



## Prepping For Doomsday

Photo of Corpsy by Sid Graves  
Bomb shelter photos by R.S. Rhine  
Bomb photos by The U.S. War Department

One moment you're drinking your caramel frappuccino, and the next there's a bright orange flash and you can see your bones through your flesh like X-ray vision while being barbecued into a slab of ribs and disappearing in a puff of ash.... along with your house... neighborhood... and your entire state.

The good news is that you won't know what hit you. The bad news is... it could happen at any moment...like inbetween blinks.

With a petulant North Korean dictator poised with his pudgy middle finger over a red button, and numerous other countries in the Middle East power shopping for plutonium, it is likely, very likely, that a nuclear winter will replace your white Christmas in the foreseeable future.

Not convinced? Well, it's not as if nuclear bombs have never been tested or used. There have been over 900 nuclear tests in the Nevada desert alone, making it a rough place to live if you are a prairie dog. And let's not forget Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Yep, we actually dropped two 9,000 lb atomic bombs and roasted a hundred thousand corpses. So, when countries still threaten the U.S. with annihilation, it makes me wonder... don't they know that we are the only country crazy enough to actually USE these horrific weapons of mass destruction?

TV shows like Doomsday Preppers only fan the flames of fear while survival-



ist stores reap the profits. Are these just a bunch of whackos and gun hoarding militias, or simply the smartest people on the planet? Should we spend our lives preparing to shoot our neighbors as they pound on our shelter doors, or push the inevitable apocalypse out of our minds?

When I was ten years old, my father hired a company to construct a bomb shelter under our home after President Kennedy urged every American to build one when missiles were alarmingly pointed in our direction during the Cuban missile crises. One morning I awoke to the sounds of a hydraulic shovel digging a massive hole under our garage. I ran outside to see a crane lowering a giant corrugated steel tube into the pit. A circular steel staircase was added, leading down about twenty-five feet to a reinforced steel door with an intimidating bolt. Once inside there was a concrete living area, chemical toilet and makeshift kitchen. There were cots for four, hanging from chains on the wall, like an Army barracks. Being a kid, this was the coolest thing I had ever seen – like the submarine from *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* right under my house!



But my dad padlocked the steel plate entrance to keep me out and I rarely saw it opened again until after my father passed away in 2000. A year later, I popped the lock with a bolt cutter (where did he hide that key?) and I wiped away cobwebs as I descended the rusty circular staircase. I pulled an overhead string and a light bulb went on (damn those bulbs last!). It was like a museum down there. Seems my pop had never restocked anything after he initially supplied the shelter, 50 years earlier. It was now a tomb filled with vintage cereal boxes, expired medication, and a bottle of ten year old Scotch, which was now sixty years old. (See actual photos from the shelter.) By the way, that was the best scotch I ever drank.

Mind you, if we ever had needed to go down into the bomb shelter as a family in 1962, we would have been toast. There was an air pump with a hand crank which sucked in radiation from above, likely contaminating our family – like the cast of *The Return To Nuke 'Em High*. Speaking of which... (Clever transition here) we profile Lloyd Kaufman's remake in this very issue.

Nuclear Bombshell RIKKI SIX is our featured cover babe and her sizzling summer spread is sure to launch some rockets! We also have in this issue: An exclusive interview with GWAR and their radioactive front man Oderous Urungus; director/actor Adam Green (*Hatchet 1, 2 & 3*) is back in our crypt chatting about his hot show *Holliston*; *The Vampire Woman of Mexico* sinks her fangs into our rotting neck; Producer/writer Roy Frumkes reminisces about the best gonzo horror film ever made, *Street Trash*; Shawn Kenney whips us back into shape with her best-selling memoir *I Was A Teenage Dominatrix*; and we introduce the world to the winner of our Miss Thermonuclear Contest.

Meanwhile, while you're reading this, radicals are planning to launch a nuclear warhead your way — and next time you're watching *The Real Housewives of Orange County*, scientists may have figured out a way to deliver a multi-megaton bomb into your living room... right on top of your TV tray.

So, live for the moment...because it may have already passed.

Peace.

Corpsy

