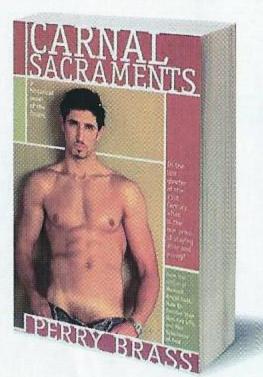


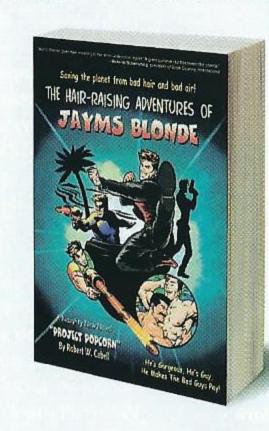
AUTUMN LEAVES

COZY UP WITH QUEER READS THIS FALL BY MARK PEIKERT



CARNAL SACRAMENTS BY PERRY BASS

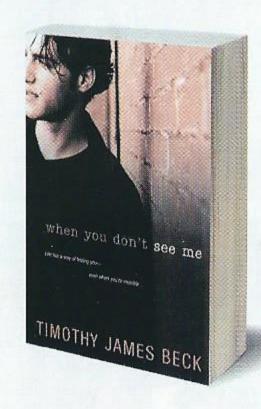
Time stands still for Jeffrey Cooper, a successful businessman in 2075 who remains ageless, as long as he continues bringing money into the company. But stress is beginning to tell on him, and men are flitting in and out of his orderly life, disrupting it and him. Part sci-fi, part erotica, this is a fast and fascinating read. (Belhue Press)



THE HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES OF JAYMES BLONDE

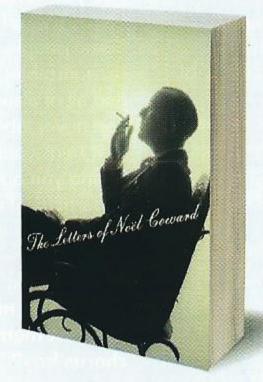
BY ROBERT W. CABELL

Hairdresser/secret agent
Jaymes is (rather obviously,
given the spelling of
his name) gay, and runs
the Pink Berets, a group
determined to to halt the
evil machinations of an antienvironment group. Breezy
and funny, Jamyes is a hero
for every gay boy out there.
(iUniverse)



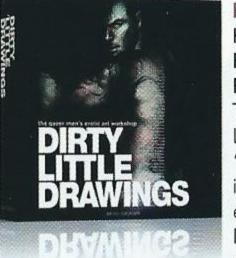
WHEN YOU DON'T SEE ME

BY TIMOTHY JAMES BECK
There's no feeling quite like
disappearing in NYC, and
Beck captures it here. Nick
exists in a dull routine of
lowered expectations and
rationed optimism, until he's
forced to become a person
again. It may be surprisingly
easy to disappear in a big
city, but it's always far more
rewarding in the long run to
get hurt. (Kensington)



THE LETTERS OF NOËL COWARD

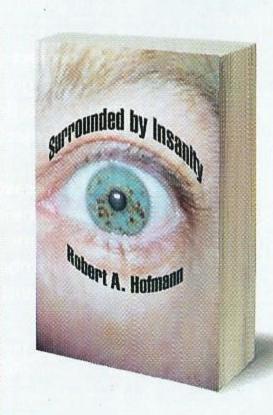
Talk about "a talent to amuse"! These letters, telegrams, notes and various other forms of correspondence could serve as a capsule summary of entertainment in the 20th-century. All of Coward's friends and admirere sare here, hilariously complimented or back-handed. (Knopf)



DIRTY LITTLE DRAWINGS HARVEY REDDING, ROBERT W. RICHARDS & ROB HUGH ROSEN

This collection of art from the Leslie/Lohman Art Gallery's "Dirty Little Drawings" exhibit is a godsend for both fans of erotic art and lovers of the New York art scene. Stuffed with images that range

from the graphic to the tame, from the gutter to the sublime, this is truly a miracle of hormones, testosterone and talent. (Bruno Gmünder)



SURROUNDED BY INSANITY

Yes, another collection of funny essays by a gay writer. But just because David Sedaris became famous with his doesn't mean he owns the monopoly on them. And lucky for us, otherwise we wouldn't have Hofmann's hilarious collection about preening gay men, oblivious family members and flaming wreaths. (Publish America)

BY ROBERT A HOFMANN

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