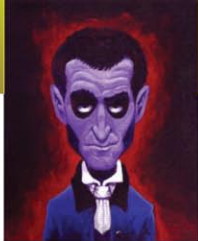


Letter from the Surgeon-In-Chief



"Unless you put a bullet in your head, jump off a bridge or swallow the contents of your medicine cabinet, a hospital deathbed is your most likely third act curtain."

– Corpsy

Everyone, and I mean EVERYONE, will be in a hospital at some point before they puff out their soul following a death rattle. Now you may be one of the lucky stiffies who arrives in a body bag and is slid into a morgue drawer in the basement and won't have to endure the slow torture of multiple surgeries, indignities of bed pans and frantically pushing the red button for overdue pain killers – but you will ALL be an observer to the painful process at some point, either from a vertical or horizontal position.

I have watched many friends and family members slowly succumb in hospital rooms. I remember when my father died in the hospital; they zipped him into a body bag and quickly made up his bed while I was distracted in the hallway. I actually had to argue with a nurse so she would unzip his body bag and I could kiss his cold forehead goodbye. The hospital needed his bed, apparently, for another dying moneymaker. And so it goes... on and on in the hospital like a cadaver conveyor belt... through the front automatic emergency doors, over a hospital bed, down the

elevator to the cooling tables, and then out the back door into a waiting van for a short drive and a toss into a toasty crematorium oven set at 1,650 degrees.

Many of you have sat for days and weeks at hospital bedsides and in chilly waiting rooms to get the "bad news." So, whether you are just an observer or the unfortunate one gazing towards the white ceiling in room 666, a hospital is in your future. Someday you too will be laying in a urine soaked hospital bed with tubes and wires jammed into your bruised veins like a sci-fi movie, beeping machines depriving you of sleep, only interrupted by orderlies dropping pills in your gaping mouth while stealing your blood in vials like thirsty vampires – and you'll wonder how the hell you wound up in this dire predicament, at the prickly end of a morphine drip and the inevitable overdose as your insurance company decides it's time to step on your oxygen line.

We are all junkies and medical monkeys to our insurance companies for they are truly the Gods who decide our fate of who lives and who dies, not the doctors. And as our pill hungry population continues to explode beyond the borders of our overheated planet, hospitals will eventually have machine-gun nests on their rooftops to keep back the uninsured as they stagger by the thousands, moaning in agony, "Help me... Hellllllp MeEEeee." Actually, zombie movies are not fiction but rather a prediction of the disease and fallout that will come via the collapse of our medical system under the weight of billions of rotting corpses. You think an economic meltdown is bad? Just wait until Medco and CVS create their own political party and our first pharmaceutical president, Dr. Feel Good, and his U.S. Army of surgeons and their combat nurses who operate with flamethrowers instead of scalpels as the only alternative to a real cure.

So, why in the hell would anyone have a medical fetish? Well, when it comes to sex, anything can be kinky, as you will see in this issue. We literally strip the bloodstained bed sheets off the corpse and show you the dark side of medicine in this riotously sick issue. And we do it with surgical precision, commencing with our cover icon Lloyd Kaufman, who has filled more buckets of movie blood in his gore-licious films than any other low budget producer. Also, gracing our cover is famed pinup and fetish model Miss Mosh, as a Candy Striper, who reveals the secret to Kaufman's many films... his brain is the size of a walnut. But as they say, we only use about 10% of our brains, however Lloyd uses 100% of his shriveled nut brain to make his movies. That's why he's so smart and his movies are so toxic.

Also, our sexy pal Jacqui Holland is back in G&C, only this time as a film producer and star of the upcoming horror/comedy *Silent but Deadly*, about a killer knocking off old folks in a nursing home. Jacqui wheels in the laughs for this issue along with 'Off Their Rockers' alum Michael Alaimo who she resuscitates with her magnificent assets.

Next, we deliver a birthing nightmare that you will never be able to erase from your swelling brains, featuring horror scream queen Elissa Dowling (winner of our Miss Horrorlina in North Carolina Bikini Pageant) and tended to by her seXXXy nurse, Raven Bay.

