



Letter from the Deaditor-In-Chief

By Robert Steven Rhine

“Doom With A View”

“Whoever said that ‘Time heals all wounds’ didn’t know what the hell they were talking about.” -A survivor of the Jonestown Massacre

There are some who think that life’s so bad that death is actually a better alternative – a relief from their unbearable suffering. It’s true that life is a big shit wad for some folks; poverty, illness, mental suffering and six screaming children can make one’s “lot in life” a day-to-day horror movie.

But what if death isn’t the beginning of a wonderful new adventure? What if it’s much worse than you ever imagined? Ever hear a doctor tell you, “this is just going to hurt a bit” and then it hurts like fucking hell? What if the fires of hell aren’t something to scare you but rather a weather report? Or, the light you are walking towards is the edge of a cliff? Or, you wind up lying in a pine box for eternity, staring at the nails, thinking about all the crap you did wrong to everyone and the mistakes you made and the girls you should have banged. I bet that would cut down on the suicide rate.

We spend our lives believing in the wonders of the afterlife, or that religion will lead us to heaven, a place that sounds worse to me than a Baptist bingo parlor, in a sewer, in July. But how do

we know what death will really deliver? Is it “Rest in Peace” or “Rest in Pain”?

Tragically, many people do not go peacefully in the night – there can be terrible suffering: starvation, cancer, a knife to the spleen or dying in a prison cell in Turkey. Or, in the case of my business partner, mauled to death by a grizzly bear.

Right about now you’re reading this and thinking to yourself, “this shit ain’t funny – I thought this was a comedy magazine!” Well, life can be funny and tragic at the same time and yes, even death can be presented in a humorous context, something we hope to prove with this magazine. But death is something that we should occasionally contemplate and should hopefully make us appreciate life – while this magazine strives to put death into a more palatable context.

Girls and Corpses magazine exists to make you think (and to have something to read on the toilet). We want to get your brain flexing in ways it hasn’t been exercised before – like brain pilates. So, pop out your medulla oblongata and let it breathe. Roll your cerebrum down the hill and listen to it go, “Wheeeeeee!”

When I was ten, my head was cracked open like a coconut and my gray matter momentarily had a sunroof before being reluctantly stitched back in. My brains have breathed, so I know from experience. I truly believe that my brain had a moment of freedom and felt the sun and the wind in its hair. Perhaps that’s why I think a bit “differently” than others – which led to the title of my first book, “My Brain Escapes Me.”

Recently, I’ve had to contemplate the death of this magazine. Yes, all things must die (except zombies), and many magazines have bit the dust, such as FHM and Stuff and Cracked and many others. The economy has hit us all very hard and we’re not immune at Girls and Corpses. We became a print magazine at the precise time other magazines were folding or going to online formats. But don’t worry ... we’re not in the morgue just yet.

But we need you corpses to help keep us running. You are the blood and oxygen that keeps this magazine alive. So, get out there and spread the word of Girls and Corpses door to door, like Bible thumping salesmen. Keep ordering and get your friends and corpses to buy a copy or two. We offer some great discounts at our Corpse Mart: girlsandcorpsestore.com

In return, we’d like to offer you a job! That’s right... bone-a-fide employment! We have our own financial bailout plan just for you! We call it Corpse’s Dig Out. If you can sell an advertisement for this magazine, we’ll pay you 30% of the ad price. What other magazines are offering that? This is a first in magazine history! Go to this link for details: <http://www.girlsandcorpse.com/youradhere.html>

If you keep buying Girls and Corpses magazine, we promise to keep our brains rolling down the hill as if our deaths depended on it.

We hope you enjoy The Karate Corpse!
RIP,
Corpsy

