

MONSTER

SHE PUT THE TITS IN STITCHES

# CADAVERA



\$2.25  
CANADA  
\$2.75

FOR MATURE READERS





# CADAVERA

"NECRO ORIGINS"

FALL, NUMBER TWO

CREATED BY

JOHN MICHAEL MCCARTHY

DESIGN BY JIM BLANCHARD  
COVER SEPS BY ROBERTA GREGORY  
EDITED BY RYDER WENDHAM  
PUBLISHED BY GARY GROTH  
& KIM THOMPSON

THIS ISH LOVINGLY  
DEDICATED TO MOM AND  
TO THE WOMEN (MAY  
THEY REST IN PIECES)  
WHO LIVE FOREVER IN  
CADAVERA.

CARWASH  
HOSE  
FEB 28, 1966  
3 STITCHES

MAIL  
TO  
GRANDPA

FAMILY DOG  
APRIL 8, 1971  
5 STITCHES

APPEN-  
DECTOMY  
MAY 27, 1963  
9 STITCHES

CANE POLE  
INCIDENT  
AUG 5, 1966  
4 STITCHES

BROKEN  
GLASS  
NOV 1, 1976  
6 STITCHES

SPECIAL THANKS TO GARY MAK-  
ATURA FOR THE PAINTING THAT  
GRACES OUR BACK COVER AND TO  
THE HOLLAND COMPANY FOR  
ALLOWING ME THE 'LOOK' OF  
AUTHENTIC AURORA, HERE'S TO A  
NEW WORLD OF PLASTIC AND GLUE!

IF YOU WANNA SHIRT WITH THIS  
ISH'S COVER ILLU, SEND \$15.00 FOR  
AN XL 100-PERCENT COTTON BLACK  
T-SHIRT WITH WHITE PRINT. SEND  
CASH AND FANMAIL TO:  
OBITCHUARIES, 690 SOUTH MANS-  
FIELD, MEMPHIS, TENNESSE,  
38104. (T-SHIRTS BY 'THE MISSING  
PINK') ORDERS COME WITH A  
'WOMEN IN PRISON' EXPLOITATION  
ONE-SHEET FOR A LIMITED TIME.  
(FIRST COME-FIRST SERVE.) COVER  
CAR IS A '35 FORD MODEL '48  
3-WINDOW COUPE ORIGINAL PRICE  
\$570. (GOD BLESS TAD BURNESSE)

A BIG HEE-HAW HIGH TO ROD AND  
JAMIE AND YAMAEH AND RACHAEL  
(KELLY TOO!) AND THANKS TO  
CHUCKY FOR THE CHINESE FOOD.

BIG SCREW UP LAST ISH: PAGES 5 & 7  
SHOULD HAVE BEEN REVERSED! (NOT  
THAT ANYONE REALLY NOTICED IT!)

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Above photo of JMM taken at Elmwood Cemetery in Memphis by Boris Babylon.



# VICE PREZ

# MA SO

resembling  
resembling





# NEURO NAZIS



WE WILL PAY OUR LAST RESPECTS TO DER FALLEN BEFORE MOVING ON TO OUR NEXT OBJECTIVE!

LIGHTS OUT!!



HENRI UND EMIL WERE GOOD 'MEN'... DEDICATED TO DER FUHRER... BUT, BEING THE OLDEST UND BOTANISTS THEY WERE EXPENDABLE, UND HOW MANY OF US CAN SAY THAT?



IN DER STRUGGLE TO SECURE MARILYN'S HEAD FOR OUR CAUSE, HENRY UND EMIL WERE KILLED BY THE PROFESSOR UND HIS EVIL CONTRAPTION, GOOGOG!



BUT DER TIME WILL COME WHEN WE WILL AGAIN MEET PROF. SHELLEY UND AVENGE DA DEATH OF BRETHREN, PAST UND PRESENT!



PATIENCE, FRIENDS... SHELLEY'S LUCK PLAYED OUT! WHEN ATTEMPTING TO ENTER HIS OTHER WORLD, HE COLLIDED WITH A HUMAN BEING'S CAR... A FREAKISH HEAD-ON ACCIDENT LOST SHELLEY HIS PRIZE!



WE RECOVERED IT FROM DER RIVER, OUR ANTI-DEATH SUPPORT IZ KEEPING HER ALIVE, UND LUCKILY...



SHE STILL LOOKS GOOD!



# DECAP RECAP



RUD HAYLOFF'S FUNERAL IS BEING POSTPONED UNTIL POLICE FIND HIS BODY... HIS FAMILY WANT TO BELIEVE THAT HE IS STILL ALIVE. THERE IS NO WORD YET ON THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE BODY OF COREY FOSTER.





THE BASEMENT IS FULL OF TRASH... BUT ALL THOSE USELESS THINGS WERE ONCE A PART OF YOU! AND IF YOU GO DOWN THERE, YOU BECOME A PART OF THEM AGAIN. SO HOW MUCH OF THE PAST IS TRASH WHEN EVERYTHING CAN BE USED AND LOVED ONE MORE TIME ..... ONE LAST TIME .....

# ADAM VERA





STEP LIGHTLY ON THIS HALLOWED FRAMEWORK!

THESE STEPS HAVE BEEN USED SO MUCH, THEY DON'T HOLD UP SO WELL ANYMORE.

HOW WELL I KNOW, PROF! YOU FORGET I AM A PRODUCT OF THE BASEMENT!



NAARGH!!!



SORRY, PROF-

WILL THIS PIECE HELP?

NO THANKS, GOG', I'VE ALREADY USED HER PARTS, NO HEAD BUT SOME NICE CURVES YOU KNOW!

-DO YOU SEE THE FINAL PIECE TO OUR PUZZLE?



THERE IT IS! GGGP! I... I C-CAN'T REACH IT!

WON'T SOME OTHER GIRLS HANDS DO?

No!



I HUFF PUFF! IT MUST BE EVA'S HANDS THAT STRANGLE THE LIFE FROM THE NECRO NAZIS!

HERE PROF... HAVE SOME FRUIT AND SLOW DOWN! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL YOURSELF!

WH~ WHADDYA HAVE TO OFFER?



LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING BUT THE DRIED PLUMS!

!PRUNES?!  
@!★@#\*~@:  
AH WELL... I GOTTA EAT SOMETHING!

GIMME!



MUNCH...  
SEE IF YOU CAN REACH THAT BOX. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

COME ON!  
COME ON!

STOP PUSHING ME! YOU'RE MAKING ME NERVOUS!



CRAP! I SHOULDA NEVER PLACED HER HANDS SO DEEP IN THE BASEMENT...

BUT CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THE NECRONAZIS WOULD DO WITH US IF THEY FOUND THEM?

HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?  
OH YES...

... YOU WERE RIGHT TO HIDE THEM HERE, PROF.

AHA!



**BUMBLE FUMBLE RUMBLE GUMBLE**

UHOH.

THIS MAY BE OUR LAST TRIP TO THE OLD ROOT CELLAR!

LET US THINK OF THE HAPPY TIMES, PROF!

I ALWAYS DID THINK ALOT OF YOU, PAL! YOU WERE LIKE A SON TO ME! SOB!

AND YOU WERE SORT OF LIKE AN UNCLE.

WHAT HAPPY TIMES?



KOFFE WELL, WHAT ARE YOU STARIN' AT?!

IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN, PROF. YOUR TRUE AGE...



OLD AND UGLY AM I? HA HA HA!

QUITE SO, HAHAHA—AND FOR THE LAST TIME I HOPE! HAHAHA!



LUCKY HA HA HA LUCKY HA HA HA



YOU REALLY CAUGHT MY ATTENTION WITH YOUR OBSERVATIONS uh, MR...?

# BORIS BABYLON

I AM THE SOLE PROPRIETOR OF 'THE MIDNIGHT WEED' IT'S AN ALTERNATIVE PUBLICATION.

YES, I HAVE USED MY TALENTS TO INTERVIEW MANY A NOTEWORTHY PERSON.

THOOOT

MEMPHIS 5 MILES

WELL, WELL... THE MIDNIGHT WEED, G?

I KNOW OF A COMMITTEE THAT'S INVESTIGATING YOUR "ALTERNATIVE" PUBLICATION.

I'M NOT SO SURE I WANT MY NAME MENTIONED IN A DRUG CULTURE MAG, MR. BABYLON!

YESSIR, I CONFESS MY PAPER HAS RECEIVED LESS THAN A POSITIVE REP AS OF LATE -

... IF I MAY EXPLAIN - AND I THINK YOU ALREADY KNOW, MY PAPER IS NOT FOR THE CLOSE-MINDED MR. VICE-PRESIDENT.

MY GOSPEL RESTS IN THE HANDS AND MINDS OF THOSE WAITING OUTSIDE MANKIND'S DOOR...

THE SUBVERSIVE TRUTH IS NOT WASTED ON THEM, SIR!

HAIL TO GRAND...

NOW WHY WOULD I KNOW THAT, AND WHY WOULD I CARE?!

YOU WILL CARE, MR. MANSON. MY QUESTION CONCERNS THE RECENT ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON THE PRESIDENT.

AS I FIGURED...

WELL, LET'S HEAR IT!

ARE YOU IN ON A CONSPIRACY TO VIOLENTLY REMOVE THE PRESIDENT FROM OFFICE?

HeeHaw!!! YOU'RE NUTS, PAL! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU ANYWAY...





















TOO MUCH LUBRICATION, PROF?

I THINK IT WILL HOLD WHILE I REV THE LAST HOT ROD.

REUR

A-DAG-A-DAG-A-DAG-A-CHUG

POW-DAG

WRECKTION









# SNAP TOGETHER



...THE SUBTERRANEAN MAD BEDROOM



CADAVERA! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. M-MY NAME IS-IS...  
PROFESSOR SHELLEY.  
RIGHT?

-AND THIS IS MY FRIEND  
GOGGOG  
THANK YOU.

SO! WHAT IS YOUR FIRST REQUEST?  
I CREATED YOU AND NOW I WANT TO SERVE YOU.



GOT ANY GLUE?  
WHY SURE, I'LL JUST-



WAIT A MINUTE!  
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT THAT FOR?



I MEAN, I'M DEAD. RIGHT? THEREFORE THERE CAN'T BE ANY CONSEQUENCES- HEALTH OR OTHERWISE!  
I CAN SMELL THAT GLUE NOW!

BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THAT! I'D HAVE TO GO DOWN TO THE CORNER-



WELL, HOW 'BOUT SOME GUM? YOU GOT FRUIT STRIPE, MAYBE?  
NIIICE RABBIT!

FRUIT- DID YOU SAY FRUIT?  
oh GOG!



ER-SAY, OLD ROBOT BUDDY. COULD YOU STEP OUT FOR A PACK O' GUM, WOT?

ACTUALLY, I HAVE HALF A STICK OF JUICY FRUIT HERE IN MY PANTS-



NEVER MIND PAL !!!  
ANYWAY! WE- I MEAN, YOU SHOULD BE GETTING BACK INTO BED NOW, HMMMM?

NO GUM NO GLUE. JUST BACK TO BED HUH? WELL FFUUCK YOU!  
SEX WITH A LIMP WRISTED PROFESSOR IS THE FARTHEST THING ON MY MIND!







# WITHOUT A S T I C H









WHAT IF  
SHE NEVER  
RETURNS?

AND SOME-  
THING HAPPENS  
TO PROOF?

HOW  
CAN SHE  
DO THIS?

THE RAIN  
IS PINK AND THE  
LIGHTNING... IS GREEN!  
EVERYTHING HERE  
IS WRONG!

NO...  
NOT WRONG,  
JUST  
DIFFERENT.  
NOW YOU'RE  
SEEING THINGS  
IN DEAD  
COLOR!

DEAD  
COLOR?

YOU'RE GOING TO  
SEE LOTS OF THINGS  
DIFFERENTLY  
FROM NOW  
ON...

CAMERA





GOOGOG,  
PLACE THE BOY'S  
COFFIN IN SPEED'S  
TAXI...

YESSIR.



"AND ARE  
THOSE  
PEOPLE  
DOWN  
THERE  
!?!"

CORPSES  
ONLY...  
MEMPHISTO  
IS STILL  
SEGREGATED!

- ONE  
OF OUR CITIZENS  
WILL BE YOUR DRIVER  
TO REALITY. YOU  
COULD NEVER FIND  
YOUR WAY THERE  
ALONE...

oh?

SO  
I DONT GET  
TO FIGURE THIS  
ONE OUT.  
HUH?

YOUR  
DRIVER IS  
WAITING...  
AND HE  
DOESNT  
LIKE TO  
WAIT...



SPEED  
FREAKS TAXI WILL  
TAKE YOU THERE,  
AND I TRUST BRING  
YOU BACK.

THE  
FARES ON  
ME...



CRYPTSAHOY,  
OH MAD ONE!!!  
WELL, WELL, WHAT  
HAVE WE HERE?

VA-VA  
VROOM!



LISTEN YOU  
RUNT! JUST DO WHAT  
SHE SAYS AND  
GET HER BACK  
HERE IN 13  
PIECES!

HELLO!  
MY NAME IS  
uh... COREY.



GOOD  
RIDDANCE.

SHE'LL BE  
BACK... SIGH...  
WHEN NATURE  
DISGOWNS HER--

IN THE  
MEANTIME,  
SOMETHING HAS  
TO BE DONE  
ABOUT MY... MY  
SITUATION!



I'LL GET  
YOU SOME FRUIT.  
HOW ABOUT  
A KIWIF?

FUCK  
FRUIT!



TURN ON  
THE OPEN SIGN  
AND BRING ME  
A CORPSE!



# CADAVERA

## AURORA

### IMPORTANT - READ THIS FIRST!

Before assembling model, study sketch carefully.

**Important**—Apply cement to inside surfaces only. Avoid getting cement on outer surfaces of model sections. Use cement very sparingly and avoid getting cement on hands, so as not to mar or smear plastic surfaces.

Do not hurry. Work carefully and patiently.

**Important Note:** Before proceeding to cement parts together, it is advisable to fit parts together dry (without cement) so that you may familiarize yourself with the parts and how they go together, also noting the points where cement is to be applied.

For best results assemble model exactly in the order indicated.

**This kit is molded of styrene plastic—Use only Aurora's Fireproof Styrene Cement and Aurora's Speed-Dry Enamel. Assure yourself of a perfect model every time!**

During the early part of the twentieth century Professor Shelley (an immigrant scientist from Nazi Germany) invented an immortality serum which stopped him from aging. But very soon side effects struck Shelley in a most peculiar way...He began to crave female corpses!

If he neglected this sinister urge, his body would blister and bubble and rot! He discovered that fresh fruit would slow his decomposition, but, heck, who wants to eat that much fruit?

As the years passed, professor Shelley wanted to find the perfect girl so he could settle down and stop grave robbing. She'd have to be the kind of corpse you would want to spend an eternity with. And then it hit him... Why settle for one girl? When they're dead, you can have 'em all!

The Professor began to collect the most notorious, well known, and beautiful women the twentieth century had to offer (and then some)! All dead, of course.

Piece by piece Calavera was slowly custom built...

On the night that Shelley had accomplished his final prize (the head of Marilyn Monroe), he and his robot Goo-goo were on their way back to finish Calavera. Their destination? The worst cemetery known to them as the city of Memphis.

The chemical chaos of Shelley's Madlab funeral home awaited their return. By morning Shelley planned

for his creation to rise with the blood green sun.

But Shelley's rare find-voyage was to take an unexpected turn on Highway 78 that rainy night.

Weak from aging, the professor fell asleep at the wheel and plowed head-on into a passing car.

Even Goo-goo couldn't save Marilyn's head from being lost in the crash.

In the other car, skinny young Corey Faye Foster was dead, decapitated by a highway sign. Shelley's dream could have ended there if not for his maniacal idea... he wrapped Corey's head, gently stroking the gauze, as he sat there in the truck...

"Step on it," he laughed to Goo-goo.

And so, on that over stormy Memphis night Calavera was charged to life by four hopped up street rods (a '21 Dodge, a '41 Chevy, a '57 Ford Thunderbird, and a '66 Plymouth Valiant) and one out-of-date robot, all delivering over one thousand cold cranking surges to her mixed up brain and soul!

Amidst the clatter of the Madlab garage was born the ultra fringe-made literally of icons! The post modern, post modern Prometheus Queen!... CADAVERA!

Unfortunately, Shelley finds that he has not created the perfectly willing soul-mate. The name of Corey's memory will not let her forget where she came from.

To which purpose will Corey's past now serve? Life or death?



MONICKER	MEASUREMENTS	MORTALITY
Carol Lombard	(36-24-36)	Jan 16, 1942
Eva Braun	(35-26-37)	May 29, 1945
Marilyn Monroe	(38-23-36)	Aug 5, 1962
Jayne Mansfield	(40-21-35½)	June 29, 1967
Sharon Tate	(37-23-34)	Aug 8, 1969
Claudia Jennings	(34-24-35)	Oct 3, 1979
Corey Faye Foster	(32-25-31)	May 24, 1985





# CADAVERA

ALL PLASTIC ASSEMBLY KIT

AURORA