

Abracadabra, you beauty

Kerry Cue

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Girls. I have some great news. The perfect body can be yours without torturing yourself with a celebrity diet, sweating off your butt on the tread mill or even having your cellulite sucked out at the cosmetic surgeons. According to this months B magazine all you need is Magic! That's right. 'Spell your way to a better body. . . .' declares the front cover.

'Oh. Forces of darkness turn me into Michelle Pfeiffer.' Nothing's happened. Perhaps, I should wait for a full moon.

I was a little sceptical to start. This magazine offers some odd advice. There is relationship advice from Duncan the barman. "If you wear a nurse's outfit, some tight leather or a Lara Croft outfit, you're sure to get his attention." Too true, Duncan! And why didn't Ita Buttrose think of that.

As for 'what your lippy says about you', be warned. The colour 'coral' means you are 'a sex kitten who's fond of money'. This may shock you if, say, your mother wears coral lipstick. The other hot news in the magazine is that Mariah Carey's preferred colour of toilet paper is pink, which, if it were lipstick, would mean she is a 'nurturing, loving girl' and not a sex kitten like your mother. If your mum likes coral-lipstick, that is. If, on the other hand, your mum wears red lippy, she's just 'a powerful vamp.'

I'm all for getting the perfect body. But I'm not really into magic. I couldn't be bothered dancing naked under a full moon or sacrificing a goat. I mean to say, slaughtering goats can ruin a girls nails.

But this article set me at ease. There was no goat slaughtering. Just pop a crystal and a hankie soaked in essential oils in your handbag and you have power. It's that easy. Even the spells are simple.

To lure a lover 'Pop a sprig of lavender in your bra...' Pop in two sprigs and there'll be a stampede in your direction. To ensure your

lover's performance pop 3 pinches of cinnamon in his morning coffee. Pop in the whole packet and you'll be able to hire him out for stud purposes.

I started warming to the whole idea. What if you could 'magic' away your butt? Wouldn't that be something? And if you could 'magic' away your butt, who would you send it too? I don't think I'd be a good witch. Given the opportunity, I couldn't resist sending my excess cellulite to Elle Macpherson!!! Ha! Ha!

A wicked witch would have fun. If she had a big bust, she could send it to John Howard. KAZAM! John Laws gets her wrinkles. But he wouldn't notice a few extra. Before a girls night out, a few witches could get together and send their tooth filings to Julia Roberts, greasy hair to Cindy Crawford, pimples to Naomi Campbell, love handles to Ricky Martin and double chins to Michelle Pfeiffer.

Ridiculous, isn't it? As if 'magic' could make anyone look better. As if. . . . Then I stumbled over this little gem in a self-help book. Many years ago Michelle Pfeiffer appeared on the front cover of Esquire magazine with the caption 'What Michelle Pfeiffer needs is absolutely nothing.' The following month Harper's magazine obtained the photo retouchers bill for Pfeiffer's picture on the Esquire cover. Total cost today would be about \$3,000 Aus to render the following services ' Clean up the complexion, soften smile line, trim chin, soften line under ear lobe, add hair, add forehead to create better line, and soften neck muscles.'

See! For the beautiful people, magic happens!