

The
EROTIC
Adventures of
BATMAN

BY SETH BLAKE

The Erotic Adventures of Batman

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A lot of times, after a hot romp with a new bed buddy, whoever it is will turn to me and be like:

“Where did you learn that shit?”

The answer is simple.

Nepal.

Now, I know what you’re thinking. You’re wrong, but that’s your prerogative. It’s a free country. Not anywhere near as free as Nepal in terms of its sexual mores, but free enough to where you can pretty much spout off about whatever.

You’re thinking:

“Sure, he can ‘perform’ like Sting, but what does this hardtop know about the Himalayan plateau?”

To which my reply would be a cordial request for you to hop off of my nuts.

Go ahead. Take a long look at me.

Drink it in. I’m not so hard on the old peepers, am I?

What do you see? Let’s free associate.

Limber. Lumbering. Broadshouldered. “Packing heat.” Trim. Primecut. Intelligence. Fast. Goodlooking. Sizzlepiece.

Ok. Not bad for round one. In fact, everything you said is on point. But, did you notice a pattern?

No? Well, I did.

Allow me to let the towel drop.

You only looked with your eyes.

And that's the basic problem with the Western way of perception.

When all you've been trained to recognize is the presence of a hot piece of ass, you assume that nothing else matters once you've found one.

But buddy, when you assume, you make yourself look like an asshole, and that reflects poorly on me.

Which is why I'm trying to explain this shit to you one step at a time.

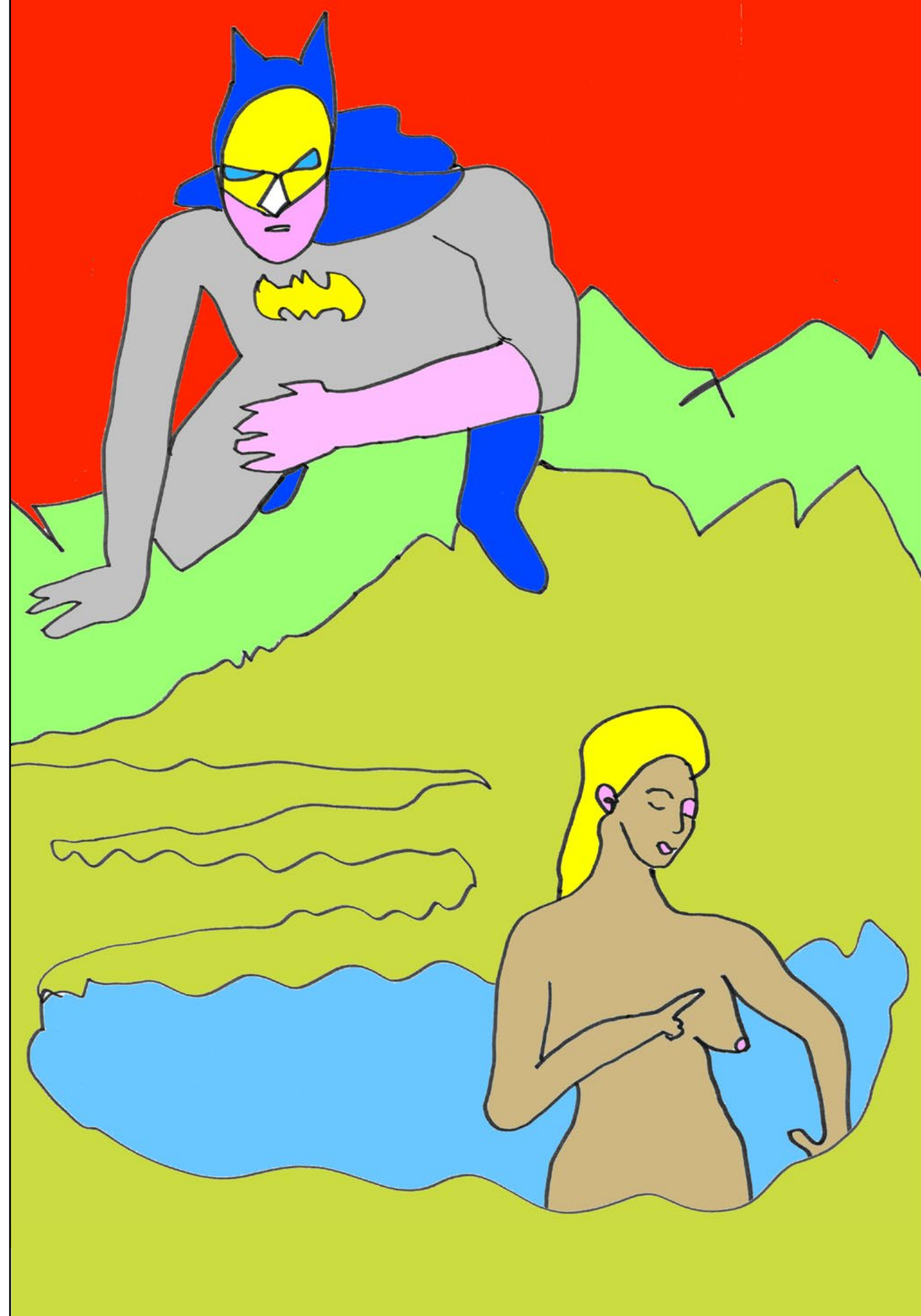
My point is this: Don't judge a book by its cover, even if that book's cover gives you a hardone.

Or, to put it another way: I may look like the Olympian sex angel straight out of your favorite Disney fairytale but let's just say that, underneath, I have a lot more in common with the morning star than rosy fingered Don.

That's right. I'm into Lucifer. Eastern shit.

It all started back in nineteen ninety-seven.

I was a man in his prime, but it hadn't always been that way. Not so many years prior, I had struggled with addiction: to drugs, to alcohol, to sex and trans-fats, in addition to pornography, cocaine and gambling. Things came to a head in June, 1988 when I flew to the former West German city of Bochum to see the Starlight Express open at the Starlighthalle—a venue specifically constructed with Andrew Lloyd Weber's utopian vision of a science fiction future dominated by pansexual trains in mind. Having begun my own version of a "lock n' load" party in the limo from the manor to Gotham field and continuing in that vein through the two connecting flights and in the limo from Frankfurt, I was in rare form by the time I arrived for the show. Not realizing that the new production had changed the order of the set list, I got so freaked out when I thought that they had skipped my favorite song, "Pumping Iron" that I entered a sort of dissociative fugue and didn't wake up until they finally played it in the correct order at the opening of the Las Vegas run in September 1993, five years later. Since I was asleep or whatever, I can't say exactly what happened during all that time, but all of my friends assure me that it was very, very bad.



A lot of this was my father's fault for having set a bad example but lucky for me I'm not the type to just give up and take "blow" for an answer. I mean, I did for a while. A lot of blow, plus prescription pain-killers, and those other things I mentioned. But deep down I knew that crap wasn't for me. I was raised better than that. The problem at that point was basically that I didn't give a shit. Not about my body, not about my mind, and least of all my soul.

Lucky for me, I had the horse-sense to put my faith in a guy named Randy Shovelback.

Now, you probably already know the story of what happened between me and Randy in the years since. I mean, when I reluctantly went public with the shocking memoir of my erotic adventures in order to help finance the massive legal fees I've incurred as I continue to sue the shit out of Randy, pretty much everybody has discovered what a dog dick the guy actually is at heart. But, in the early nineteen nineties, his self-help guide and lifestyle actualization method "The Psychological Advantage" truly did help wean me from my dependence on material goods, and for that I will forever remain grateful. *Namaste*, Randy I'll see you in court you slippery turd.

The problem with the "Psychological Advantage," and I say this as a total advocate, is right there in the name.

Think about it.

"Psycho-logical."

Which, unless I'm an idiot, I'm pretty sure means "crazy logical."

Reading between the lines like this you can tell there's one thing that Randy missed. It's the thing he always misses, in fact. Sure, he knows how to stimulate your mind and engage the body...

But what about the spiritual side of things?

A lot of people think that the brain and the spirit are one, or that the body is the brain and vice versa.

Bullcorn.

Now, before you get all butthurt, let me just reiterate the fact that I used to be in the same boat as you. I used to think there was nothing beyond what I could smell, touch, see or think of, and believe me when I tell you that after The Psychological Advantage, that was a lot. Every badass dream I dreamt I knew I had the resources (below the belt, and otherwise) to realize, and yet somehow I still felt hollow inside.

Then, one day, while I was soaking up some rays on the south lawn by the grove of Bodhi trees I had had Alfred plant after seeing them in the background of a picture in Renaissance Hardware advertising some designer tiki-torch style lampposts, my pager started blowing up like Chevy Chase at Buffet of Buffets.

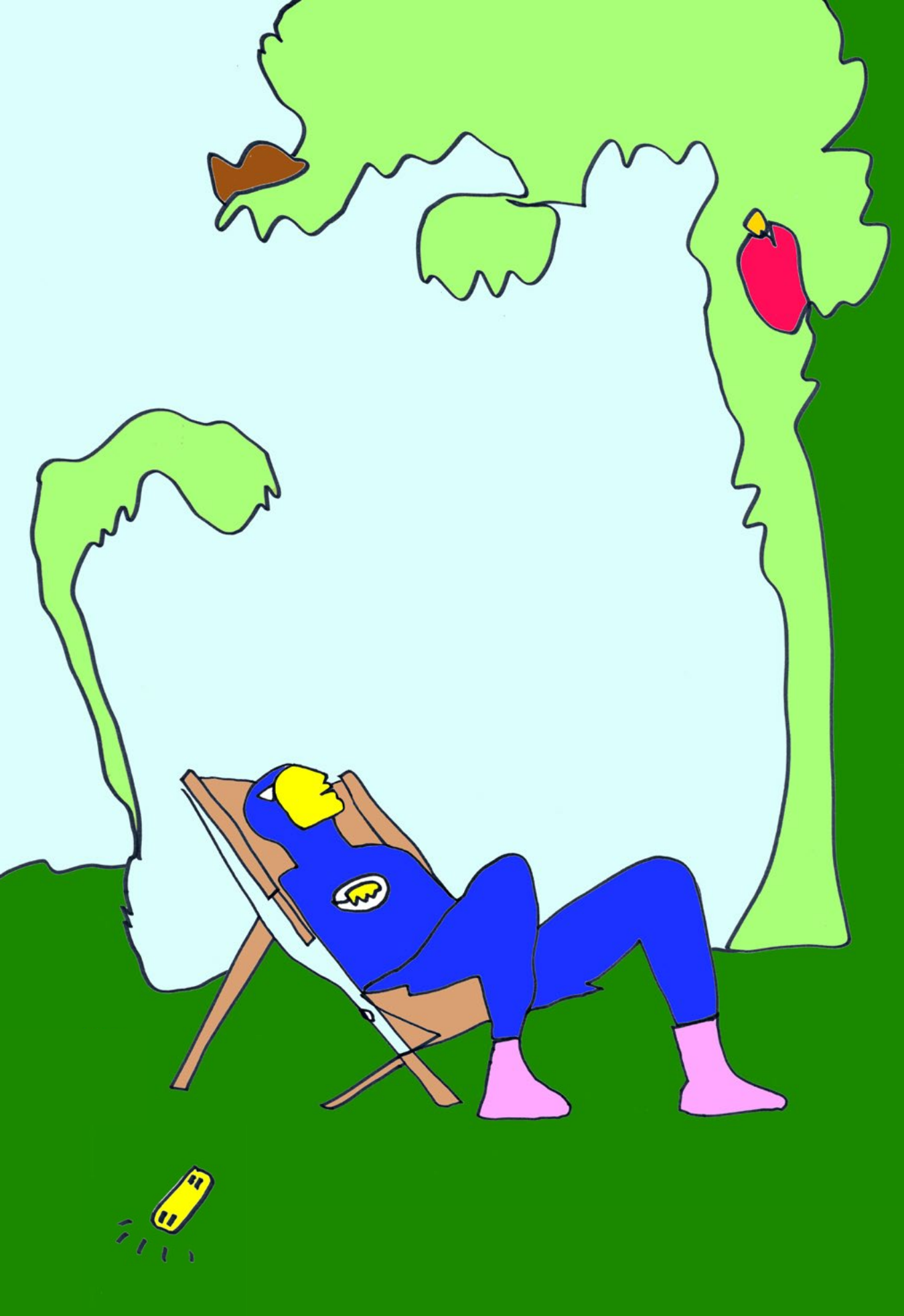
I cupped my hand over the little green screen, moved into the shade of the weird trees' lush canopy, and saw with delight that it was my old pal, DA.

"BTMN" it began, in DA's inimitable electronic shorthand "U GT MVS ON DMND??"

"Movies on demand?" I puzzled.

As a matter of fact, I had just purchased a package of premium channels, each with a distinct cinematic focus, from the edgy, upstart Home Box Office, to the middlebrow and pretty much indistinguishable STARZ, ENCORE, and SHOWTIME. There was even CINEMAX, sometimes jokingly referred to as "skinemax" due to the high volume of soft-core pornographic programming it showcased during the later nighttime and early morning hours of its 24 hour broadcast day. In addition to their regular shows, and for a small extra fee, some of these channels offered a rotating selection of films which could be watched at any time, according to the convenience of the viewer, just like at a motel, except accessible from your home entertainment system. This must have been what DA was talking about.

"I sure do, DA," I paged back "why do you ask?"



My handsome friend's response came immediately.

"7YIT. WTCH NW."

I looked at my pager, puzzled. At this point in our relationship, I could decode pretty much anything in DA's signature crypto-compressed style, but this latest batch had me over the proverbial barrel.

Since the first part was a total mystery, I decided to back up the ass end of the problem and start there.

WTCH NW...

I feverishly scanned my mental archives for every word I knew that started with W. From there, I moved on to 'W' words that also contained the letter T. Then, I followed up by expanding the search to include "W" words with the letter T that also contained a C letter in them. Finally, I added the letter "H" to round out the search.

Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding-ding!

Two matches.

It had to be either "Witch" or "Watch."

I thought about the two words.

On the face of it, I was more inclined to go with "Witch." It was more in line with my sensibilities, anyway—my penchant, if you will, even at that time, for the occult. But, did it make sense for DA to be talking about that kind of shit?

I thought about DA: the long, blonde hair, the denim jackets and slacks, which he jokingly referred to as his "Canadian tuxedo" despite the fact that he was from the upper Midwest... His old, beat-up "Yota." The way he used Karate as a crutch... The guy was pure white magic. Nothing witchy about him.

Which meant that the word I wanted was “Watch.”

That made sense, given that we had been talking about movies on demand.
But watch what?

“NW?”

My brain hummed so loud I was afraid it would blow a gasket.

Naughty Wenches? Northwest?

I turned in that direction, shading my eyes with my batglove and peering toward the horizon. Was DA trying to warn me of something? I didn't see any helicopters or anything swooping down along the lines of what you would expect if your home compound were about to be ambushed such as John Matrix's is in the film *Commando*, but I decided to play it safe all the same and retreat to the relative safety of my heavily fortified batcave.

Shittily, when I got to the security gate, I'd forgotten my fucking password and had to run inside the house to ask Alfred what it was. By the time I got back to punch in 80085, I was pretty tired of running around and had honestly forgotten all about DA's mysterious message.

“Time for some tube-time” I said to myself, plopping down in my sable bat barka.

I dug the clicker out of the ass of the thing and used the guide menu to navigate my way through the impressive array of channels. Now that I have Lucifer in my life, I pretty much exclusively watch PBS, but back in those days, deciding on a show was essentially a crapshoot. I would just click around aimlessly, a little Sci-Fi here, a little History channel there, maybe shoot on down to Comedy Central for a sec, then roar up through Cartoon Network, Nickelodeon, Noggin, GSN, BET, CSPAN, BookTv, with a quick pit-stop at HSN if they were hawking a cool blade or something (haven't been able to resist those puppies ever since I attended Bushido camp back when I was just a little squirt of Batmilk), past IFC and on into the primo shit.

The options were frankly overwhelming. The cream of Hollywood's crop, all at my fingertips and ready to launch with the click of a button. I scanned through the titles:

As Good as it Gets, Jurassic Park II: The Lost World, I Know What You Did Last Summer, Romy and Michelle's Highschool Reunion, The Devil's Advocate, Grosse Pointe Blank, Tomorrow Never Dies, Liar Liar...

They were the best and most technologically advanced movies ever made at that point, but try as I might, I couldn't settle on one.

I sighed audibly.

Time to bring out the big guns, I thought.

I clicked into the on demand menu and browsed around.

Wrestling? What is this, 1986?

Boxing? What is this, 1976?

No, again, it is 1997.

I knew I would run up against the adult section right on the heels of Premium Disney, so I shut my eyes as soon as I saw *Bug Juice: Uncut* come up. Part of how I had been taught to deal with my addictions through The Psychological Advantage was to simply pretend that my temptations did not exist. I knew that if I didn't see the porno channels, I wouldn't have to worry about watching them for the next six hours. I also knew myself well enough to understand that I would do everything in my power to undermine myself, including clicking back and forth so fast that I wouldn't know where I ended up, though most likely this would be at a porn channel since there were so goddamn many of them. I braced myself for the fight I was about to have with myself, scrunched up my eyes, and let the clicker rip.

After about five full minutes of this, I relaxed my hand and tentatively unscrewed one of my eyes to peek at the screen.

I must have accidentally hit the “select” button, because the TV was black and there was a pregnant, cinematic tension about its inky silence. I had no idea what I was about to see, and drew my folding side-table closer. It had everything I needed to enjoy the film, whatever it may have been—a bag of Smartfood popcorn, a can of Jolt, a box of Kleenex and some lavender scented Jergens.

“Let’s see where this goes,” I muttered confidently to the screen.

I raised my can of cola up in an irreverent toast to what I then still assumed were the random ass forces that controlled the universe, then brought it to my lips. Suddenly, the sound a large gong being struck jolted me up out of my complacency. I sat up straight, spilling the lukewarm beverage down the front of my baggy baTshirt and down onto the crotch of my cargo batkhakis.

Shitblisters!

I was royally t-ed, but something about the sound of the gong had activated me in a primal way. Something was calling to me across the years from long ago before my then-recent, troubled past. Something from a simpler time, I thought, back when I was just a little fleck of guano in my parent’s eyes. Just what the hell was this mysterious feeling?

Instead of getting up and changing my things, I grabbed a wad of tissues and wiped myself off.

The gong struck again, and I turned my eyes toward the screen. Bone white words appeared against the black background, and the pieces of DA’s puzzling page finally fell together. “7YIT.” Four words that would change my life forever. The secret, sacred password that would come to unlock the door to the next and most badass stage in my life.

Seven. Years. In. Tibet.

I’m not going to get into details about how many acres of ass this movie rules, except to say that it rules my nuts with an iron fist, which should be enough of a description for you to get the idea right there. I mean, fucking Brad Pitt

in the hottest role of his life. It was pretty much a 50/50 split girls/guys with me before that day, but his performance in this monster alone absolutely tipped the scales, and for that I’m grateful. I mean, let’s face it—guys are sluts. And for a dude like me, who’s got the, shall we say, “sexual horsepower” to match the size of his “drive-shaft” I’m always looking for a passenger who is, ready to ride the highway of life, in the immortal words of Tom Cochrane “all night long.” Sorry ladies, but frankly, you can’t do any better for that than with a jacked-ass man. To all my female fans, don’t worry—I still get a major kick from the kind of Tang you serve up, but it’s like my mom always said: “You can’t drink that shit everyday.”

Beyond all that crap though, the movie was just fucking good. I mean, I actually felt like I aged seven years watching it, which is great because even though I had pretty much figured my shit out by that point, I honestly could have been more mature.

When the joint was done, I lay back in the bat barka, stunned. I felt like I’d blown the biggest power load of my life, and it felt good.

I stared up at the ceiling at the constellation of stick-on, glow-in-the-dark stars I had had Alfred stick on for me for reflective moments such as the one I was then having, as well as for the times when I was too drunk, or high on klonopin to find my way around in the dark. As I gazed up at the beautiful, yellow-green dots, I thought about the nature of existence.

It was totally fucking jack-fruit nuts!

I mean, just to think that hundreds if not thousands of miles away there was this place called Tibet where they did things completely different was such a fucking head trip! That fucking Brad Pitt had looked so good doing it was merely icing on the cake.

I reflected meditatively on all the awesome shit I’d seen.

Then, I got an idea so rock and roll I sprang an instant diving-board hardone.

Finally, the answer to my spiritual questing!



I would go to fucking Tibet!

I sprang up out of my chair, into my batslippers and rocketed to the cordless like a Chinese firework. Whipping the phone off the cradle with such force that the whole thing came right off the wall, I dialed Alfred's extension and waited for him to pick up.

He answered groggily in his trademark old-fashioned accent.

"Gawr-blimey, Batman, d'ya know what bloody time it is?"

"Alfred," I bellowed "there's no time for that. Get my travel agent on the line and ready my batsleigh."

I heard him grumble something about a "dirty old poofter" on the other end and figured he must have been complaining about needing to wash his pillowcases in his native tongue or something, but whatever. I heard a click and the estate wait music come on over the phone.

After a few nut-scratching minutes humming along in which time I was able to knock off a couple three circuits of my standing groin flex routine, my travel agent Greg Graper got on the line.

"Greg," I said "I'm glad to hear your voice. I just saw the most amazing film about another country and I'd like to book a trip, pronto."

"That's why I'm here, Batman" Greg chimed in helpfully, "getting clients out there and into the mix is Greg Graper's game. Now, where would you like to go?"

"Tibet!" I shouted "and as soon as possible. I know it's cold, but I've already had Alfred start preparing my sleigh and I've got plenty of handwarmers hoarded up from ski season."

There was a pause on the line.

"What is it, Greg?" I shouted, impatiently. "Talk to me, buddy. How soon can I leave?"



Greg sighed. And right away I knew something was amiss.

As I listened to Greg's shitty explanation of how you can't just ride roughshod into Tibet (even though I had just seen Brad Pitt do exactly that!!) I got angrier and angrier. Every second he went on, yapping about Visa restrictions, travel bans, a bunch of bullshit about China and how I couldn't possibly take my sleigh just made me realize how wrong I had been to put my faith in him and how little he deserved the name Greg. By the time he started talking about Llamas—as if a trip to boring old Peru would have distracted me from my true goal—I had heard enough. I picked up the cradle from where it had fallen to floor and hung up the phone.

“Goodnight Greg” I muttered sarcastically, under my breath, then added “Not!”

It was the right response to the situation, but it didn't make me feel any better. In fact, I felt lost and deflated, like an old nitrous balloon blowing around under the couch on the lonely Monday morning after a blowout weekend.

Then I heard the batbell ring and stumped broodingly to the door to see who it was.

Alfred stood on the threshold in his nightgown. He looked haggard, his old face grey and wrinkled like a dirty sock and his white hair all wild and uncombed. He was holding a long, leather cord in his crooked old hand.

I was about to ask him what the fuck he was doing, bothering me in the middle of the night when I heard a familiar stamping sound, followed by a familiar whinnying sound, which was followed by the familiar sound of jingling bells.

Alfred opened his mouth to speak, but I just shook my head and waved him off.

“There's been a change of plans, Alfred,” I muttered. “I won't be needing the batsleigh tonight after all.” Then, dejected, I added “Or maybe ever, for that matter.”



Alfred opened his mouth to speak, but I waved my hand to silence him and shook my head in resignation.

“It’s no use, Alfred,” I explained, shrugging my shoulders and raising my hands to show him that I had given up. “The dream is over. I just got off the phone with Greg and it looks like I’ll never be able to go to Tibet like I wanted to.”

Alfred looked stunned. His lip quivered as if he was about to say something, but I just put my hand on his shoulder and shook my head.

“Don’t take it so hard, old buddy,” I soothed. “We’ve been through a lot you and I, and I know it’s not easy for you to see me like this, but it’s like they say: ‘you got to know when to hold em, know when to fold em.’”

I picked up a piece of the smooth, river-washed granite fill from the decorative rock moat that protected the batcave and fingered it thoughtfully for a moment. Then, in a gesture of zen-like resignation, I bent my knees and tried to skip it over the lawn, but the rock just thudded into the wet grass, not unlike what my dreams had just done.

I sighed and looked at the vehicle parked on the lawn. I had had it custom built in Finland at great expense by an ancient carpenter who claimed he could speak to reindeer after seeing how badass Saxon looked sitting in one on the back cover of their Christmas album. That was ten years ago. I had had such high hopes for it then and for a minute there, I thought I had finally found the perfect excuse to debut it to the world. But as usual, things just hadn’t worked out as I had planned and it was going to have to go back in the attic.

I shook my head.

Such a waste... But then, at least it had given Alfred something to do. The old dog. He loved that sleigh... Perhaps because of his own Anglo-Saxon Origins...

“Take a ride, Alfred,” I said as I turned and walked back across the threshold. “Enjoy the night. You’ve earned it.” I took a step, then paused. “Just remember

to brush the batsteeds’ manes out when you’re done.” And then, as an afterthought I added “And their tails. You know how their tails get, especially after they crap.”

With that, I went back inside to ponder my uncertain fate.

With my dream of a spiritual awakening in Tibet torn asunder, I felt my old bad habits beginning to tug once more at the margins of my consciousness.

“Shit,” I murmured to myself. “I could really use a smoke or a bump or two right about now...”

I knew that it would be easy enough to get those things, even at that hour. Shit, I had a whole case of Luckies in the Addiction Memory Box Randy had had all of us Advantage brats assemble on our first day of the course, which we were supposed to keep with us always as a reminder of the crazy lives we used to lead before getting clean, not to mention an eight ball or two rolling around in there.

Maybe I would just take a look? It was right there under my bed and I hadn’t even bothered to put a lock on it yet. Better that way anyway, right? I mean, if it’s not easy as shit to get into, where’s the challenge in staying sober?

I took a step towards my room.

“No, Batman,” I scolded myself “you’re not thinking straight, buddy. Not a good idea.”

“Aw, c’mon, just one little peek?” I whispered in a slightly different voice, startling myself a little.

Fuck.

What did Randy always say? *Redirect and Rage On?*

Ok—think, Batman, think. How to distract yourself?

I did a quick visual reconnaissance of my surroundings.

The place was slick as shit, no joke, but damn if I didn't see anything that could compete with the smooth, mild flavor of a cigarette or the electric surge of a couple of grams of booger sugar.

In desperation, I moved to the solid slab of obsidian that doubled as my kitchen counter and grabbed a stack of junk mail that had been accumulating there for the past who knows how long.

I started rifling through the pile, my hands trembling.

Credit card offers, subscription renewals, grocery flyers, charity shit, your basic bottom of the barrel mail.

I was coming to the end of the pile fast and could sense that the distraction was not working.

Oh well, I thought, I mean, one quick drag and a few snorts of the good stuff wasn't going to kill me.

I had come to the last piece of mail.

I glanced down at it distractedly and was about to pitch it on the floor with the rest when something about it caught my eye.

The envelope was this big, brown thing and crumpled as shit, like it had travelled half way around the world. The writing on it was in this totally jagged, badass font, or maybe even written out by hand like in olden times.

"To The Seeker of the Light" it read.

Hmmm. I thought.

I liked that.

The real kicker though, was the fact that the thing had been stamped with this awesome, eastern looking design. It was like a badass little maze!

Man...Cal...A?

Yeah. That was what it was called.

The return address was somewhere in NJ, but whatever. My interest was aroused.

I grabbed my mini katana letter opener from inside the drawer and dug in.

A bunch of white, powdery crap spilled onto the counter from the corner of the envelope.

Holy Nose Candy, Batman!

I rubbed a pinch into my gums reflexively, but it was just cornstarch or something.

I dug around in the envelope some more and pulled out a crumpled piece of paper, rolled around what looked like a couple of little miniature curtain rods from Home Goods.

I dispensed with the fussy little purple string that was tied around the bundle with one efficient snap of my powerful batfingers and unrolled the paper.

It was like one of those scrolls you see hung up on the walls in Chinese restaurants—full of pictures of peacocks, monkeys, dragons and other made up animals. This time though, instead of a bunch of weird tic-tac-toe boards scratched on, there was a letter addressed to yours truly.

Batman, it began:

You do not know us (yet) but we have been admirers of you and your work since time immemorial.

I felt a chill run down the length of my spine from neck to buttcrack, as though some jack-weed had slid an icecube down the back of my shirt.

Time immemorial? Holy shit... What did that even mean? Nonetheless, it sounded badass.

In view of your very great eminence, which has earned our admiring albeit clandestine esteem, and what we adjudge to be your preparedness to accept the necessary challenges and responsibilities, as well as the extraordinary powers which would be granted you upon the adjournment of your apprenticeship with us...

At that point I started to get bored and skipped ahead a little.

We would be honored to have you join us for our "Advanced Seeker Spiritual Leadership Integrative Course."

There was that word again. Spiritual. Every time I saw it, it was like a bell going off inside my head. There had been so much spiritual shit in *Seven Years in Tibet* that it literally felt like no coincidence that I was hearing about it again so soon. Things were getting so fucking spiritual in fact that it was actually kind of spooky and I felt like I might need to jerk off to some premium cable porn a little just to relieve some of the tension, but I held it together and kept reading instead.

At the bottom of the scroll was a weird looking map of some distant land. It was mostly full of names of places I'd never heard of before: India, China, Asia, etc. But then, right smack dab in the middle was none-fucking-other than the very land of Tibet, which Greg had tried to tell me was made up or some shit. It was pretty fucking small compared to what it had seemed like in the movie, but whatever. And then, right next door to that was this other little place with a big fat arrow pointing

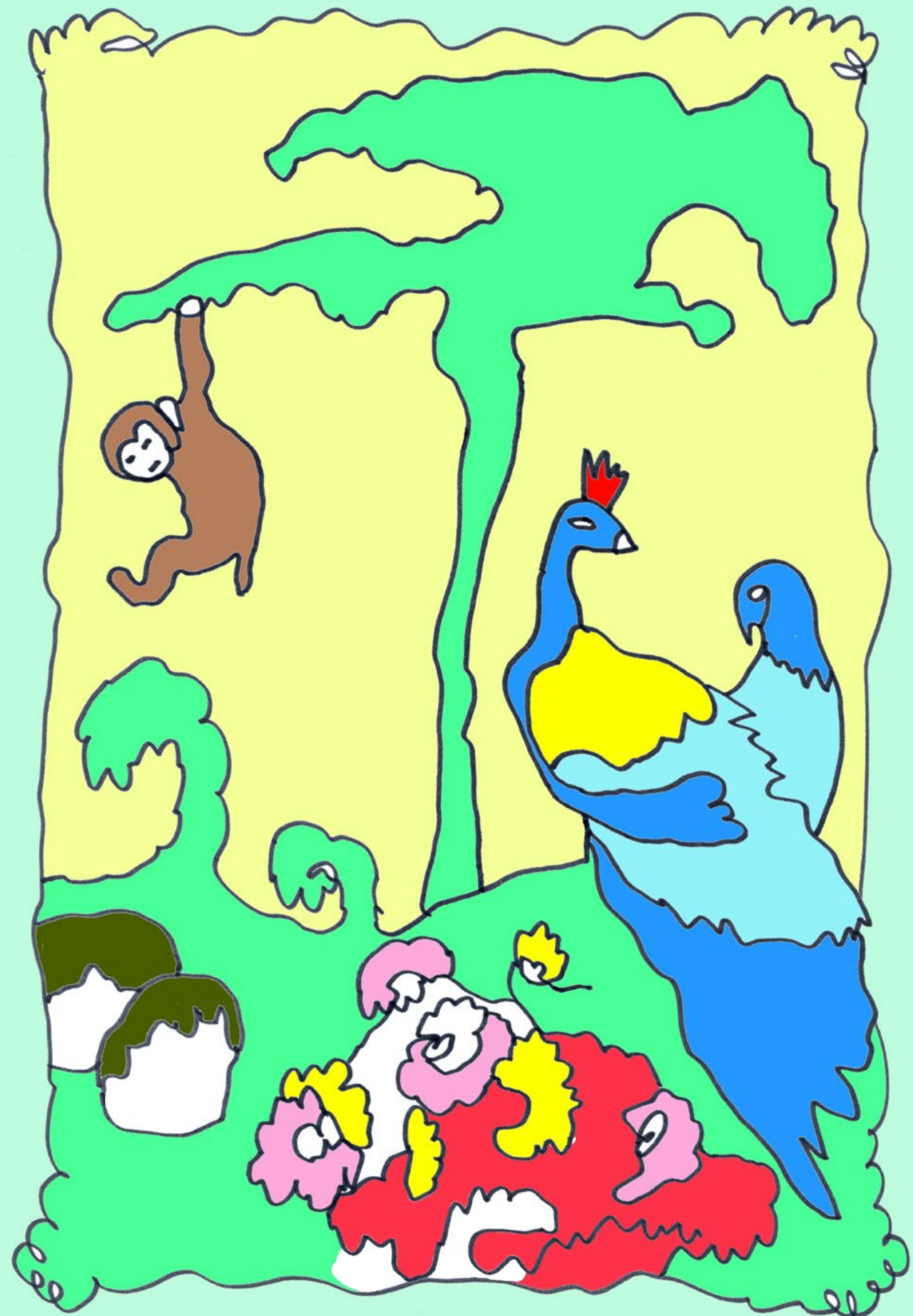
To it that said "your classroom."

It was labeled "Nepal."

Meh, I thought. Close enough.

"Where do I sign up?" I said to myself enthusiastically, scanning the bottom of the letter.

Please enjoy a complimentary sample of our tincture-grade powdered Yak urine, enclosed, and send check or money order made out to: CASH in the amount of \$40,000 USD to...



Nepal was easily the gnarliest place I'd ever stepped foot in and I mean that in every sense of the term.

On the one hand, you've got like cold ass weather and almost no indoor plumbing to speak of. On the other you've got sheer, uncut spirituality up the ass.

This is the "yin and yan" of Nepal.

And if it might be said that this ancient kingdom of living magic still possessed a ruler, that individual would be the retreat leader and my soon-to-be crush, Girth Brooks.

Thought exercise: picture Brad Pitt in *Seven Years in Tibet*. Keep the dirty blonde hair (except give it a significant trim and some frosted tips) and add a thick, dark black, cone-shaped goatee—sort of like the tail of a red panda (only black) or a boom mic. Dress him in a black robe and give him a silver necklace with a heavy silver figurine of a rad looking demon, clutching a silver globe in its talons hanging around at the bottom. Top it all off with a cowboy hat and that's Girth for you.

Did I mention that he's also a mentalist?

No joke.

I'm not sure exactly what that means yet, because to this day I'm nowhere near Girth's level of fluidity with the black arts, but basically I think it has to do with manipulating brain waves from both oneself and others nearby in order to get what you want.

Whatever it is, I was like, "sign me up."

But then again, that was pretty much my whole attitude from the time I touched down, when Girth's manservant, Ram, rolled up to the private jet I'd chartered in the retreat's snowcat, tossed my bags in the back seat and was like:

"Get in. I will drive you to the white people."

After about half an hour of plodding slowly through a massive, shitty blizzard that made it practically impossible to see any of the majestic sights I had been expecting, the contours of a massive dark shape became visible in the near distance through my exhaust-smearred plastic window.

I leaned in to Ram's area from the back seat and pointed up the rugged peak we were about to ascend to the mysterious shape.

"Is that the lodge, Ram?" I asked in wonder.

Ram smiled and nodded rapidly.

"White people, yes."

The lodge was pretty much exactly what I had hoped it would look like, only better. Outside, it was like a giant, complicated looking barn made out of wood so weathered it was practically black. Inside, it was dark, cavernous and mysterious as all fuck, lit mostly by candles as well as tasteful modern track lighting set as shit dim as possible without being turned off, which created an eerie, orange glow.

As we walked through the seemingly endless hallways and galleries, I made out all sorts of strange shapes; badass sculptures of birds and strange animals with multiple heads, ancient weapons and esoteric surveying equipment mounted to the walls, loopy funhouse mirrors, random swinging pendulums and even a sweet poster of the devil from that *Diablo* computer game with bottom part where it showed the name like folded under or chopped off or something so you could just enjoy the picture in all its satanic majesty. A CD of throat singing playing over the PA gave the whole scene the perfect finishing touch.

Our journey stopped at the end of a long, torch lined hallway in front of a huge double door studded with what looked like giant brass thumbtacks. Ram put down my things, shouldered in front of me and pushed the



butt on on a greasy looking intercom panel off to the side that I hadn't noticed before.

The panel buzzed and the huge doors unlatched with a satisfying metallic click.

As they slowly creaked open, mist curled out from the room beyond.

"Hey, Batman!" Ram called.

I looked over at him and he pointed impatiently toward the doorway.

"Go inside now."

"What about my bags?" I asked. "You'll bring them to my room?"

But he was already gone.

I stepped inside through the mist and into a darkness so pitch black I couldn't even see my dick when I looked down.

Suddenly, after what could have been an eternity (I lost track of time tiptoeing through that black pit), I heard the sharp sound of a drape runner and let out a manly scream, throwing up my hands to shield my eyes as I was blinded by a bright flash of purifying white light.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself standing in a great hall like something out of the *Merlin* miniseries starring Sam Neil, which I would see like a year later but which at that time I had no precedent for. Three of the walls were hung with rich tapestries depicting ancient feats of valor and the other one to my right was just like a big, ultramodern, curved plate-glass window looking out over the snow covered peaks and valleys of the Himalayas. It was a gorgeous vista, but ball-bustingly bright for one as hungover as I then was.

"Welcome, Batman."

I turned around and there was the megahunk himself, Girth Brooks.

“From darkness into the light,” he smiled, the skin around his wise eyes crinkling as he extended his hand, just far enough, I observed, to show that he was honest, open and willing to be vulnerable, but not so far as to be mistaken for a puss.

I took it and enjoyed his firm, no bullshit handshake and was further delighted to find that he too was wearing a gauntlet on his right hand. Kind of a streamlined version of the medieval knight’s variety, only decked out with a bunch of glittering rings and bangles.

Right away I felt a spark that was pretty much confirmed by the familiar wink he gave me as we broke away.

“Come on,” he said, throwing his arm around my shoulder. “Let me introduce you to the guys.”

The ‘guys’ turned out to be anything but the sort of generic grouping of adult men that the word implied. From stockbrokers to IT executives, as well as high-powered lawyers and entrepreneurs, the twenty or so “guys,” myself included, pretty much represented the most elite and accomplished men of our age. As I shot the shit with them and slugged back craft brews, one thing became blaringly obvious: though our backgrounds and method differed, we had all come to Nepal seeking the same shit: spiritual fulfillment. And, as I gazed around at my compatriots, I knew right then that if anybody there was going to find that, it’d be me. I was already clearly Girth’s favorite and I was prepared to rock that retreat like a boss, if I had to.

Or, should I say, “sand” it?

That night at dinner, Girth explained the history and principles of Luciferianism and how the retreat where we found ourselves had been founded upon the eponymous fallen angel’s light-seeking ideals. Basically, he told us that Lucifer, aka, “the devil” had actually been this badass dude who had been expelled from God’s lamewad intermural choir club because he had wanted to dip into weirder shit like grindcore, metal and industrial like some kind of a pre-historic Trent Reznor. As punishment for “mouthing off,” God and his goody-goodies banished Lucifer and his dudes to Hell, where they could barely get it together, until Lucifer rallied the troops and was



like “fuck this shit, we can still have like, black light and lava lamps and shit, and we can listen to *Reign in Blood* as loud as we want now, what the fuck are we complaining about?” Which, Girth explained, was exactly what we were going to do, only instead of lava lamps, we’d be making sand paintings.

It was simple. Everyday we’d get up early, have a light breakfast, do some stretches, and then we’d work on sand paintings until it was time to go to bed. That was it. While we worked, we would think about Lucifer and how to seek the light on our own terms and if we got bored we could pop in a VHS of shit Girth recorded off of PBS when he was in the states for background noise or listen to a walkman. At the end of a week, Girth would carefully collect all our paintings (we were supposed to finish at least two a day and save them in these little trays) and if we had met our quota, we would be given a certificate of enlightenment!

So, yeah, that’s what I did and shit if I didn’t learn a crap ton about myself and spirituality. Everybody was super chill with the exception of this one ass clown named Hardwell and at the end of the week, I got my certificate; the first of the seventeen I’ve now amassed.

Hardwell. Pshh. Fuck that guy. And his stupid haircut. Not to mention that wool coat of his. What does he call it, his greatcoat? Give me a break. It isn’t even that great. Some candy ass club owner from DC. The worst part is he’s a total suck up to Girth. Thinks he can get his number or something. Well, sorry buddy, but I’ve tried. Every year. If Batman’s bark can’t shake the digits from that tree, it’s not like you’re going to fare any better. Some fucking people...

So yeah, spirituality; it’s a funny thing. On the one hand, I can’t say for sure if I’ve got it, or if I even know what it is yet, but then again, isn’t that the point? That’s what Girth says, anyway and if I can’t trust Girth Brooks, then I don’t know who I can trust in this world. One thing’s for sure though, all this spiritual yearning over the past seventeen years has definitely made my dick bigger. And maybe, just maybe, that was Girth’s plan all along .

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Bzzt! Bzzt!

“Just what the fuck is that?”

And so begins *The Erotic Adventures of Batman, Vol. 1*.

Just what the fuck that is is a pager, belonging to none other than Batman himself. But, you'll have to read the book to find that out!

The year is 1997. A pansexual libertine and member of the 1%, Batman is a man used to getting what he wants. Yet despite his material wealth and panoply of sexual achievements, Batman remains, seemingly incontrovertibly, in the proverbial “shit-dumps” about the notorious paucity of spiritual stuff in his life. But, when Batman receives the aforementioned page from his long distance pal, DA, his aforementioned life gets flipped/turned upside down by a series of dizzying events that'll leave you breathless, bothered and *turned on* to the cosmic throb.

A prequel of sorts to his award-winning memoir, *Dear Doom: The Erotic Adventures of Batman* (serialized at tropmag.com), *The Erotic Adventures of Batman Vol. 1*, in fitting fashion, comes before that other one, chronologically, and illuminates crucial details about how Batman became the Batman that he strongly remains, today.

You aren't just going to want to read it once; you'll want to read it again!



Seth Blake is a writer and former pet owner currently working on the margins and a media theorist. A childhood in New Hampshire led him to a young adulthood in New Hampshire, which continued through his early adult years. He splits his time between Los Angeles, CA and the great state of New Hampshire, in the Northeastern United States. He loves birding, boating, and his gal pal, Adria. You can find him at his virtual home, online.

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