



By Robert Steven Rhine

Tomb Sweet Tomb



I have just returned from Buenos Aires and one of the most magnificent cemeteries in the world, La Recoleta, where Eva Peron ("Evita") is buried. I left my business card on her mausoleum ... just in case.

In my travels, I always visit cemeteries. One thing we have in common with our fellow man all over the world is Death. The food may change, the language and the currency may differ, but we all rot the same. I had a killer trip to South America but I am glad to be safely home in my crypt, especially since my flight returned the day before an Air France Airbus plunged 228 souls into the icy Atlantic near Brazil. I was on that same type of airbus over the same area of the Atlantic – and it was a turbulent, white-knuckle ride, causing the stewardesses to strap down in their crash seats as I eyed the barf bag. This reminded me of how we all escape death everyday: a near collision on the freeway, a slip in the shower or a pain in your chest while shoveling snow. You are a lottery winner every day of your life because death is all around us, a grim reminder of how lucky you truly are – a mere skeleton wandering through a maze of morgues disguised as houses.

So, embrace life and grasp this sizzling summer issue of Girls and Corpses Magazine in your cold bony hands as we welcome you future corpses to our eighth incarnation. You may have noticed that we cremated our Volume 3 Spring issue, as the economy went belly up and you were more concerned with affording toilet paper than the latest issue of G&C (although the pages are useful for such a purpose). Just read, wipe, repeat.



Speaking of bathroom reading, we have been getting buckets of mail from our incarcerated fans, begging to subscribe. We wish we could send you copies to pass your time in the hole but we are banned in most prisons. I can't imagine why, considering you are all 'innocent' and our magazine only shows pictures of cold rotting corpses next to hot girls. Then again, maybe that's what got you locked up in the first place (*see Letters-to-The-Deaditor).

But is it really so difficult to acquire Girls and Corpses Magazine in your cell, considering you can get crack and black tar heroin? Just have your girlfriend or homie roll up the latest copy of G&C, shove it where the sun don't shine and smuggle it in during visitation. Some of you must already be doing that, considering all the love letters we get from you inmates. We do relish your prison letters and we will continue to print them – just don't ask for a subscription because it's coming about as fast as your pardon.

Anyhow, we are very proud of this Summer issue, our hottest yet! Rob Zombie was cool enough to give us an interview about his sick sequel to Halloween, H2. We have an interview with Betsy Rue, and who could forget her naked performance in My Bloody Valentine 3D? Legendary scream queen Debbie Rochon gets busy with a cadaver and one of our favorite insane artists, Jeff Gaither, displays his dark doodles. Also, our sexy over girls Carla and Heidi are literally on fire in this issue.

So sit back, with your favorite Corpsy and devour Girls and Corpses magazine, and kill some time – with what you have left.

And thank you for keeping death alive!
RIP,
Corpsy

