



517  
APR 95

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
  
AUTHORITY

MOENCH  
JONES  
BEATTY

KELLEY  
JONES

WIDE AWAKE... BUT  
TRAPPED IN A  
NIGHTMARE...

DOUG  
MOENCH  
WRITER

KELLEY  
JONES  
PENCILLER

JOHN  
BEATTY  
INKER

ADRIENNE  
ROY  
COLORIST

TODD  
KLEIN  
LETTERER

JORDAN B.  
GORFINKEL  
ASST. EDITOR

DENNIS  
O'NEIL  
EDITOR

Batman  
CREATED BY  
BOB KANE

WELCOME,  
BATMAN, TO THE  
ETERNAL SLEEP  
OF DEATH!

# SLEEPER

PART  
TWO

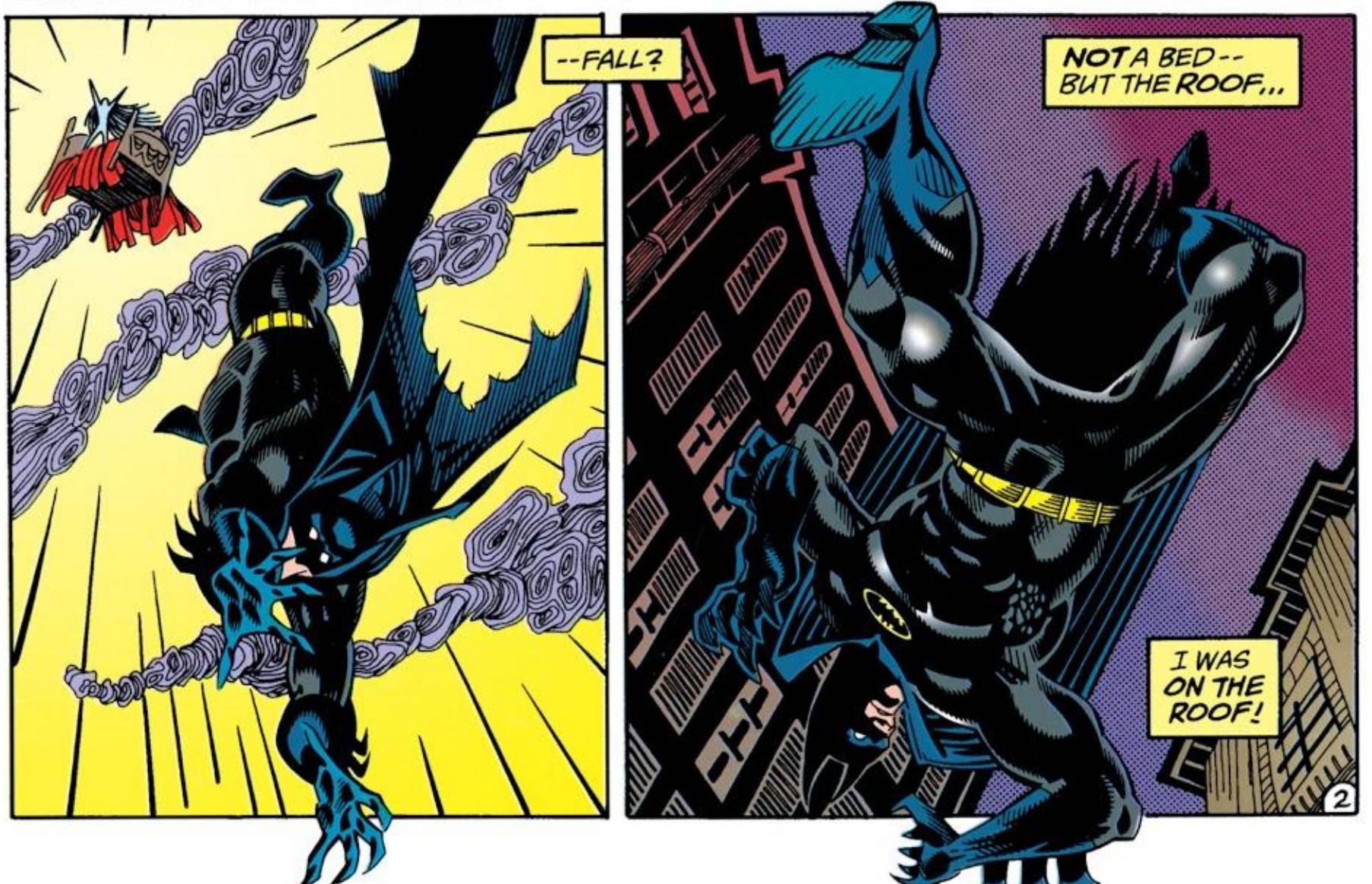
DARKNESS IN THE DREAM

CHAMBER

DM·KJ·JB·S

INHALED SOME OF THE GAS  
FROM THE SKULL-BEAD  
BINDING HER HAIR.

HEART POUNDING...  
RACING...





BUT I'M DONE  
FOR THIS NIGHT.

STILL TOO UNSTEADY TO DO  
ANYTHING BUT CALL IN THE  
MURDER OF DR. ANGELA SHANE...

...KEEP WATCH UNTIL  
GORDON'S PEOPLE  
ARRIVE...

...AND RETURN  
TO THE MANOR  
...TO SLEEP IT  
OFF.

GODDESS OF SLEEP  
AND DEATH, FORGIVE ME.

I BEAR NO  
OFFERING TO YOUR  
THIRST.

TWO LIVES  
WERE  
CLAIMED...

...BUT NO  
HEART WAS  
STOLEN.

FORGIVE  
ME.

THAT'S ENOUGH,  
SLEEPER--NO NEED TO  
ABASE YOURSELF.

THE GODDESS  
FORGIVES YOU.

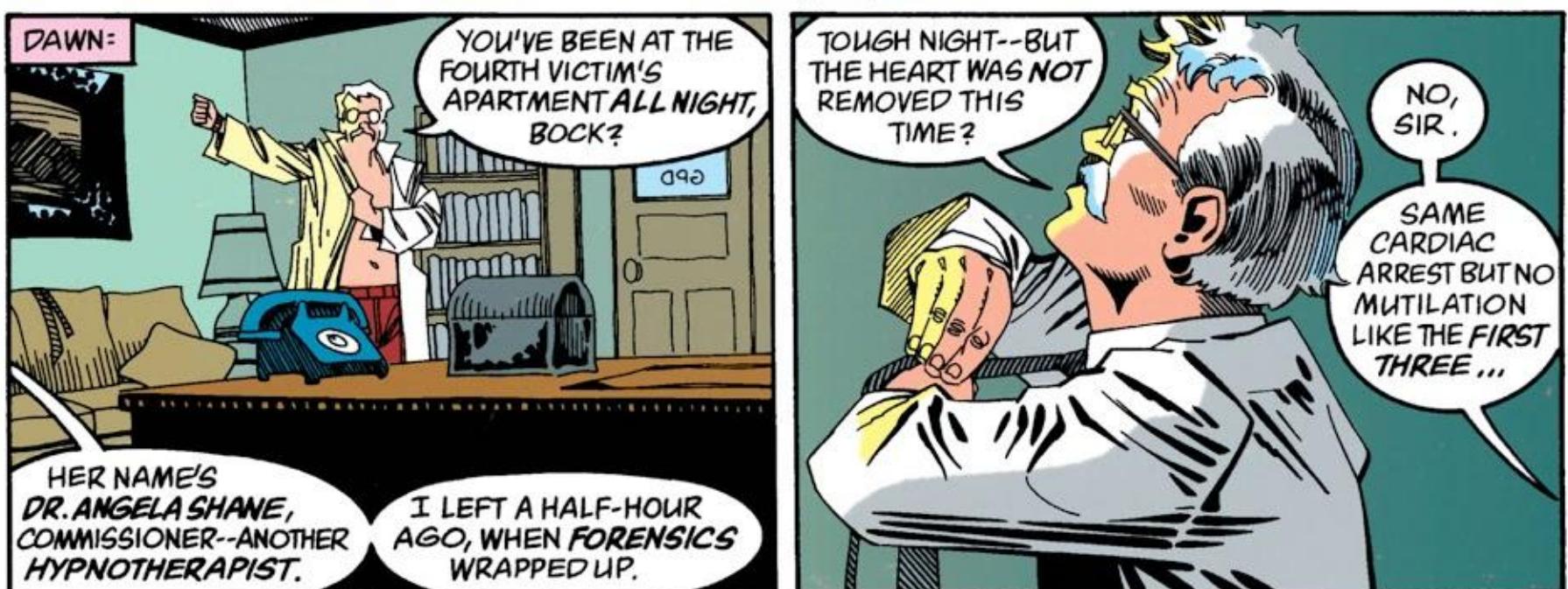
BUT REMMY,  
SHE REQUIRES  
HEARTS...

...AND THE BATMAN  
CHASED ME AWAY FROM  
DR. SHANE BEFORE I  
COULD STEAL HER  
HEART.

SO HOW DO  
YOU KNOW I'M  
FORGIVEN?

BELIEVE  
ME, SLEEPER,  
I KNOW...

...BECAUSE I  
CREATED THE STUPID  
GODDESS AND THE  
WHOLE FAIRY TALE  
OF HEARTS...



SPEAKING OF BULLOCK... SINCE HE'S STILL LAID UP IN THE HOSPITAL, YOU CAN USE HIS DESK TO WRITE UP A FULL REPORT BEFORE TAKING THE REST OF THE DAY OFF.

I'LL GET RIGHTON IT, SIR...

... PROVIDED I CAN FIND A BLANK REPORT FORM, THAT IS, SOMEWHERE IN OR ON HIS DESK...

... AFTER I FIND THE DESK ITSELF.

EYECH.

WHY DOES THE SARGE HAVE TO GO FOR CREAM DOUGHNUTS?

ARRANGING A GOURMAND DINNER PARTY ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE WASN'T EASY, ESPECIALLY WITHOUT ALFRED.

PROBABLY SNUBBED A HALF-DOZEN PEOPLE I SHOULDN'T...

... EVEN THOUGH ALL BUT ONE OF THE GUESTS I DID INVITE ARE NOTHING BUT WINDOWDRESSING -- EXCUSES FOR THE SINGLE INVITATION THAT COUNTS.

SO, DR. GNOSOS...



SUCH IMPAIRED  
BOUNDARIES, YOU SEE,  
CAN LEAD TO VARIOUS  
OTHER DISORDERS AND  
EVEN PSYCHOSES.

THERE ARE THREE STATES OF BEING,  
ALTHOUGH ONE IS NOT A SLEEP-STATE AT ALL,  
BUT IN FACT THE STATE OF BEING AWAKE.

AND JUST WHAT  
SLEEP-STATES ARE DE-  
FINED BY THESE  
BOUNDARIES, DOCTOR?

THE OTHER TWO  
STATES ARE RAPID-EYE-  
MOVEMENT SLEEP, OR  
DREAMING--AND NON-  
REM OR "DEEP"  
SLEEP.

FULLY CONSCIOUS, SEMI-  
CONSCIOUS, AND UNCONSCIOUS?

CLOSE  
ENOUGH.

NOW, WHEN AWAKE,  
WE POSSESS MUSCLE CONTROL,  
WHEREAS DURING NORMAL  
REM-DREAMING OUR MUSCLES  
BECOME PARALYZED...

THE BOUNDARY  
BETWEEN THESE TWO STATES  
IS CROSSED WHEN A PERSON  
WITH RBD--REM BEHAVIOR  
DISORDER--RETAINS CONTROL  
OF HIS OR HER MUSCLES  
TO ACT OUT HIS OR  
HER DREAMS.

THIS, OF  
COURSE, CAN BE  
DANGEROUS.

PRESUMABLY AS IN THE CASE OF A SLEEPWALKER.

NARCOLEPSY... THAT'S WHEN A WIDE-AWAKE PERSON ABRUPTLY FALLS ASLEEP?

OR SIMPLY BECOMES PARALYZED SEEMINGLY FOR NO REASON--BUT MOST FASCINATING OF ALL ARE HYPNOPOMPIC OR HYPNAGOGIC HALLUCINATIONS...

INDEED--BUT CONVERSELY, CROSSING THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN WAKEFULNESS AND NON-REM DEEP SLEEP RESULTS IN CATAPLEXY OR NARCOLEPSY.

"...A COMMINGLED STATE OF WAKEFUL DREAMING."

I SHALL NOT FAIL AGAIN, GODDESS. WHEN MY WAKING DREAMS BECOME THE NIGHTMARES OF OTHERS--

TELL ME, DR. GNOSOS, WHAT CAUSES IMPAIRED BOUNDARIES?

APPARENTLY, NEURAL MISFIRES BETWEEN THE PONS AND MEDULLA DUE TO STRUCTURAL DEFECTS IN THE BRAIN--

--THEIR HEARTS WILL BE YOURS.

EXCELLENT PASTA, BY THE WAY.

--ALTHOUGH I'VE FOUND THAT IMPAIRED BOUNDARIES CAN BE INDUCED EVEN IN NORMAL BRAINS.

REALLY? HOW?

PROLONGED SLEEP DEPRIVATION--

--FORCING A PERSON TO STAY AWAKE UNTIL HIS BRAIN DEMANDS THE INVASION OF A SLEEP-STATE.

BUT WHY WOULD YOU KEEP SOMEONE AWAKE THAT LONG?

NOT BEING A SADISTIC MADSCIENTIST, I WOULDN'T--

--ALTHOUGH IT COULD BE ACCOMPLISHED...



"...WITH A REGIMENT OF HYPNOSIS AND PHARMACOLOGICAL STIMULATION."

YES, GODDESS, I UNDERSTAND.

SLEEP IS DEATH.

IT'S ODD, MR. WAYNE, BUT YOUR CASUAL CURIOSITY REMINDS ME OF QUESTIONS ASKED WHEN I WAS CONSIDERED FOR A GOVERNMENT SPONSORED RESEARCH TEAM.

I REFUSED IT--FLATLY.

OH? DID YOU GET THE JOB?

I SHALL NOT SLEEP.

I STARTED GETTING THE IMPRESSION, YOU SEE, THAT THE PROJECT WAS BEING RUN BY THE CIA OR SOME OTHER HUSH-HUSH SPOOK GROUP.

THOSE PEOPLE WALLOW IN NIGHTMARES-- AND I DON'T NEED ANY SLEEP DISORDERS OF MY OWN.

COME NOW, DR. GNOSOS, ISN'T THAT JUST A BIT PARANOID?

WITH THE CIA'S MK-ULTRA ABUSES ON THE PUBLIC RECORD? I THINK NOT, MR. WAYNE.

AHEM,,, WHAT THE DUCK'S DELICE IS "MK-ULTRA"?

MIND-CONTROL EXPERIMENTS OF THE MOST REPUGNANT AND INSIDIOUS DIMENSIONS, USING DRUGS AND HYPNOSIS TO CREATE THE PERFECT ASSASSIN--A BRAINWASHED "SLEEPER" AGENT UNAWARE OF HIS PROGRAMMING.

?HNFF.=



WITH THE PARTY'S SOLE PURPOSE SERVED BEFORE THE DESSERT,  
IT TAKES FOREVER FOR IT TO FINALLY BREAK UP.

EVEN SO, THE  
LAST GUEST--

--IS RELUCTANT TO LEAVE.

NOW THAT YOUR  
OTHER GUESTS ARE  
GONE, PERHAPS WE  
COULD HAVE  
COFFEE...?

A TEMPTING  
SUGGESTION, MS.  
CORBETT...

...BUT I'M AFRAID COFFEE WOULD  
KEEP ME UP AND ABOUT ALL NIGHT.

WINE...?

WOULD  
PUT ME TO  
SLEEP.

SOME OTHER  
TIME, THEN...

...WHEN THE  
NIGHT IS  
YOUNGER.

INDEED, MS.  
CORBETT...

...BUT FOR  
NOW, GOOD  
NIGHT.

SWEET  
DREAMS...  
BRUCE.

AND  
PLEASE...

...CALL ME  
MADOLYN.

PERSISTENT WOMAN...

DEET

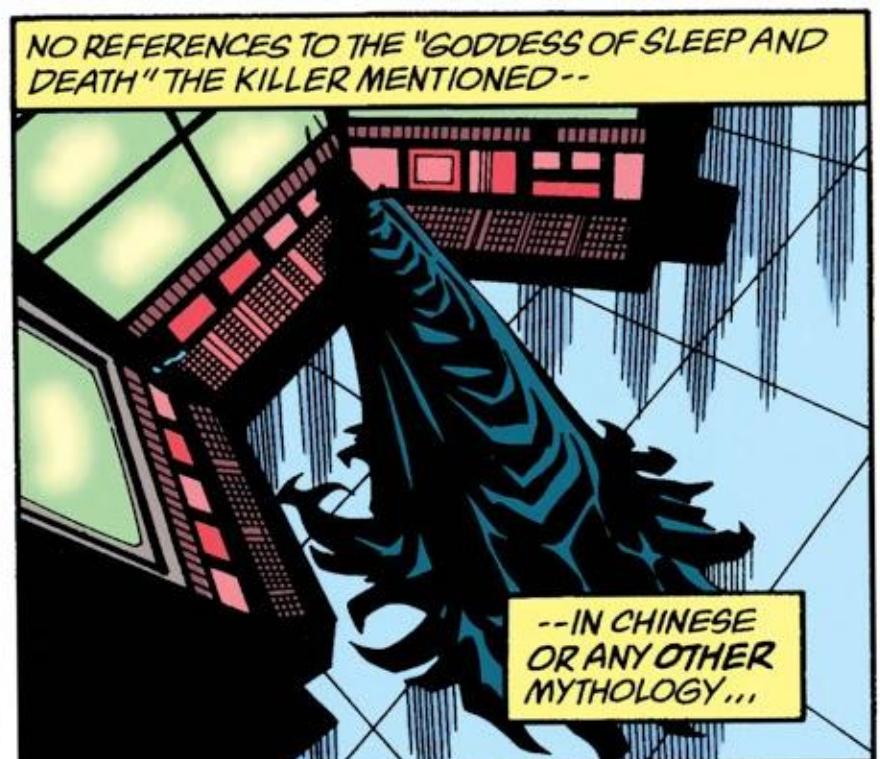
"MADOLYN CORBETT."

DOESN'T MATTER.

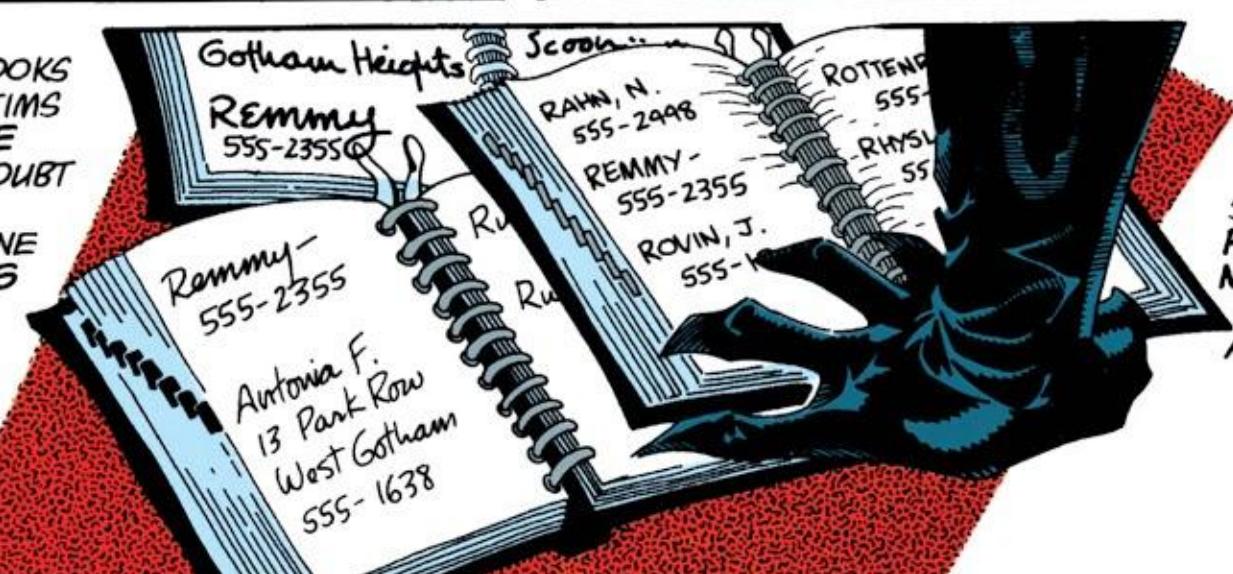
THERE'S STILL MUCH TO DO...

...IN THE CAVE.

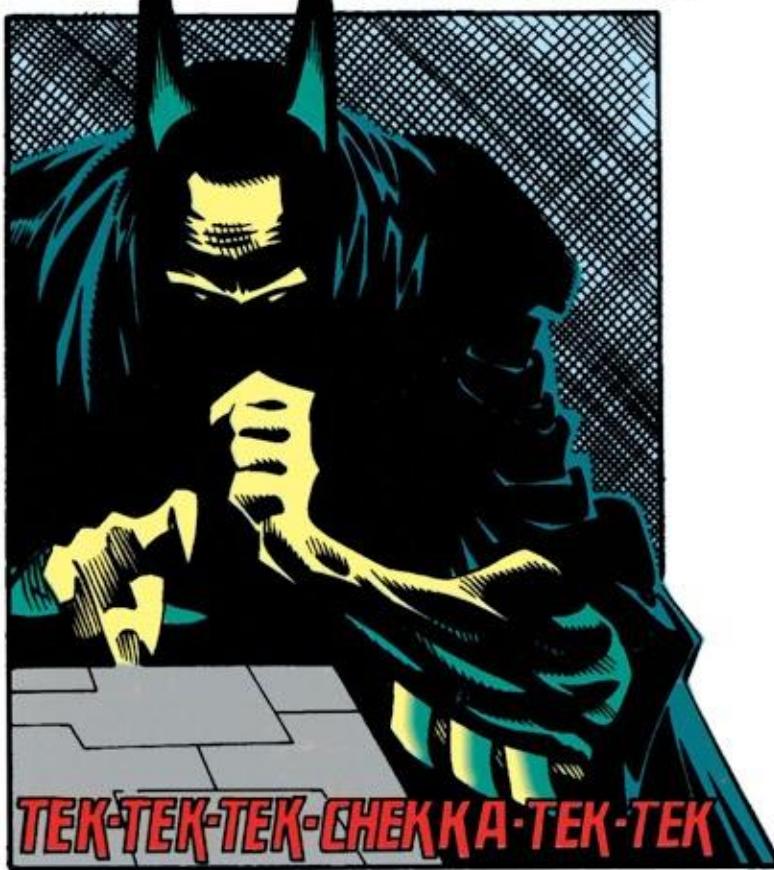




...BUT THE ADDRESS BOOKS OF THE FIRST THREE VICTIMS ALL CONTAIN THE SAME LISTING-- WHICH NO DOUBT ALSO APPEARS IN THE BOOKS OF ANGELA SHANE AND THE TWO SURVIVING PROJECT HYPNOTISTS.



ROBIN CRACKED  
THE PHONE COMPANY'S  
SECURITY CODE ...



...AND IF THEY  
HAVEN'T  
CHANGED THEIR  
ACCESS  
PROGRAM...



dleet

...THERE  
HE IS.

555-2355  
R. STURGIS  
979 COMPTON ST.  
GOTHAM

IN CHINATOWN.

555-2355  
R. STURGIS  
979 COMPTON ST.  
GOTHAM

555-  
R. ST  
979  
GOTH

"REMMY"...

A CODE NAME  
CHOSEN BY THE  
REM-DISTORTER  
HIMSELF...

...IN A POOR  
STAB AT CIA  
HUMOR.

WE'RE LEAVING,  
SLEEPER--MOVING  
OUT.

BUT REMMY, I ...  
I CAN'T LEAVE MY  
DREAM CHAMBER...

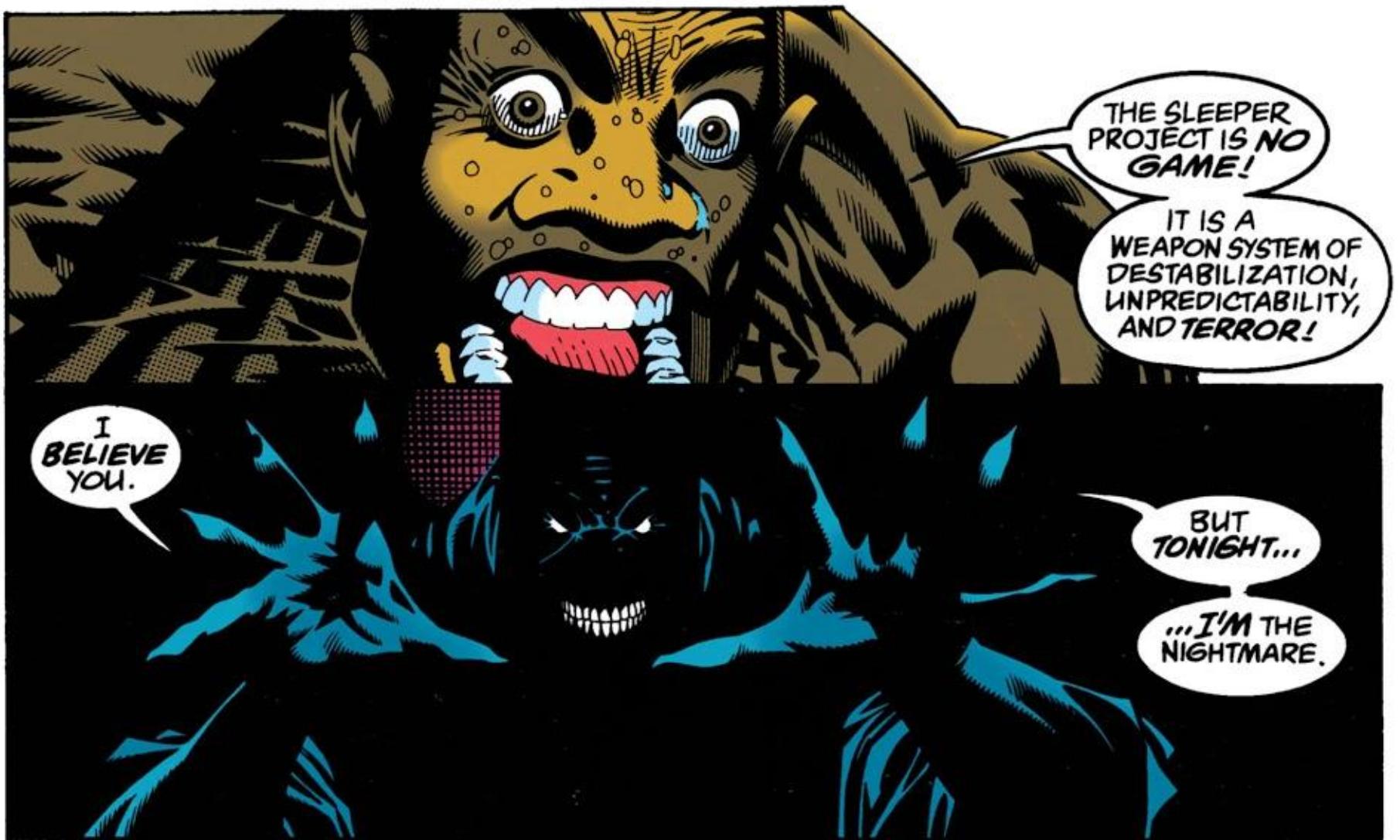
AND THE  
GODDESS...I  
CAN'T LEAVE  
HER.

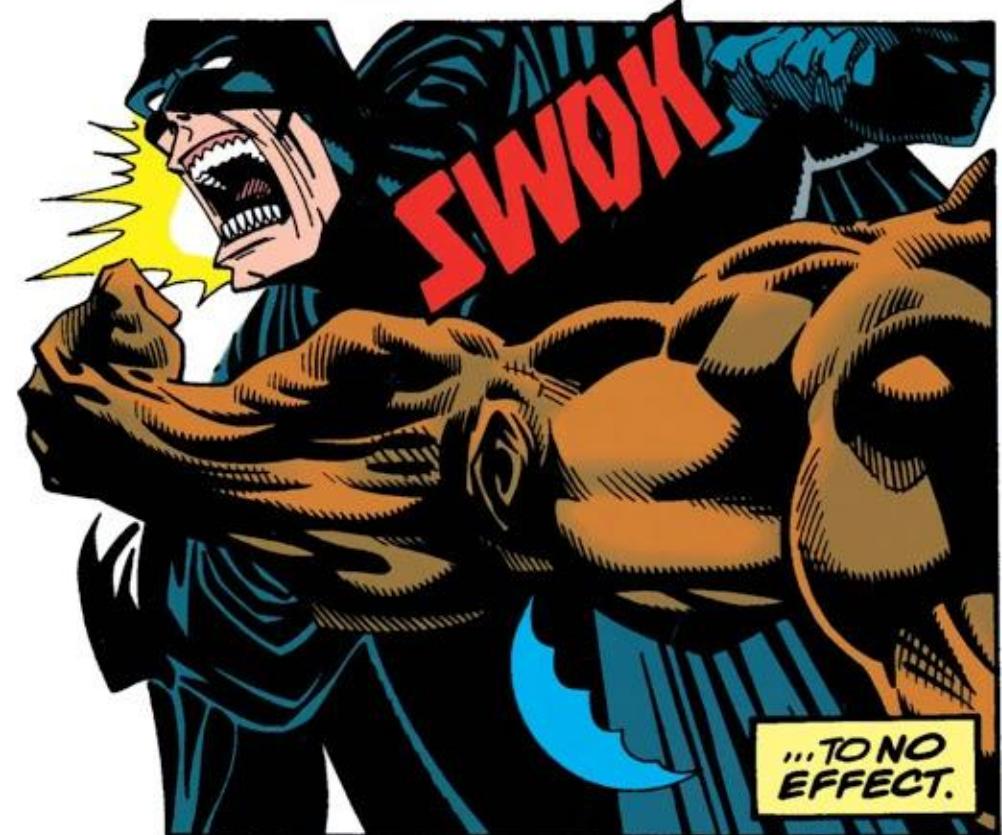






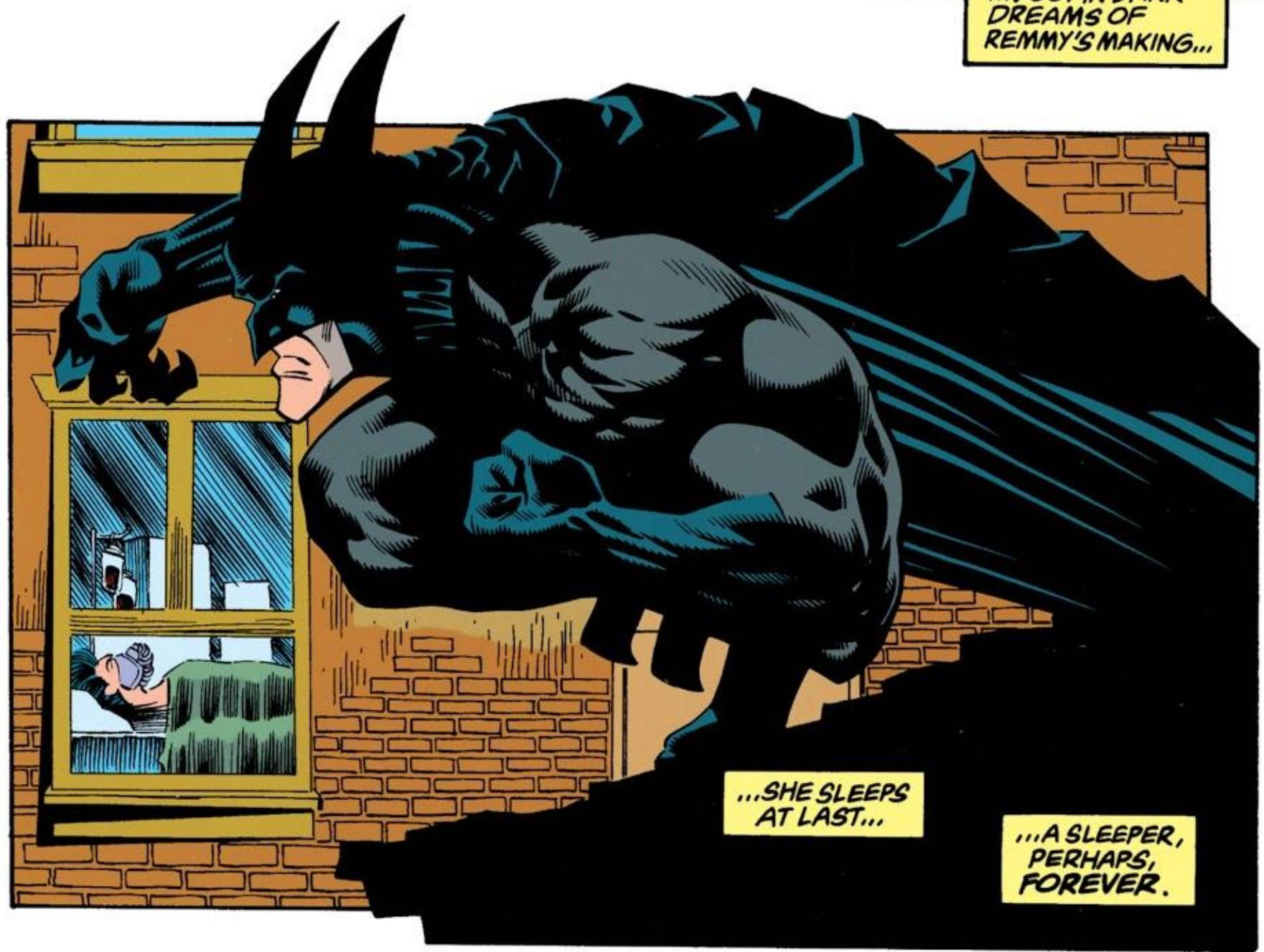














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