY GOT THERE, and it's unexpected ending that you will never forget!

Book Report provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

SUZIE-Q A COLLECTION OF STORIES ISBN 0-9703237-8-6

The first in this collection is dedicated to: "Prisoners in maximum security--the jails and institutions of the world. And to the prisoners in minimum-- the world itself. From a sister." It could apply to the entire work; a collection of six shorter stories written in the late 1970's, half of which have been published in other anthologies and distributed world-wide. Here are some excerpts from this often humorous, thought-provoking book.

We begin with THE GRAY PRISONER. 22 chapters about a young Latin butch of mixed race; Puerto Rican & white. We find Vaughn in a period of struggle with pills, uncertain about her future, within a gay life, whose scenes will be familiar to many, a bar in downtown Cincinnati Ohio: "Me and Joey became friends. And (they) say we're such separatists, but we aren't. We were play brother and sister. He being the sister."--Joey liked Vaughn instantly because Vaughn was such a man, with her square shoulders, brown suit and heavy shoes. "Oh! What a man!" He said in a high voice, putting one hand on his hip. "You're such a girl!" Vaughn replied." And: "Vaughn was able to express feelings on the guitar that she wasn't able to think about. Feelings poured out strumming the strings with brown fingers. Rhythm, passion from her soul. Her guitar was a sound that drowned out everything else. Daily in her room she vented her tears, her laughter, in improvised songs. "I'd sat up in the Stage Door the better part of a year; I'd seen the destruction. And was

up their steely machines and zoomed away in the night—
Oils front door was padlocked. It's single red light shut
off. Nothing but the whine of his motorcycle running
down the freeway." Dramatic turn of events in Ronny's
life soon surface—much to his sorrow.

Transmen will delight to see some of the same stuff they
undergo written right down in this book, & SOFAS
(Significant Others, Friends and Admirers of them) will
learn Volumes! "He was lonely,— and horny. More
horny— a lot more hot then he had been as a butch dike
with exclusively female hormones racing around his
system." There are scenes of FTM meetings, Cycle Runs.
At the FTM meetings are discussed some serious issues:
"All had heard the moving tragedy of Brandon Teena, a
tranny who was raped, then murder'd in a small town of
his birth in the Midwest in a smoldering climate of hate.
The beginning of young Brandon's troubles had been
money. An inability to find employment, as did a lot of
young transnys who cross dress."

There's naturally quite a bit about the ladies: "Caroline
cooks him salmon steaks with green salad and red
tomatoes; garlic, oil, vinegar sauce, plus onions, olives &
mushrooms. He hears the sound of his dinner exploding
the microwave. She's turned it up to High Power. She
hands it to him, shields her eyes, slides his salmon steak off
the platter onto Ronny's plate. "Here! Be careful it don't
explode." She says." & how Ronny is outed to the club
before he intended to be: "All 3 femmes were together at
the same time.—Alone. And 2 of them mad as wet hens at
their no-good husbands. "Ronny is no good. I'm sick of
him. He's spent all his money on that surgery 5 years ago,
and now he's going to... oh. I can't say it...I'm not suppose
to ... but I'm so mad!" "SAY IT, SAY IT! Come on, girl!"
Cried Mary and Lady, wide-eyed, and began shaking
Caroline by her arms; in their great zeal to enlarge their
knowledge. "Well, the no-good bastard is going to change
his sex!" "What? "How?" "He's going to the hospital or
somewhere, where they give classes on changing women
into men." This registered a blank with the two. "He's
having a sex change." Caroline says, finally. "Oh." The
two girls couldn't comprehend it." This is stuff about
survival— in a transphobic, homophobic society. Stuff
about being poor, versus richer gays, & all the good stuff

and later reprinted in Don Weise's great anthology of gay
black fiction; BLACK LIKE US, 2002. "I told her I was a
player from New York, though actually I'm from the
Sunset district 30 blocks away. And that my name was
Gamma, and she couldn't pronounce it & called me
Gamma. Like in Gamma ray. All night long & informed
me HER name was Suzie Q. But occasionally she'd slip up
and say she was Mildred Johnson. For instance: "My
mother told me, Mildred, you..." And ect. With all these
lies we told from the get go, we were destined to go far.
Even if for no better reason then to see what it bes like."

THE HURT was reprinted in COMMON
LIVES/LESBIAN LIVES, Spring of 1984: "The Hermit
was not heterosexual any more, she was a dyke— but more
often as most Hermits, she is asexual. Artemis did not
become entangled with people, yet, she knew she needed
them. Very much so. Her soul was hungry. She belongs
to that genre of women hobos who rode boxcars across the
USA in the 1930's depression years. Hitchhikers and
women world travelers. Except that she stayed in one city
and confined her footsteps to Berkeley. There are women
who walk and walk and walk for days along oceans.
Through cities. Nobody knows their names."

Finally— PEOPLE WHO HAVE LOST THEIR PLACES,
begins with the testimony of a foxy femme: "If I sat down
& told you the shit I been through, stuff I done did, it
would be a million dollar best seller." Astra in a fur coat
crossed her skinny legs & flicked a cigarette in an ashtray.
"Yuh got to get 'em right away.— Really catch the
audience the first four lines: LESBIAN KILLS LOVER,
CUTS HER HEAD OFF!" Catch their attention....." Said
she. "The shit I've survived; 15, 16 years old!" She, and
her companion, Native American Topaz, are quite poor:
"The two sat at a table in the back. Astra did most of the
talking; rattling away non-stop. "I'm gonna get me a glass
of hot water." Topaz says. "Oh. Uh, get me a glass of ice
water while you're up there, will you!" Asks the fur clad
figure in her chair. Up at the bar the dike ordered two
glasses of water, then popped her teabag in one. "With
customers like that who needs enemies?" The bartender
commented as she strode away."

Funny, insightful & real, these action-packed tales span many ethnicity's & genders. You will treasure this addition to your Red Jordan Arobateau Novels.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS 2005.

TRANNY BIKER
ISBN: 1-4116-2314-2

TRANNY BIKER, a transsexual novel, 8th in the biker-dike series THE OUTLAW CHRONICLES by Master Author Red Jordan Arobateau, is prefaced by a short-power-packed poem which alludes to the Grand Poetry Slam, slated to transpire in Oils Clubhouse. And soon revs itself into high gear with a description of the Top Surgery of New Man Ronny, one of the OUTLAWS club members. As all of Arobateau's work, as well as personal profiles of vivid characters; believable, raw cutting--edge personal interactions; action packed plots, & truth-telling dialogue, there is wonderful scenic description: "The invisible moon completely round & silver had sat on the airy day sky hung over building tops, lurking in wait-- to make its fantastic appearance--at the crack of night; arose & jumped off the skyline into heaven. He thought about his romantic life of the near-past.--Opened the throttle wide for extra power, in gear, to accelerate and came down to the water to meditate." And: "Stink of the hot dense city. The city lay, beneath the thick soled boots of his feet. His crotch, under jockey shorts, itched. Mr. Packy against his still female genitalia.--The crotch stuffer."

Oils clubhouse isn't far away. We learn a lot about our character as he lopes into the club: "(Ronny) rode his/her motorcycle to Oils entrance and rolled up & parked.--Just an anonymous biker. Ronny was basically a plain, almost dull being. Mostly on the sidelines, and never hoping for fame or glory; just dutifully going on his job through life. Amazingly, outside of being a transsexual, nothing about him was spectacular at all. None like a bike which arrived at about the same time; which didn't just slow to a stop and park in front of Oils club, but rolled on through the

doorway, the rider a daredevil dike in heavy black gear, leather jacket with chains, chaps, jeans, boots, and studded gloves, waving her motorcycle cap and war whooping, her Hog put, put, put, putting, rolled right in off the cement outside and came to a stop, its front wheel inches from a barstool." More about our protagonist, a New Man: "The interior of Ron's house was macho.--A house with no mirrors, guns everywhere, a pooltable in a spare bedroom-- standard play-- which took up the entire space. Gradually a succession of girlfriends had modified this Spartan scenario, including Caroline who'd been there the longest and done the most."

All the familiar faces make an appearance; Frosty & Commancho, Stella Dallas & Johnny, Poet-Painter Stryker, Sandra, Ebony, & some of the BLACK BIKERS. George (LEADER OF THE PACK) & wife Queen Georgenia. Humorous, they sit around gabbing: "Now these days, the young kids, they're going even further." Kelly says in a low tone. "They're changing their sex." The old bar owner was 75 years old, and was amazed. "And some old dikes too, I hear." "Watch what you say now, People!" The Leader, Georgie commented, "Er' yer liable to be accused of transphobia!" "WHAT!" they all laughed at this new word, foreign to their ears. "My mother use to tell me about my grandmother having to stand up against Negrophobia;" sez Ross. "Yes, indeed. "My mother told me about it. It was in the early 1900rds they used that word." "Negrophobia! Transphobia! Good Gawd!" Queen Georgenia shivered her immense shoulders and put a painted hand to her powdered cheek. "Good Gawd!"

Between flashbacks to some serious events which have transpired, the club members discuss the new male: "Of course they had come back to the topic-- since it was so new & interesting.-- His transition. "You'll want to have sex with your girlfriend more." Says one dike worriedly, in gruff voice. "I love my girlfriend-- I'll never insist on anything from her-- not even my dinner." Replies the even deeper voice of Ronny."

Then the night at Oils is over, many go home to loneliness: "Stars revolved outside the open door of the club house; a blast of steady cold air blew through; biker dikes gunned

Taunting." The reader must ask themselves, what other transsexual author is writing this kind of quality fiction today? "Dawn had come up two fisted, ready and raw. There was no fear inside the head of the sun. It was a mechanical thing. Faithfully appearing at the appointed time daily. It had not dregs of sleep to rise from, fight off no nightmarish hold or to adjust to any other peoples change of attitude. It was a blind force. Magnetism. Relativity held it to all it's planets in a companionship."

This novel is the story of a woman-- Lucy Matussom:--- "Duke. (Moron) Lee, Lucy and Freddy lined up along the counter of a Chinaman's restaurant. Lucy wanted to tell the Chinaman to take a piece of egg that was on his upper lip and wipe it off. She kept picking up her napkin, but she didn't do it. "I'm tellen' you Lucy, you really have changed." The restaurant was a dingy narrow place. Only a counter, stools, and a few tables in the back. Menus of cardboard laminated in plastic covers, bent from many thumbs and fingers manhandling them. The ceiling was high, dusty, with florescent lights. "I have? How." She asked Freddy. "Oh I don't know man, just different." "I think I look better then ever." "Man you've changed." "How man, how have I changed. What do I look to you, better or worse?" "Worse!" "Worse! Worse! Oh, I do not... Duke! Duke! Do I look worse, I don't look worse, I look better! I feel better! I do. I look better, don't I Duke!" "Yeah baby, you look better." Duke said, bobbing in his chair, shoulders and head loose. His tan face was cracked around the eyes--in weathered crows feet. Duke spent most of his life outdoors, hanging out in the parks and streets and doorways of Americas big cities. "Well thanks! I told you I look a lot better!" Lucy said defensively."

Lucy meets danger in many forms. A pretty, mean pimp. A psychopathic speedfreak. A gradually degenerating boyfriend with a violent streak. And, drug dealing Phyllis. Bisexual Lucy: "She got a kick, specially out of being fixed by another broad. She had a momentary feeling of having intercourse with the person that did it. Being satisfied. A freakish feeling of being in somebody else's power, as they stuck the needle down into her skin, and her arm outstretched in the woman's hands."

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005

you come to expect from the Red Jordan Arobateau Oeuvre.

Written in 1998 when the Author was straddling the threshold of THE BIG CHANGE, this document is a report, a drama, a tale of comradeship and loyalty among females, & a love story. Not to be missed!

Book Report provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

FOR WANT OF THE HORSE THE RIDER WAS LOST
ISBN: 0-9703237-4-3

This rough & raw book portrays Chicago's skid row of the early 60's-- with shades of Nelson Algren's Man With the Golden Arm junkie tale: "They would all be leaving soon. The ghostly colored buildings lit up under a neon flash. The gas lit two dollar whores in an age of electric lights... They would be leaving in wagons of the vice squad. And then, later, in vans, strapped to stretchers with the bag zipped over their face. And the siren not turned on because there was no hurry." This is the 'Q' document, cornerstone of the LUCY & MICKEY TRILOGY. Not as heavily erotic as the other two volumes (LUCY & MICKEY, and COME WITH ME LUCY) This is Lucy's story. Which takes place in Chicago. Near North side: "Lucy didn't talk much. You wouldn't think she was shy, 'cause she was all over the street, all the time. You saw her in every bar, up and down the dismal green and red lights of skid row, all the night through, 'till 5am, and by day, in the good food places (for skid row) ... it's just then, when you got next to her, she wasn't saying anything, but she had a nice smile."

Arobateau writes this one in a more subjective style then volumes I and III of the trilogy; dream like, analytical, with lots of genius dialogue amid under-sea action in a garish green ambience of North Clark street swimming with troubled souls. We meet her lover-to-be, the handsome black hair butch (who's name's spelling in 'Lucy's testimony'--- ends in i.--Micki). Even at a young

age the Italian stud has some game in her: "Across the street, thru the plate glass window of the Hasty Tasty, one old bitch said, "Well, it ain't the first time they've seen the inside of a paddy wagon." Outside, the wind was howling. The sergeant standing outside the wagon, pushing Lucy up on the metal step with his strong arm. Micki turned to him, as she climbed in, and said, "Do you know Captain Varner?" "Yea." The police replied, coolly. "He's over on the Fourth Precinct." "Well he's my father." Micki looked at the cop. She put her arm through Lucy's. Stood there, pulling her back down off the metal ramp. Cold Chicago wind cut through her close-cropped hair. Her hands dug in her hip pocket and produced an ID baring the same last name. The cops let Micki and Lucy out the back, they walked off into the wind, arm and arm."

Next we meet some familiar characters: "Man I been here for two weeks now. I been worken' man." He was busy flippen' eggs, and taking orders from the waitress across the counter, as he talked. Sweat beaded on his white face, his gap tooth mouth was crooked, and his alcoholic eyes, blue, big. Freddy said, "Say, you know Duke's in town." Lucy posed at the counter, dirty feet in sandals, one crossed across the other. "He is? Where!" --"You might have thought Duke didn't belong there on lower Clark street, he was too good for that. A good looking brother with a handsome figure, and brains. But it was worse if you looked like you didn't belong, then people expected more of you. And you belonged, had fell down here with all these misfits more then ever. Just because he looked good, all the strippers and hustling ladies was expecting something different of Duke. Well if there was any doubt about it, the years would clear it up. Already his teeth were gone, only the eye tooth at the top. In a few years his jaws were going to sink in on top of the crater and cave in like an old mans. Then the streets would have decided and confirmed for him, where he belonged."

"It was 11pm. Lucy had met Freddy, and now they were going down the dingy cavernous Dearborn street, on their way to meet Duke. They turned into the Barrons club, on West Ontario. A dimly lit house, with cigarette butts littering the floor. Liquor house with a shabby pool table in back. And there was Duke, sitting on the edge of a

barstool, talking to a group of half drunk men. Old derelicts and wild young ones."

It takes on racial issues-- politically incorrect or not. "Unless she was really drunk, Lucy was a silent woman. She was built that way. If you asked what race she was, she would say, "I'm part Indian, Irish, Scotch, English and everything else." "Yea, what kind?" "Sioux." Maybe that's why she was so silent. A honky tonk cigar store Indian. Carved out of the laconic substance of a race of vanishing, stoic people. She was pretty, and only now beginning to lose the appearance of being 19 or 20, to look exactly her age. She'd been aging in this climate, on these grounds; old Indian tenting grounds whose specter, shadow was imprisoned by the real blue-gray walls of American tenements. No wonder a curse was put on the walls of America. It was built into the stone and mixed with poured concrete. Indian ghosts who had been murdered and cheated of their heritage. Maybe the teepee was still in her blood. She would soon begin to lose her looks to age. Age from the bottle. Ninety proof. But not from grief, not from murder as so many of us others. No. She almost enjoyed herself, in a hopeless way."

Plenty of Bukowski-like fights: "All of a sudden, a fight broke out. It was late, and two men were putten' each other on. "ALLRIGHT MAN." said one. "COME-ON OUTSIDE, I'LL WHIP YOU." He said, pulling the other man along towards the door, and the other swinging on him. Lucy's ears were so deafened by the pounding of the liquor inside her, she couldn't barely hear nothing. "SAY MAN! LOOK AT DUKE!" Freddy cried, his eyes big in amazement. His jaw dropping. "Lets go!" Said Lucy. Duke had ran after the two fighting men, down between the tables and the bar with all the lames, the drunks, the retired whores, the rotted prostitutes, the fruit of Clark Street, drunkenly reeling, following, they spilled out of the mouth of the bar to the neon lit sidewalk. "YEA!" Hollered one figure, drunk, but stumbling to grab the other. "YEA!" Screamed the smaller one, wiry, jumping in a hunched shadow, out at the big derelict. The snow had fallen briefly on the pavement, casting bright neon lights back up in reflection to dazzle the eye. The innards of the entire bar was gathered in a ragged circle. Ruined faces, watching, expectantly. Toothless mouths yapping...

An older dike, married and living with her two wives, looks back over her life, reflected in the mirror of a gay restaurant on Castro street; she recalls the past from within the present torture of her soul. A hot and steamy sex sizzler, with religious overtones! Tour the San Francisco lesbian sex clubs, streets, dance halls, and churches.

O.

OUTLAWS!

4th in the series The Outlaw Chronicles Transsexual theme. Further adventures of the dike biker gang. A club member absconds with the treasury. See the five Warlords, Daddy George, Rip, Lou, Royal & Hawk, in action. Sub plots of romance 7 fights. The club goes out on it's Runs, fights and battles of today & yesterday are depicted. Lots of raunchy sex. Cameo features of Angel & Crystal.

P.

3 PLAYS

This collection of 3 full length plays contains Red's classic OUR DYKE HOUSE.

SECTION 2.

A.

AUTUMN CHANGES

(The UnOfficial Semi-Autobiography of Red Jordan Arobateau)

Volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5-Epilogue

*SEE ADDENDUM

B.

BOY'S NIGHT OUT

This collection of shorter works is done in a neat spell-checked & edited font. Contains the following titles: Cum E-Z. Rubber Room. Boy's night Out. Poppa. Golden Showers. Oral Service. Used as part of the curriculum at some classes at UC Berkeley. An interweave of stories that chronicle life and don't pull no punches.

BARRIO BLUES

*SEE ADDENDUM

C.

CHINA GIRL

*SEE ADDENDUM

D.

DIRTY PICTURES

Once again available in the 3rd edition, this is the story of a lonely butch tending bar and the femme she finally calls her own. The tale of working class dikes, one white, one mix-race hot Latina. Love, sex & modern drama!

H.

HO STROLL

Vol. I, II.

Dike of mixed-race heritage & her adventures with prostitutes on the ho stroll of Oakland, CA Black-centric novel. 1975.

I.

THE IRON WOMAN

The Collected Poems of Red Jordan
Arobateau (1957-1978) Vol. II.

This volume is one of 2; it contains a great many short poems, and also longer epic works--The Iron Woman, The City Where There's Fire, Come to The Black Market, War on Our World, The Magician, Sunstrip, A child's Herstory of Birth, and others. Also Soul poetry. Street talk.

L.

**LADIES AUXILIARY OF THE LEFT/
CHAMPAIGN, GUNFIRE,
FIRECRACKERS
& THE SMOKE FROM THE DEATH
FACTORIES**

My Diary 1967-1977

Uneven font, original miss-spellings intact!-
-An almost exact duplicate of an original manuscript written in the era before computer spellchecks! Two diary pieces from the authors youthful starving years, dwelling in a condemned building in San Francisco. An excerpt ("I was fistfing before Stonewall") Appears in /Shar Rednours collection Virgin Territory Vol. 2.

N.

**THE NEARNESS OF YOU/
SORROW OF THE MADONNA**

with a political agenda. See first hand an incredible cast of characters both good & evil. The wild, blasé, transvestite, queer, gay (and a few straight) cast members of The Show. And a host of homeless street people, crazy artists, political activists, slum lords, rich yuppies, spiky haired punks with blue/green tattoos, plus a dog & birds. You've heard of Le Miserables, Atlas Shrugged, War & Peace?--Well STAGE DOOR IS LONGER--AND QUEERER, AND GOTS MORE STRANGE SEX!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! This is some of Red Jordan's best writing! Political & spiritual meditations! A lot of sunny dialogue! A big plot which unfolds!!!!

*See Addendum

V.

VENGEANCE!

*SEE ADDENDUM

W.

WHERE THE WORD IS NO

Also DAUGHTERS OF COURAGE (Adapted from the novel by the same name). And HIGHER GROUND. From 7 to 15 characters in each. Humor, politics, action, angst. An interracial mix of characters of diverse ages--young to old, and different genders and sexual preferences.

PASSAGE--My Journal

Volumes 1, 2, 3. And to be continued.

*SEE ADDENDUM

R.

ROUGH TRADE

6 Short Stories

This collection of shorter works is done in a neat spell-checked & edited font. Contains the following titles: Pleasure in the Glitter Gutter. After the Trick Was Turned. Rough Trade; Cum Hard. Gang Rape. Do the Slang, Slang, -Yes! Confessions of a Lesbian Trick. The 12 stories in this and it's companion volume Boy's Night Out are full of action, sex, spirituality, humor, race issues, philosophy, violence. They are gritty and realistic.

S.

**STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE
VOL. I**

*SEE ADDENDUM

**STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE
VOL. II**

*SEE ADDENDUM

STREET FIGHTER

"Another brutal blast of truth from one of today's most notorious plain-seekers. RJA takes another unsentimental look at the life of Street Butch Woody, the consummate outsider, living on the fringes of SF's lesbian community." Editorial Review

SATAN'S BEST

Book #1 in the series The Outlaw
Chronicles

3rd Edition of the classic dike biker novel is Vol. #1 of the 6 vol. lesbian biker series The Outlaw Chronicles. Written in 1993. In this action-packed book we are first introduced to the gang of raunchy & glam biker women, including the 5 Warlords who run the Outlaws. Enter beautiful blond butch Angel--lone rider on the storm & her

glam fem Crystal. If you've read Leader Of The Pack, The Black Biker, Outlaws! Or Tranny Biker You Must Read This!!!!

**IN THE STRANGE EMBRACE OF A
PRODIGAL**

Tale of a supersensitive street woman who discerns the soul through the facades of life. Her political views. Her encounters with the hard shells of people in San Francisco during the era of the Viet Nam war. Tenderloin & North Beach scenes. An ongoing rambling monologue of one of the world's common Saints

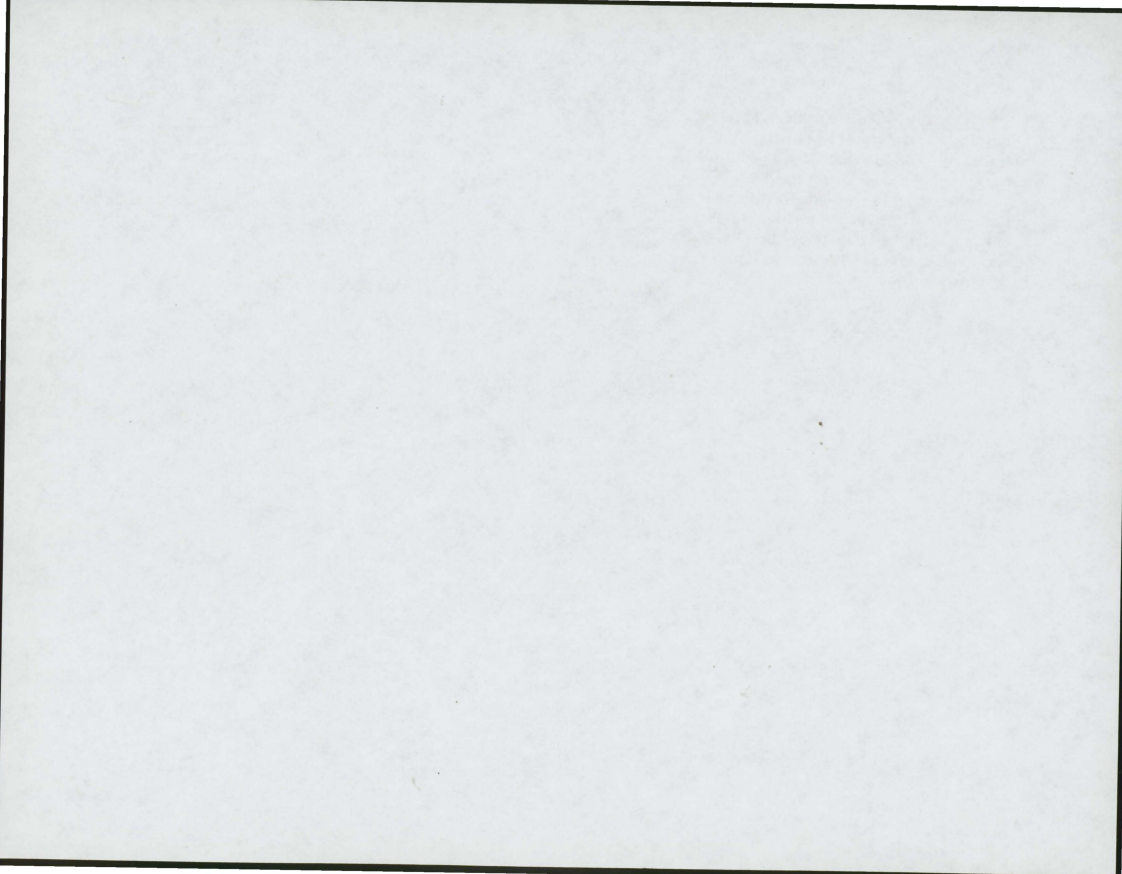
STAGE DOOR

Parts 1, 2, 3, 4.

A novel in 4 parts, Red Jordan Arobateau's piece de resistance! 1,600 pages/266 chapters. One of the world's greatest books! --And it's totally queer! Meet singer Billy Bradford and Dancer Venus Archer: Venus & Billy are the star-crossed lovers. A black/white couple; trans-butch & high femme. Both 28 years old, and artists, who live in San Francisco.--The Empire of the west.

Meet their best friends, Miss Bunny Knox, also 28, a research scientist, a high femme of color; and her lover the middle aged Doctor Bernie Rosenfeld; an old world butch dike

Now available in the 3rd edition. This is the black-centric tale of Fag By Day/Queen By Night Miss la De Da, a middle-age Queen who enjoys being hustled by young Jessie, an 18 year old. Hot Male Sex! Excerpts from this marvelous Man Novel have appeared in the anthology Best Black Gay Erotica edited by Darieck Scott.



on some imperial return
—amid the scuttling cardiacs;

As a Swan from an ugly Duckling,
Sight arrives!

Dear Mercury spreads her wings.
So molten!
Breathfull!

THE HUMAN ANALYST:

Now, a fishing village, or now we sail.
New expansion, revolution.
Now a dynasty troubled by no lords.
Raintones, swamprain evoked some particular works.
Survey in storm, human race in trail.
Each of us

separated from ALL, by a breadth of
understanding.

From each pot-shard stratus
this force that comes thru unconscious zones—
-breath behind my spine
from a gene signal; Each tiny fire
where there are ashes now.

A stone, a skill, an arrows ash.

Their first steps, my base.
My trend, their grandchild self.
My last sigh, their end.
First traveler is last dead. That boatman
ferrys on. Departing, we sack our crude

implements

We move again from the radius of the first camp.
Each story, each person's look is a campsite

welded

in something tougher then rock.
A dish, a skull, artform on wall;
Rain older then fossil, drums both my earbones, still.

I SAW A SAVED SISTUH:

I saw a woman who use to whore down

ADDENDUM

CHINA GIRL

ISBN:

In CHINA GIRL the story of Charity Bing a Transsexual Chinese woman living in San Francisco's Chinatown in the 1940's- through 2005, Master Author Red Jordan Arobateau introduces us to one of the most fascinating characters in modern American literature. The book is unique among the files of TG life stories. Humorous, interesting, plenty of Gender Variant sex; & it contains a mystery which will hold the reader spellbound. The book is the writers first 'mystery novel' though only partially so.— The book primarily is a fascinating study of a girl/boy back in these times: "And I, Charity, had brought disgrace on the family name twice! Once for acting out the role set for me in life by our Divine Creator—that of Transvesti— but second, rebelling even from that role! By my bizarre presentation of a Liberated Woman! A True Gender Variant! One who shaved their heads bald as a US Marine in boot camp, with combat Boots, yet wore a pink femmy skirt and frilly blouse—and this only signifying the turmoil inside my breast, I who lusted for a burly truckdriving man to ram me up the highway of Nirvana, yet in my very essence of heart and soul knew I would only find peace with my beloved Lotus, or some woman, yes, a bio woman, just like her! Like Suzuki. Like Emerald herself! What a divine deviant!" It portrays the conflict between Charity and her younger brother. And the relationship between Charity and her mom—Emerald. CHINA GIRL ultimately tells the tale of the love of her life, Lotus.

The book is entirely set in St. Francis City by the Bay and it's epicenter is in Chinatown. Charity Bing is a good girl -she spends much of her life in the Chinatown public library.—With these few exceptions... There are shocking references to the atrocities committed in Nanking in the Japanese war against the Chinese in the 1930's from a client Charity meets when she briefly works as a girl of pleasure in a she-male brothel in San Francisco's Tenderloin. Just as she briefly worked in Alice Hung's

brothel, so she has a quick fling in 'The Red Mouse' collective, a Communist/Socialist work cell which she falls in with at the UC Berkeley campus where the industrious 'transvesti' (as she mistakenly calls herself back in that day) audits classes for free.

Most of the action of this novel is set in 1970's Chinatown. By the year 2005 Charity has survived loneliness, poverty & a broken heart & the reader gets to examine her life once again at age 60. We see Charity in 2005, ensconced in a safe small studio apartment where she is sequentially taken to tea by one or the other of her 7 friends.

The novel's highly spiritual. With a sexual edge & good humor. They live in the shadow of that ever-present threat, the 'Big One' as SF locals calls it;-- an earthquake shaking them;--a potential disaster:

"Where's your Earthquake Preparedness Kit? I want to inspect it!"

"I've just begun it dear, I don't have everything yet..."

"Do you have a flashlight? There's a rolling power outages throughout the state!"

Charity finds the box, and Delilah opens it, begins to rummage through. "Bottles of pills, good. Ointment, Band-Aids--and a dildo?"

Delilah gazes up, holds the purple cucumber shaped sex toy delicately between two flashy manicured fingers. "An Emergency dildo?"

Throws it aside and digs further into the box.

"What's this?" She points to a brown plastic box nestled beneath Emergency green socks, bras, and nylon pantyhose. Ruefully unwraps it.--Inside are two bottles of female hormone pills. A bottle of liquid Estrogen Compounded Solution, and 5 syringes with inter-muscular size needles.

"Oh... Emergency Estrogen."

"Well Girl! You might want to put on some EMERGENCY LIPSTICK TOO! When the Big One starts rumbling!"

"It's in the peach colored pouch." Charity says, chagrined.

Typewritten in the original authors original font and not spell checked--this is an original first edition. This is Charity Bing's story in her own words. It's a fascinating

character study, you'll always remember Charity Bing--she will be etched in to your heart.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005

THE IRON WOMAN Vol. II. The Collected Poetry of Red Jordan Arobateau (1957-1978)
ISBN:

This is the second of the two volume collection which contains all of Red's poetry--both verse, & vanguard style. THE IRON WOMAN begins in the identical format as Volume I., THE AGE OF OM. Lets start with the cover, a sketch by the author (also an fine Arts Painter). Next, the verso, with a list of credits of small chap books Red self-printed by mimeograph, machine copy, & stencil 'back in the day' before Xerox photo copy, which he distributed in the streets and gay bars. The next page, a paste-up photo of him as a 24 year old, by 'photographer Suzanne De Young. As in Volume I, THE IRON WOMAN is divided into sections. These are listed on the next page, Table of Contents. First there are General Poems, some very complex, some dating from 1957 when author was 17. (His earliest extant work of any kind.) Then Women's Liberation poems from the 1970. The third section Epic Poems which run numerous pages. Then, a Blues Section; basic rhyme poems of the 'she done me wrong' genre. The end of the book is reserved for God Poetry and also Later Work including some street hustler poetry. At the end of this thick book is an index of titles in alphabetical order, listing approximately 350 poems. They include pages-long epics, to simple haiku's.

DEATH FAMILIAR:

"September is red; pale.

The peeks of Autumn, burning.

The raise of materials of soil
to asylum, in a zenith!

Across the barest boulevards
my brain reaches

South Side. Glimpses of this early crossdresser (age 7), playing baseball outdoors in the alley with other boys, or inside with chemistry, and erector sets & refusing to play with dolls. Becoming aware of his sexuality later in teenage, by reading pulp novels such as *Journey to a Woman*, and Ann Bannon's *Bebo Brinker* series. In some instances *AUTUMN CHANGES* resembles the whole regular shebang of trans auto biographies -- except this one is different---Transman is an artist, a spiritual searcher, & a sexual libertine. Arobateau's style is to flash back & forth in his memories rather than a typical linear progression. A different date annotates the subsequent paragraph, and locates the reader immediate in time: "1972 Transman purchases a kingsized bed.--Visualizing many hot naked females in it. Does not realize it will be nearly 15 solid years of more aloneness interspersed by 4 or 5 aborted relationships and a dozen 20 minute hookers, until he meets his wife."

AUTUMN CHANGES is a bookfull of procedural information about FTM's & MTF's as well; something most trans books (fiction/autobiographies) don't have. Usually being about either one or the other; although the majority of it is about the men: "It's August 1998. 3 weeks away from top surgery. 2 months until his first hormone shot." A picture of the guys assembled at a support group: "One handsome stocky male--with a totally flat chest leads the group. A greater butch than the others, he observes. Jealously wells up in Transman. This is how he longs to look! Without hormone shots he never will."

This book's snapshots flash back and forth. Red Jordan Arobateau, teenager. Young adult in his 20's. And middle age. How change hurts his wife of 16 years--the lovely Jasmine: "How do you really think I'm going to react to this sex change? Says the wife at last, wearily.... "I haven't thought about it really." Confesses Transman. He's so tired."

It is the era of the transgender clinic. We see the Famous Tom Waddell facility in which we get a view of flamboyant colorful girls as well as the boys: "At the time the doctors thought it would serve exclusively male to female sex

on the whore stroll on MacArthur Boulevard when I was a trick, running in & out of them motels with rainbow ads green, red and yellow M.O.T.E.L. arm and arm with some girl."

The first 2/3rds of the book is secular, however at the end is religious poetry. Everything from high verse, as *THE DEATH, THE CHRIST, THE LUST FOR LIFE!* To, *GOD FOR CONFUSING TIMES*, and, *JESUS FOR THE FAST LIFE*.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005

THE AGE OF OM Vol. I. The Collected Poetry of Red Jordan Arobateau (1957-1978)
ISBN:

First of Red Jordan's 2 volume poetry collection. Same format as *THE IRON WOMAN*. In this volume the table of contents lists: Early Poems (1957-1967). Sex & Romance, Short Poems & Valentines. Women's Liberation (1970's). Blues. Epic Poems. God Poems & Other Later Works (1976-1978). The contents of volume I differs from II with the Valentines, a format the author invented, and the inclusion of the Sex & Romance category.

This novel contains two of Red's most amazing Epic Poems; *COME TO THE BLACK MARKET*, and *THE CITY WHERE THERE'S FIRE!* Also, an early work, *HERALDS OF THE RESURRECTION*. We quote below:

"Come to the Black Market.
World metropolis.

Ambassadors, dignitaries talk
in continental accents.
Austere figures
examine merchandise.

--Capricorn's of thoughts. Fabric
of illusions.

Dust of foreign aromas.

Here are cosmic heads who represent
all elements!

Dreamers, liars.
Weary people
draining soil out of their fingertips.

One hustler
distorted by her strange clothes,
reveals her soul thru a scowl.

"I GOT FIRE!"

She's one of you.
She balances her scale to the universe.

Come to the Black market.
--And you will be yourself."

HERALDS OF THE RESURRECTION:

"I am Colored
as New Orleans once cradled
with its eyes on the white world
privilege,
nursing its fantasies.
A Goblin Girl
The street lamps shed.
Yellow, hair a-curl.
I un-fold out of limbo.
Out of the crook of a magicians sleeve!
I grev,
PRESTO!
A Bulldagger!

Pimped--down in fine clothes,
mocking The Man.
Closed up in my coat.
A flamboyant stud.
Into my armsleeves
flickers my vagrant form,

into a pout.

And my head is a vapor beneath
a Harlem Tweed.

--Into a cloth child
by these streets,
dreamed.

An improvisation from Scorpio.
A trombone slash.
A cymbal slide
born upward for a jag.
I'm a dancer! A
molecule of light!

This
air-shattered cry!

ME!"

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005

AUTUMN CHANGES (My Unofficial Semi-
Autobiography) Part 1.
ISBN:

This is the opening volume of RJA's life work, his
Unofficial Semi-Autobiography; 1,600 pages long, which
has been divided into 5 parts for publishing purposes in the
underground RED JORDAN PRESS. Each volume is sold
individually or the whole set together. This book in its
original typewritten font, unspellchecked, is a collectors
dream!

AUTUMN CHANGES begins with 2 short introductory
pieces. TALES OF TRANSMAN Parts 1 & 2, where we
encounter the 5 year old Red in his family home on the
South Side of Chicago. Scenes switch fast up to 1998, still
female bodied, then jumps back to 1948, to depict more of
Red's history as a boy/girl; a mixed raced tomboy, that
defines his childhood in the colored ghetto of Chicago's

of her mixed-race status: "Dark brown--curly hair, perpetually tanned skin; could be Italian, or Indian or Greek. 'I can be anything. When I was a kid, each time I ran away from that home I was sent to foster care and raised there for months--as a white. I'm nothing... I'm nothing..'"

"The Madonna must have saw her crying. Sitting all alone. Bitterly thinking; 'there must be a way to take care of our needs, I seen too many lesbians crying over their needs. Unmet. "--Because by Her Grace, this woman, Foxy came to brighten up Sonny's dark hours. Sonny one so blue, I love you. The Madonna must have saw her crying inside; underneath the stern face, scuttling down darkened streets at night between her house & the gay bar...." There are the fallen times; her brief affair with Wayne when she is homeless, and sex work at the lowest period of her life. Currently, Sonny works a demanding job as a post office mail handler at the San Francisco postal facility. When suddenly... the angst begins... as she is alternately tired, fearful, angry & triumphant! & searching-- eternally searching...

Red Jordan Arobateau lifts this novels opening line from Dickens: "it was the best of times and the worst of times," ... and then, continues in True Arobateau Style-- "when Sonny wanted to XXXX so bad she could taste it."

It's a fascinating view on a demimonde of lesbian life, a hustlers life. The world of hard butch dike Sonny Zapatta.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005

STAGE DOOR Part 4
ISBN:

This is the 4th part and end of the Masterwork STAGE DOOR. It deals directly with Billy's transition, and other plot changes, both romantic, and political, off Stage, in a larger arena --the theater of life.

workers who lived in the Tenderloin. Now it sees transnys coming from all over."

Arobateau packs so much information into this amazing book; medical, surgical procedures for both MTF's and FTM's; race, class, spirituality, & plots; huge amounts of dialogue which are often funny; confessions during support groups. He shows how important transition is to the true transsexual: "It is of vital importance to be masculine. To uphold his manhood.--Even while still inside a girl body. Womanizing kinds of things tear down his/her ego, and her maleness. The best intentioned shopclerks who recognize a woman under his mashed down cap, and address him politely as 'Mam' after scrutiny, doing their best to be polite; the large men who step aside and let him go through a door first--is it his age--or his perceived gender? It's too feminizing. He would go back to using drugs. Drink himself to death. Other men in the groups testify how close to suicide they were--and that transition was the only escape."

Through these random journal like scenes, memories & facts AUTUMN CHANGES soon gains a story line (--or 2 or 3) The narrative of him & Jasmynes daily relationship. We often pick up the thread of his abused childhood. And environment as a mix raced child in the colored/black neighborhood called home. His affair with the troubled, glamorous showgirl Reva.

We experience the modern day border wars between butch dikes, still lesbian, and transmen -Ftm's: "Is the lesbian feminist community dead, boring & stagnant?--That it can't sense the vibrancy: the rush of bold new blood?"

There's plenty of sex in this and some fictionalized accounts which often reads like a novel. AUTUMN CHANGES is set in the guise of a Fine Arts oil painter 'unrecognized, untutored', and only writing occasionally, when actually the reverse is true: "The diary is irony! This diary is growing! Overflows the first book into a second! Faster, I must confess, then I could ever paint!"

So much history is contained within AUTUMN CHANGES the reader gets to the end of Vol. 1 eagerly

preparing for Vol. 2: "However this gay apartheid was drawing to an end--thanks to the black civil rights spearhead movement, women's liberation & gay liberation following. It would be a scant 5 years later, on the eve of the hippie invasion that he'd be accepted readily into the job market. The colorful flower children pouring into San Francisco and onto the focused eye of TV media disseminating their lifestyle throughout the world would be so overwhelming that it opened up a place for everyone else."

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005

AUTUMN CHANGES (My Unofficial Semi-Autobiography) Part 4.
ISBN:

This volume is almost at the end of *The Work*, which is sold in 5 separate parts or in its entirety. Typewritten in the authors original font and not spell checked. Some marvelously funny episodes, an adequate amount of sex scenes, illicit sex clubs, dominatrix, drag queens, & all kinds of case situations of other trans people, are illustrated in this information packed book. AUTUMN CHANGES is first and foremost an art book about FTM's (and MTF's) and all other kinfolk on the gender spectrum including those who transition back and forth from one end to the other!

This is not merely fiction, it's history. We must mention AUTUMN CHANGES quotes everybody; Red's own classic lines from different volumes of his prose & poetry--and other authors; from Kathy Acker to President Ronald Ragen. The Bible. And Djuna Barnes.

This book is so engrossing, it must read, read & read! If one part doesn't get to you pick it up and begin somewhere else!

Excerpts of this epic work have appeared in the FTMI Newsletter.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

NEARNESS OF YOU/SORROW OF THE MADONNA
ISBN:

This long sought after lesbian novel by Master Author Red Jordan Arobateau is now available to the public! Originally contracted by Masquerade Books, Richard Kasak decided to publish COME WITH ME LUCY instead. If you like big reading this 586 page novel, THE NEARNESS OF YOU/SORROW OF THE MADONNA is for you. Excerpts of it have appeared in Karen Tulchinskis fabulous anthology *Hot & Bothered*. It's a tale of mixed race butch Sonny Zapatta (Puerto Rican/white) and the two loves of her life, two wives, high femmes Foxy & Kitty.

"It all begins and ends with females. Females bringing males into the world, then taking them to the grave--More of the Sorrow. Females who live all their lives in the shadow of fear. Sonny knew the Devil--he brings tears. All she knew of those weeks in late Autumn of that year approaching Millennium--2000 AD-- was that she had been searching through the streets of San Francisco for herself. Like an archeologist through potsherds and relics and old bones; wounds and grief's and bits & pieces of the past. It was a struggle from sun up to sun down. A dyke a humanbeing, an aging biological female with all her aches and complaints. Walking the SOMA in circles in the fog, with the clock in the modernistic belltower a reminder of the urgency of time."

Subtitle on the cover of this books reads: A Religious Lesbian Novel. It does have some spirituality: "Ultimately it was not the callous nights of sexual passion or SM flogging with black whips (& the cat-of-9-tails of preference)-- but love, shown through their loyalty. Romance, friendship, sex, nasty acts, and beyond this--agape--a gift from God. Love--a gift of pure gold--not to loose this." In this large novel even Mother Teresa makes a appearance. Don't get the wrong idea, it has a lot of hot sizzling sex scenes as well. It's both! There are discussions

IN THE STORM, featuring Stormy--a minister of sorts, of the gay bars.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE Vol. 2.
ISBN: 1-4116-2275-8

The second collection of 7 shorter stories by Master Artist Red Jordan Arobateau. Including : THOSE NORTHERN LIGHTS; two young dikes encounter a strange, haunted man in New York. RESTORATION OF THE LOST, again features tavern minister Stormy. MY SOUL WAS RED; a femme dikes thoughts about having children while off on a gambling junket in Reno. AT AN EARLY AGE, the tale of a butch player of mixed race heritage; one might call her a gigolo. EL PAN DE LA VIDA, one of Red's Hispanic works. THE TALISMAN, which is a glimpse of black South Side Chicago circa 1970's. Plus THE INVISIBLE NIGGER, part of the 3 story collection about mixed race heritage.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005.

Excerpts of this epic novel appear in ON OUR BACKS the premiere lesbian sex magazine-a piece entitled A HORSY HORSE DREAM. Also the anthology BOTTOMS UP Edited by Diana Cage. And in Larry Bob's HOLY TITCLAMPS, an art 'Zine.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005

PASSAGE Vol. I.
ISBN:

The Journal of Red Jordan Arobateau, PASSAGE, continues where AUTUMN CHANGES ended. It too is A Transsexual Account. As AUTUMN CHANGES was more about the hard core time of transition, PASSAGE picks up in 2005, 7 years after he's begun. It also flashes back into the past. This Journal is both interesting, & funny.

It provides a equal argument for both sides of the Gender Variant, Vs. True Transsexual debate, which is currently raging today; the bathroom wars, & gender roles with a lot of humor and state of the art political overview: "An aside note; (as most of female-born news is never important); over the 3 day queer weekend; Friday being Tranny March; Saturday Dike March; Sunday, the world famous Gay Pride Day with the largest parade in the world, some 2 million; 4 Trans Masculine men died. Gender Variant by drug overdose/suicide? Transman, violently murdered. Butch dike; vehicular manslaughter. F2M transman; suicide by hanging."

It is both philosophical and anecdotal: "Amid time, mixing the sediment of experiences, grew wisdom; and he began to find others like him, so alone, not the glamorous; but black women in low rent hotel rooms afraid to go out after dark to assemble; without sex, without the arms of a love, maybe just a few lesbian books and records to keep them company. These people who occasionally reach up from a drowning sea and holler "HELP" via a support group, letter to the editor of some queer newspaper or radio

program talk line. This stirs up my energy once again to recount these desperate events of my lower class life and how I'd survived, in vain hope it might somehow help others."

The author departs from practically all of his other 45 plus books available to the public by including eight black & white photographs of his fine arts oil paintings. Like AUTUMN CHANGES, this Journal also has also many quotes throughout, fully accredited. It also includes footnotes of explanation of historic gay information not common knowledge today.

Add to this interesting scholarly reading, which is also sexually descriptive, a great dialogue, and glimpses of a wide spectrum of dikes, fags and trans of (of all sexes) from the past & also for the future! As said previously, the Author's great humor is reflected in PASSAGE, such as the tale of Mademoiselle X and the silver tea service set!

Typewritten in the authors original font and not spell checked. A true collectors dream. Food for the troubled souls of our times.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005

BARRIO BLUES
ISBN: 1-4116-2748-2

Beginning before her first year of age at chapter zero, the story of a Latina Lesbian growing up in el barrio de San Francisco Mission. A look at her family life, sisters, brothers, parents La escuela, La Iglaise. Each chapter in this marvelous work is a year of Libertad's life. Her ambitions. Her life struggle. Her personal growth. The women she takes to bed, and her subsequent adventures. HOT! HOT! Another Masterwork from the pen of Poet/Artist Author Red Jordan Arobateau. Barrio Blues in completely spiced up with some Spanish words, and phrases. A true reading experience!

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005

VENGEANCE!
ISBN: 1-4116-2202-2

The classic tale of a prosperous black lesbian drug dealer Mz. LaRue Jones & her dangerous band of wenchwomen, Flo, Peggy, Stella & Marcel. And the lives they destroy. Her lovely Asian mistress Jade; the beautiful go go dancer Marrionette—caught in their evil narcotics web. & the forces of good that would come against them—Blond Butch Ex-Con Nicki. Great dialogue. Set in 1970's. Action, plot, sex, anti-drug rants & much much more. A rare glimpse of black lesbian street life. This highly entertaining, humorous & adventure-jam packed novel from the pen of Master Artist Red Jordan Arobateau.

Book Review provided by RED JORDAN PRESS, 2005

STORIES FROM THE DANCE OF LIFE Vol. 1.
ISBN: 1-4116-1941-2

Billed as, 'A collection of short stories from the early years', this book of 7 shorter works by Master Artist Red Jordan Arobateau is republished from their first edition in the 1970's. A BUTCH IN LOVE, a never-before seen story, which the author discovered stuck beneath his file cabinet while searching for something else. CATMAN'S CORNER, is a glimpse of the daily life of an ancient black street man. JULIE, the strange happenings in a gay tavern on Women's Night. CONFESSIONS OF A NOT-SO-EX-ALCOHOLIC is Red's testimony to his struggle to overcome alcohol. MEIN THEORY, the tale of a woman who lived through World War II, in Germany. This serious piece is longer, at 100 pages. WHITER THEN BLACK, is one of Red's 3 part series on people of mixed race heritage. (That includes his famous often quoted 'Nobody's People.')

And the final, short work, CENTER

drug dealer; she's self-educated ghetto, works in City Hall, deals narcotics--coke, cocaine--and lives in a mansion on a hill with her wench women."

The comparisons to the blax-ploitation author are understandable, but Arobateau is quick to point out the differences.

"It's not as nasty," he says. "I've got a feminist consciousness. Iceberg Slim and Donald Goines, they both have a horrible thing about women. Forget it. Just like the beats."

Aside from a brief run with now-defunct Masquerade Press--publisher of queer erotica that ranged from straight-up fuck books to more literary, plot-driven offerings--Arobateau has operated beneath the radar of polite publishing society since he took up his craft at 13. At the close of the 1970s, the burden of obscurity hit a peak of frustration. The lesbo-centric women's community had grown a publishing arm; presses like Naiad were finally publishing dyke points of view, and certain writers were enjoying a flurry of success. Not so for Arobateau.

"My style is not a white, middle-class style," he muses. "It's mostly street stuff and definitely about poor people. It's about a great deal of struggle, gender outlaws, illegal stuff. I don't advocate prostitution or drugs, but a lot of that stuff is in there. These are not middle-class books. There's a lot of humor; there's a lot of sex. Maybe it was too much for the girls. Niiad Press called me on the phone to tell me they were rejecting me. 'It's not the type of material we publish; it doesn't fit into the categories we have.' I said, 'Look, I'm my own category.'"

The rejection was enough to stop Arobateau from writing for 10 years, during which time he turned to painting. A request from writer Anne Allen Shockley to publish the essay "Nobody's People," about being of mixed race, sent Arobateau back into his archives; "Nobody's People" was featured in the groundbreaking anthology DAUGHTERS OF AFRICA, amid writings from the likes of Billie Holiday, Angela Davis, and Sojourner Truth.

"Me and my wife were housecleaning at the time," he remembers. "We were cleaning for all these lefties, and I was reading a lot of their socialist

ADDITIONAL REVIEWS:

The LIT interview, by Michelle Tea for the San Francisco Bay Guardian June, 2004:

"It is a perfect asset for a writer to receive extremely little fame or publicity. It raises the souls frustrations to a zenith!--At which temperature genius is produced, and huge risks are taken--out of desperation. In short, finally at the end of the rope, at the breaking point, swaying dizzily at the edge of a cliff, the artist abandons all decorum and writes any damn thing they want to, feeling no one might ever get to read it anyway. Such is my case."

Red Jordan Arobateau, DOING IT FOR THE MISTRESS.

Meet Red Jordan Arobateau. Escaping the bar raids and spiraling hopelessness of Chicago's queer skid row--in the 1960's, Arobateau ventured to San Francisco, chasing down the myth of an easier, California-style existence. "The bums I hung out with on the streets, they would migrate to California and pick vegetables," Arobateau recalls. "They said you could live in the streets; it was so warm."

Already a writer, the 22 year-old Arobateau, then a broke-ass baby butch dyke, hit the city with two completed manuscripts. Now a 60-year-old trans man, he has been in San Francisco since the hippie invasion, eking out a marginal living, writing prolifically in relative obscurity and self-publishing upward of 50 books--none of which are available in bookstores, but most of which can be purchased online. If you're lucky enough to catch him reading at one of San Francisco's various queer-centric literary events, you can even buy a book straight from the source.

"Sometimes I go prowling the streets to peddle my books," he says. "I sell most of my books in person."

Arobateau's books are fat, xeroxed creations, bound with plastic. They have bright paper

covers. Many of the novels are serialized; the most recent, STAGE DOOR, a semiautobiographical saga of a poverty-class butch dyke who transitions to male, is four hefty volumes long due to the limits of how much the plastic bindings can contain. Flip one open and you'll notice the words were pounded into the original by a good old-fashioned typewriter, a sight that fills this writer with respect for the Bukowskian old school-ness of it and sheer anxiety at how hard that shit must have been to crank out and—shivers—to edit.

Least you think Arobateau is simply being artsy, enamored with the preciousness of choppy typewriter font, flipping a Luddite finger at both technology and the larger publishing world, think again. Though the persistence of his production and the means of its distribution may wind up thumbing a nose at the industry, Arobateau isn't trying to be a style rebel. He's simply trying to get his ever increasing bulk of work out there, by whatever low-fi, scammable means necessary.

Arobateau's one-bedroom studio in the Tendereb doubles as his one-man self-publishing house, Red Jordan Press.

"I found all this furniture," he says, motioning to the tables, chairs, and mirrors crammed into the small space. "Just walking through empire as citizens are being evicted by capitalism, leaving their worldly possessions."

The publishing office is a literal niche carved out of a would-be closet, the telltale typewriter turned on its side, reams of paper, Post-it notes, and a scrawled calendar of upcoming readings. Across the room the walls are lined with tiers of metal shelving draped in bright canvas tarps that give the place a circusy feel and serve to hide the boxes upon boxes of books ready for sale.

"I keep an inventory," Arobateau explains. "Anytime I sell a book, I write it down. I can only afford to have two extra copies of each. I have right now 40 different titles available that a person could buy."

In the tight kitchen, tucked into a corner, sits a donated computer Arobateau is hesitantly beginning to enter his completed works into.

"I don't trust the computer," he says of the ancient, clearly untrust-worthy machine. "I put some things on the computer but not to compose—forget it."

Arobateau's writing is part queer historical document, part fiction. The shifting of queer life in America is charted and dramatized, tracking the days when being a homo was an out-and-out crime to the liberating rise of decriminalization.

"I didn't realize till 20 years into this that I was documenting history. People have no idea what it was like to live through a police raid, through the '50's," Arobateau says. "I like to have an older character appear in my book who can testify to the past."

Arobateau deals with working-class butch life, with coming out as transsexual and beginning the life-altering process of transitioning from female to male. It's autobiography and pure imagination, writing that one minute has you rooted in the gritty reality of a tenderloin street and then shoots you into a surreal scene in which a tans narrator is locked in his bedroom closet getting it on with Valerie Solanas and Hillary Swank (in Hollywood drag as Brandon Teena).

Arobateau's queers aren't upwardly mobile L Word lesbians or well-groomed fags eager to take you on a shopping trip to Pottery Barn. They're faggot bikers and lonely, broke butches, old-school drag queens and trans men trapped in the various ghettos—literal and metaphoric—of poverty, queerness and race. Their dramas unfold in writing that's plainspoken and blunt with detail, often spilling over into philosophical musings and simple revelations. The titles of Arobateau's many novels have the lurid, campy appeal of pulp—OUTLAWS! ROUGH TRADE, DIRTY PICTURES, LAY LADY LAY, HOBOS SEX, JAILHOUSE STUD, HO STROLL, SATAN'S BEST, TRANNY BIKER—and the content sometimes reads like that of a queerified Iceberg Slim. Explaining the plot of a 1970 novel he's entering into the computer, Arobateau says, "It's about a black

thru (sic) college, who don't understand the difference between black vernaculars 'funky' and the okey 'funky'-- thus insist on revising his pure stream of consciousness with their abrupt seemingly-harmless 'corrections' (sic) which are in fact corruption's.
(Page. 1220).

While this relaxed usage of language and such was confusing at times -- I have an idea but I'm not positive what "clitdechtomy" is -- it was not much of a deterrent, as the words flowed well along the pages.

Overall, this book is an important read for all; particularly those of us who lack knowledge of the "trans" community, along with those who are involved in said community. As a straight, white male, I found the book extremely interesting. For people in the trans community, the book might act as a resource. Essentially, the book is informative in that it documents the highs and lows of life during the transition; friends who'll ignore or back away from their friendship with you; loved ones who turn their backs on you; excitement from passing for the gender you wish to be; the complications of changing the gender on your driver's license; the continuous injections of "T" (or "E", whatever your fancy might be); being outed by one's doctor; ect. The book left me wanting to read more and learn more about Red and his transition. While four volumes may seem a bit much, I'm sure Red has enough juice, enough passion and enough stories to fill those and many other pages, and keep it fascinating and worth the time to read.

--Vince

Larussa

Book Review by Vince Larussa for MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL, March 2005

magazines. Then I started reading my own books. It made me on fire! I went back to writing, and I haven't stopped since."

The absence of publishing-industry interest hasn't prevented Arobateau from building a readership. His reputation as an underground writer with autobiographical and experimental tendencies grows, with fans purchasing books online at www.redjordanarobateau.com and Amazon.com. Arobateau's body of work is also being collected by the prestigious Bancroft Library at UC Berkeley. "It's an archival library. They've got Mark Twain's original books, Jack Kerouac's original books." Arobateau's novels are all registered with the Library of Congress, and the frequency of his independent publishing caught the eye of librarian Bonnie Beardon, who acquires rare books for the institution.

"She got in touch with me and started buying all my books," Arobateau says. "That's a blessing. I'm a serious writer. I'm not a dabbler."

It's a pure love of writing that keeps him churning out material, and Arobateau isn't unaware of the upshot of toiling without the hawkish eye of a profit-minded publisher on your back.

"I love my books. Because no one else has published me, I can do what I want. If I want to have sex in my books, I have sex in my books because it gets me off. I'd be making love with my wife, and I'd have a pencil and be taking notes!" he says with a laugh. "Not all the time."

Michelle Tea is a Lit contributing writer, and author of novels & anthologies.

AUTUMN CHANGES: (My Unofficial Semi
Autobiography), Part Four
ASIN: B00069XBBA

Chances are you've never heard of Red Jordan Arobateau. He was only brought to my attention recently when I was assigned to review his book and found an interview by indie-acclaimed author Michelle Tea for a local, weekly newspaper. I was fairly apprehensive of this "unofficial semi-autobiography, part four," as other autobiographies I have read recently-- John Stuart Mill, the early progenitor of utilitarianism, and Akira Kurosawa, the world famous Japanese film director-- finish at a mere 197 and 189 pages respectively. My fears were not assuaged, as the first chapter or section was very self-centered--even more then your average autobiography-- as Red describes his irritation and distaste for the local queer cognoscenti's lack of acceptance of his genius works of art, written and visual. His sustenance is the knowledge that some day people will know his name and he'll be handsomely rewarded. To me, self-described "misunderstood genius" often translates to "crazy-not-job."

The book's tone, however, quickly changes as Red continues on to tell the impressive story of his five-year transition from woman to man and his amazing life. AUTUMN CHANGES is figuratively an unorthodox fairytale, philosophically a manifesto, and literally, "a testimony of his first transition years intermixed with remembrances of things past."

The book follows Red as he is separated from a loving father to live with an unfortunately mentally ill mother, a victim of abuse and "blind" grandmother. As a young queer artist, he visits the seedy local Chicago blues and jazz venues and prohibited queer bars, searching for a girlfriend or someone to spend the night with, then moves to San Francisco's infamous Tenderloin district. The stories, however are not chronologically presented, and instead

swiftly jump between the young and younger Red, and later, to a more present-day, transitioning Red. This happens in quick, fluid motions that take on an almost surreal feel reminiscent of Margaret Atwood, and oddly, Louis F. Celine.

We all have many different sets of glasses through which we view and interpret the world that surrounds us, and what struck me as particularly interesting here was the multitude of perspectives that Red deftly writes from: as both a man and a woman feeling that he was a man in a woman's body since he was a young boy; as a queer activist and a political activist, protesting the Vietnam war and the US. Army's more recent excursions; as a transsexual activist and counselor; and as a heartbroken lover. These experiences among others in Red's 60-plus years, leave the reader with rich and diverse stores.

Stylistically and aesthetically, the book is very DIY, with red type, edits, and-- as you may have guessed-- it is self-released. The book is printed on thin paper with slightly ticker covers and typed without many corrections. Red writes in a stream-of-consciousness with a reckless lack of concern for corrections, spelling, grammar, etc. To Red, this is art in its purest form:

His writings unedited, misspelled (sic) and
since they are done by the oldfashion (sic)
typewriter
method, and not computer, can't be
spellchecked
(sic) in cyberspace.. So the buyer is getting
a blast
from the original motherlode (sic). Fresh.
Unadulterated. Non-tampered by lacky (sic)
proof-
readers, fresh-faced typeset (sic) keying their
way

a refuge for the women who meet, discuss, and relate to each other. She has had both white and black lovers. Her "lady" now is black.

She devised her name by putting an "A" in front of Robateau. Jordan was her black grandmother's name, which to her was racial and biblical. Fifteen years ago, she had a hairdresser as a lover, who colored her hair red. She liked it, for Red denotes passion. She readily categorizes herself as a "passionate person." Eroticism dominates her themes.

At the age of fifteen, she was browsing through books on a drugstore rack and came across a lesbian novel. Perusing the pages, she read about a woman "running her hands over another woman's breast." The word electrified her. Putting the book down, she said to herself: "This is what I am!" Even before, she had crushes on her female teachers, and a couple of male ones, whom she found out were gay. As a child, she knew that she was different.

The gay scene in Chicago, as described in "**Alexander D'Oro 1944--Infinity**," was depressing in her time. Gays were harassed by Mayor Daley's police force. It was difficult to find women like herself, and she was lonely without a lover. Eventually she read about the flower people's peace and love offerings in San Francisco, and of the gay life. In 1967, she left Chicago to go where flowers of peace and love were suppose to bloom.

There, to support herself through the years, she held almost "any type of job." She has been a cook, cleaning woman, dishwasher, waitress, and caretaker for disabled people. Once, she landed a good job selling credit cards over the telephone. With the commissions, she bought two houses. Subsequently, she sold the houses and bought the one in which she lives. Now she wants to move. The neighbors are noisy. Trash strews their yards.

A black cat stalked majestically in, eyed me inquisitively, then jumped up in her mistress's lap. "This is Mary," Red smiled. "Do you like cats?"

From *Sinister Wisdom* 21 1982
Ann Allen Shockley reviewer

RED JORDAN AROBATEAU
A Different Kind of Black Lesbian Writer

It was a cool, beautiful San Francisco day in September when Margaret Cruikshank did me a great kindness by driving me to Oakland to meet Red Jordan Arobateau. I had long wanted to meet the writer, after being introduced to (her) work in Judy Grahn's *True-to-Life Adventure stories*, vol. 1.

Her story, "Susie Q" (spelled Suzie Q in the episode), had left an impression on me, stirring questions which sought answers. My main problem was with her racial identity. Was she black? The story spoke of blackness as only a black woman could know it, written in the singular vernacular of black street language. The experiences of Suzie Q, a whimsical, vacillating black lesbian prostitute, who moves with insight and foresight in the murky subculture of the streets, were indeed a rarity to black lesbian writing.

This type of black female character, lesbian or heterosexual, has been largely ignored or glossed over in the whole of Afro-American literature by black female writers. Various reasons can be surmised for the neglect. Many Afro-American women who write, exist in an academic environment. Here, they are riveted in the isolated, lofty tower of scholarship, research, and pedagogy. The literary black female writers usually focus on allegorical symbolism's, women in search of a quest, or the ennobling of black women. Other writers are involved in political rhetoric, or self-serving pursuits.

The experiences and lifestyle of most black women writers have been far removed from the social, economic, and political milieu of the subterranean ghetto. *The streets* are unknown to them, except as a place to fear at night, or to get from one end of town to another. Ho's, pimps, drug dealers, dope addicts and boosters are invisible to their lives and unimportant to their writing.

Red Jordan Arobateau's Suzie Q brought a new protagonist to black lesbian fiction, springing to life the black lesbian street woman in all her hard glaring reality. The story, too, places

the black prostitute in the personalized role of being human, rather than portrayed as a piece of meat to be exploited in pornography, or in such as the Iceberg Slim pimp stories.

Despite this, when I asked around about the author, few people knew of her or had read her work. None whom I contacted could tell me the racial origin of the woman with the strange name. Fortunately, when in San Francisco, I got her telephone number from the owners of the Old Wives' Tales Bookstore, where I purchased her self-published novel, *The Bars Across Heaven* (1975).

After we met, the author shared another publication with me, her sole remaining copy of *Five Stories* (1977). The book had a tattered green, heavily stapled paper cover, which held together 235 numbered typewritten pages produced by Red Jordan Press. From this, Suzie Q emerged for Judy Grahn's collection.

All but one of the five stories on the cover were scratched out. The book contained only three: "Ladies Auxiliary of the Left." Alexander D'Oro 1944--To Infinity," and, of course, "Suzie Q." With the exception of Suzie Q, the stories are autobiographical. The longest, "Alexander D'Oro 1944--Infinity," is a first-person narrative by June "Flip" Jordan, which tells of her high-school friend, Robert "Bobbie" Blake Goldberg, alias Alexander D'Oro, their circle of friends, lovers, and what it was like to grow up poor, black, and gay. Daring to be different, they tried to ease their painful loneliness, sharpened by societal repression, by "staying drunk or fucked up on pills." They had no role models, and few ventured to help them. Gays had not yet developed a "positive culture of self help." It is a classic rough-hewn documentation of young, black gay life on the South Side of Chicago during the liberal-scaring fifties.

The tongue-in-cheek "Ladies Auxiliary of the Left" follows Red to San Francisco and the women's liberation movement. The atypical style of the author, combined with the improvised idioms of black street jive rap, replete with their sound spellings, weave the stories together in a believable pattern.

When Margaret Cruikshank deposited me at Red Jordan Arobotau's small, modest house, half-hidden by garled trees

and bushes, a smiling woman greeted me at the door. Red had warned me over the telephone that she "looked white." She did look white or possibly Latina, with her fair skin and "white folks straight hair." She was dressed in a pair of faded jeans, a plaid blue flannel shirt, and boots.

I followed her into a front room almost devoid of furniture, save for three old vertical files, a small table, and three hard chairs. We sat down opposite each other. I noticed that she smiles easily and often. She appeared relaxed, slouched in the chair. She has a warm earthiness about her. As I began my questions, I discerned that she likes to talk. Information and discoveries sprang forth, allaying my curiosity.

The thirty-seven-year-old author was a product of a mixed marriage, which had a profound effect on her life and writing. Her father was born in Honduras, and came to live in Chicago, where there were few Spanish-speaking people. He married a light-skinned black woman with "tight hair," which when straightened, made her, too, look white. Red resembles the black side of the family, except for inheriting her father's "straight hair." Hair has always been a pinnacle of black conversation, and throughout the talking, Red frequently referred to her "straight hair."

She described her family life as having been "terrible," filled with emotional stress. An only child, she was closer to her father than mother. Her father was "something out of this world," and she loved him dearly. When her father left home, she went with him. She never saw her mother again after the age of seventeen.

Living with her father, she led an independent life. An average high-school student, she went to college for a year, but finding it a big "social affair", dropped out. Her grandmother and mother were college graduates. There is unmistakable pride in her disclosure.

To look white, but think and feel black, has caused lifelong psychological and social problems for her. Particularly around white women who take her for white. Unlike Michelle Cliff, she has never passed for white. To cope with her emotional frustrations, she has joined the Mongrels, a group of women born of mixed heritage. The organization serves as

tough; being a human being's even harder. Her novels, *Lucy & Mickey* and now, *Dirty Pictures*, are written in laconic gunfire bursts of precise, riveting prose that passionately yet mercilessly examines the human condition, in this case as expressed by the tumultuous joys and betrayals of The Life.

Arobateau writes from the perspective of dyke pre-history when one's choice of lover was inherently political, rather than the fashion statement it has become for so many weekend womyn warriors. Her observations on the often-furtive interior lives of lesbians gain the reader's empathy through the power of her simple, understated observations. And though she embraces social progress, she doesn't totally endorse the faulty concept of the zipless fuck as a high-minded symbol of emancipation:

The girl spread her legs, not as a joyful lover, but a base, broken bottom woman; wide. Ass on the pillow tipped up. One more time Shelly was over her, a plow horse, led to the slaughter of sex. Body heavy, weary, in deadened erotic passion.

And then, after an apocalyptic grudge fuck:

Stepped into her trousers, put on her shirt & jacket again. Between her legs, her sex felt numb in a delirium of sleeplessness & emotional pain.

Arobateau is a unique and worthy writer, who mines territory somewhere between Artaud and Mickey Spillane.

David Aaron Clark is the author of *The Marquis De Sade's Juliette: Vengeance on the Lord*

From THE SPECTATOR 1995
WHATEVER IS FORBIDDEN
Reviews by Drew Parkin

Lucy & Mickey

I don't know about you, but when I sit down with a dirty book and my trusty Hitachi Magic Wand, I am not looking for art. I don't care if my one-handed reading matter impacts

Not having been around cats, I couldn't say, although I have a natural tendency to like all animals. I skirted the question with a comment: "I have two dogs."

Placing Mary back down on the floor, she laughed. "I have twelve cats and two dogs!"

She began to write when she was thirteen years old. Poetry, short stories, and long rambling things. Getting up, she crossed over to the file cabinets. "Look," she said, pulling out the drawers, "this is all the stuff I've been writing for years."

The drawers bulge with completed and uncompleted works. I thought: *Whee-e-e! She must hold the world's record for being the most prolific unpublished black lesbian author in the country!* Proudly, she announces that she has written thirty-seven novels on both gay and straight themes. Quickly she reads out the names of her books: *Ash Can Betty, Garbage Can Sally, Flea Market Molly, Electroshock Doctor, White Girl, and Boogie Nights, Party Lights*. Titles suggestive of pulp novels.

She writes in her bedroom and can "bat out a novel in a month." When finished, she Xeroxes five copies, binds the typed pages with paper covers, and hand-staples them.

The Bars Across Heaven has a more professional appearance, with a slick printed cover and offset type. This is a book for which she is known and has been reviewed. It continues the life experiences of Flip Jordan on the ghetto streets of Oakland. Flip lives on welfare checks, food stamps, and penny ante rip-offs. She hobnobs with "ho's" whom she pays for their services. Flip desperately searches for the woman of her dreams and money, but in reality all she wants is to find peace, joy, and love.

About the characters in her book, Red says: "I've lived in some way experiences in the books. I've been around it. I've seen it personally."

In encountering the street life, she has tried drugs, which ended when she was hospitalized. But through all of the sordidness, she kept herself "clean," remembering the middle-class upbringing which served as a buffer.

She has been trying to get published in the last twenty years with no success. She attributes this to a "spiritual thing." God isn't ready for her to get published yet. She realizes that she needs an editor to help refine her work. Nevertheless, she continues to write, for writing brings to life her experiences, life, and energy, and the people whom she meets to capture on paper.

She is on unemployment compensation. Jokingly, she calls herself "retired." After all, she points out, look at all the work gone into her writing through the years. Some people retire after twenty years, don't they? All she requires is enough to feed her cats and dogs.

Her life has altered dramatically since the death of her father nine years ago. She had been an atheist most of her life, but when her father died she became a Christian, as he had been. Her new religious zealotness has turned some people off from her. There are those who are alarmed by the Christian fundamentalist waves sweeping the country, fearful of the political effects on their lifestyles, ideas, and personal freedom. But her religious beliefs are becoming part of her writing, particularly her call-and-response poetry.* She has reconciled her lesbianism with her Christianity, and can even be witty about it. She said, "I prayed to Jesus: You can take the lesbian from me, but please, just don't make me straight!"

Red is a member of the Metropolitan Community Church, which was founded for christian gays and lesbians to worship freely and without hostility. Tightening her gaze on me, she inquired if I went to church. I responded negatively. She quickly asked if I had ever gone to church. I nodded yes, thinking there were few black people of my generation who hadn't attended church or been *made* to go sometime in life. Immediately, I was invited to Sunday services with her. I declined because of another engagement, but felt it would have been interesting to see her in the mansion of her Lord.

*Call-and-response originated in Africa. It is a preacher-to-congregation type song.

Copyright

From THE SPECTATOR 1995

SEX BEAT

By David Aaron Clark

BOOK NOOKIE

As we promised last time, we are forgoing the painful personal ramblings for this month, and have decided to go user friendly instead. What follows is a series of heartfelt plugs for recently released books that have...sniff... made our suddenly lonely, aimless existence a bit less than the constant hell of bitter regret and raw pain every waking hour has been generally filled with.

Oops. There we go again. Excuse the flatulence, and just go ahead and dive right into Dave's Short List of Admirable Christmas Gifts for the Open Minded and Literate Pervert.

(See, we're even being seasonal! Isn't that great? Merry Christ--er Happy Hau---oops, ah, Holly Jolly Winter Solstice, everybody!)

DIRTY PICTURES By Red Jordan Arobageau.

Go ahead and vilify us, but we must confess to being bored past all polite restraint by the great wave of cookie-cutter lesbian fiction inundating the alternative bookstores these days. With sincere apologies to Pat Califia, an excellent writer who rises above any single genre, this fetishization of the Personal as Political is getting pretty goddamned played. Does the world really need another breathlessly explicit, yawningly romantic dissertation on How I Was Empowered By My First Slurp of Pussy?

Delineating the experience and ramifications of Sex--lesbian, gay, straight, sadomasochistic or Other--calls for an intelligence and understanding of the human condition that rises far beyond political catchphrases and feel-good coffee klatch literary circles. Sex is, before anything else, intensely personal.

Red Jordan Arobageau, perhaps thanks to the wisdom of (her) years and decidedly non-middle-class set of experiences, seems to understand perfectly. No shit, being a lesbian can be

SINISTER WISDOM-- ed. Michelle Cliff & Adrienne Rich, 1982
COMMON LIVES/LESBIAN LIVES, 1982
TRUE TO LIFE ADVENTURE STORIES-- ed. Judy Grahn, 1978
ON OUR BACKS Magazine-- ed. Heather Findlay
MASQUERADE Newsletter-- ed. Richard Kasak
FTMI Newsletter--ed. Mighty Fein-Rawlings

Red appears in the movie BEFORE STONEWALL
His books & papers are archived at the BANCROFT LIBRARY--
UC Berkeley

JOIN THE RED JORDAN AROBATEAU FAN CLUB!

This is an online club,
redjordanarobateaufanclub
on Yahoo.com

ORDER A PHOTOGRAPH OF RED'S FINE ARTS OIL PAINTINGS!

(Seen in catalogue and his online site.)

Set of 4 photographs A.-- Postcard size \$8

Set of 4 photographs B.-- Postcard size \$8

A poster of your choice (chose from postcards)
11" x 16" \$25

timeless truths about politics and society and the human condition; I want it to get me off.

From time to time, though, I come across porn that manages to engage my brain and my body, that manages to be hot and smart at the same time.

Take Red Jordan Arobateau's newly published novel, *Lucy & Mickey*. A prolific Bay Area writer, Arobateau writes quirky colloquial prose, reminiscent both of literary sex fiend Henry Miller and of the pulp romances of the '50s and '60s. Like Miller in his Parisian days, Arobateau is unabashedly fascinated with the lives and loves of "working girls." And like the pulps, (she) depends on recognizable stock characters and heavy doses of sex to move along the simple girl-meets-girl plot.

Lucy & Mickey is an epic butch/femme romance. The main characters walk the edge of gender stereotypes, but never fall into caricature. Mickey, a rough-hewn teenage butch on her own, searches endlessly for the miracle that will pull her out of her borderline existence on the streets of Chicago. In the process, Mickey replays every groove of the Ballad of the Baby Butch. Unable to hold a job because of her masculine appearance and juvi-enile crime record, she depends on her prostitute girlfriend, Lucy, for money, yet resents what she does to earn it. Conflating financial necessity with physical need, Mickey forces Lucy to have sex every night, in some misguided hope that she will keep Lucy sated and off the streets. All the while, Mickey ignores the reality that, in Chicago in the summer of 1959, it is poverty, not desire, that drives women to the streets and back alleys.

Like Mickey as a butch, Lucy only narrowly escapes caricature as the helpless femme. Lucy is half-Native American and an alcoholic; she is a street walker turned junkie; she has been sexually abused; she is a lesbian, seeking comfort in the arms of women after turning tricks in rundown hotels. It would be easy for Lucy to remain nothing more than a two-dimensional stereotype of the victimized sex worker. And yet Arobateau saves her with unexpected and loving details that make the character come alive. Lucy paints boxes and tie-dyes salvaged curtains in an attempt to brighten up her flop-house room. A devoted "I Love Lucy" fan, she watches

re-runs while coloring her hair and painting her nails. And no less than butch Mickey, Lucy struggles with being a lesbian in the years before Stonewall.

Clearly Arobateau knows of what she speaks. Her descriptions of Chicago's underground gay bars and the daily struggle to eat and pay the rent ring true.

Neighborhood changed now--fast. Gone were the rich restaurants, ample menus; with real grass and trees in front, and luxuriant booths and spotless chrome inside, scrubbed clean daily by a squad of assistant cooks in chefs' white hats. Large blinking ads that by night flashed; FAMILY DINNERS. Places women of their sort were not allowed in. Lucy who often wore a red bandanna to tie her falling-apart red hair, was suspect. And of course Mickey--they'd be stopped and refused entrance at the door.

Lucy & Mickey is a reality check for those readers young enough to have missed life before the beginnings of the gay rights movement.

What really makes Arobateau's novel a success, though, are the gritty sex scenes. These are the sights, scents and sounds of unadorned girl sex, without poetic flourishes. Arobateau captures the passion and urgency of sex for its own sake.

So she got on top and began humping once again.

Lucy and Mickey's bare meat coupling together.

And her toes dug into the bed, clutch for support, to get traction, as her hips kept thrusting, her sex powerfully hot. She gave it up so good.

"I WANT TO GIVE YOU MY LOVE! UH UH UH!"

Cum corkscrew unwound out of her body, from a deep core.

Arobateau presents sex as salvation from the bitterness of life.

BIO & MISCELLANY:

Red Jordan Arobateau is a life-long writer/painter age 62, a transman of mixed race heritage. Born 1943 to the bourgeoisie, fallen to working class/subsistence poverty. Beginning to earn money for his fabulous craft. Now retired, Red occupies his time creating art, & is a colorful character around town doing spoken word stand up mic. He managed to graduate from High School & had several semesters of Art College. Lived in Chicago, NYC, & San Francisco. Been in queer life since late '50's. Writes most of his stuff straight from life & imagination intertwined. Had 9 books published by a New York house. The other 35 are self-published by RED JORDAN PRESS.

Red's writing appears in over 40 anthologies, collections, and magazines, including:

BOTTOMS UP-- ed. Diana Cage, 2005
BEST BLACK EROTICA-- ed. Darieck Scott, 2005
ON OUR BACKS, BEST EROTICA #2-- ed. Diana Cage, 2003
BLACK LIKE US-- ed. Don Weise & Devon Carbado, 2002
STARFU*KERS --ed. Shar Rednour, 2001
HEROTICA #6-- ed. Marcy Sheiner, 1999
VIRGIN TERRITORY 2-- ed. Shar Rednour, 1997
BEST LESBIAN EROTICA--ed. Tristan Taormino 1997
HOT & BOTHERED--ed. Karen Tulchinsky 1999
WHORES AND OTHER FEMINISTS --ed. Jill Nagle, 1997
A MOVEMENT OF EROS-- ed. Heather Findlay, 1996
EROTIC FAIRY TALES-- ed. Michael Ford, 1996
GONE IS THE SHAME-- ed. Marti Hohmann, 1997
COMPENDIUM OF LESBIAN SEX-- ed. Masquerade Books, 1998
OFF THE RAG-- ed. Lee Lynch & Akia Woods, 1996
DAUGHTERS OF AFRICA 1992 ed. Margaret Busby 1992
MY STORY'S ON --ed. Paula Ross, 1985
SOBER DYKES AND OUR FRIENDS-- ed. Jean Swallow, 1985

who have just met, perform for three men, and fall in love with each other. For 500 pages we watch them collide with poverty, love, violence, sex and drugs. The plot is real life for some, which does not always make for entertainment.

I suspect that Red Jordan Arobateau has worked harder and waited longer than many to be published. Her cascade of turbulent words, sometimes chillingly lovely, sometimes unpalatable, sometimes clumsy, often chosen so sensitively they seem torn from her existence are still raw, is part of our literature. This lesbian deserves notice.

LAMBDA BOOK REPORT --A Review of Contemporary Gay and Lesbian Literature Vol. 4 No 11 July/August 1995

Lee Lynch-reviewer.--Lee Lynch's most recent novel is Cactus Love.

GRAFFITI ARTIST OF LESBIAN LITERATURE:

Review by Lee Lynch for Lambda Book Report magazine.

STREET FIGHTER, HOW'S MARS? THE BARS ACROSS HEAVEN, LUCY & MICKY.

I was introduced to the writing of Red Jordan Arobateau in the early 1980's by Tee Corinne, who had learned of the self-publishing, working class, old gay writer while living in the San Francisco Bay Area. Until recently, this type of word-of-mouth network was Arobateau's primary marketing tool. Although I owned none, I never forgot Arobateau's books. Last year I stumbled across an address for (her) and learned that (she) was still writing her powerful stories of street dykes. And I learned that, after something like twenty years of copy-shop printing, self-promotion and infrequent notice by the lesbian and gay literary worlds, Richard Kasak of Masquerade Books is connecting this decidedly lesbian writer with a larger audience.

In the RED JORDAN PRESS Catalogue I count forty-seven books which Arobateau has authored. She describes, for example, *THE RICH/ THE POOR IN SPIRIT* as "the tale of a revolutionary lesbian fry cook at the Burger Emporium and her lover, chosen, from the scuzzy habitués of the downtown district." *WHERE THE WORD IS NO* "A glimpse of a bisexual hustler's life, and his relationship with Miss La De Da, a fabulous, insightful drag queen." *SATAN'S BEST* is from the Lesbian Biker Series, and features "some sadomasochism." And *SO I CAST MYSELF WITH JESUS INTO THE SEA IF LIFE* she describes as a collection of "Religious poetry for all who love God the Mother or wish to hear about the supreme being in a New Light."

Iconoclastic and idiosyncratic, Red Jordan Arobateau writes with an exciting and uncontrolled energy. Her work is erotic, political, violent, romantic. Her female characters are, on some level, Everydyke, decidedly femme or butch. They are street kids and poverty-stricken couples. Her

mixed race butches are by turns abusive and abused. Her femmes are betrayers and devoted "wives." Occasionally both in the same character. Everyone gets high on chemicals. The world according to Arobateau is a trial and everyone is guilty, everyone sentenced to a hard time.

Arobateau appears in the documentary Before Stonewall. Her work is included in the anthology Daughters of Africa and the periodicals Sinister Wisdom, Common Lives/Lesbian Lives, and On Our Backs. Why weren't her books published long ago? This is raw stuff, the surlier moments of a working class lesbian world--and the sordid moments disdained by a reading public. Arobateau is not edited. Even the Hard Candy edition has received minimal editing, according to Kasak. I'm not, at all certain Arobateau could be edited and keep flying at the altitudes she reaches through sheer passion.

An evocative fragment from MARS: "She slapped down the street in her midnight mules."

From STREET FIGHTER: "Plaintive cry of seagulls at this ocean side metropolis: AREEK! AREEK! at the last dusk light."

From HEAVEN: "As if doing pushups Mickey lowered her body down between her lover's legs; forced her swollen womanhood down on Lucy's cunt, got hard contact and rode."

Arobateau writes poetry, splashes it across the sprawl of the vandalized cities she uses as settings: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia. Her imagery is primarily visual and so naively accurate--the lover doing pushups--that the reader sees with an immediacy a prettier image would not convey.

Sometimes I hate reading what she writes. I have avoided her biker series but even the rough sex in her vanilla books disturbs me. Much of the sex makes middle class me uncomfortable, but I assume it has partially been the author's ticket to publication.

117

She explains the sexuality of some of her characters in STREET FIGHTER:

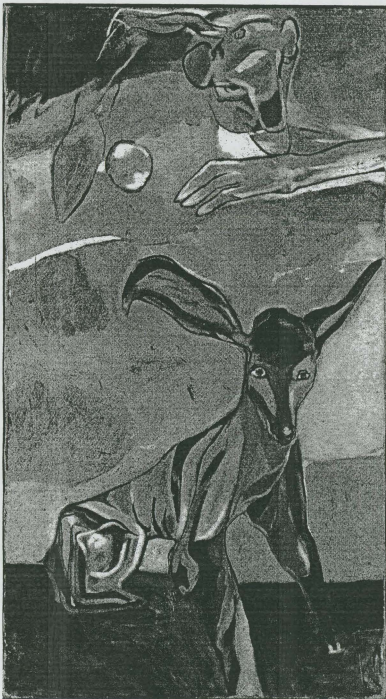
"And actually woody was as meek and mild as any woman, but that she'd had to deal with life in the streets... Learned to withhold her sexuality.--To sublimate it into unconscious where it reared out as an angry snake. Amerika in its repression... had forced its restraints on her, and she had internalized it, and now, clutched onto that as a form of power.--Power in holding herself back, in denial. So when her cuts leak out, and her sex comes on--it explodes in rage, and violence.. In drugs, to wipe away memories of the past, and to rid herself of fear. In dominance.--Controlling her sexual situation, as if she could by that way control her environment too."

This writer is a poet locked inside a reality so harsh she gasps for beauty--and finds it--using the same language and individualistic spelling and grammar as her characters. This is no paint-by-numbers genre dabbler, o weekend novelist out to supplement her income and self-image. She is the graffiti artist of lesbian literature, not respectable by a long shot, but chronicling for us the raw material of her world. She springs from the tradition of a Kerouac, a Thomas Wolfe, unable to resist the intense, undeniable yearning to recreate and celebrate and tell her experience. Of course Wolfe had Maxwell Perkins and Kerouac had his mentors. Women with raw talent usually do not get published.

Would I want to sit down and read an Arobateau beginning to end? Some readers may. I have difficulty with undisciplined writing and dip into her books as I would into poetry. Her characters are too busy hustling for the basics of survival to show much development. Ursula in MARS is an exception: "She didn't know what she felt," writes Arobateau at the end of the book, "but that she felt something... deeper then a gold wedding ring." In THE BARS Arobateau uses the device of group therapy sessions to trace the development of heroine Flip.

The plots I read usually reported the struggles between a butch heroine and her mean little world. Sometimes Arobateau follows the course of a relationship. LUCY & MICKEY opens with a "freakshow." The two women,

118

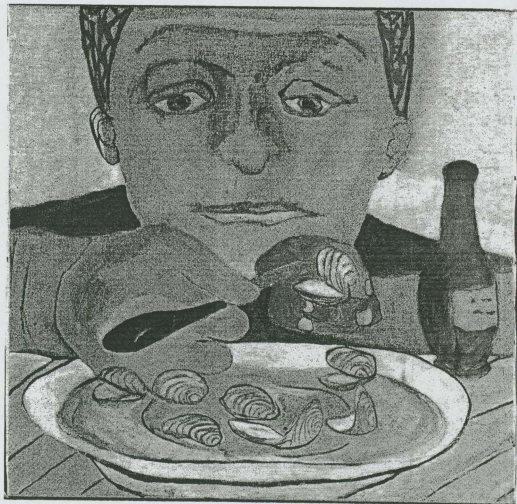


LOST DOG

RED JORDAN AROBATEAU American (1943-0)
Lost Dog circa 1969 Oil on Canvas 36"x20"
Artist Collection

ADDENDUM:

SECTION 2.



THE OYSTER EATER

RED JORDAN
AROBATEAU American

ADDITIONAL:

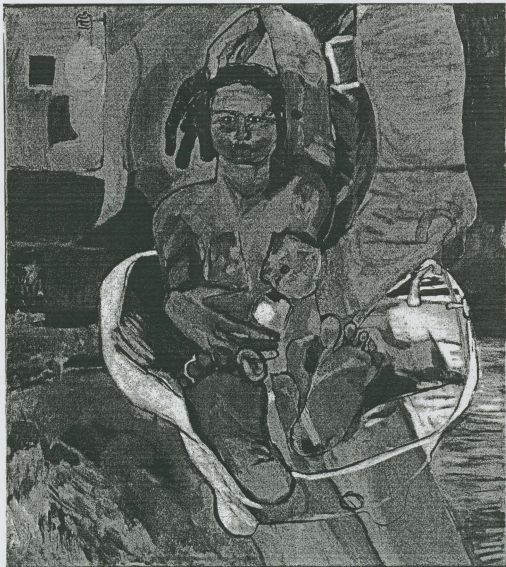
Book Reviews.

by RED JORDAN PRESS

& others.

Bio.

Miscellany.



HO'S BATH

RED JORDAN AROBATEAU American (1943-)

Ho's Bath circa 1969 Oil on Canvas 36" x 24"

Artist's Collection, San Francisco

BIO & MISCELLANY:

Red Jordan Arobateau is a life-long writer/painter age 62, a transman of mixed race heritage. Born 1943 to the bourgeoisie, fallen to working class/subsistence poverty. Beginning to earn money for his fabulous craft. Now retired, Red occupies his time creating art, & is a colorful character around town doing spoken word stand up mic. He managed to graduate from High School & had several semesters of Art College. Lived in Chicago, NYC, & San Francisco. Been in queer life since late '50's. Writes most of his stuff straight from life & imagination intertwined. Had 9 books published by a New York house. The other 35 are self-published by RED JORDAN PRESS.

Red's writing appears in over 40 anthologies, collections, and magazines, including:

BOTTOMS UP-- ed. Diana Cage, 2005

BEST BLACK EROTICA-- ed. Darieck Scott, 2005

ON OUR BACKS, BEST EROTICA #2-- ed. Diana Cage, 2003

BLACK LIKE US-- ed. Don Weise & Devon Carbado, 2002

STARFU*KERS --ed. Shar Rednour, 2001

HEROTICA #6-- ed. Marcy Sheiner, 1999

VIRGIN TERRITORY 2-- ed. Shar Rednour, 1997

BEST LESBIAN EROTICA--ed. Tristian Taomario 1997

HOT & BOTHERED--ed. Karen Tulchinsky 1999

WHORES AND OTHER FEMINISTS --ed. Jill Nagle, 1997

A MOVEMENT OF EROS-- ed. Heather Findlay, 1996

EROTIC FAIRY TALES-- ed. Michael Ford, 1996

GONE IS THE SHAME-- ed. Marti Hohmann, 1997

COMPENDIUM OF LESBIAN SEX-- ed. Masquerade Books, 1998

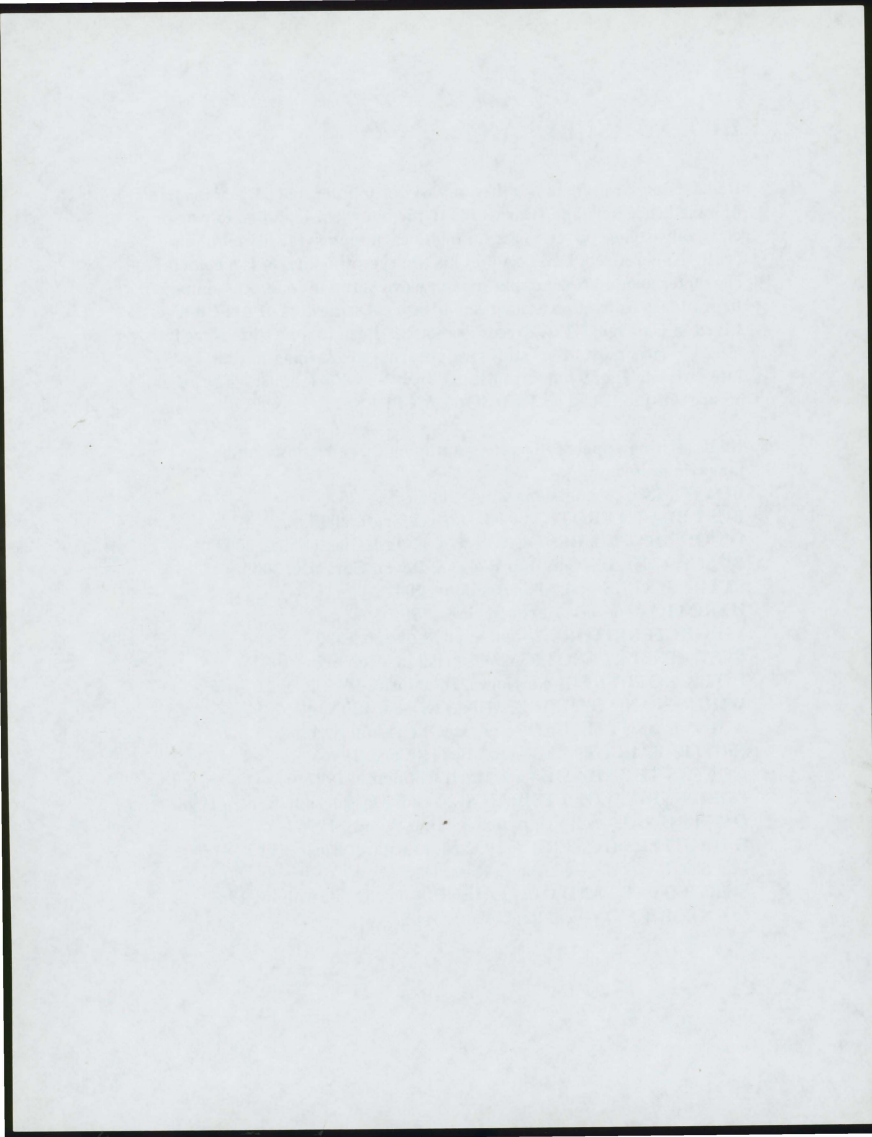
OFF THE RAG-- ed. Lee Lynch & Akia Woods, 1996

DAUGHTERS OF AFRICA 1992 ed. Margaret Busby 1992

MY STORY'S ON --ed. Paula Ross, 1985

SOBER DYKES AND OUR FRIENDS-- ed. Jean Swallow, 1985

MY STORIES ON-- ed. Paula Ross, 1985



PORTRAITS FROM A
GHETTOIZED POPULATION

A PLAY BY
RED JORDAN AROBATEAU

SHIMONA
IS A HO ASS
LEZZIE

Center for Sex & Culture

398 11th Street #303

7:30 PM

\$5-50 sliding scale

May 18, 21(previews), 25, 26, 28

June 1, 2, 4, 8, 9, 11, 15, 16, 18,

22, 23, 25

