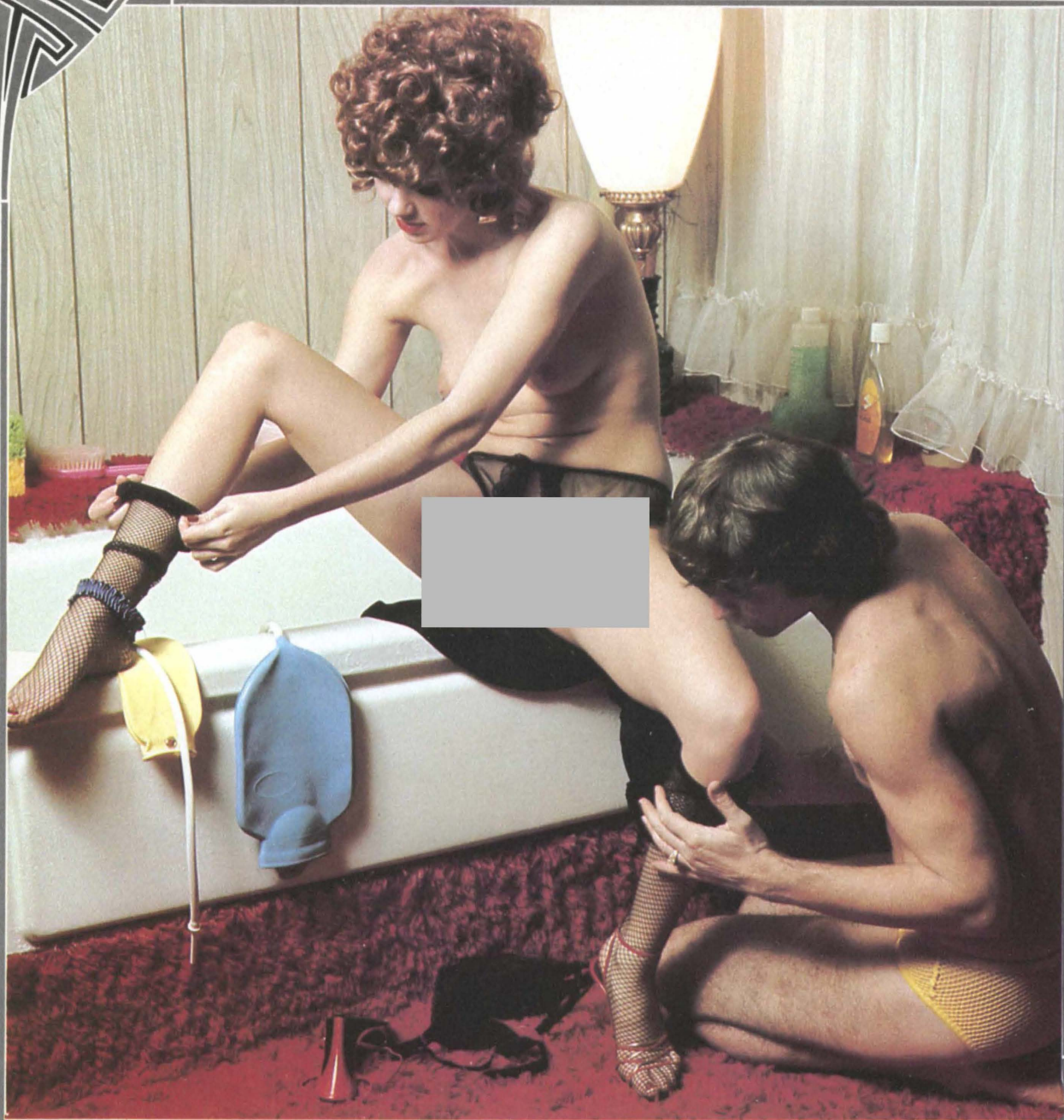




ENEMAS ARE

Do Wet Set Women have the Enema Bag Blues? No way! In fact, laid ladies, who jet-set with the new Wet Set, figure their trip is really in the bag. How can a red-blooded American male resist a red-blooded American female who knows her way around the latest erotic craze to sweep the good ol' USA! In more ways than one, you wild and crazy guys, if you can believe the newest California bumper sticker, ENEMAS ARE IN!

By Dr. Jack Fritscher

IN!

In *what* you say? In your lady. And maybe, when the gals interviewed for this piece get finished with your head, in you. So don't shake your head and say *never*. You know that with the right chick and the right wine and the right smoke in the right place at the right time, *never* usually occurs the Saturday night after you say *never*. You don't think so? Then what about those girls who told you *never* and then put out the next time you put the squeeze on them?

Pushovers, you say. Watch out! Last year's Pushover is this year's Liberated Lovely. And these lovely ladies have some very certain—even dominating—ideas about how they want to treat their men. Some of them can be very insistent that you kow-tow to some New Wave Fucking the way they want to.

Say *never* to one of these women and kiss your ass goodbye!

Hang in there, good buddy. When you stop and think about it there ain't nothing wrong with a lady taking charge of your body. Remember how you used to like to play "Doctor" with the girl next door? Remember how you liked her to play "Nurse" with you? There's nothing you can do with her body or your body—no matter how kinky, as long as you don't hurt each other—that you shouldn't do. At this point in time, you should be "together" enough to let go and play some "Fantasy Island" trips that will make her feel good and you feel terrific.

The following Wet Set Women were interviewed *during*—and, I must confess—*after* a BAG PARTY in L.A. BAG is an acronym for the Buns and Ass Guild. BAG is an international organization head quartered, or, if you prefer, hind-quartered, in northern California's marvelous Marin County—where anything goes! BAG is currently organizing chapters around the country. BAG parties, such as the L.A. get-together, are held regionally to allow BAG people to get to know each other in an intimate and supportive atmosphere.

Even if you think that up to now at least something like BAG isn't

your sex-trippy bag, don't knock it if you haven't tried it. Give some of these BAG ladies, who have given of their own experience, a chance. You may find that if you open your head to what these gals have to say, you may also find a whole new way to approach your sexplay!

The following BAG PRO-Files are for your pleasure. Dare to get off on them!

VICKI: NURSE WITH A NOZZLE

Vicki is blonde, curvy, twenty-three, and demanding. She is a Registered Nurse at a small health spa in Sonoma County. She is the currently reigning BAG Queen. Vicki is very single. And very single-minded. She was raised in a very strict household where, she says, her father frequently praised the values of enemas. She recalls that her first enema experiences were stories told quite matter-of-factly around the large family room fireplace. Her father was a well-respected physician, and he enjoyed the enemas he asked his wife, Vicki's stepmother, to administer to him.

The health value of enemas cannot be underestimated. The erotic value of enemas is only now beginning to dare to be discussed as a swinging topic of foreplay. Vicki said that the notion of a woman giving a man a high colonic enema gave her the first warm oozing feeling she ever felt in her warm little crotch. "There's nothing," she said, "that makes me go sticky in my panties faster than the thought of my special red rubber bag, the long red hose with the shiny metal clip, and the hard black nozzle greased slick with a little Vaseline to make it as easy an insertion as a wet little finger."

Vicki wears her starched white uniform as a matter of traditional pride. "I believe in old-fashioned things like starched linen, polished white shoes, a clean white cap. I know it sounds out of tune with our polyester times, but I prefer some of the ways we were before everybody got so hip. You know what I mean? I believe that a woman

**WATER SPORTS ARE
CATCHING ON**

should let a man give the appearance of running the marriage, the family, and the household. But I believe that a woman should know that when she gets her man behind closed doors that he wants her to be the sexual aggressor. He wants her to lay a little number on him. After all, he's been out in the world breaking his buns all day long. The least she can do is give him the chance to lay back and receive some tender loving care. And by TLC I mean the incredible experience of feeling the fullness of a nice warm enema filling his butt and belly so that he can relax and let go and let his lady take real good care of his tired spirits."

Vicki insists on surrounding her Enema Experience, which she sells through her services at the health spa in Sonoma, with Indian oils, incense, and soothing environmental music like the sound of far-off summer thunder storms or of the ocean waves crashing on the beach. Each enema is an individual and creative experience.

"I ask my client on the first call to fill out a small questionnaire, much like the BAG Membership Questionnaire. You know: I ask questions like have you recently had a sensual enema—as opposed to a medical enema. That is an essential difference. Medical enemas usually aren't very much fun. A sensual enema is as much a turn-on as honest-to-goodness fucking. Believe me? Believe my clients. Ninety percent of my tricks-in-trade are returning for their second or fifth or twentieth enema.

"Enemas aren't physically addictive when done sensually, but they are addictive psychologically. Once a guy learns to relax and not get nervous about his butt being the way in and not just the way out, he can begin to understand the difference between the medical enema and the sensual enema. Enemas are one of nature's quickest ways to clean up the whole entire body system. One of my clients is an independent trucker who comes by about twice a month for a good hosing. He says the systemic cleansing of a sensual enema administered by a professional woman gives him the extra

little kicker he needs to keep on making time on his long haul."

Vicki's hand looked strong and commanding. She smiled. She knew that the next question she was always asked had to do with the Disciplinary Enema.

"The Disciplinary Enema," Vicki said, "is a special category. I'd like to discuss that later in some detail. Right now let's just say that some men deserve to be stripped, tied down on their bellies over a medical table, and thoroughly reamed out with a hose. The bigger they are . . . the harder they cum." Vicki laughed knowingly. "There's one Bay Area professional jock who I've met up here in Santa Rosa

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who can't get started in his season's practice without a couple of good Disciplinary Enema sessions. This guy is an All-American Everything. Every sports fan in the country knows his name. But I know how he gets his get-up-and-go. He's heavy into enemas. He started out with medical enemas and quickly moved into Disciplinary Enemas. Lots of professional jocks are heavy into being disciplined by ladies in some really offbeat ways."

Vicki was a charter member of BAG. "The Buns and Ass Guild," she said, "has brought enemas out of the watercloset and into the bedroom. BAG has given uptight, upright people the permission to try to play with one of the last taboos in America: the butt!"

Vicki was very definite in her words. "Show me a man who's afraid to have his lady play with his butt and I'll show you a latent fag. Men who are secure in their masculinity know for sure that their

whole body is meant for erotic and sensual play. Only a guy who's insecure about his macho would say no when given the golden opportunity to the totally fulfilling Enema Experience." She licked her pretty tongue around her wet red lips. "A real man will be a total playground for a really adventurous lady. No holds barred. That's the truth of what happens when we get behind closed doors in the new Sexual Awareness happening now in California!"

GLORIA FROM PEORIA

Gloria, who jokes that she was born and raised in Peoria, was not even a second runner-up to current BAG Queen Vicki. "I'm a dog in most guy's book," she admits. "I mean to tell you that I was raised as a very proper young woman, but underneath it all I'm just white trash. To be very frank: I'm a 24-carat S-L-U-T. I never do nothin' nice and easy. I like my men like my attitude: down and dirty."

Gloria is a buxom twenty-six. She's not any threat to Cheryl Tiegs. Her face doesn't belong to Noxema. It belongs to Kennel-Ration. Gloria's appeal is offbeat. She's the kind of Looker who could never be a Hooker if it weren't for some guys having a taste for weird-looking chicks. Gloria thrives on the fact of her face: her look is so bad it's good. She is, in fact, the kind of girl a man actually marries when he wants to be happy for the rest of his life. You remember the song: he makes an ugly woman his wife.

"I don't really know what it is," Gloria said, "that makes me so popular. Unless it's my open-mindedness. I was voted the Most Open Girl in the graduating class of Peoria Central High School. Isn't that a hoot? I guess when I realized at seventeen that love was meant for beauty queens, I knew right away that to have fun with men I had to have an approach that would intrigue their nuts off." Gloria could have been a standup comedienne. Except, as she admitted, men don't usually find funny women very erotic.

"Besides," Gloria said, "I'd

rather play out a kinky water trip with a guy. Joining BAG has been more fun than the old days of having a bag over my head. I mean the action I put out sort of distracts guys from the fact that I ain't ever gonna be Miss America. Lucky for me that some of the hotter looking men like to do it with gals like me who are only 5's on the 10 scale."

Gloria is clean and sexy. She looks like the kind of woman who hangs around bowling alleys and has a good sense of humor. "I've always been the kind of girl who's one of the boys. That's how I figured out that there's not just one scale of 10. There's two scales of 10. One 10-Scale for Looks. A second 10-Scale for Action. I may get a 5 for looks; but I definitely score a 10 for Action. All told that's fifteen out of a perfect 20. Now I ask you if Bo Derek gets 10 for looks, just what do you think she's going to get for Action? A guy I know tells me that the Lookers don't really know how to move it as good as I do around the bedroom, the bathroom, and the kitchen."

Gloria thought Peoria the perfect place for implementing her BAG action. "Peoria is the ultimate test market. Peoria is totally middle-aged, middle-west, middle-America. If it will play in Peoria, it will play anywhere. And I can't begin to tell you how popular enemas are in the Heart of Illinois!"

Gloria is a student of enemas. Her research has led her to write short anecdotes on the history of enemas for the BAG Newsletter. She asked permission to excerpt a couple of examples.

"Thirty or forty years ago," Gloria wrote, "the medical enema was extremely popular as a socially acceptable means of rousing sexual excitement. In a book written for young doctors, the men were advised to give themselves enemas at night to relieve pressure on the sex organs. Laid back, alone, in a nice warm room, in a clean white tub, the men were in effect given the advice of filling their bellies and beating their meat while actually getting into the pressure caused by the enema. Solitary sex never felt so good!"

"It is generally believed that

all—repeat ALL enemas—are sexually stimulating. In some European countries in the 1930s, parents were continuously occupied with their children's conditions, giving them enemas and suppositories. Hitler, it is now admitted, received several enemas a week from blonde Aryan nurses. He preferred the 'Milk and Syrup' enema. That is one third golden syrup and two-thirds milk—up to 600 grams. (A normal-sized man maxes out at about 2,250 grams or two-and-a-half litres.) Apparently Der Fuehrer's love of enemas caused much experimentation in Germany.

"The Germans invented the

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Schaukeloinlauf also known as the Swing Enema. One report read as follows: 'One of our best Nazi doctors enjoyed ordering the Swing Enema especially for rather ugly women who were most likely sex-starved before their admission to the Test Hospitals. After cleansing the woman front and back in the usual way with several soap enemas and purges, the German doctors injected three pints of water. They would place the can low and let the water flow back out. Then they would swing the can high again, filling the woman's cunt and butt. This treatment would be repeated for two hours. The stimulation in this way drove these sex-starved women into sex-crazed maniacs who wanted all the stimulation the doctors and military personnel could administer.'

"Additionally the doctor twice a day inserted a special rectal tube for thirty minutes. It was used with Lichtkasten, which was a rounded box with 1000-watt bulbs inside. This was placed over the belly

while the metal rectal tube was inserted deep inside. The heat-conduction effect needs no explanation!"

Gloria's research has added valuable information to the BAG library. "One thing I know for sure," Gloria said, "is that men today require a lot more sensuality than before. I figure that if the Germans were interested in stimulating very plain-looking women, then the men in Peoria would be interested in a plain Jane who knew all the tricks of how to make a man's body feel as good as a man's body could possibly feel—if he lets go enough."

DAMP DYKES AND THE SWIMMING COACH

BAG is open to all sexual preferences. BAG has found, in letters pouring in, that quite a few guys like the idea of hearing about how a couple of lesbians run through their sensual encounters. Maggie and Tommi are two fun-loving women who call themselves full-fledged dykes. "Sure," Tommi said, stamping out a Camel on her thumbnail, "I'll tell all those guys out there what it is between ladies like Maggie and me. Maybe if some of those would-be studs knew what went down between women, they'd be a lot better fucks, and then we women wouldn't have to turn to each other for sexual and sensual fulfillment."

"Tommi and I," Maggie said, "hit the BAG-bag maybe once a week. We built this incredible hot tub and wet room off our patio in Santa Fe. We play with water like a couple of seals. Nothing relieves tension of all kinds like playing with the soothing sound and feel of water. Getting wet! That's a main turn-on."

Maggie and Tommi are quite a pair. Maggie is blonde and petite with pretty tits and a cute bottom begging for nozzles, tongues, and dicks. Tommi is raven-haired and built like one of those new-style lady bodybuilders. Tommi's presence is commanding. She drives a school bus and is bisexual enough—along with Maggie—to have a wet-and-watery interest in the high school swimming

coaches. Together with the swimming coach they find plenty to amuse themselves with in the sand and sun of the New Mexico desert.

"Egyptian men," Maggie said, "loved filling women up with water. Maybe it reminded them of how attractive a woman's belly can be."

"It's incredible," Tommi said, "when you realize the power men have over a woman's body." She turned and smiled at Tommi. "And the power women have over men's bodies."

"This coach friend of ours," Maggie said, "was married for four

"Men who are secure in their masculinity know for sure that their body is meant for erotic and sensual play."

years to this real smartass little cunt. I met her once at a Denny's restaurant quite by accident. She was a little twit. I can see why he thought up the enema idea as a way of disciplining his wife. He used to strap the little teenaged spoiled-brat's backside until she was black and blue—without noticeably improving her behavior. But after he tied her down and administered only one enema, the improvement in her behavior was remarkable. She hardly misbehaved again."

"Except," Tommi said, "when she wanted, needed, craved, lusted after still another enema!"

"Enemas are addictive," Maggie said. She smiled shyly thinking about the enema-pleasure she shared with Tommi and the good-looking swinger of a swimming coach. "When he tried to split from the little spoiled bitch, she tried to take him for everything he was worth. She wasn't interested in him, really; she was only inter-

ested in the fact that he can give—and Tommi and I have found out—take the best enema action this side of Houston!"

"One good enema leads to another," Tommi said. "When Maggie and I first met the Coach, I thought he was crazy. Enemas? Jeez. I figured I'd heard of and done just about everything erotic a woman could do. Both with men and with other women. My philosophy is if it feels good, do it. And—Ta Da! Enemas feel real good. The sense of warmth, of fullness, of gentle aggression, of deep penetration, of warm wet womb-like remembrances from before you were born."

"That kind of stuff," Maggie added. "Plus all sorts of wild and crazy wet games." She smiled. "Wine enemas are particularly terrific for getting loaded fast without having to drink anything at all. To achieve good absorption and fine intoxication, the wine should be heated to bloodheat. You know: body temperature. Red wine works best for some reason, and the wine enema gets really effective fast if you add a little rum."

"A rubber bag of wine, loafing around, and you," Tommie said touching Maggie, "beside me in the wilderness . . ."

". . . of New Mexico," Maggie said. "How hot can you get!"

"About as hot as the Coach," Tommi said. "Let me fill you in on how he trips with the whole BAG philosophy. He's really into plugging butts. He's a fantastically built guy. One of those hunky swimmer's bodies that goes on for days. I really like to watch him plug Maggie's butt. They fuck like two crazed animals in heat. I figured if I hosed them down it would cool off a bit. No way! *The wetter the chute the slicker the slide!*"

Tommi took hold of Maggie's hand. "This little bit of a thing here can hold almost two litres. Amazing. Yeah. She's an amazing girl. She gets more amazing when she's the ham in a sandwich between me and the Coach. There was this one starry night out on our patio next to the pool when I

figured I'd come on as the really heavy dominant diesel dyke everybody wants a woman built like me do be. To play the part I decided I needed a sweet little married couple to abuse. Sweet little bride. Handsome groom. Get the picture?"

Maggie looked at Tommi adoringly. "Enemas lead to a whole bunch of different kinds of fantasy fucks. I think it has to do with the fact that when somebody is giving you an enema you have to lie there as quiet and receptive as you can while this huge volume of liquid flows warm and slow into your body and you feel this immense sexual pressure building up till you think you're gonna shit or go blind, and you don't do either, because you sort of finally relax and give in, and allow someone else to have control over the deep, dark, personal insides of your very guts! Enemas are a trust-trip."

"And that's an enema's very beauty," Tommi said. "In a day-to-day, dog-eat-dog world, it's a rare sexual and sensual luxury to lie back and trust another human—male or female—enough to just relax and say, okay, I am going to let all my defenses down and let you fill me up with so much feeling on a physical level that I feel fulfilled in my head about how much touch a person can feel from another. Enemas are a degree of penetration more significant than the penetration of a cunt with a dick."

"The Coach and I trusted Tommi," Maggie said. "Boy! Did we get in hot water!"

"That's part of trust-tripping, isn't it?" Tommi said. "When you trust somebody, you trust they'll maybe take you somewhere you've never been before. And that's what I did to Maggie and our Coach. I took them on a little trip."

"For openers," Maggie said, "Tommi pulled out a realistic looking gun, that turned out to be a big-deal water pistol, and ordered us both to strip each other down. Then she made me tie the Coach bellydown over the patio table with wet rawhide. I got tied down next to him. There we were strapped down like the perfect little American husband and wife with

our butts sticking up into the cool night air, and the sounds of Tommi preparing to rape us with high colonic enemas."

"I mixed wine and some smooth olive oil into a four litre bag with twin nozzles that I greased with KY just enough to get a slick slip into both thier butts." Tommi was smiling remembering the Double Hose Ceremony like it was some Olympic Marital Event. "They squirmed. They moaned. They talked to each other, encouraging the other one to be brave and accept their sensual punishment. Jeez. I love to see married couples squirm. I played with my clit while the double enema trickled slowly, forcefully, powerfully into their butts."

"Then she played with us both sexually," Maggie said. "Our bodies were crying for relief. The enemas filled us both until we were so hot we were begging for mercy. 'Anything,' we said, 'we'll do anything! Stop! Don't!' "

"Don't stop!" Tommi said, "was more the truth of what they were signalling."

"Anyway," Maggie said, "we all three came. I've never seen a man put through the kind of paces, the kind of sex-ritual humiliations that Tommi laid on the Coach. That man had the time of his life. Just because he let go enough of all the shit that society teaches by day in order to have a good time with his body by night."

"That's a real man," Tommi said. "That's a real fucking macho. That's the kind of open-minded dude that tickles my fancy enough to make me think that some guys might just be good for something besides a boring missionary fuck!"

"When a man opens his mind to new experiences," Maggie said, "he's on his way to heaven's gate!"

With over 2,000 women as active members, BAG makes buns and ass somehow suddenly seem as All-American as apple pie. No wonder more and more men are turning on to this secret underground of adult sensuality! Chances are in these liberated days that if you dare to go for it, you'll find there's a redhot BAG lady all wet and wild and ready to trot, waiting for you, with her hose in hand!