



546 | SEP 97

MOENCH  
JONES  
BEATTY

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AO  
AUTHORITY

# BATMAN



Ancient Ritual! Arcane Rite!  
**JOKER** and **DEMON**  
will spill blood tonight!

# MAJOR ARCANA PART III: HELL TO PAY

DOUG KELLEY JOHN GREGORY ANDROID TODD JORDAN B. DENNIS BATMAN  
MOENCH JONES BEATTY WRIGHT IMAGES KLEIN GORFINKEL O'NEIL CREATED BY  
WRITER PENCILLER INKER COLORIST SEPARATIONS LETTERS ASSOC. EDITOR EDITOR BOB KANE



HE WANTS  
TO TALK--IN  
PRIVATE.

FROM ENCOUNTERS PAST  
YOU KNOW WHERE I'VE STOOD,  
LACKING ALL CHOICE, IN-  
CAPABLE OF GOOD.

NOTHING HAS CHANGED  
SINCE TIMES MEDIEVAL;  
STILL AM I BOUND TO  
COMMIT NOTHING BUT  
EVIL.

VERY WELL,  
DEMON.

BUT WHAT  
BINDS YOU TO THE  
JOKER?

HIS PROMISE  
OF ESCAPE FROM  
JASON BLOOD...

...UNLEASHING  
MY EVIL IN A  
PERPETUAL  
FLOOD.

YOU'RE FREE OF JASON  
BLOOD RIGHT NOW.

YET SOONER OR  
LATER HIS BODY WILL  
AGAIN BIND ME...

THIS I GOTTA SEE -- BATS TRANSMUTED FROM  
LIFE TO DEATH! HIS FLESH BURNED, HIS BLOOD  
BOILED, HIS BONES CHARRED!

HYAHAHAI!

and FULL RELEASE  
FROM BLOOD'S FLESH I  
VIEW MOST KINDLY.

YO, ETTIE-BABE! YOU  
DONE BLASTING  
BATS YET?

OR ARE YA  
STILL--

A BEAUTIFUL  
BAT BARBECUE!

SIRROOM

YIKES!

IT'S BACK TO GARGOYLES FOR ME, BOYS! I'LL GLOM THE FRIED BAT-CORPSE WHEN IT'S ALL OVER!

YOU ALMOST TOOK OFF THE JOKER'S HEAD WITH THAT BLAST-- I THOUGHT HE WAS YOUR PARTNER.

K-K-K-KRUKT

THE FOOL IS MY TOOL.

HE'S ALSO A TRICKSTER, ETRIGAN, AND HIS PROMISES ARE PROBABLY LIES.

HIS DEMENTIA MAY PREVENT HIM FROM BEING HONEST.

HE MAY BE FORCED INTO EVIL, EVEN AGAINST AN ALLY, EVEN AGAINST YOU--

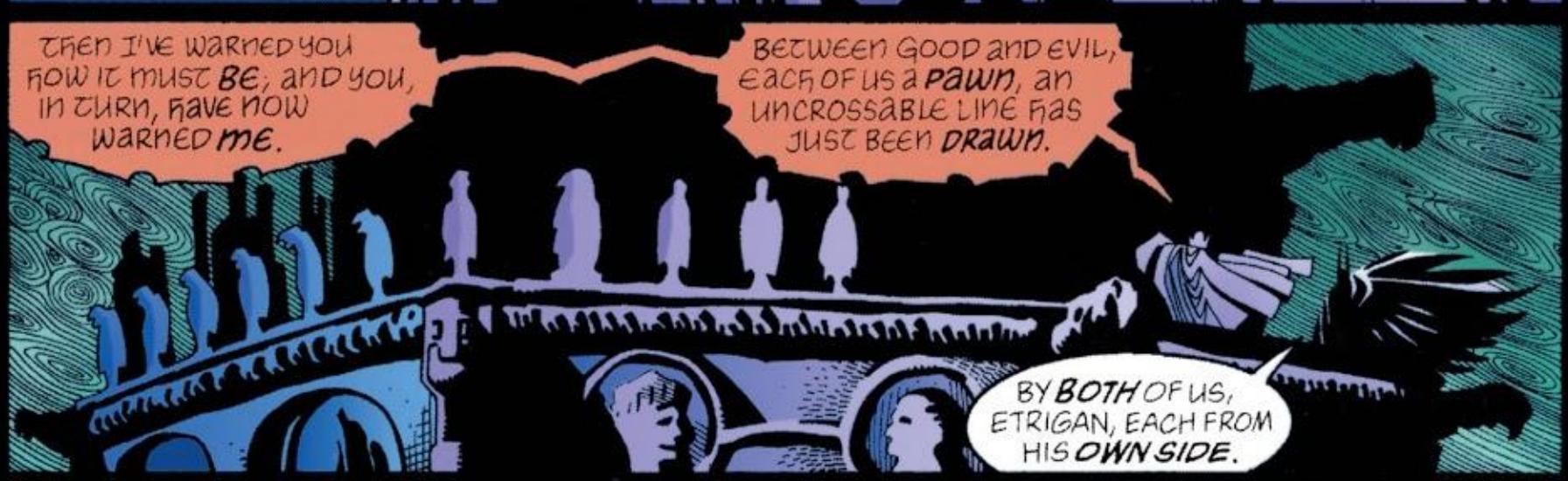
IF SO, THEN THE TOOL BECOMES MERE TOKEN, HIS SKULL AND BONES IN PIECES ALL BROKEN.

BUT LIKE YOU, ETRIGAN, HE MAY HAVE NO CHOICE...

--AND YET, LACKING ANY CHOICE, HE MAY NOT BE EVIL.

THEN LET HIS DEMENTIA SHIELD HIM WELL, FOR I SHALL KICK HIM STRAIGHT TO HELL.

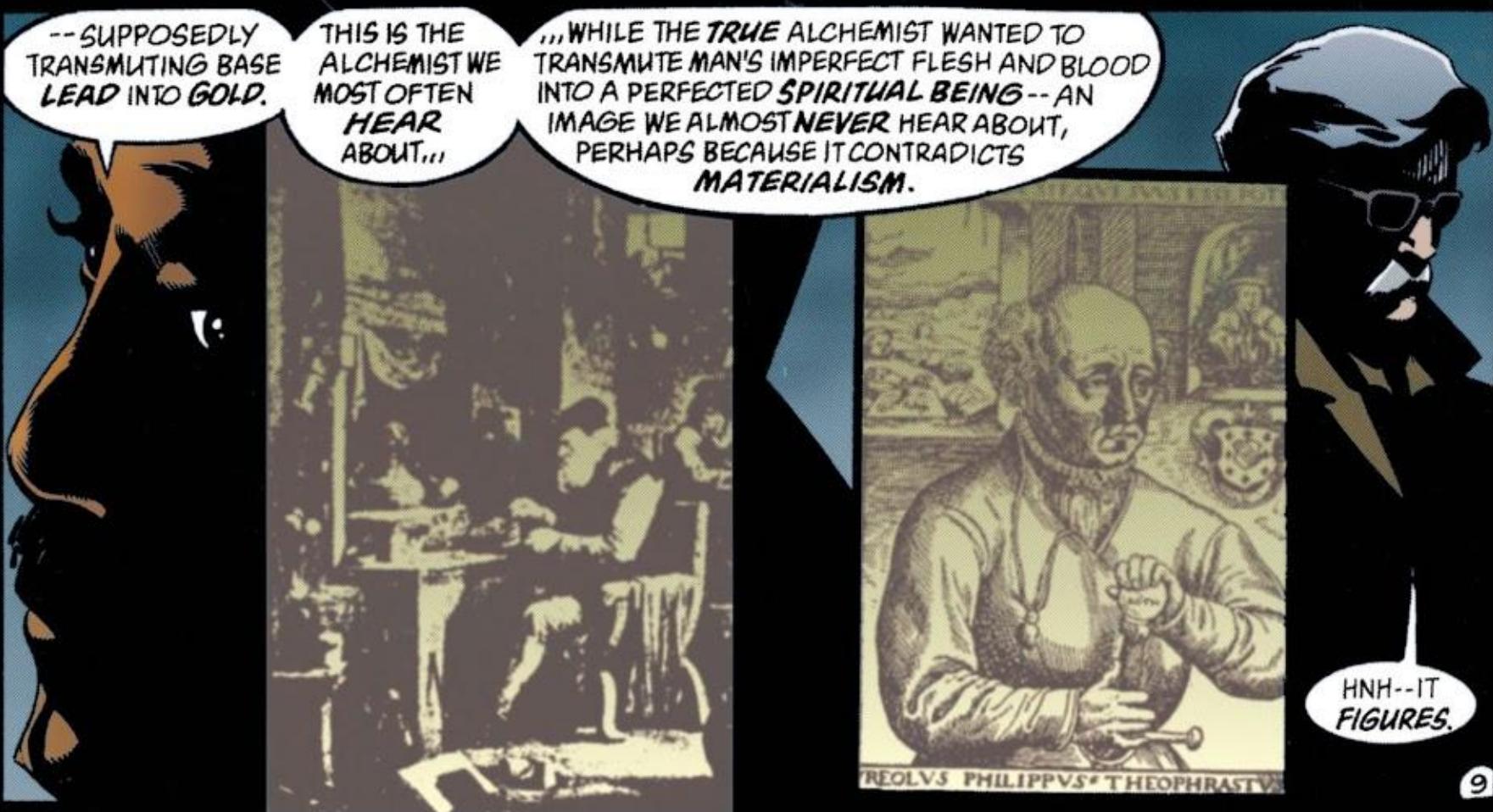
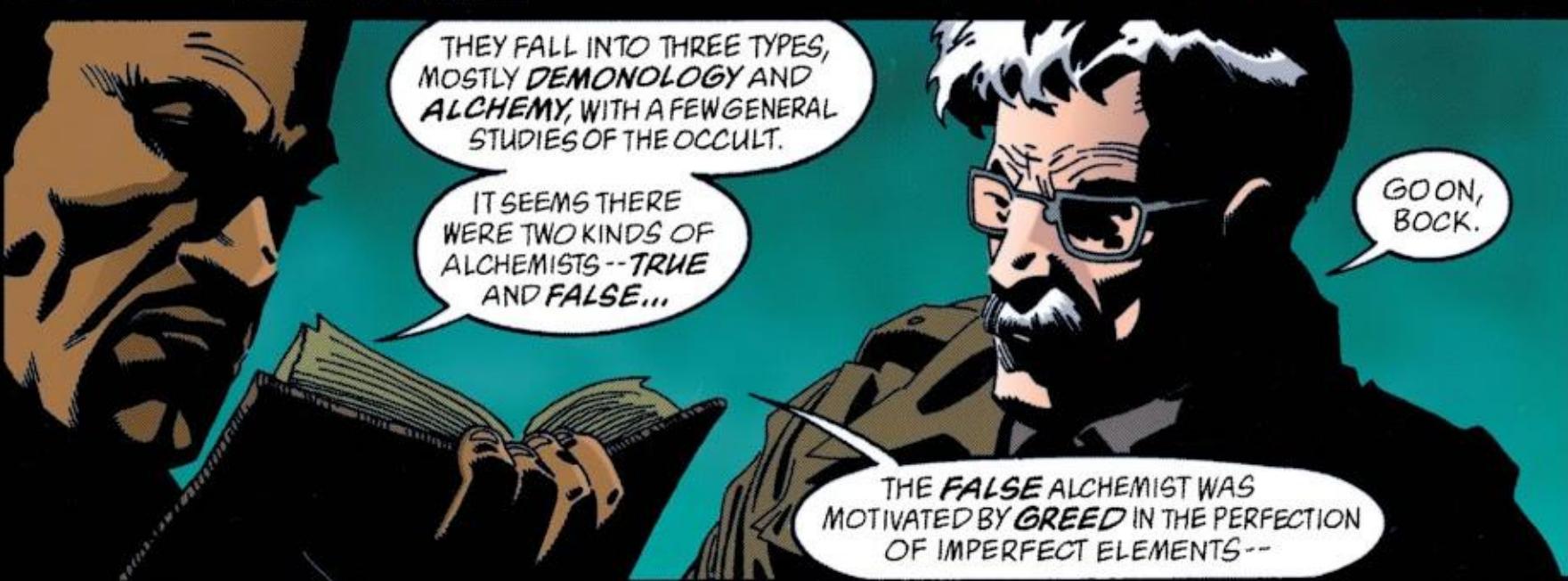




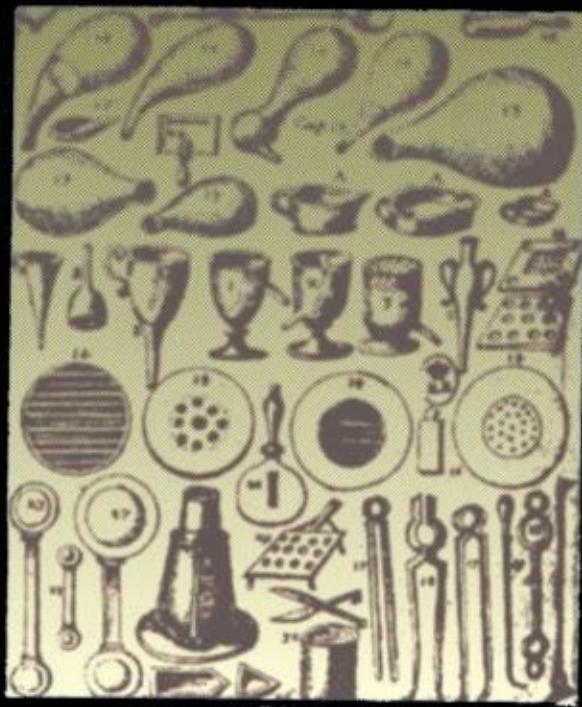








YES--BUT  
THERE IS A  
LINK TO OUR  
WORLD,  
SIR...



THE PROCESSES OF ANCIENT  
ALCHEMY--CALCINATION, SEPARATION,  
PUTREFACTION, CONGELATION,  
FERMENTATION, AND SUBLIMATION--  
ARE THE ROOTS OF MODERN  
CHEMISTRY.

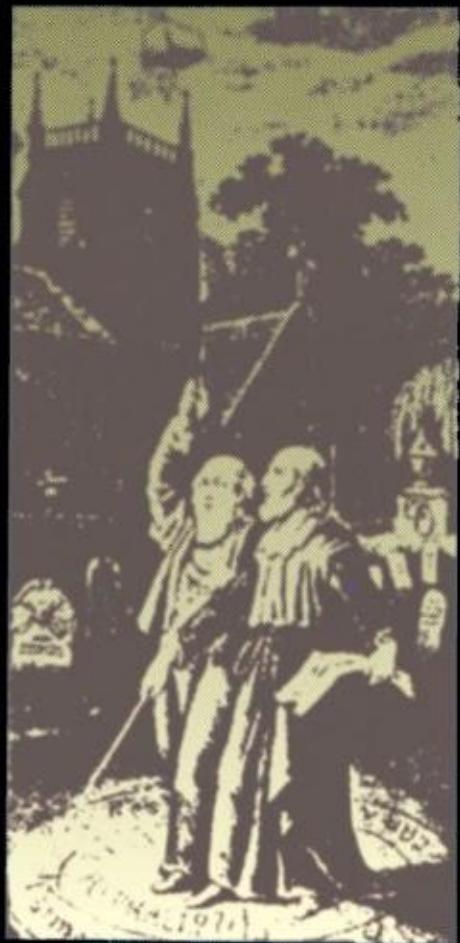
BUT CHEMISTRY KNOWS NOTHING  
OF ALCHEMY'S ARCANUM--OR "GREAT  
SECRETS," SUCH AS THE PROCESS OF  
CREATING THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE--  
FIERCELY GUARDED BY EVERY  
MEDIEVAL HERMETICIST...

...AND WOE UNTO  
THE WORLD SHOULD  
THEY FALL INTO THE  
WRONG HANDS.

"IF ONE EVIL MAN  
HAD THEREOF ALL HIS  
WILL, ALL WORLDLY  
PEACE HE MIGHT EASILY  
SPILL..."

"AND WITH HIS PRIDE  
HE MIGHT PULL DOWN  
RIGHTFUL KINGS AND  
PRINCES OF RENOWN."

THOMAS NORTON  
WROTE IN THE FIFTEENTH  
CENTURY: "THIS ART MUST EVER  
SECRET BE; THE CAUSE  
WHEREOF IS THIS, AS YE  
MAYSEE..."



AS FOR THE DEMONOLOGY TEXTS, SOME  
ARE REGISTRIES OF DEMONS, LISTING THE  
HIERARCHY OF HELL'S FALLEN ANGELS.

OTHERS QUOTE  
SPELLS AND INCANTA-  
TIONS, OFTEN IN LATIN,  
SUPPOSEDLY WITH  
THE POWER TO SUMMON  
OR CONJURE  
THESE DEMONS...

HOWEVER, I MUST  
CONFESS A PERSONAL  
INABILITY TO TAKE SUCH  
THINGS SERIOUSLY.

GLAD TO  
HEAR IT,  
DETECTIVE  
BOCK.







OUR NEXT MOVE, ETTIE, INVOLVES SERIOUS USE OF YOUR POWER-BLASTS...

...AIMED DOWNWARD...

...TO BURN A CHANNEL STRAIGHT TO THE EARTH'S CORE, LETTING MOLTEN MAGMA WELL UP INTO THE CITY'S SUBWAY TUNNELS-- THEREBY BRINGING HELL HERE TO GOTHAM! HYEE-HAH!



WHICH MEANS I NEED EVERY POSSIBLE EDGE.



AND A "MAGIC"  
ENTRANCE.

HUH?  
WHO--?

CONJURATION IS LONG  
DEAD ON THIS PLANE,  
ETRIGAN! THE JOKER IS  
NEITHER SORCERER NOR  
ALCHEMIST! HE HAS  
NO POWERS!

HE DIDN'T  
"SUMMON" YOU! YOU  
APPEARED BY YOUR  
OWN POWER--

--DRAWN  
TO HIM BY  
CURIOSITY!

NO! I RECITED THE  
INCANTATION PERFECTLY!  
I DID CONJURE THE  
DEMON!

TOO BAD FOR YOU;  
FIS WORDS RING  
TRUE.

BUT I AM A SORCERER!  
I STUDIED FOR MONTHS--  
ALL THOSE BOOKS IN  
ARKHAM! I'M FOR  
REAL!

BEFORE MY BRIMSTONE  
FURCFER ASSISTS YOUR  
PLAN, PRODUCE THE  
PHILOSOPHER'S STONE,  
IF YOU CAN!

B-B-BUT IF I DO...  
HOW DO I KNOW YOU  
WON'T JUST TAKE IT  
AND SPLIT--LEAVING  
ME TO THE MERCY  
OF BATS?!

IF YOU CRULY POSSESS ALCHEMY'S  
POWER, THEN PROVE IT, FOOL,  
DON'T JUST COWER!

HA?



AS FOR THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, DID YOU  
KNOW IT'S THE "CONGEALED ESSENCE OF STELLAR  
RADIATION"?

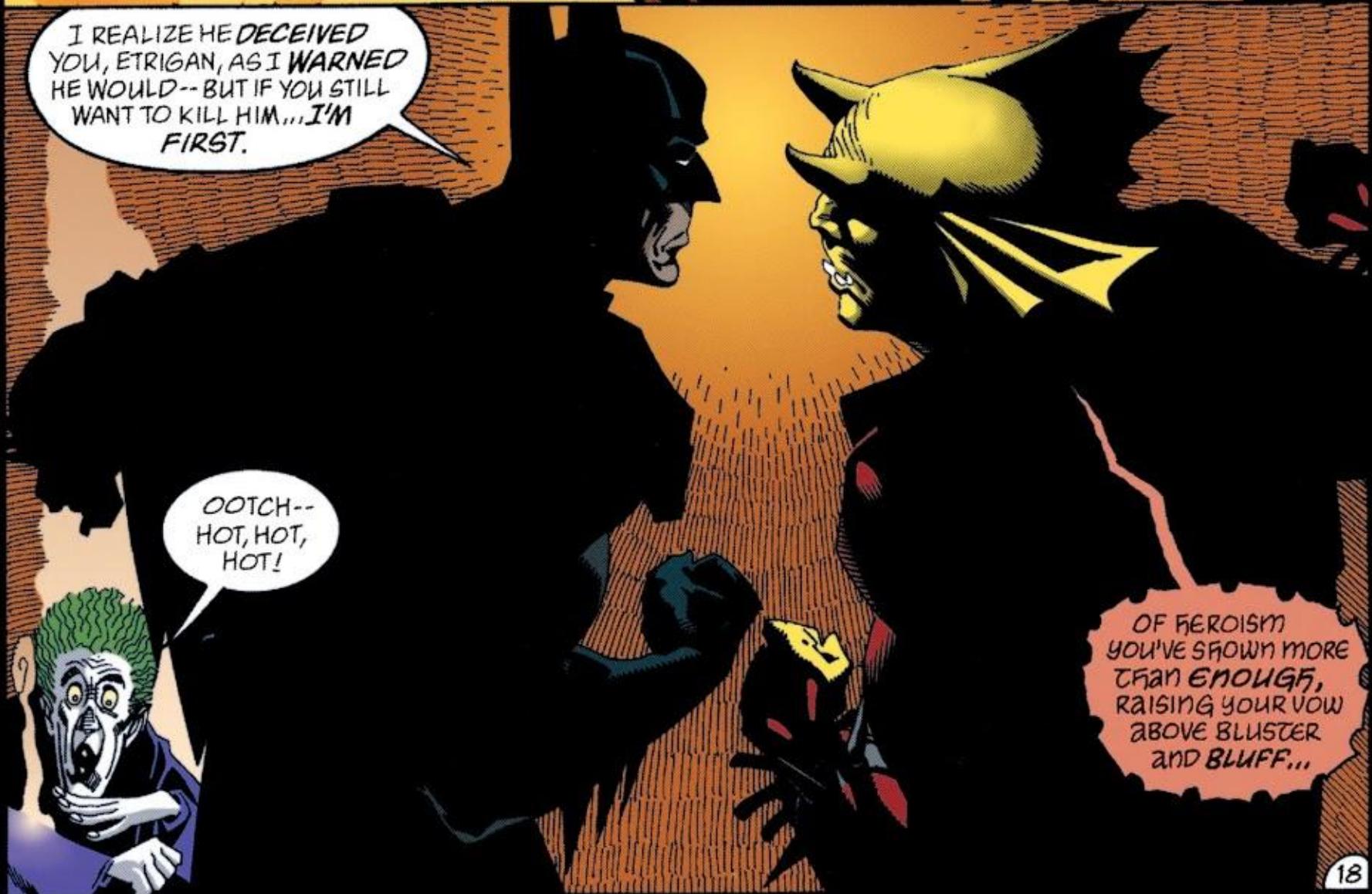
IT CAN SOFTEN  
GLASS, RENDER ITS  
OWNER INVISIBLE,  
CONFER THE ABILITY TO  
LEVITATE, ENABLE  
CONVERSATION WITH  
ANGELS AND ANIMALS,  
CURE ALL ILLNESS,  
AND GRANT IMMOR-  
TALITY!

NOT BAD FOR  
A DUMBRICK-AND  
NO WONDER YOU  
WANT IT, ETTIE.









INDEED, OF ALL THE MORTALS I'VE EVER INSPECTED, YOUR FLESH AND BLOOD IS THE MOST PERFECTED.

TRANSMUTED YOU ARE, FAR MORE THAN ME, HAVING NOBLY WORKED YOUR OWN ALCHEMY.

NO MAN IS PERFECT, ETRIGAN...

...BUT EVERY MAN SHOULD STRIVE TO BE.

PERFECTED, A DEMON COULD ONLY Grieve ill, BITTERLY CURSING HIS LOSS OF EVIL.

SAVE ME!

THEN DO YOUR WORST, DEMON!

STRIKE DOWN WHATEVER NOBILITY YOU SEE--IF YOU CAN.

QUICKLY WOULD I CRUSH YOU TO STEAL THE FOOL'S BREATH, WERE IT NOT FOR THE PROVERBIAL FATE WORSE THAN DEATH...

THE STARKNESS--OF DARKNESS.

I KNOW THAT MY BLACK HEART WOULD PUMP SHEER GLADNESS...

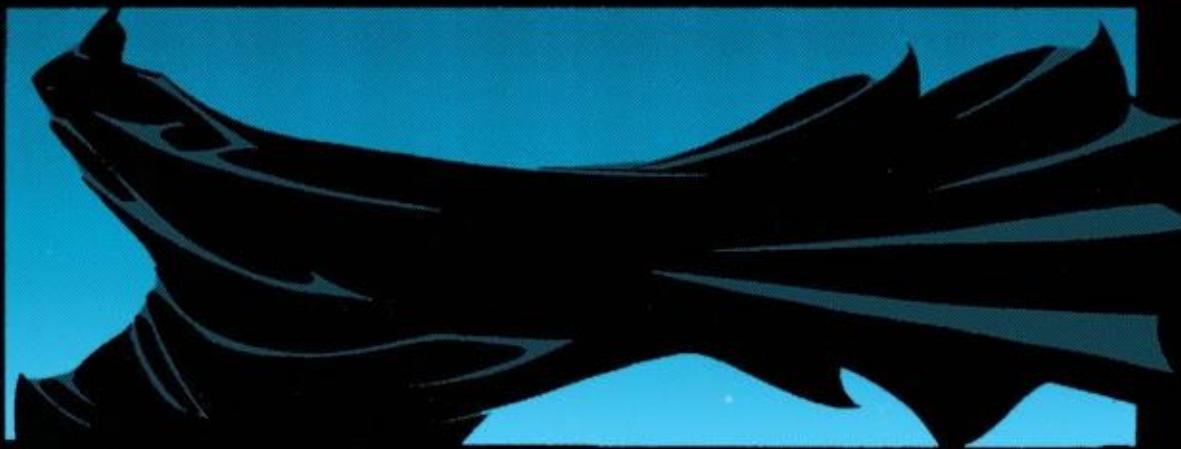
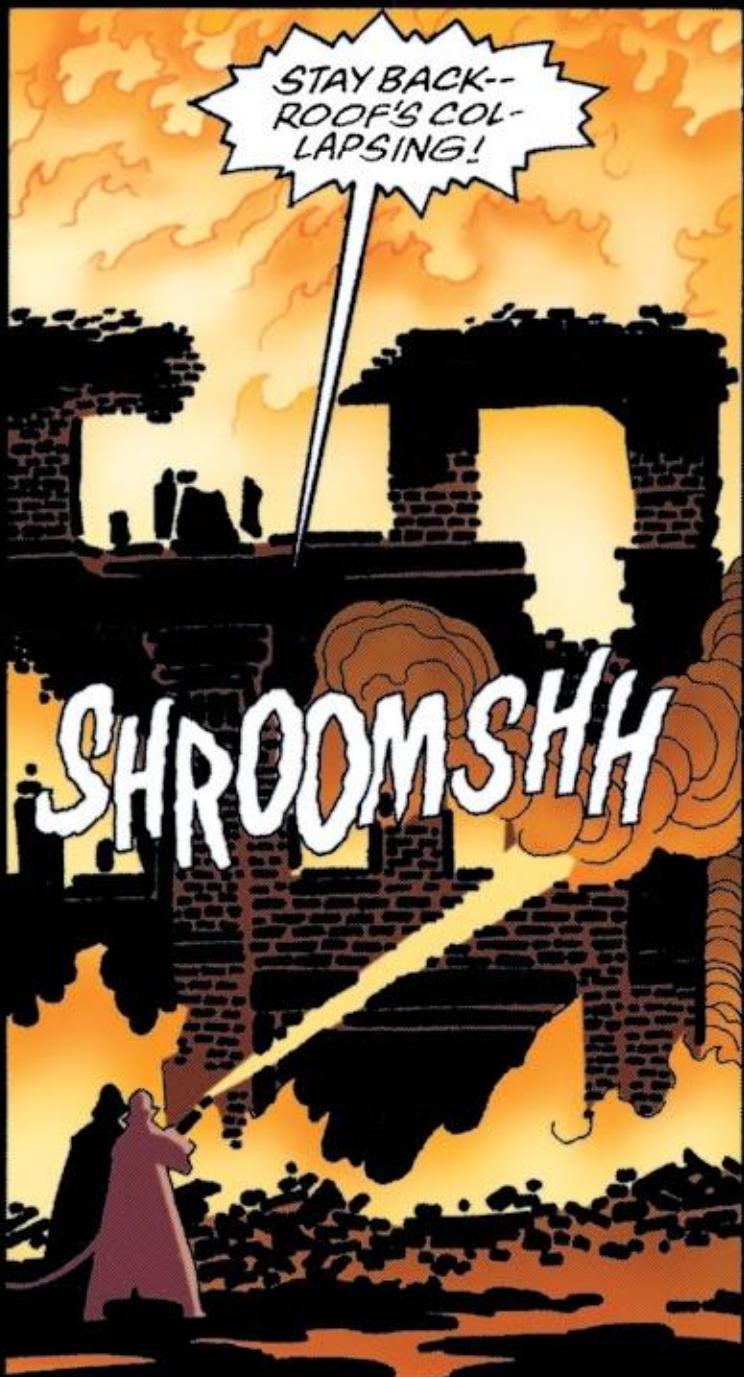
LET HIM LIVE, ETRIGAN, AND YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH.

...WERE THE FOOL TRAPPED ALONE WITH HIS OWN MADNESS.

HE WILL BE RETURNED TO THE SHADOWS OF ARKHAM ASYLUM.









**novus**  
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