



Sunday afternoon meetings of the *Black Swamp Literary Appreciation Guild* promote Gay Culture.

Today's offering is *Blowing in the Wind*, Lyndon Lovelace's memoirs as a Chicago hustler. The high point is his raff but lovable mentor, who recites Walt Whitman while giving our hero the strap.

On the negative side, I *do* wish the author would learn "it's" from "its." Poor grammar is *so* unerotic!

Who is this masked figure, and what can he do for *Gay Liberation*? Who is the hunk in the skin-tight costume, and why is he running down a sleepy, gentrified street in Black Swamp, Ohio? Who's the stud with the broad shoulders, solid pecs, and luscious thighs, and what's his phone number?

Wouldn't you like to know!

You and half a million fourteen-year-old comic book fans!

And what will you review for us, mon cher Jeffie?

This month's *Spider-Man*. In this issue we learn Aunt May is actually J. Jonah Jameson in drag.

Spider-Man, in his new costume of black lace and garters, catches him in bed with Dr. Octopus, the 8-phalused fiend.

Wait a minute! Spider-Man sure has changed since the last time I read it.

I rewrote it! Peter Parker was always my favorite fantasy.

BOYS! GIRLS! MAKE EXTRA \$ SELLING THESE DIRTY COMIC BOOKS!

I'M GOING TO BASH HIS BALLS IN!

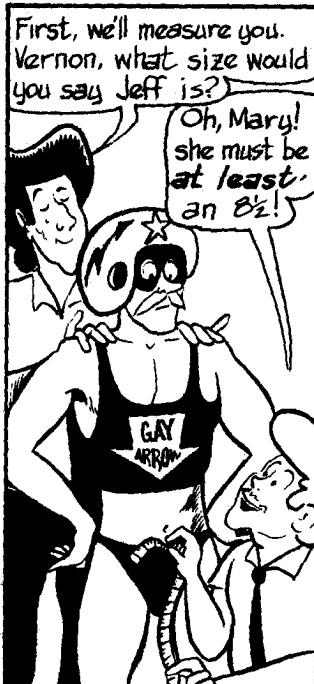
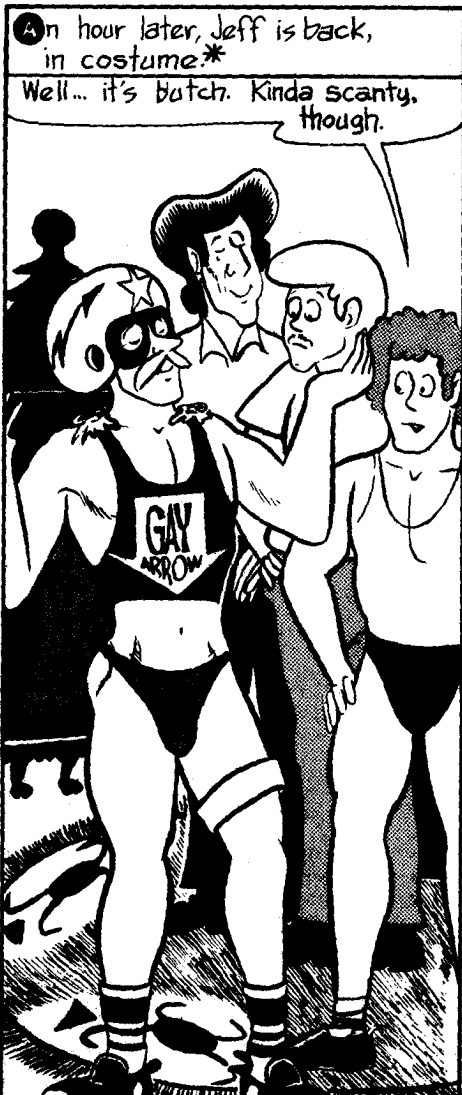
All set?

I wish there were some *easier* way to get into Jeff's pants.

He doesn't know when he's being seduced!

An intriguing scenario, Jeffie. Wouldn't it be fun to act out? We could go up to my *boudoir royale*, and...

That would be fun! The hunks wouldn't be able to keep their hands off me!



*Note: Comic book collectors will recognize The Gay Arrow, lead character from Timely Comics' Homosexual Heroes, published from 1942-1943. This is his first appearance since the Golden Age.

Ugh! Walk around in that helmet, and people'll think you're *heterosexual*, or something.

We'll make the costume out of chiffon to show off these sleek, rippling muscles.

But once I'm costumed, what'll I do?

Why, *CRUISE*, of course!!

Black leather, and no less!

I mean, Superman has special powers, and the Incredible Hulk isn't just a guy in a fancy costume.

I know! We'll send in an order from this ad.

No, the other page!



Stick with us, mon cher Jeffie, and you'll have powers Captain America never dreamed of!

After Jeff has been thoroughly measured...
What a mess we're in! You'll have Jeff in chiffon tights, but not in your bedroom.
No to stifle the lad's imagination. And he shall discover the mysteries of le boudoir royale.





But your whole scheme to seduce him has fallen through.

Not at all. What's a superhero without a supervillain?

We'll bait the trap with a supervillain, who will subdue Jeff, and carry him back to le boudoir royale.



Where are we going to find someone with the body of a supervillain? All our friends are tired old queens with sagging tits.



Where indeed, Lee, where indeed?

You look like a wicked ol' villain to me, honeypot.



Heroes are not born, but carefully designed and color-coordinated. Weeks later...

My superhero stuff, Murf! It's come at last!



My X-Ray goggles will allow me to look through a villain's costume, and check his weapons.

Pushing this button on my wrist sprays him with peppermint crystals. I got that trick from Spider-Man.



Then I'll reach into my Utility Belt for useful chemicals, rubber appliances, chains... whatever it takes.

And then I'll finish him off with my Sonic Stud Siren. Your What?



A super-sonic siren set at exactly the right frequency to set the prostate glands throbbing into action!



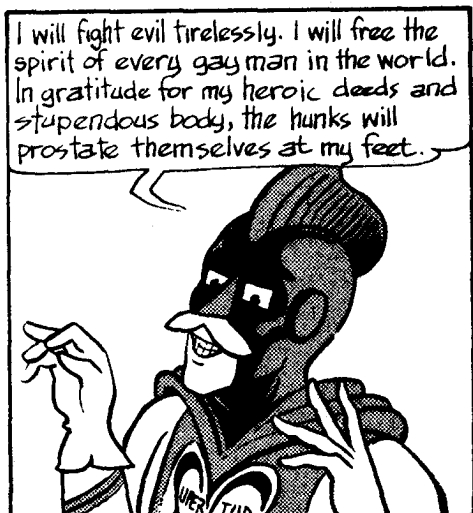
"Super Stud," though? Isn't that a trifle... immodest?

I can live up to it. I'll take on any guy who says I can't.

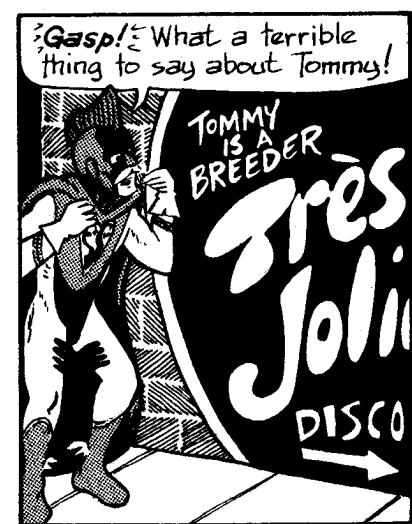
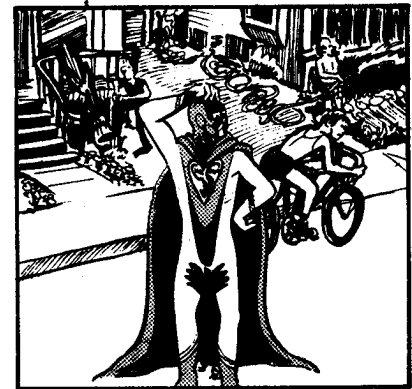
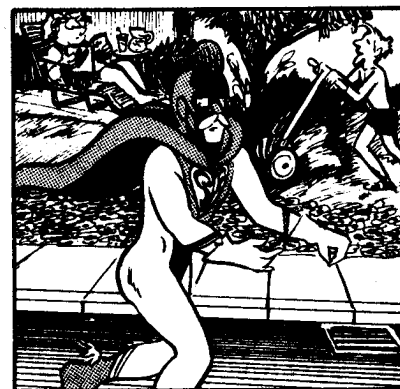
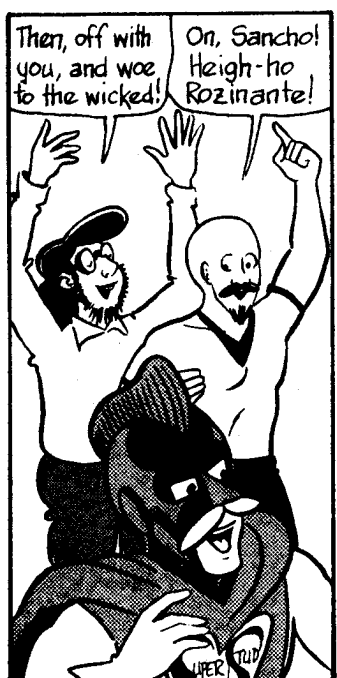


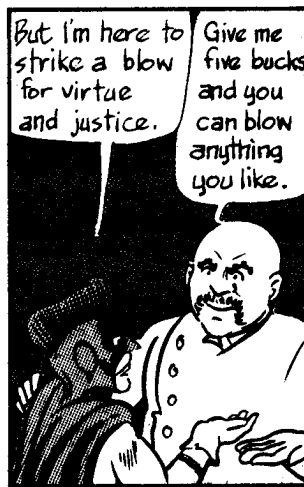
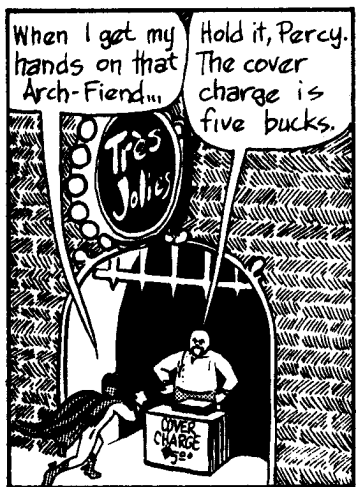
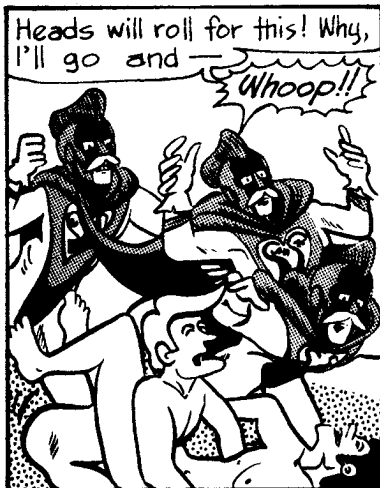
Sounds like "Captain Slut" would be nearer the mark.

What heroic deeds will you perform to be worthy of the title "Superhero," Super Stud?



I will fight evil tirelessly. I will free the spirit of every gay man in the world. In gratitude for my heroic deeds and stupendous body, the hunks will prostate themselves at my feet.





Eat thine own dust, thou vile villain!

Ohh!

THWACK!

Okay, Fickle Pickle, talk. Why have you turned to a life of super-villainy?

I-I c-couldn't h-help it. It's all d-desperation, you s-see...

Oh, you just gotta fuck me!

Très Jolies

Being a superhero is easier than I thought!

Next morning at Murphy's Manor, Jeff gets a talking to. I can't believe what you did at Très Jolies last night. I hope this superhero nonsense is over.

Oh, don't worry about that!

I never even found out who Fickle Pickle was.

Well, I'm off to Duchess' place. And they'll be angry that I haven't read a book this week...

Let's see. I read *The Call of the Wild* in High School...

Hi, Jeff!

Oh, hi, Tommy. You should've been at Très Jolies last night. These two superheroes put on a live sex show!

The cops broke it up, but the bar owner was the only one they caught.

I wonder if they'll do a repeat performance!

I doubt it.

Boy, am I glad I was wearing a mask!

Hmm... now, about a book...

FAIRYLAND BOOKS
BOOKS OPEN

The Black Swamp Literary Appreciation Guild convenes once more.

Good afternoon, mon cher Jeffie.
How's Super Stud today?

Retired.

GHANDI
WITH THE WIND
A HISTORY OF
PLATONIC
IN INDIA

Oh?
I wanted to be a hot
trick, but only
managed to be
hot gossip.

We still love you. Have a nice
hot cup of tea, Chickabiddy
dear, and then I'll take you
up to my bedroom to see my
comic book collection.

It's a really neat edition, see. It's
pictures from the movie, with captions,
so you can read the story without all
those words getting in the way.



But I have a report
to give. I read *Gone
with the Wind*
this week!

Oh, Mary!
Oh, Scarlett!

Look at her coming down the staircase! Oh,
Vivien, I love you! If only you were a stud!

What's....
happening?!
My god,
what a
rush!

Scarlett's
almost...
sexy!

She's got
hold of
my cock!

Oooh!!
She
is a
stud!

I've never
come six
times in
ten seconds
before!

General
Sherman's
army is
marching
through my
sphincter!

Not so dumb!

Oooh!!
Here come
the Yankee
cannons!

