



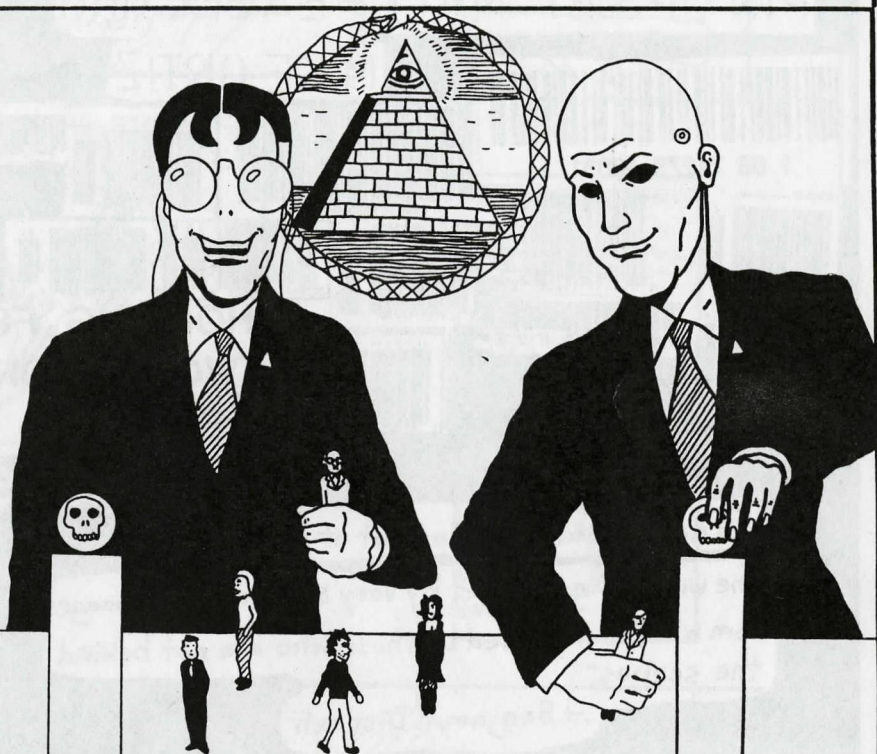
RUBBERSUIT COMIX
PRESENTS
**BATHING IN THE
BLUE LIGHT**



MATURE
READERS

BY PETE TRUDGEON

NO. 5 \$2.00



CONTROL THRU CHAOS



RUBBER SUIT COMIX
PRESENTS

BATHING IN THE BLUE LIGHT NO.5

WORDS & PICTURES: P. TRUDGEON

PIN UPS BY MATT FEAZEL and
MIKE ORTIZ



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\$2.99 (CAN. \$4.99)



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\$3.50 (CAN. \$4.99)



\$3.50 (CAN. \$4.99)



SHOOTING FOR
TWO MILLION
BY 2000

BUREAU OF JUSTICE STATISTICS PROJECTS
THAT BY THE YEAR 2000, OVER 2 MILLION
PEOPLE WILL BE IN U.S. JAILS. SECOND ONLY
TO RUSSIA IN INCARCERATED CIVILIANS.

Ordo abChao - Order out of chaos

"The world is governed by very different personages
from what is imagined by those who are not behind
the scenes."

- Benjamin Disraeli

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Detroit, MI 48224
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Pin-ups Next Issue

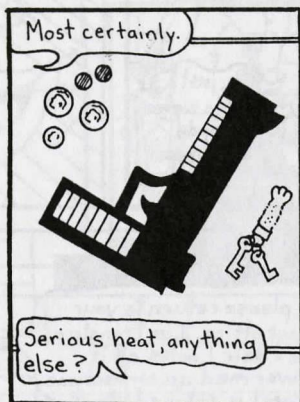


Mr. Hare, come take a look at this.



Fancy, very fancy. Like to see my discoveries?

Most certainly.



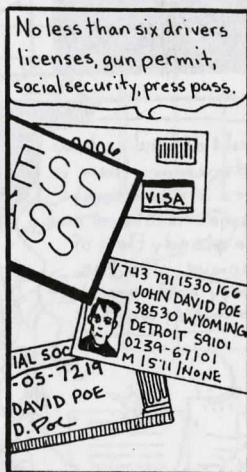
Serious heat, anything else?

Was strapped to his leg right above the ankle.



Typical, what about I.D.?

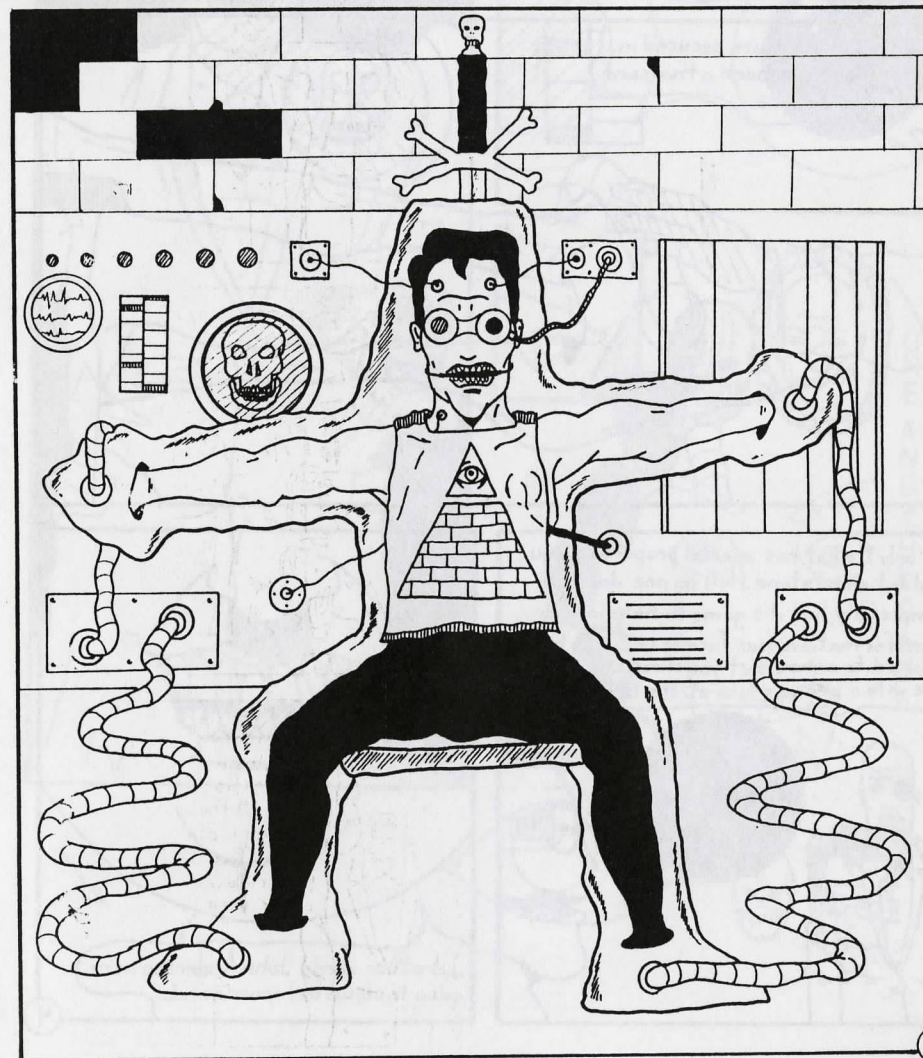
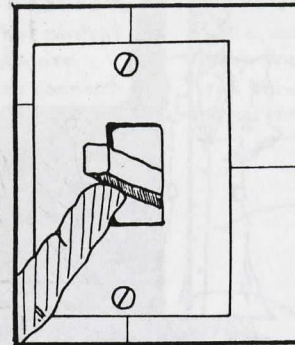
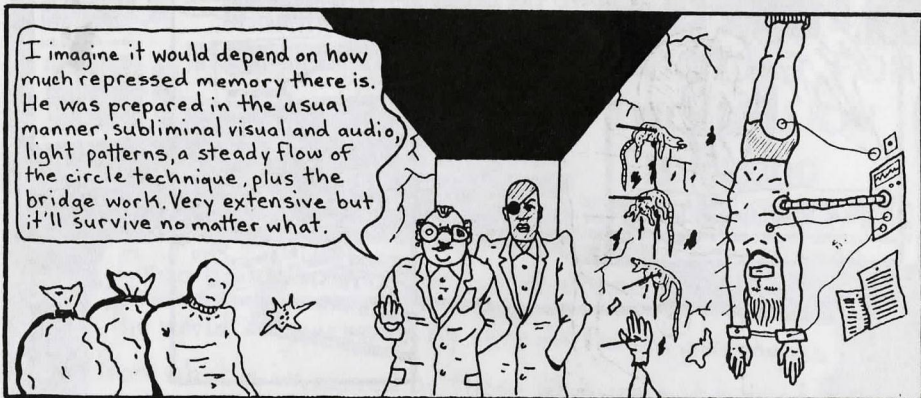
No less than six drivers licenses, gun permit, social security, press pass.



Where would I put it?



What?

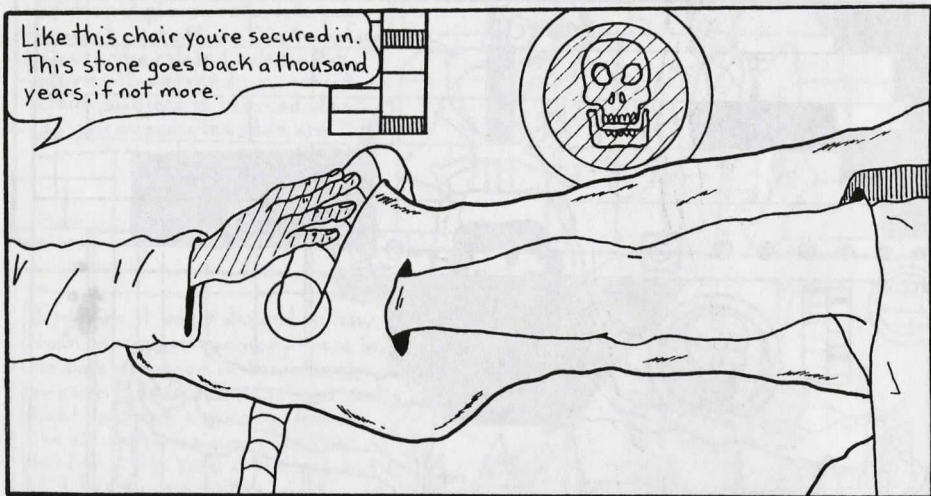


Not quite the situation
you expected, is it?

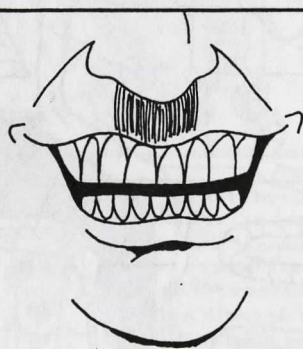
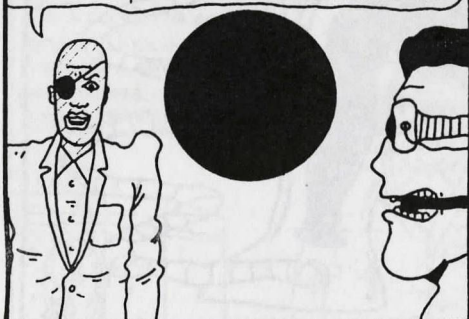


That first bit on the table,
was more ritual for rituals
sake. Our friends are big on
following old traditions.

Like this chair you're secured in.
This stone goes back a thousand
years, if not more.



Not only that, it has special properties, you
wouldn't understand. Hell no one does
completely, but it's going to help in your
transformation. Your former self is to be
reduced to ashes, but you'll rise phoenix
like into a proud child of the black sun.

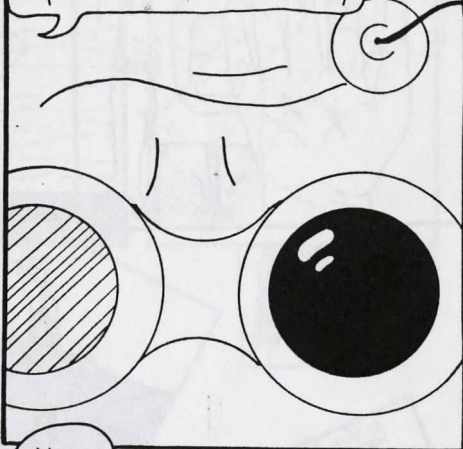


In other words John Anderson were
going to clean out your mind.

That visor you wear is attached to the areas of the brain that control memory and emotion, both are intertwined. Those wires connect you to a mainframe.



We have the power to manipulate your brain, and that is what we intend to do. With the touch of a button we will take you thru the wide spectrum of human experience. Mr. Hare stand by.



Now.





Had enough ya little prick?



Repent!



Oh John it's beautiful, I love it.



How is my big boy, did you have a nice nap?



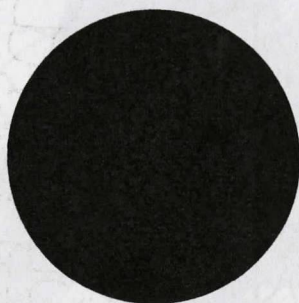
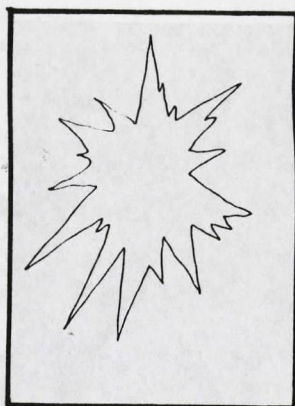
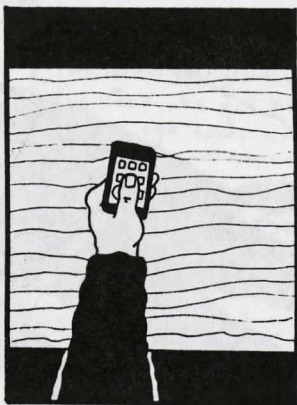
Oi mate, you feelin' alright?



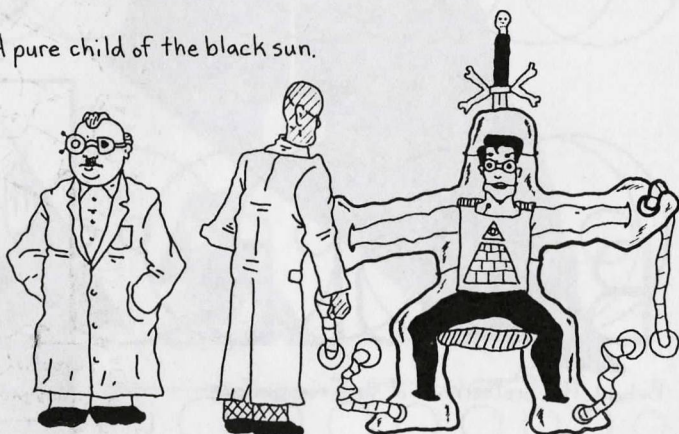
Ever try this before, it's fuckin' great.

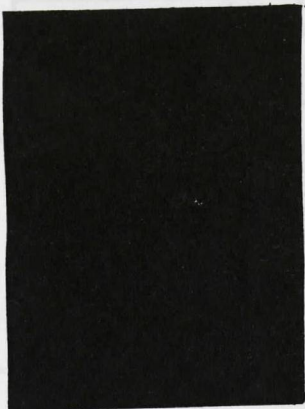


Fucking bastard, how could you? I thought you cared about me!

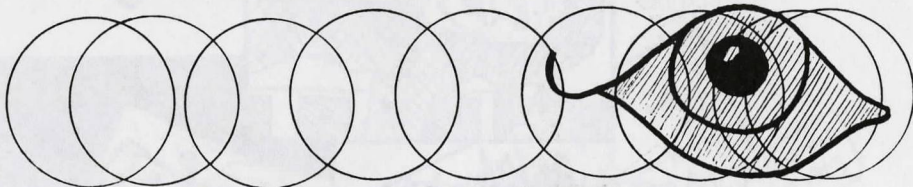
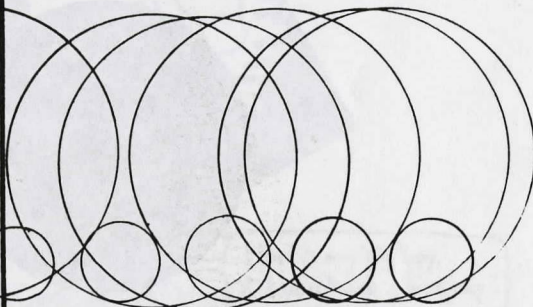


A pure child of the black sun.



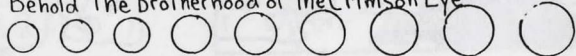


As I lay here I discover that I am no unique collector of sadness, but merely another pitiful creature in this concrete maze of a city. I come to see that I am the focus of some vast device fueled by an obscure desire.



BEHOLD

Behold The Brotherhood of the Crimson Eye

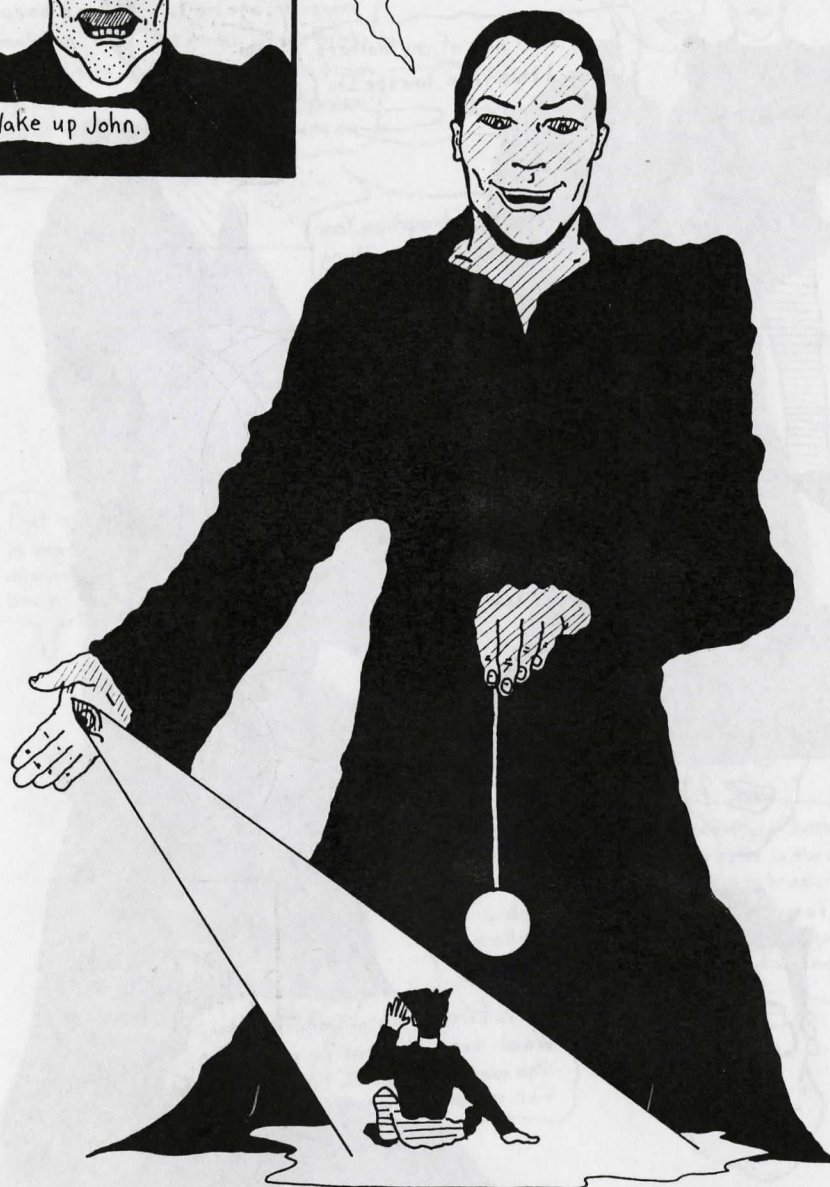


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Wake up John.

Hello John. So tell me, what do you want to be when you grow up? Do you know where you are, it's not hell, although at times there are some similarities.



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I know you somehow.

You've met one of my brothers,
we need this time. You see I'm
rather worried.

About what?

Death without redemption. You
have killed many people, nothing
can change this. It is the why
which is hidden from you.

I don't remember any...
But... but I know
you're telling the truth.

It is foreign in origin, an intruder
which even now has an influence,
the way in which I have manifested
for example.

Your subconscious performs many
functions on alternate levels. It
stores knowledge, dreams and
memories, later retrieved to be
used for reflection and decision
making. But the most important
purpose is that it keeps you from
lying to yourself. Eventually, you
must face up to the consequences
of your actions.

But even now the place that
is most private there's something
missing, like pages torn from a
book.



There is something artificial here,
like a squatter who breaks in thru
a side window. What this intruder
is doing is it takes the natural,
walls it up, then builds over, gaining
strength for itself while starving
the other.



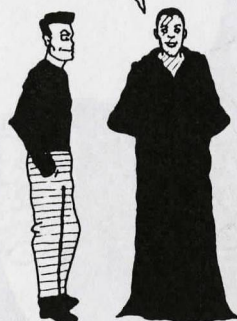
My role playing.

Why was I chosen?

Some of it.

It created its own version of itself as flesh, using your memory of media sources, and personal fantasies. It's method of intrusion was simple, various subliminal and narcotics. Then reinforced by electronic implants surgically placed.

I cannot tell you. John, do you remember what happened before.



It was a form of purging, everything that was natural, the erasing of your memory. Your body would only be a shell for the invading consciousness.

I'm losing my mind.

There is already serious damage, but not to the artificial.

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12

What's going to happen when I wake up?



Many things, you'll switch from one reality to another. Calm one moment, uncontrollable the next. It is safe to assume that whoever is responsible for your condition now considers you their property and will want to reclaim you.

What's happening, you're starting to fade away. What should I do?

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Take your own life.

