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COMICS
CODE
CARTOON
AUTHORITY

BATMAN

CAT



c-690

HANNIGAN
& GIORDANO

BATMAN VS. CATMAN

CREATED BY
BOB KANE

MORTAL FOES IN A CONTEST OF
CUNNING WITS AND STUNNING FISTS!

NINE LIVES
ARE MINE,
BATMAN...

...EACH ONE A
TIGHTROPE TO
YOUR DOOM!

G-1076



NINE CRADLES OF DEATH

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THE STATE PENITENTIARY,
NINETY MILES NORTH OF
GOTHAM...

I CAN ONLY
DIAGNOSE
CATAPHORIA--
OR PERHAPS MILD
CATATONIA.

SO WHAT'S
THAT
MEAN?

IT MEANS, COLLINS, THAT YOUR
CELLMATE IS HARDLY A
DANGER TO YOU.

YEAH, BUT BLAKE'S
BEEN LIKE THIS FOR
WEEKS NOW.

HE JUST LAYS THERE
STARIN' AT THE SUNLIGHT
COMIN' IN THROUGH THE
BARS, LIKE HE'S DREAMIN'
WITH HIS EYES OPEN
OR SOMETHIN'!

AGAIN, HIS SYMPTOMS INDICATE CATAPHORIA, A
DIMINISHED FORM OF DEMENTIA PRAECOX...

THERE'S LITTLE
WE CAN DO FOR
HIM, BUT THE
PHASES OF
LETHARGY ARE
RARELY
PERMANENT.

DR. SIMMONS IS RIGHT--I WOULDN'T
WORRY ABOUT HIM IF I WERE YOU...

I AIN'T
WORRIED
ABOUT HIM--
I'M WORRIED
ABOUT ME.

I'M TRAPPED IN HERE WITH THE
GUY--AND HE GIVES ME THE SPOOKS,
ALL ZOMBIED-OUT LIKE THAT.

TORPOR IS NOTHING TO FEAR, COLLINS--BLAKE IS DOCILE
ENOUGH, AND IF THERE'S ANY CHANGE IN HIS CONDITION,
JUST TELL THE GUARD TO CALL US.

FOR MORE OF
YOUR MIRACLE
CURES, HUH?

YEAH,
SURE...

NIGHT, AND WHAT'S A GUY TO DO WHEN THE DARKNESS MAKES IT WORSE?

EVEN CLIMBING PAST HIM TO THE UPPER BUNK IS ENOUGH TO MAKE THE BLOOD RUN COLD.

AND ONCE UP HERE, IT'S LIKE TRYING TO SLEEP OVER A STIFF.

PROBABLY HAVE NIGHTMARES... TALK IN MY SLEEP...

...AND MAYBE IF I THINK ABOUT SOMETHIN' GOOD WHILE I DRIFT OFF...

WHAT IF HE SUDDENLY REACHES OUT TO GRAB AN ANKLE?

...LIKE THE FIFTY GRAND IN LOOT... STILL RIGHT WHERE I LEFT IT...

...WHERE THE COPS'LL NEVER FIND IT... SAFE IN THE GOTHAM CATACOMBS...

...FIFTY THOUSAND BIG ONES... ALL JUST WAITIN' TO BE PICKED UP... EASY AS WALKIN' IN YOUR SLEEP...

...TALKIN' IN SLEEP-WALK TALK... SLEEPIN' IN TALK-SLEEP...

THE NEXT DAY IS LITTLE BETTER FOR THE FORMER CAT BURGLAR NAMED COLLINS, AS FITFUL SLEEP LEADS TO AN IRRI-TABLE AWAKENING...

WHAT KINDA GARBAGE YOU GOT TODAY?

DON'T COME UP IN MY FACE, BRO.

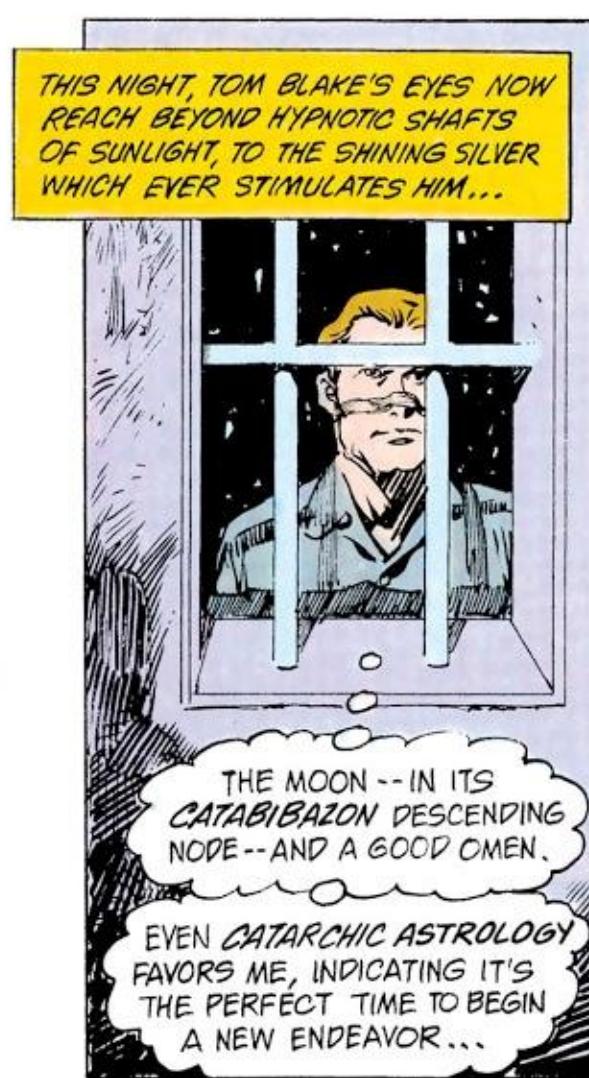
AND WHEN COLLINS ACTUALLY SEES THE CHOICE OF READING MATTER...

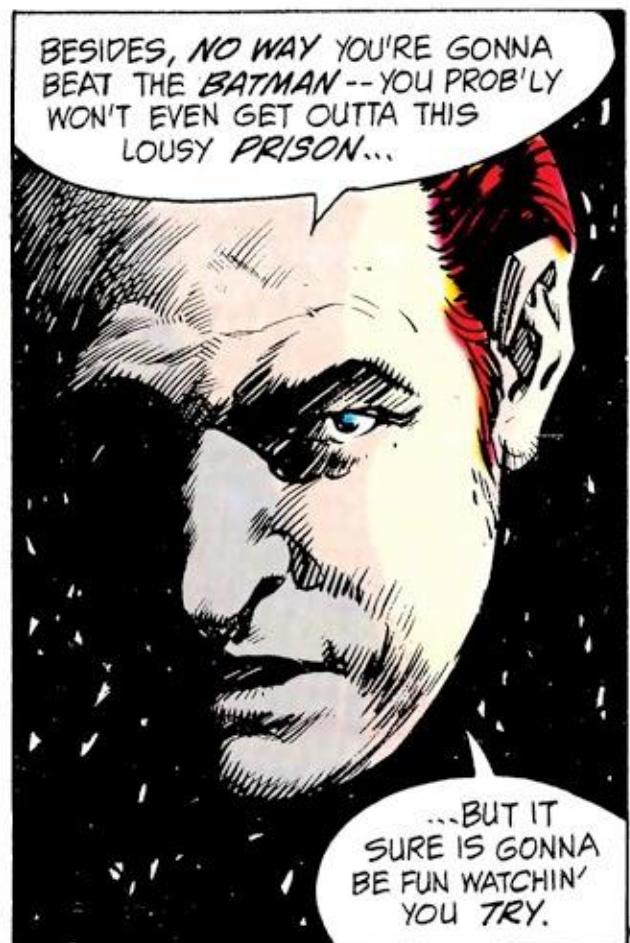
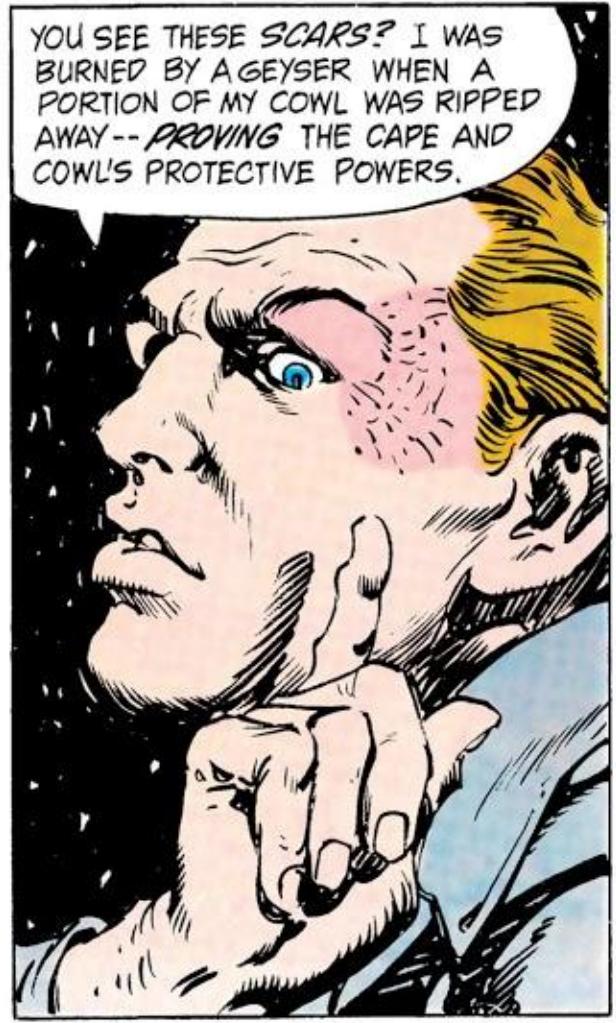
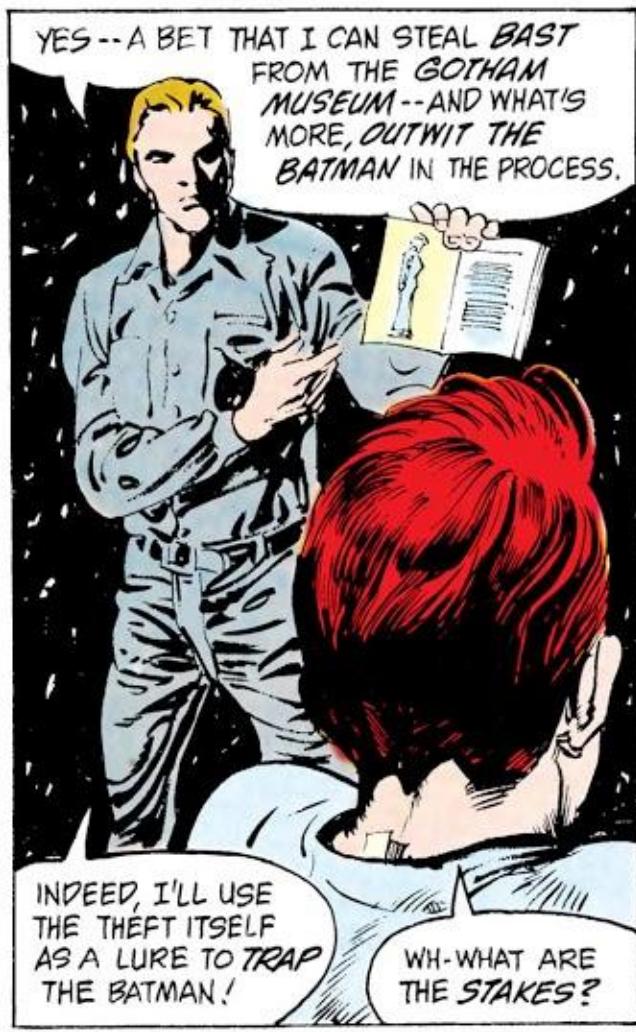
THIS IS TOO MUCH! NOW THEY'RE ACTUALLY FEEDIN' US CAT-A-LOGS FROM THE LOUSY MYOO-ZEE-UM!

BORN OF DISGUST, THE TOSS IS CARELESS-- AND THE CATALOGUE LANDS RUDELY ON TOM BLAKE'S CHEST.



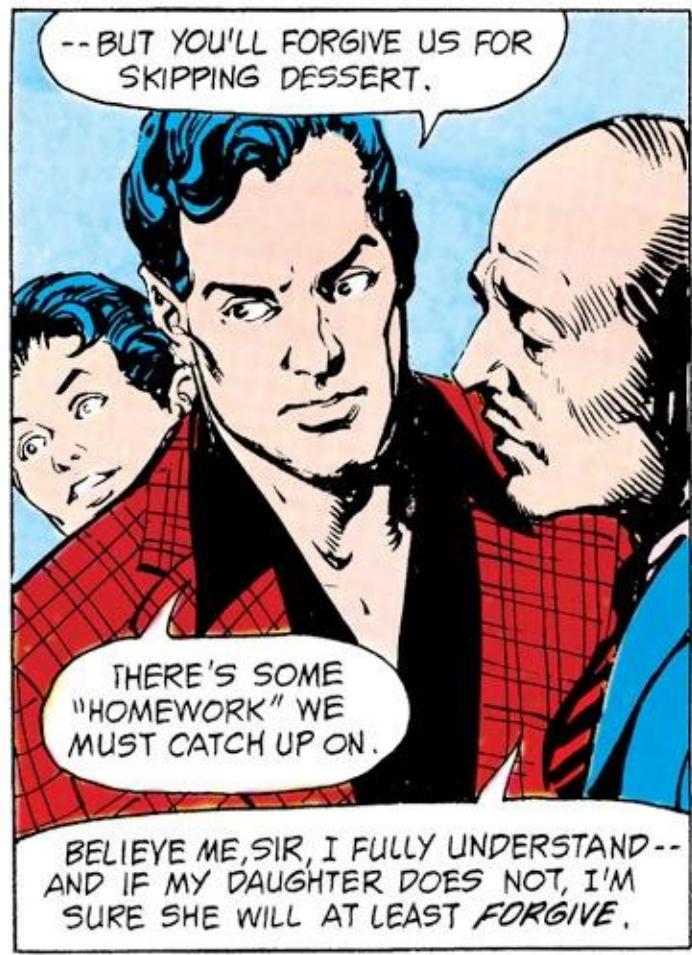
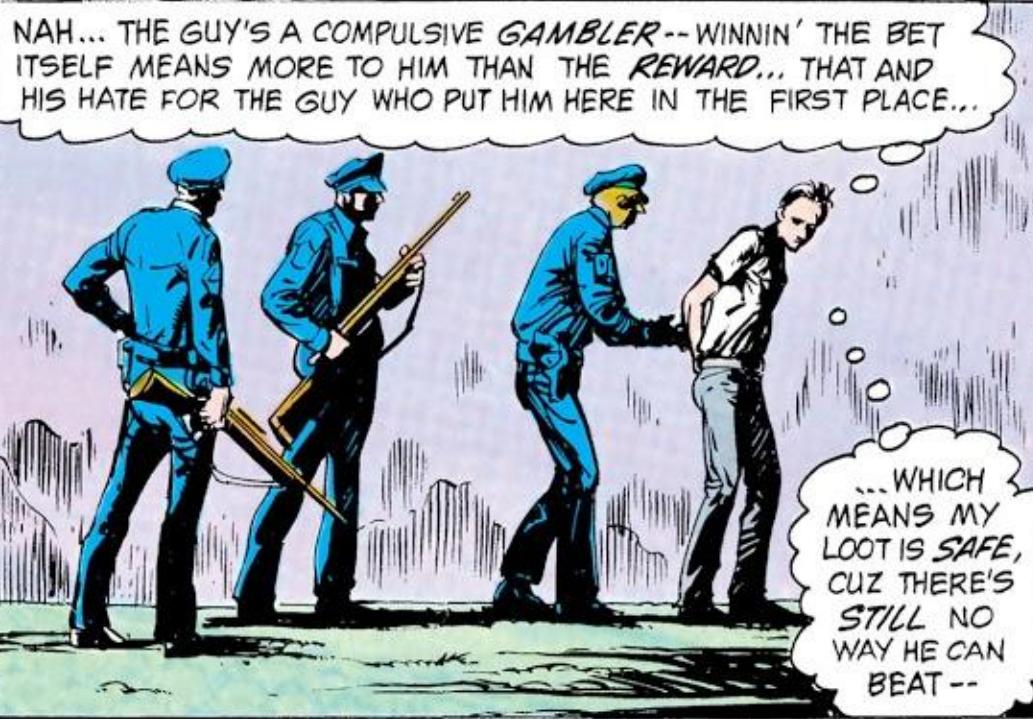
SLOWLY, HIS HEAD TURNS... AND HIS EYES BEGIN TO FOCUS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS.

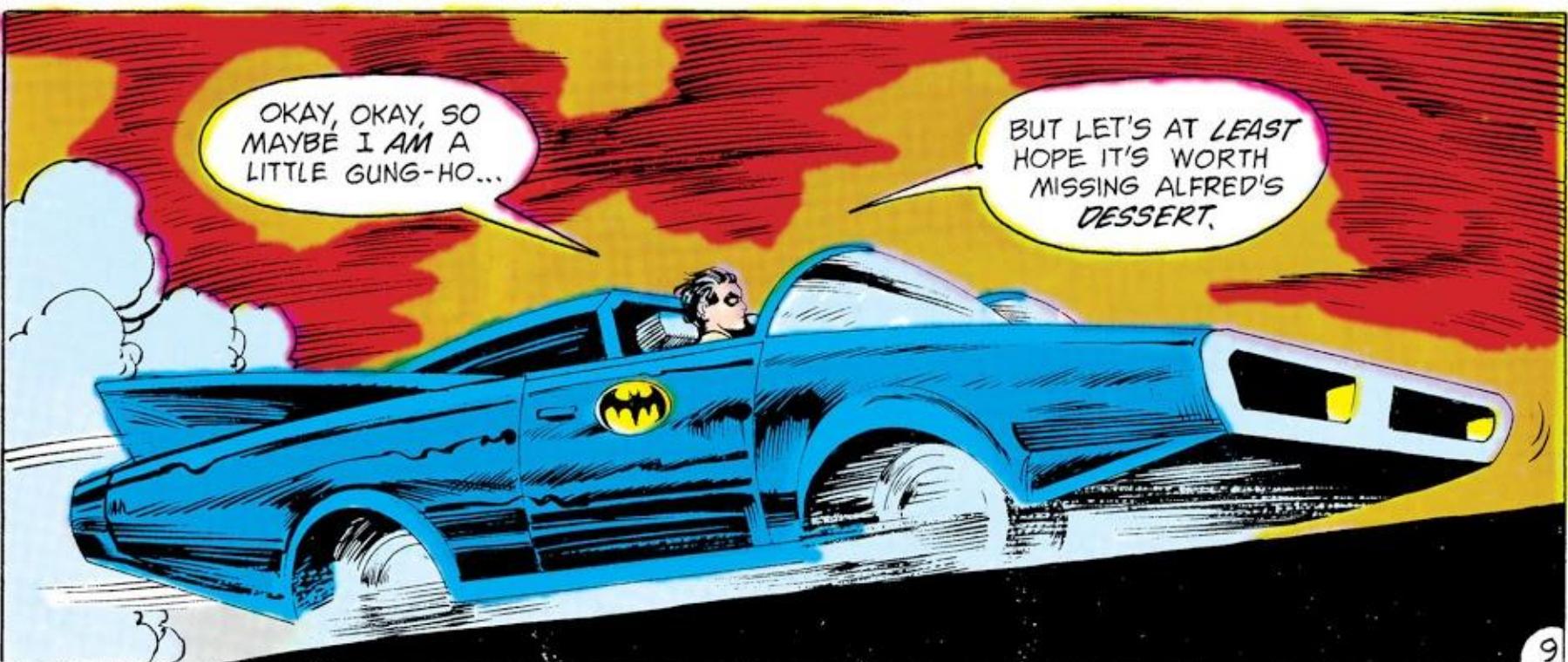
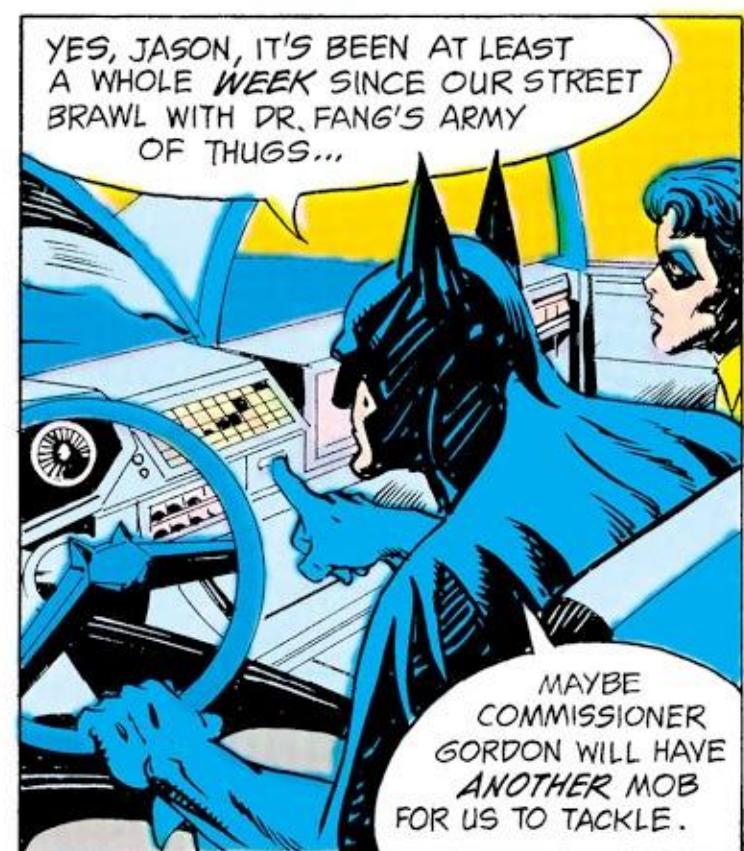


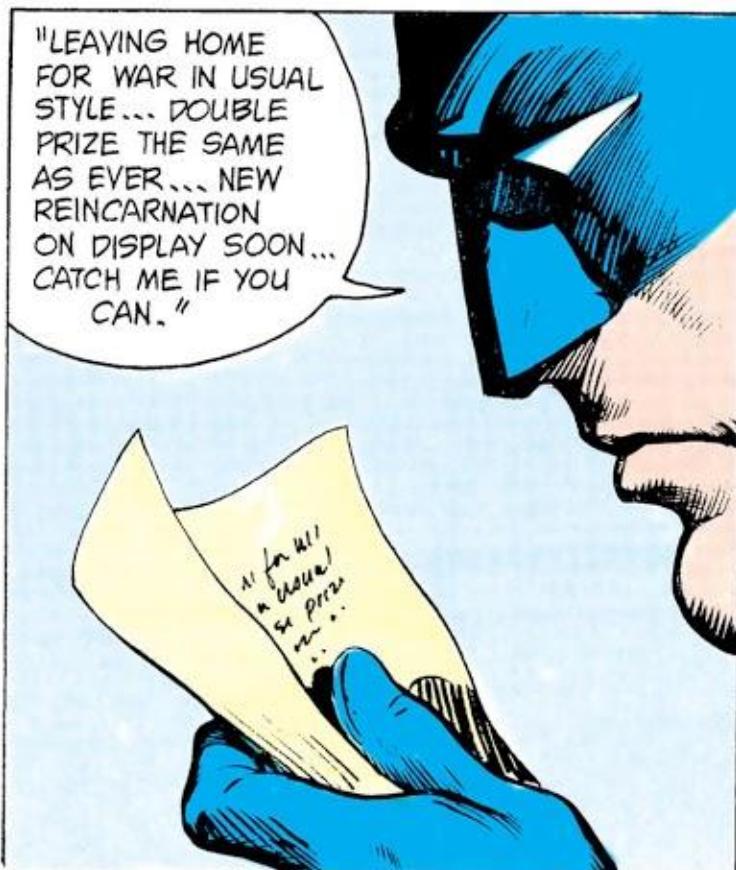
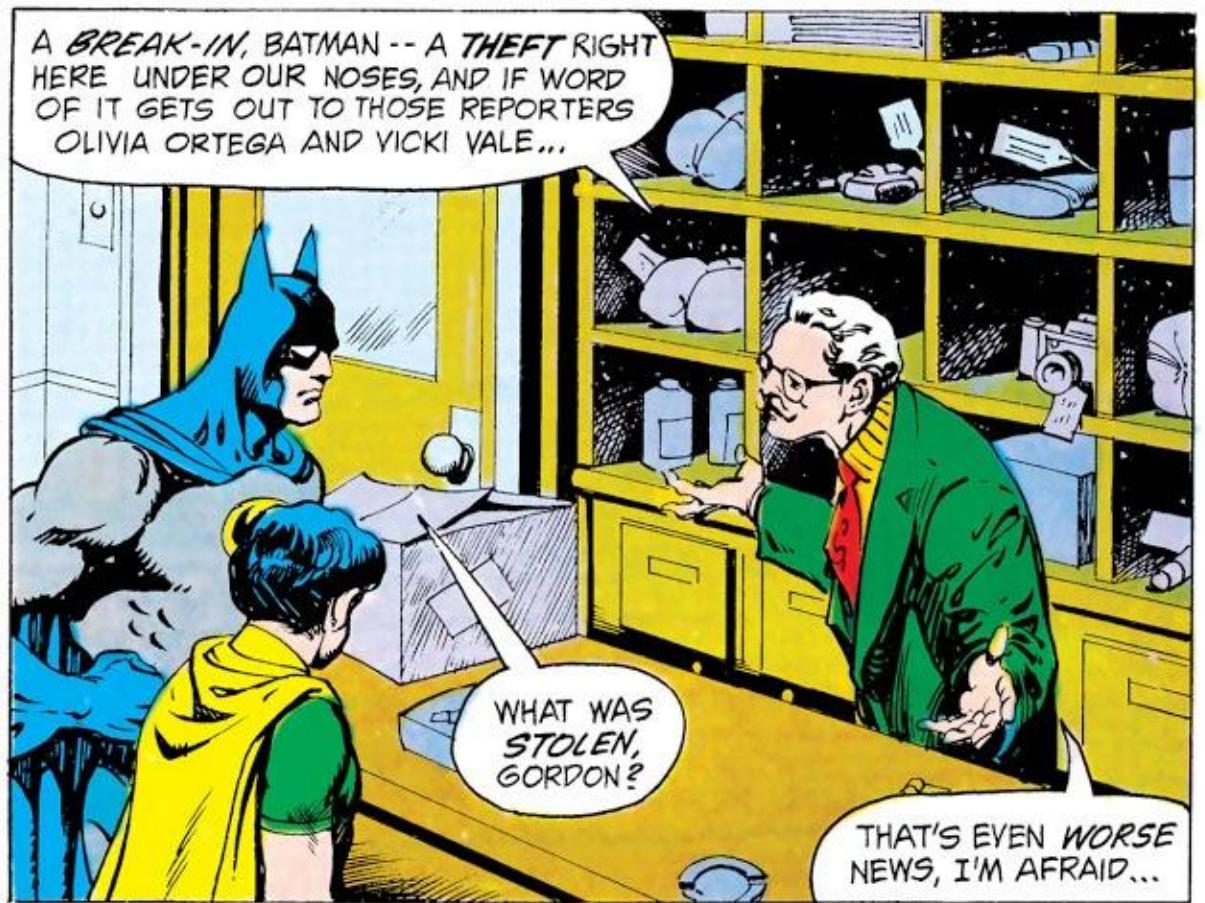
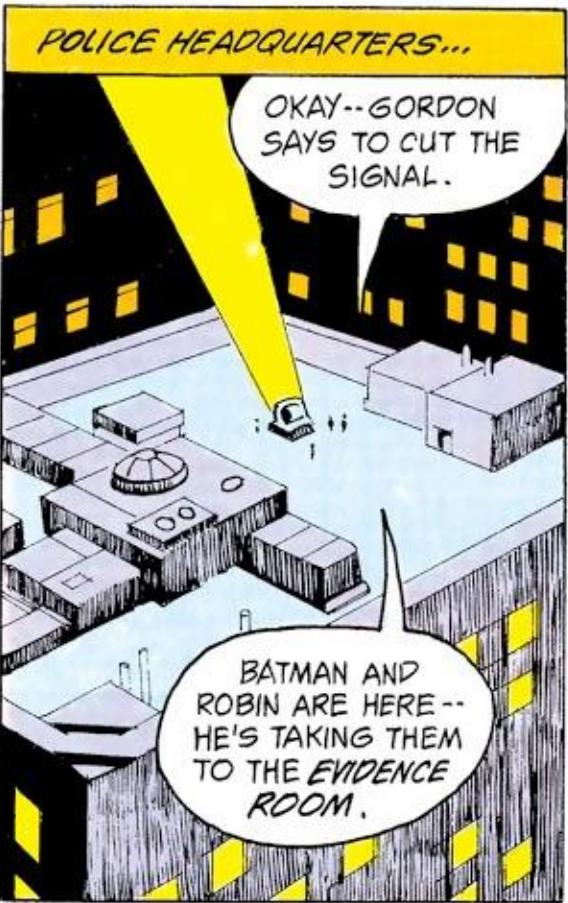












ON A
SLEAZY
STREET--

DAY
ROOMS
WEEK

--NEON
SPUTTERS...

...AS, IN LURID LIGHT, THE CATMAN PREENS.

MORE THAN ONE WAY TO
SKIN A TOM BLAKE--

--AND THE
BEST WAY AS EVER,
IS BY PUTTING
ON MY CATMAN
DUOS.

NOW, LET'S SEE... MY KIT BAG IS STOCKED
WITH SERRATED CATARANG... CAT-LINE...
CAT-CLAW GLOVES --

EVERYTHING
I'LL NEED TO
WIN THE PRIZE...

...AND TO
TRAP THE
BATMAN.

Y'KNOW, I THINK YOU'D BETTER TELL
ME ABOUT THIS CATMAN...

YOU'VE MENTIONED HIM, BUT
IF WE'RE GOING TO MIX IT,
I'D BETTER KNOW
EVERYTHING.

MAYBE
YOU'RE
RIGHT,
ROBIN...

TOM BLACK WAS A BIG CAT
TRAPPER WHO AMASSED A
FORTUNE IN FEES FROM ZOOS
AND CIRCUSES AROUND THE WORLD...

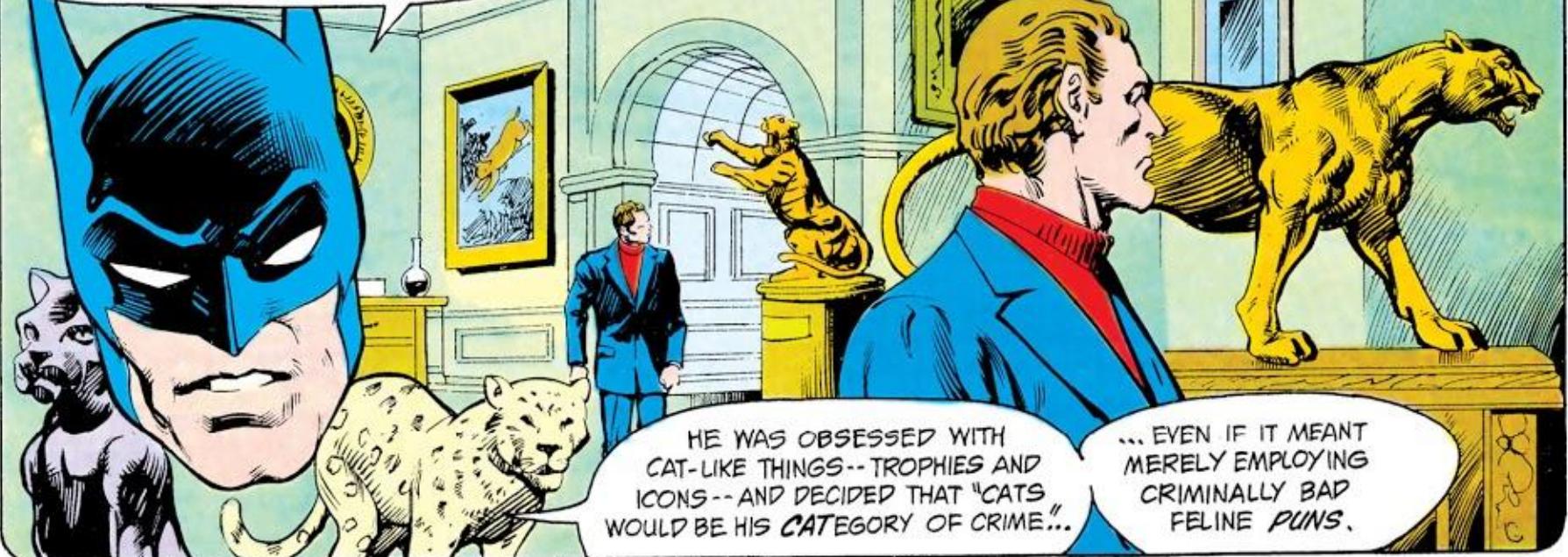
BUT HE WAS ALSO AN INVETERATE GAMBLER--
AND HE LOST EVERY PENNY IN CASINOS AS
SOON AS HE RETURNED TO CIVILIZATION.

HE COULD HAVE GONE BACK
TO TRAPPING, BUT HE
DECIDED HE WAS BORED.

HE BRIEFLY TOYED WITH THE NOTION OF
BECOMING A CRIMEFIGHTER LIKE ME, IN A
CRAZY SCHEME TO WIN THE LOVE OF BATWOMAN...

BUT IN THE END, HE DECIDED TO GO THE OTHER PATH FOR TWO REASONS-- IT WAS EASIER TO REGAIN HIS LOST FORTUNE THROUGH CRIME ITSELF-- AND HIS CRIMES WOULD PIT HIM AGAINST ME...

... THEREBY RELIEVING HIS BOREDOM WITH PURSUITS EVEN MORE DANGEROUS AND EXCITING THAN HIS FORMER HUNTING AND TRAPPING.



HE WAS OBSESSED WITH CAT-LIKE THINGS-- TROPHIES AND ICONS-- AND DECIDED THAT "CATS WOULD BE HIS CATEGORY OF CRIME..."

... EVEN IF IT MEANT MERELY EMPLOYING CRIMINALLY BAD FELINE PUNS.

HE LOVES TO CHALLENGE ME, ROBIN, AND THE NOTE HE LEFT IS NO DOUBT A CLUE TO HIS NEXT CAPER AND OUR NEXT CONFRONTATION--

"HE ACQUIRED A FETISH, ROBIN-- A CAT CARVING WRAPPED IN ORANGE CLOTH..."

"... AND LEGEND CLAIMED THE CLOTH WOULD CONFER ON ITS OWNER THE PROTECTION OF NINE LIVES."



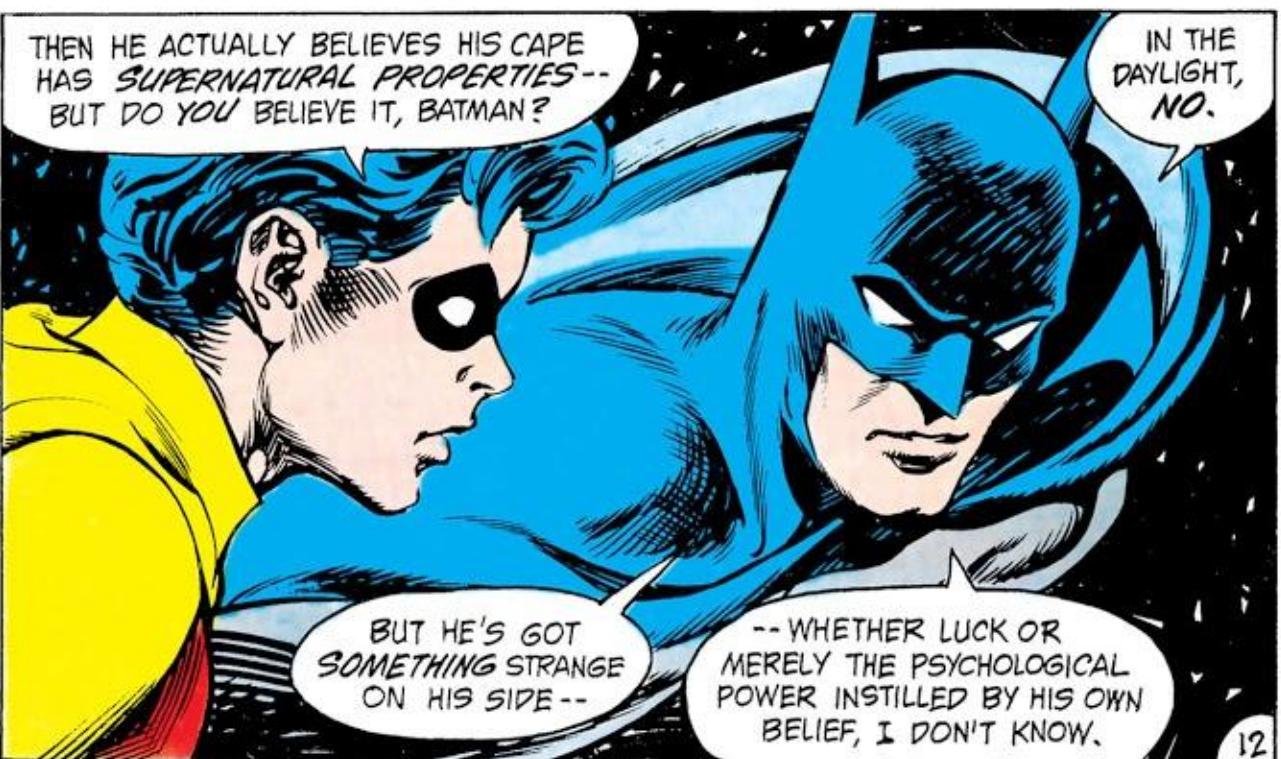
-- SHOULD I SUCCEED IN SOLVING ITS CRYPTIC WORDING, ANYWAY.

THEN HE ACTUALLY BELIEVES HIS CAPE HAS SUPERNATURAL PROPERTIES-- BUT DO YOU BELIEVE IT, BATMAN?

"HE DECIDED TO TEST THE CLAIM BY MAKING HIS CATMAN CAPE AND COWL FROM THE CLOTH."

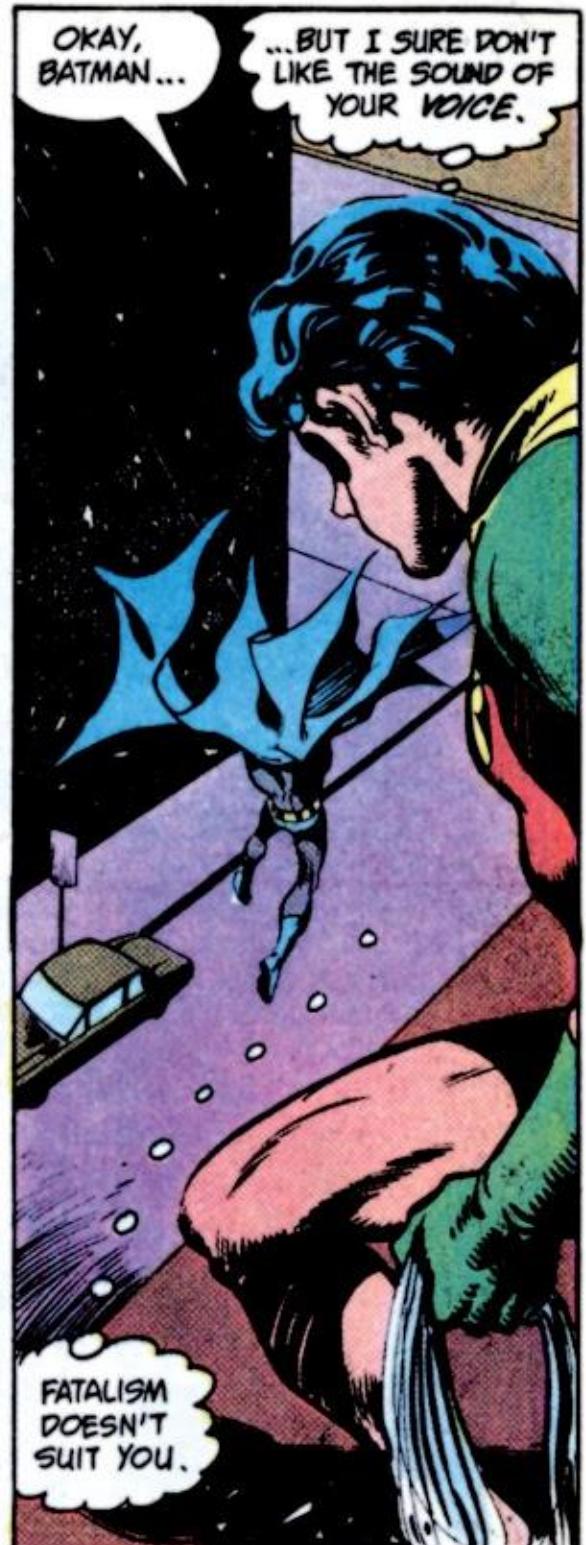


BUT HOW'D HE BECOME THE CATMAN?



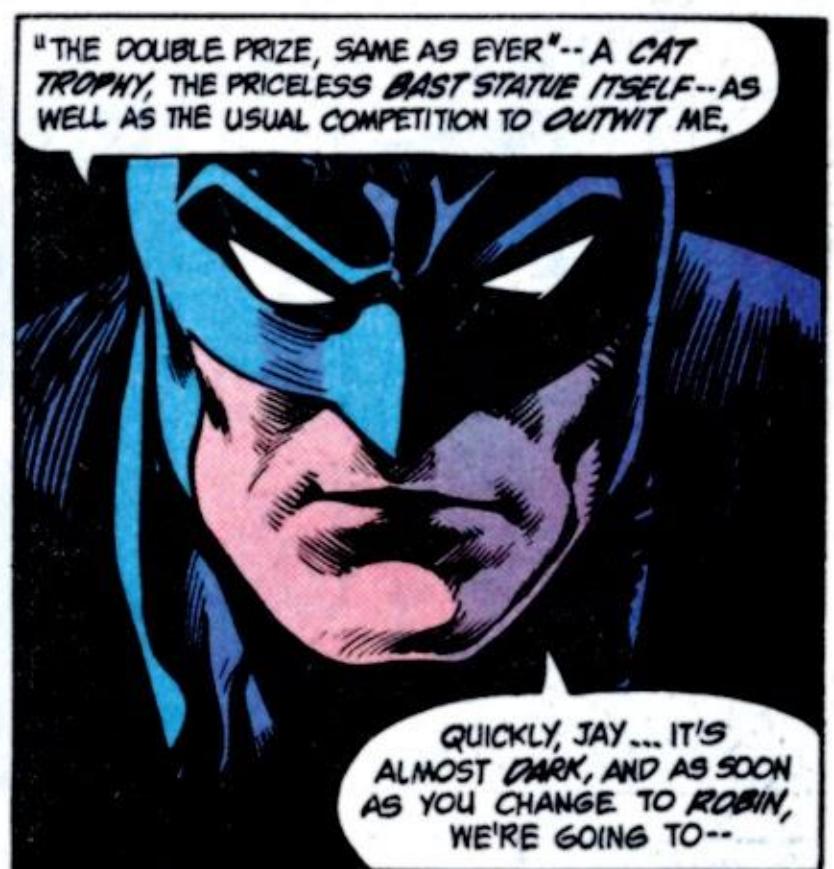
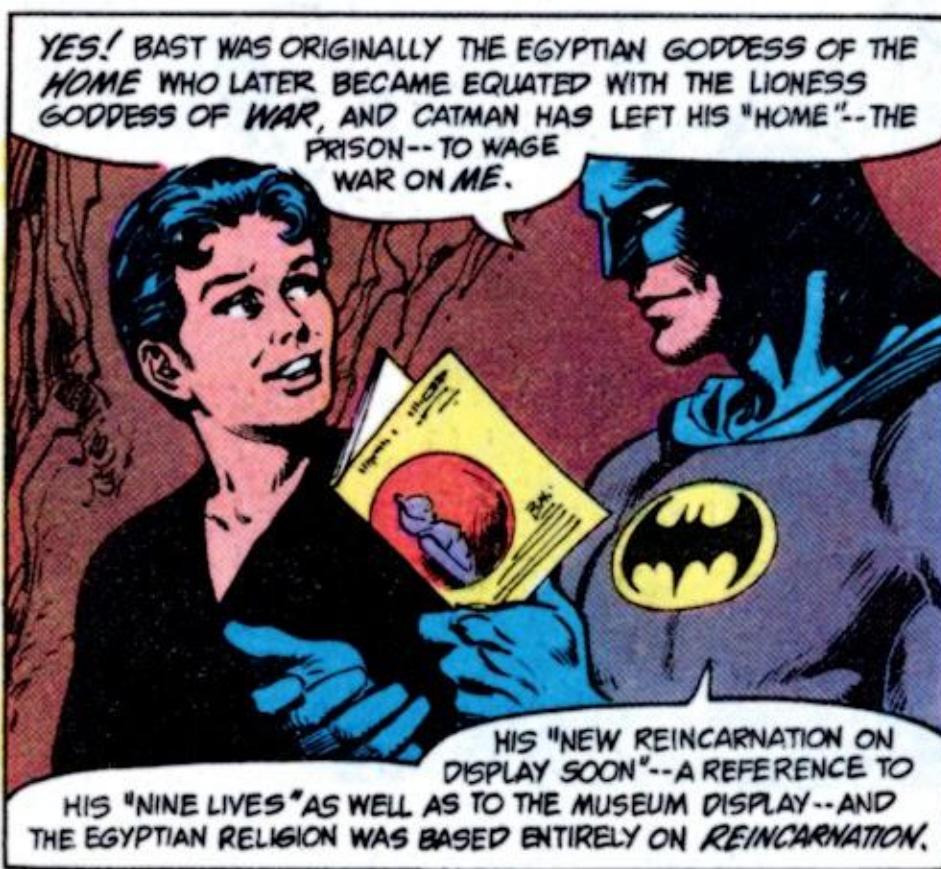
BUT HE'S GOT SOMETHING STRANGE ON HIS SIDE--

-- WHETHER LUCK OR MERELY THE PSYCHOLOGICAL POWER INSTILLED BY HIS OWN BELIEF, I DON'T KNOW.



IN A SMOKY ROOM ELSEWHERE IN GOTHAM, OTHER TROUBLE BREWS...





LIKE WRAITHS, THEY MOVE PAST ANCIENT BONES--AND ROBIN'S THOUGHTS AGAIN TURN DARK...

HE'S TOO COLD--REMOTE--ALMOST LIKE A FIGHTER GETTING INTO A RING WHERE HE KNOWS HE'LL BE KNOCKED OUT.

IS IT THE RESPONSIBILITY OF HAVING ME TO WORRY ABOUT? OR IS HE--

OVER THERE, ROBIN.

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN.

UNCONSCIOUS.

AND BOUND WITH CATGUT LINES.

EGYPTIAN HALL

HURRY, ROBIN--

--AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANY ALARMS.

FIVE TO ONE THEY'VE ALREADY BEEN CUT.

YOU WERE RIGHT, BATMAN...

OF COURSE I WAS--IT'S THE CATMAN WE'RE DEALING WITH-- AND THE BAST STATUE IS ALREADY GONE.

I WANT YOU TO GO STATION YOURSELF AT THE MUSEUM'S REAR EXIT.

BUT, BATMAN, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE--

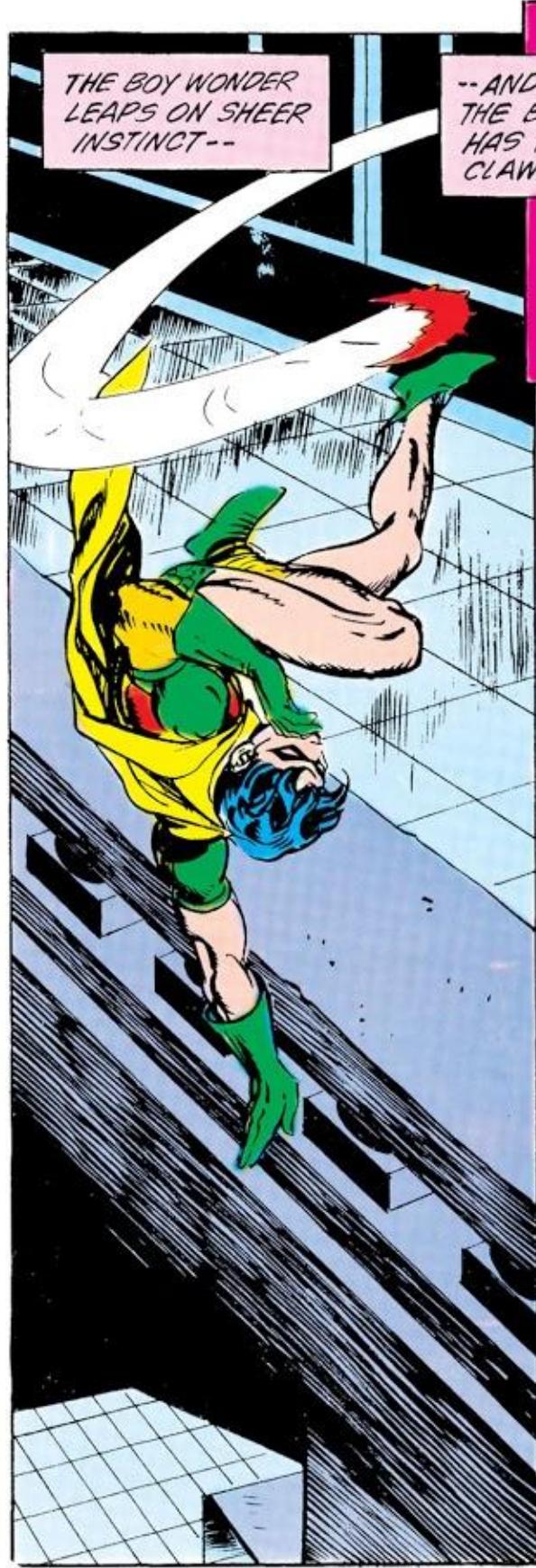
GO, ROBIN.

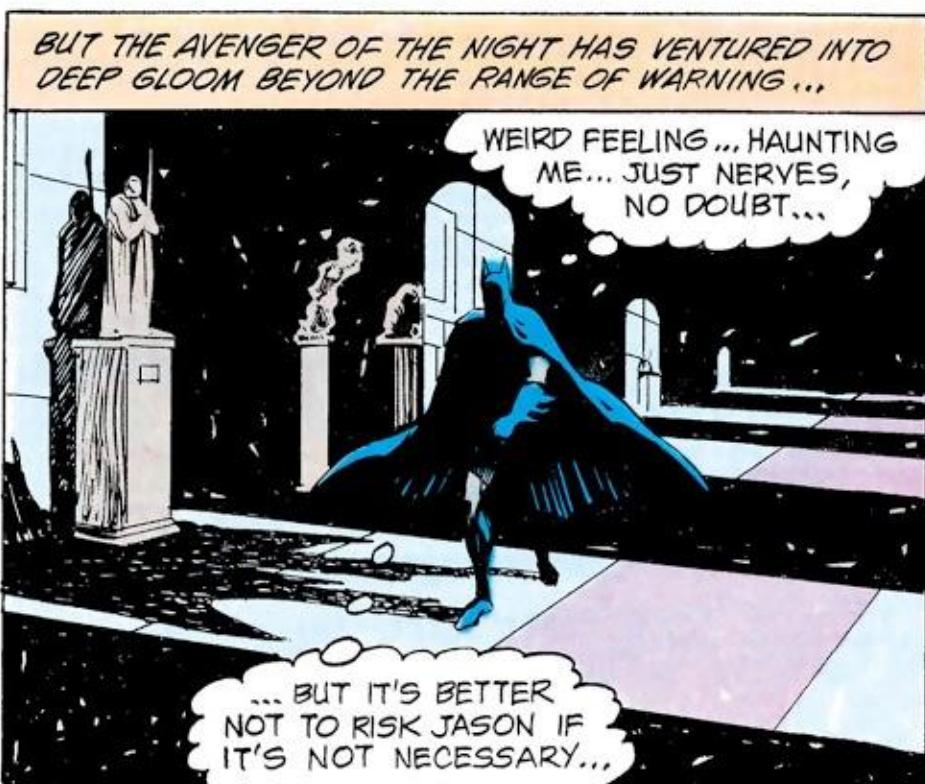
NOW.
OKAY, OKAY...

...BUT I SURE DON'T LIKE IT.

IN FACT, THE ONLY REASON I DIDN'T ARGUE MORE IS BECAUSE HE'S ALMOST AS GRIM AS HE IS FATALISTIC.

I JUST HOPE HE'S GRIM ENOUGH...

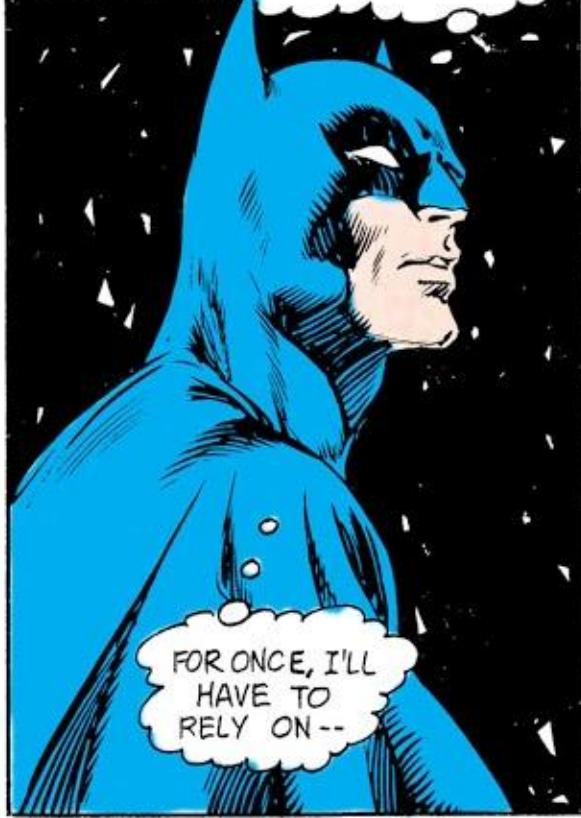




HE CREEPS THROUGH THE HALL
FOR SOME THREE MINUTES BEFORE
THE MOCKING VOICE SOUNDS FROM
NOWHERE AND EVERYWHERE ...

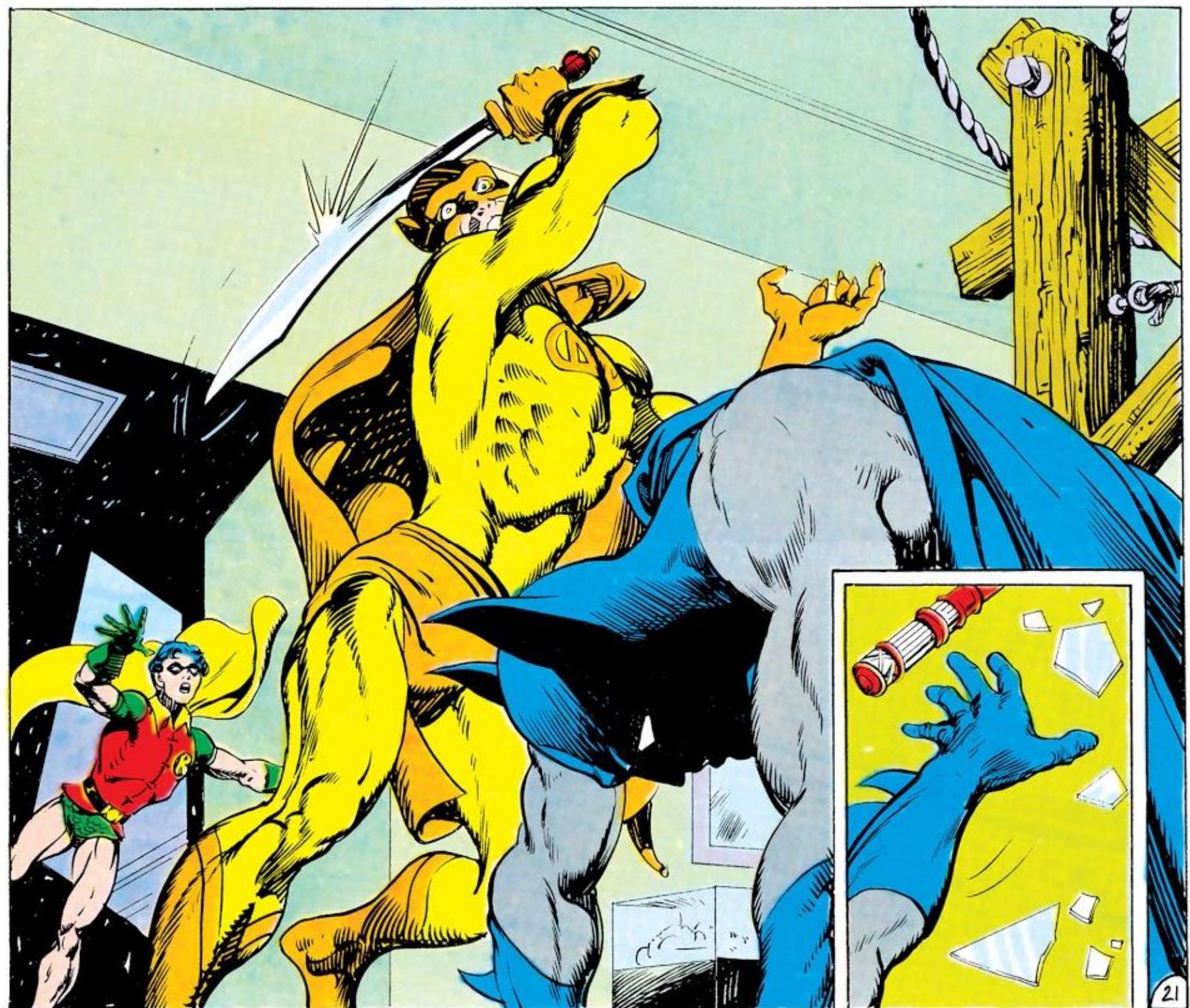


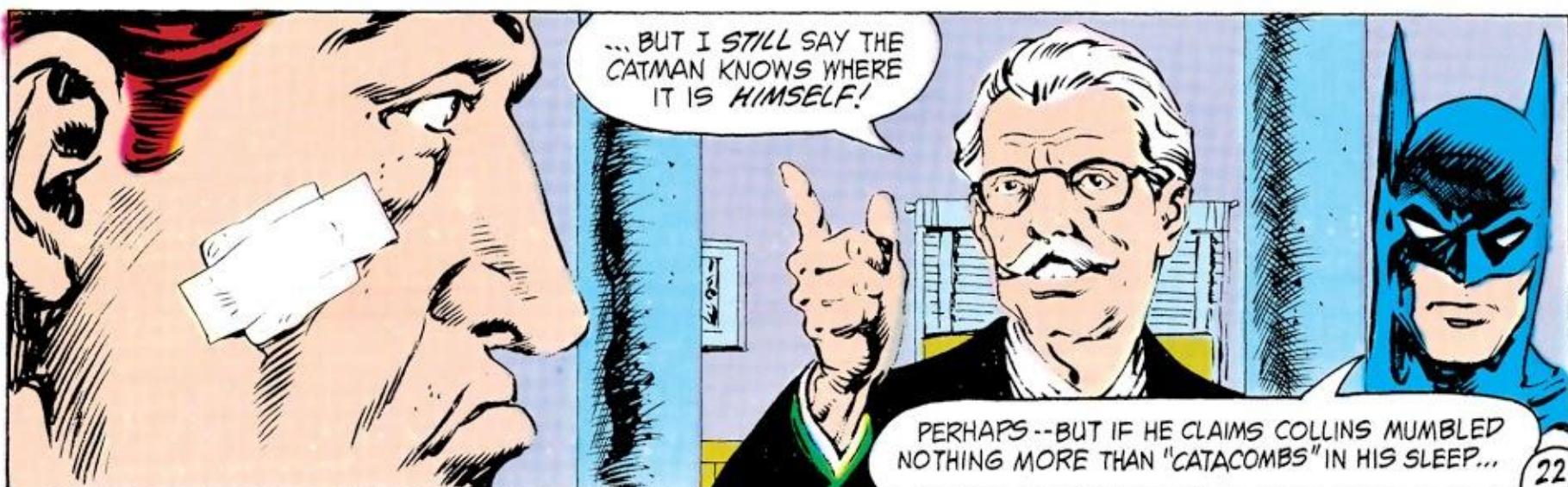
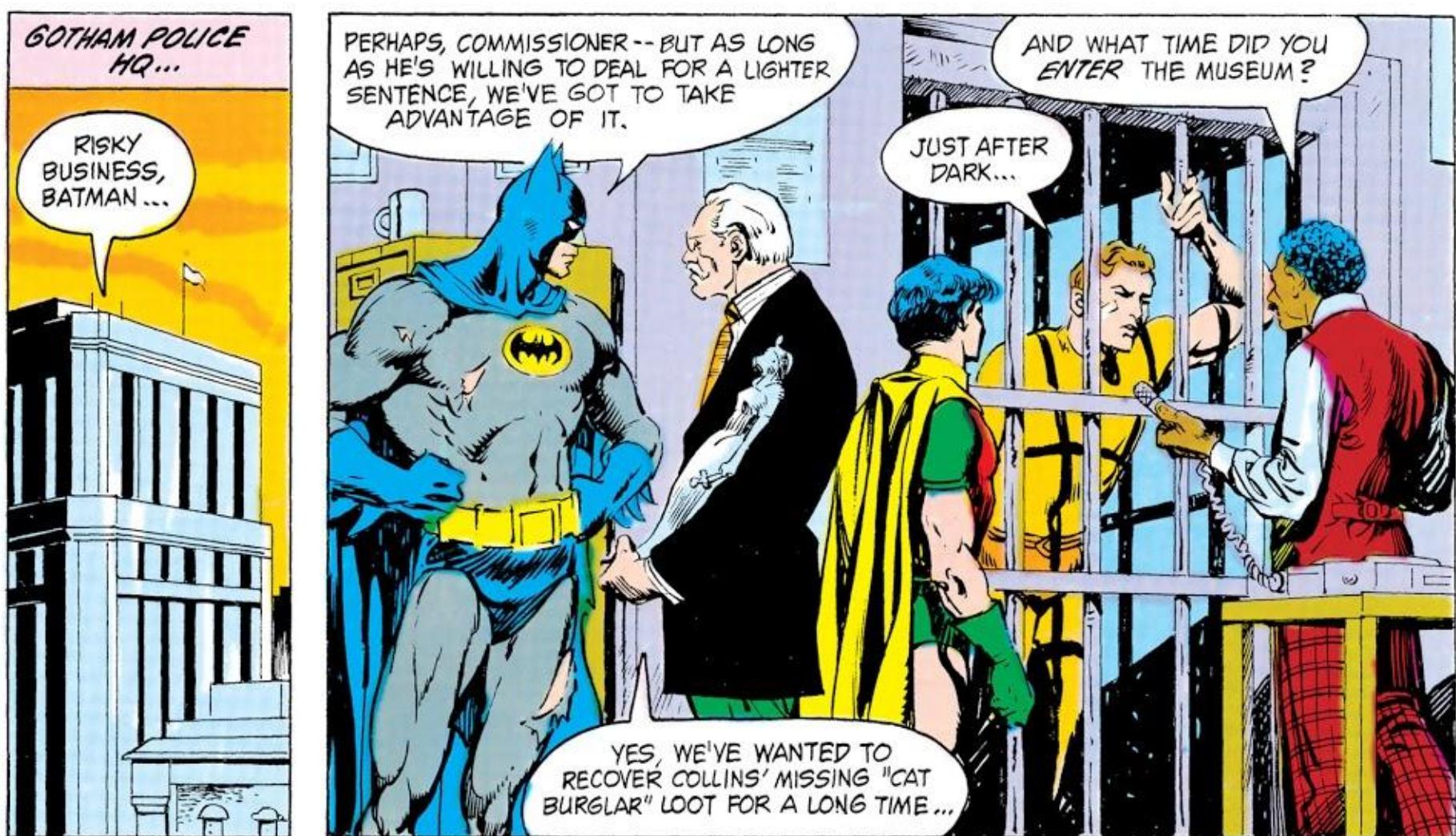
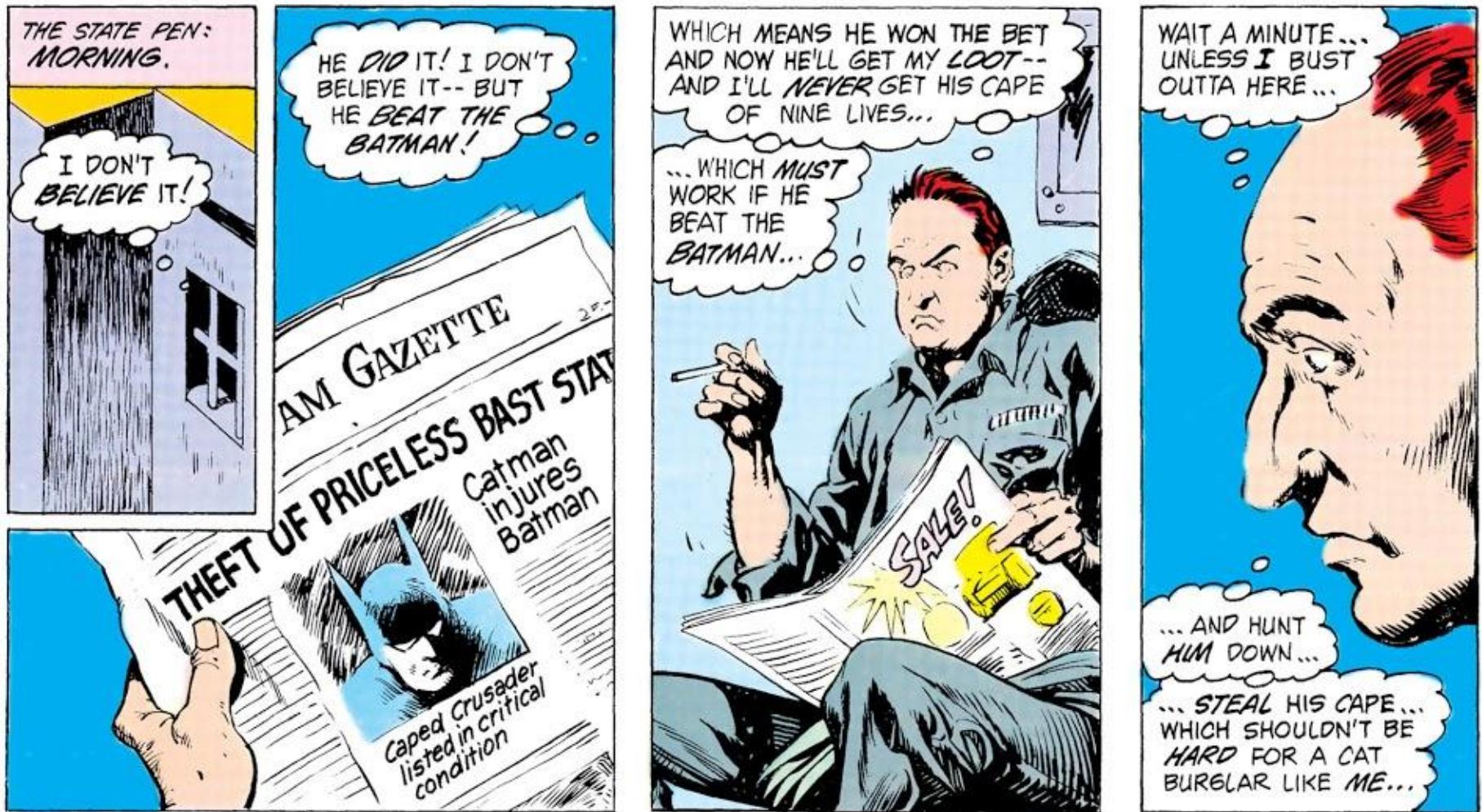
TOO MANY ECHOES IN THIS HALL--
EVEN A REAL BAT COULDN'T
LOCATE THE SOURCE OF HIS VOICE,
AND HE KNOWS IT.

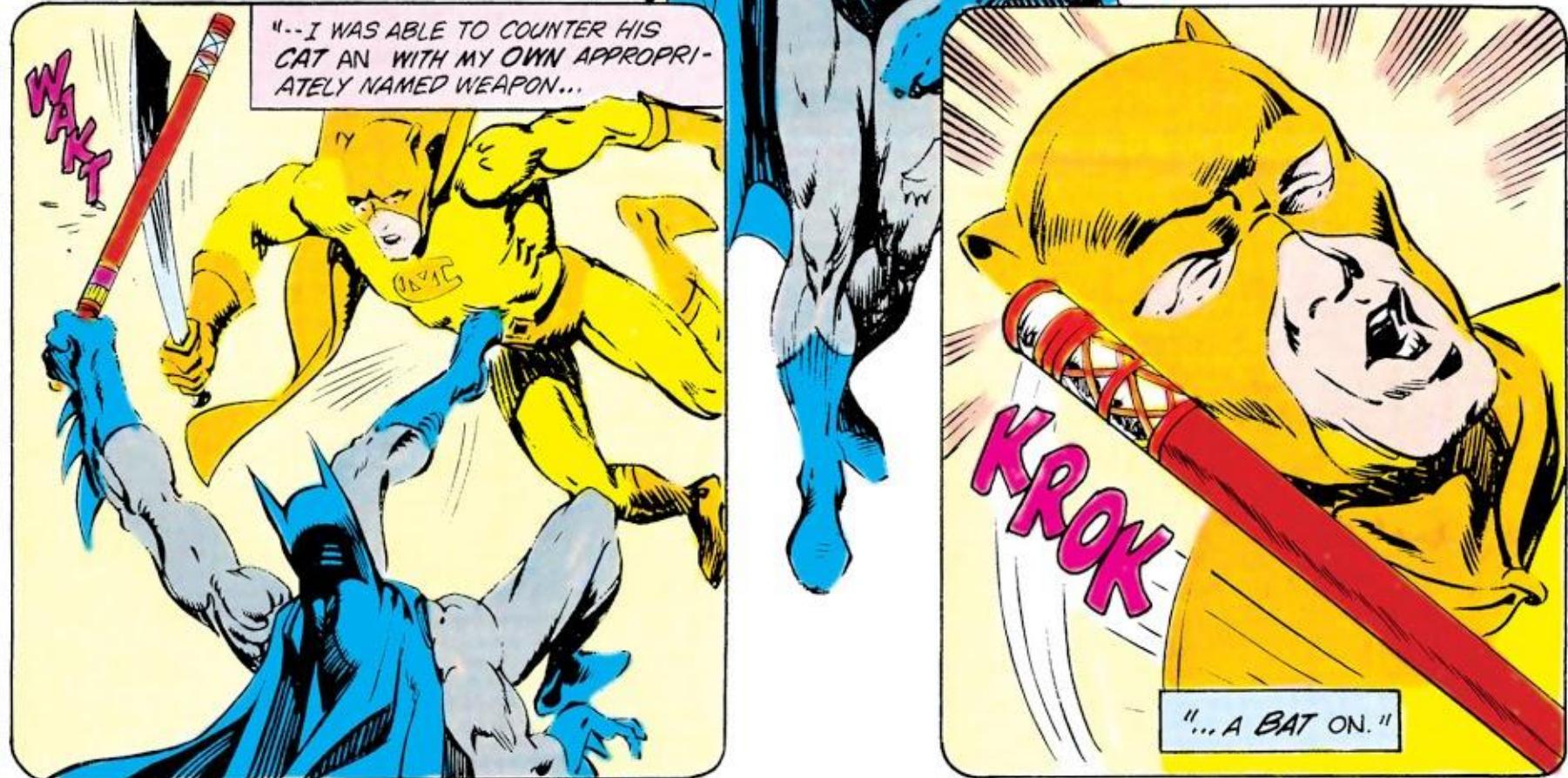
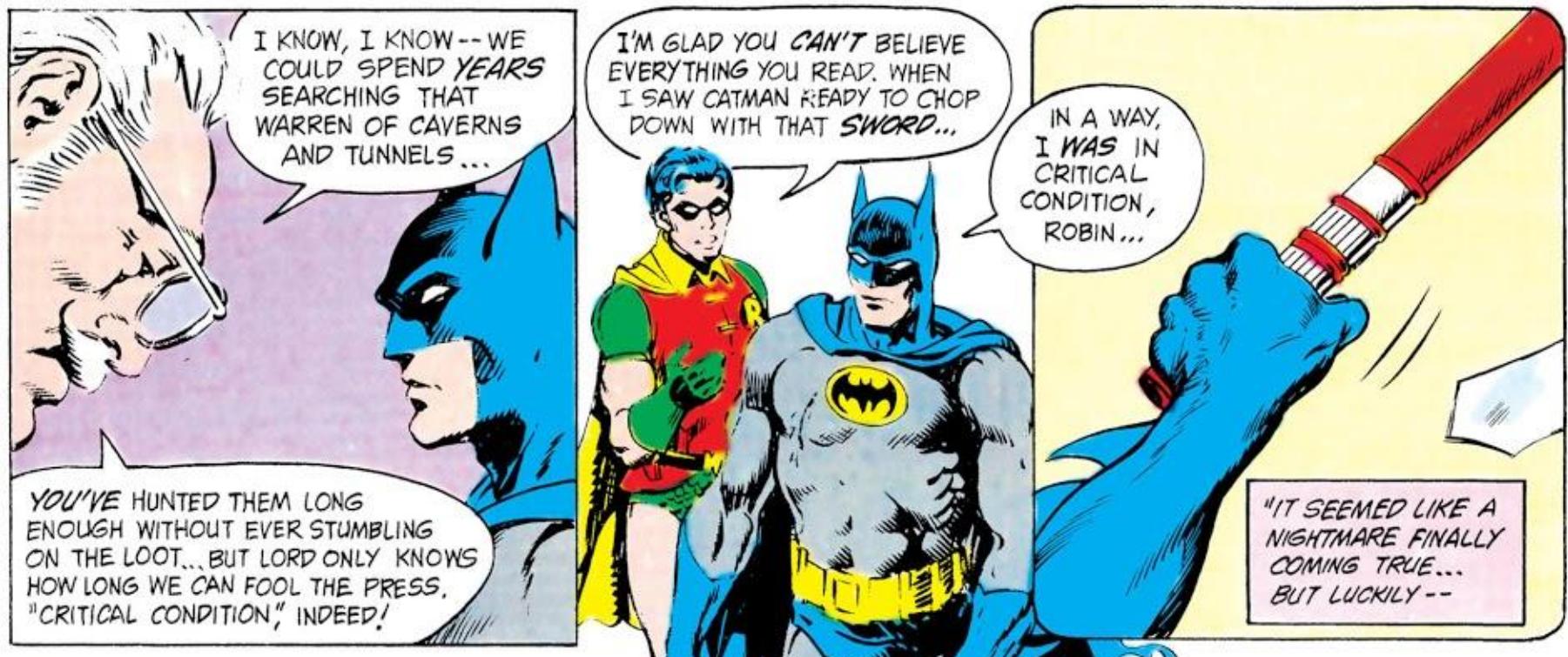














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