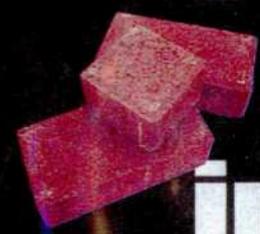




# The average American male has the equivalent weight of 2½ bricks of waste in his gut!



Remember your first hot dog? Your colon does. Odds are, parts of it are still clogging some corner of your much-abused intestines. Stuff sends Ian Belcher for a pipe cleaning in paradise.

**O**n a palm-fringed tropical beach facing the Gulf of Thailand lies the Spa Resort & Health Center, a lovely little hideaway with a dark secret. The joint features an incredible and renowned restaurant, which is curious, since the typical guest forgoes breakfast, lunch and dinner in favor of squatting on a tube and sending 60 gallons of warm coffee up his anus.

Why would anyone do this? To cleanse, my friend. The 20th century is tough on the digestive system. Its combo of high-stress living and fatty, overprocessed foods—chips, burgers, booze, chocolate, white bread, you name it—has clogged up our pipes like tampons in a toilet. Many medical experts believe that being so full of crap turns us into disease time bombs, increasing the risks of cancer, heart trouble, infertility and diabetes.

So how can you give your digestive tract a new lease on life? Putting nothing in one end and a fire hose full of cleansing liquid up the other should be a regular part of your health regime. "It's like changing the oil in your car," explains Guy Hopkins, owner of the Spa. "If you don't do it every so often, your body isn't going to run all that well. We constantly put the wrong fuel in our bodies, and sure, they keep on going, but cleanse yourself and you'll feel that much better."

Fasting isn't just for students and political prisoners, and it's not new. Hippocrates, founding father of medicine, prescribed and practiced fasting. Plato, Aristotle and Buddha swore by it. Jesus even laid off the matzo for 40 days. Hey, if it's good enough for the Big Fella...

Of course, a fasting/enema regimen is less of a pain in the ass when you're paid to go on a tropical retreat. At least that's what we told writer Ian Belcher and photographer Anthony Cullen, forever nicknamed Colon, when we sent them to test the Spa's seven-day treatment. Want to know about expelling yards of mucousy fecal ropes from one end and rotting-deer-corpse breath from the other? This is their story. You may never eat chili again.

## THE PREFASTING FAST

Having agreed to this cockamammy experiment, Anthony and myself—both food lovers who might charitably be termed “stocky”—are dismayed to learn we must modify our diets two weeks early: It seems the Spa believes that diving into the fast from a “normal” regimen of beer, Ho Hos and Italian sausages causes an unhealthy shock to the system. Our week of hell has just become the better part of a month.

We're to spend the 14 days before the fast without meat, processed foods (not just Ring Dings, but also pasta and bread), milk, booze, coffee and soda. All that stands between us and starvation are lettuce, fruit, slightly cooked vegetables, herbal teas and our fingernails. It's unbelievably tough. Within days, chow—or lack of it—has become an obsession.

We've also been introduced to the Liver Flush Drink. Designed to irrigate your canal, it's a satanic blend of olive oil, raw garlic, cayenne pepper and orange juice. I have no idea if it does my body any good, but now my urine is clear and I always get plenty of room to myself on the subway.

Days before our trip, I suffer from headaches, aching muscles, lethargy and an increasingly short temper. It's not helped by office comics waving ice cream under my nose. But Anthony and I solemnly stick to the diet right up till the flight to Bangkok. Then disaster strikes: We get a last-minute upgrade to first class. Two weeks of work fly out the emergency exit as we stuff ourselves with a death-row last meal of smoked salmon, oyster mushrooms, roast goose, cheese, champagne and chocolates.

I'm still on the wagon, but during our four days in paradise before the fast begins, Anthony's commitment wavers. He downs beer, Pringles and Burger King. He's clearly heading for a spectacular first enema...

Once we get to the Spa on the island of Koh Samui, we discover the restaurant is superb. In a religious parallel, we inhale an emotional last supper: soup with yogurt and cashew salad. It's rabbit food you'd normally smash back in the face of any waiter; here, it tastes like a Happy Meal. I'm relieved that our fellow inmates extend

beyond the average granola group. Sure, there's the hippie chick who's reading *Heal Your Mind, Heal Your Body*, but there are regular folks, too. Like Derek James, an engineer from England, and Mez, a former Australian worm farmer.

I spend a fitful last night's sleep, trying to remember the taste of those cashews.

## DAY ONE

Weight: **190 pounds** (four lost in prefast)

Total inches of gunk expelled: **1**

Total pills taken: **50** (9 the night before)

Total glasses of water: **21**

After a quick acid test (if your body's pH is too low, the fast isn't advisable), the games begin. We may not be eating any food for the next seven days, but we're still going to be cramming things down our throats—constantly. This is a welcome surprise, until it's revealed that none of the stuff will involve hops, sprinkles or steak sauce. Every morning will begin with a 7 A.M.

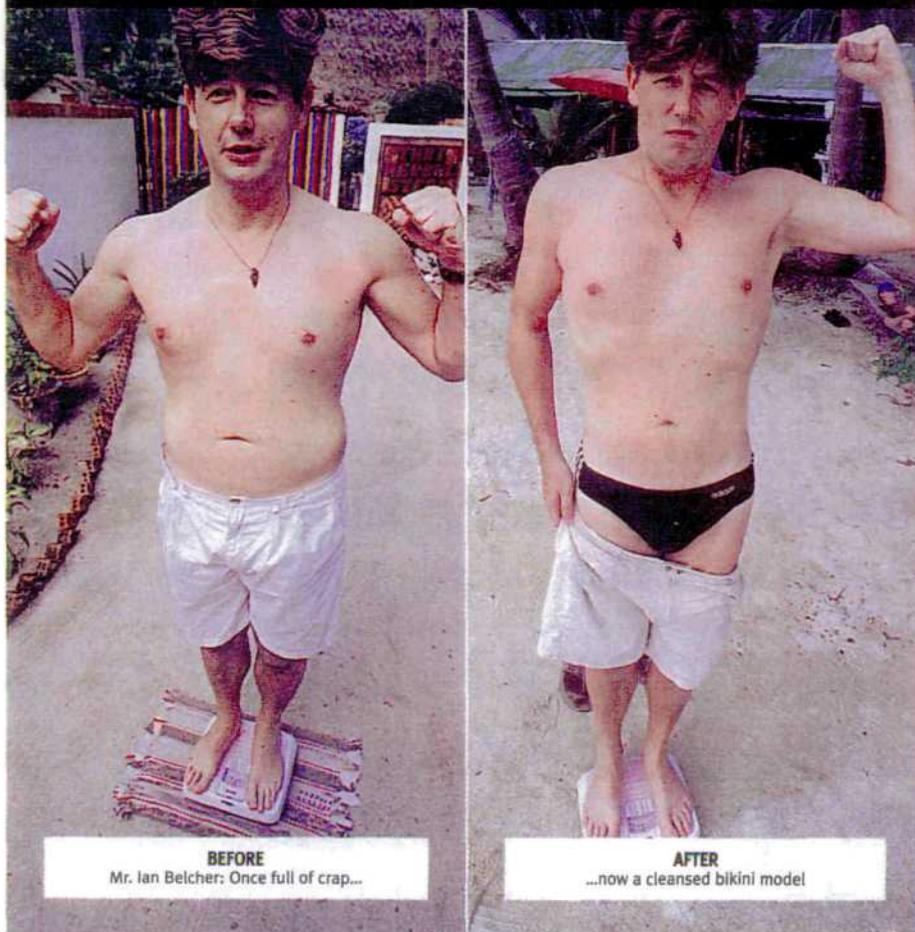
detox cocktail of physillium husk and bentonite clay, an important little drink with the texture of soggy cotton balls that bulldozes garbage out of your system.

Ninety minutes later we swallow eight tablets that look and taste like rabbit droppings. These are Chompers, herbal laxatives and cleansers combined with nutrients to replace the good bacteria washed out by this extended Drano operation. The clay cocktail and the rabbit droppings are repeated every three waking hours. That and drinking Lou Ferrigno's body weight in water. And that's it.

Apart from the enemas.

Apparently, we're to help our bodies expel decades of toxic waste by blowing it off our intestinal walls with a small garden hose. Stop reading now if you ever want to eat chocolate pudding again, but here's the self-administered enema in a nutshell: A board bridges the gap between the toilet in your bathroom and a stool. Next to the toilet, a tube leads down from a high- >>>

## THE SEVEN-DAY COLON MAKEOVER



BEFORE

Mr. Ian Belcher: Once full of crap...

AFTER

...now a cleansed bikini model

**How could anyone fully enjoy sex when he has encrusted fecal matter and mucus in his colon?**

hanging bucket full of coffee and vinegar to a nozzle within reach of your ass; you coat the nozzle with K-Y Jelly, lie face-up on the board and shove it where the sun don't shine. Controlling the flow of liquid into your ass with a metal clip, you spray the liquid into every nook and cranny until it feels like you have to take a massive dump. Then haul ass to the bowl and let it all out.

**DAY TWO**

Weight: **185 pounds**  
 Total inches of gunk expelled: **6**  
 Total pills taken: **91**  
 Total glasses of water: **43**

Extraordinary. At 8:30 A.M. every day, the restaurant—where many fasters meet just to stare at the menu—empties. Why? Everyone's off to blow fluid up his butt. (I no longer associate the phrase "On the Board" with corporate movers and shakers.)

The pills and detox drinks keep hunger at bay, but around mid-afternoon I start to feel truly lousy, with severe headaches and light-headedness. This is normal: Having

not eaten for 36 hours, my body is shifting into detox mode and ain't happy about it. My spirits lift when I discover we can have a bowl of clear vegetable stock each night. It's the little things in life...

**DAY THREE**

Weight: **181 pounds**  
 Total inches of gunk expelled: **25**  
 Total pills taken: **132**  
 Total glasses of water: **67**

I feel incredibly tired just from walking back and forth all night to the bathroom. Weird things are starting to happen to my body. I'm developing flulike symptoms as I begin to expel 36 years' worth of toxins. My nose is constantly running, my eyes are sore and weepy, and my ears have already generated more wax than the Beatles.

Obedying my reporter's instinct, I put a colander down the toilet and find I'm passing piles of brown stringy stuff. How I can crap 10 yards of licorice into my toilet with nothing but pills and liquids going in my mouth remains a mystery.

And I'm not alone. Derek, the engineer, says he's shitting long strips of "chicken skin," including one about eight inches long. Overnight, bowel movements have gone from the most to the least taboo topic of discussion among relative strangers.

Time's dragging a bit, as you might expect. So I dig into a paper called *The Healthview Newsletter*, where noted ass man—er, bowel specialist—V.E. Irons asks, "Is your colon as clean and free-flowing as a cool mountain stream? Or is it as polluted as a stagnant cesspool?" Thanks to my fasting, says Irons, I'll stop being bad tempered and my sex life will go stratospheric. "How could anyone fully enjoy sex when he has encrusted fecal matter and mucus in his colon?" he poignantly asks. I can't help wondering: Well, which way are you facing?

**DAY FOUR**

Weight: **181 pounds**  
 Total inches of gunk expelled: **38**  
 Total pills taken: **173**  
 Total glasses of water: **88**

I wake up after the most vivid dreams of my life—a typical symptom of detox, I'm told. I spent the night attacking Vietcong gun positions from a hot-air balloon, blowing up NASA's headquarters and playing golf with Richard Simmons' head.

My nose, ears, eyes and sinuses are killing me. And now my skin has joined in. I reek. This is supposed to be the hardest day of the fast, when toxins are pushed out through the skin, lungs, kidneys and colon. I'm practically bleeding poison from every pore. It's redefined the hangover forever.

Increasingly strange things are turning up in colanders. The color and texture of excreted gunk supposedly depends upon whether it's secreted mucus or undigested food, where it's been hiding in your colon and how long it's been there.

Some objects, however, defy explanation. Derek is shocked to find several rubbery things. Mez has expelled black oval shapes up to five inches long that resemble undigested Yodels swallowed whole in some horrific frat initiation. My own excrement has melodramatically acquired a luminous green tint.

I change my enema solution from coffee and vinegar (it's making me too wired to sleep) to garlic, which is supposed to be good for eliminating parasites. And vampires. I dream of Buffy. I'm afraid I'm losing touch with reality...

**GET THE LEAD OUT**

Ready to de-gunk your gut? Here are Stuff's recommendations for letting loose on three different budgets.

**\$1,000 budget A fancy spa**

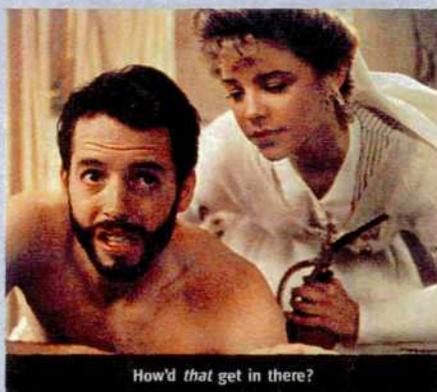
Ain't nothin' like the real thing, baby. If you have the dough and a few weeks to be pampered, prodded and detoxified, head to a spa. The New Age Health Spa in Neversink, New York (a real town, not a turd joke), offers a typical package: Three to five days of top-notch holistic purging will run you \$286 per-night (for a deluxe, all-inclusive single), plus \$60 for each colonic session. Call 'em at 800-682-4348, or find a spa closer to home through SpaFinders, 800-ALL-SPAS.

**\$100 budget The colon therapist**

The International Association for Colon Hydrotherapy certifies colon therapists only after hundreds of hours of instruction and many supervised colonics; wherever you live, this organization can hook you up with a competent, safe and affordable butt driller for \$50 to \$100. Call 210-366-2888, or check out [www.I-ACT.org](http://www.I-ACT.org).

**\$250 Budget A home colonic**

Are you as tight as your chili-dog-



constricted colon? Then you might want to consider the Home Colonics Company's \$240 Home Colonics Kit. If you're not completely repulsed at the thought of inserting a plastic tube up your butt and taking in 15 to 20 gallons of water—what a time for Mom to drop by, eh?—inventor Curtis Schnakenberg assures us that this is a very safe, painless and cheap way to detoxify your body. For more information, call 888-579-2585, or log on to [www.homecolonics.com](http://www.homecolonics.com).

## DAY FIVE

Weight: **183 pounds** (how the hell?!)

Total inches of gunk expelled: **51**

Total pills taken: **214**

Total glasses of water: **111**

My abused body is exhausted and disoriented this morning. I keep walking into things and missing my mouth as I try to drink; a botched enema-nozzle maneuver is too awful to relate here.

By lunch—my second dose of tablets—my nose, eyes and ears have cleared up, and I have more energy. Incredibly, with not a single shred of food passing my lips for five days, the enemas are still washing out unspeakable filth from my system. I pass six-inch strips of gristle and what appears to be large chunks of filet mignon.

Enema analyses are growing competitive. Someone's always passed something harder, brighter, more bizarre. Anthony reigns supreme: This morning, he heard a clank on the porcelain, and proudly tells the assembled crowd he believes he passed a marble he swallowed as a child.

It's now been 120 hours since I last ate. I feel zero hunger, but fantasize constantly. In one daydream, Tyra Banks approaches me, seductively peeling off her clothes; I shove her aside and rifle through her cast-off shorts, looking for a Snickers.

## DAY SIX

Weight: **181 pounds**

Total inches of gunk expelled: **58**

Total pills taken: **255**

Total glasses of water: **131**

Despite vile nightmares, I wake up full of energy, with a nearly detoxified brain and bloodstream. Although the enemas produce less quantity-wise, the gunk is darker and



**It's getting competitive now. Someone's always passed something harder, brighter, more bizarre.**

Illustration: (The Simpsons) Matt Groening.

harder as the fast removes the older, more ingrained plaque from my now vastly reduced semi-colon.

I learn about past guests, including the Grateful Dead's Bob Weir and a female alcoholic who wandered naked into neighboring resorts. But the prize goes to Kathmandu Joan, who fasted for 140 days over two-and-a-half years, passing more than 70 green and black colon chunks. When I tell all this to my girlfriend in an international call, there's a long silence. "Are you with a cult?" she asks.

## DAY SEVEN

Weight: **178 pounds**

Total inches of gunk expelled: **62**

Total pills taken: **296**

Total glasses of water: **153**

The final cleansing produces little, and I feel the best I have in years. The only shock to my system is the revelation that Anthony used two whole tubes of K-Y Jelly. While we've all been sliding two inches onto the enema nozzle, he's been going to four. Some things are better left un contemplated.

New guests arrive as others leave. We meet John Twigg, who's videotaping his enemas for the boys back in the office. He's joined by Pipeline Pete, a man mountain on his 13th fast. Same day, different shit.

## THE DAY AFTER

After a final special enema to replace friendly bacteria, it's over. My first meal—the first real food I've wolfed down in 170 hours, 35 minutes and 4.2 seconds—tastes like nothing on earth. In fact, it's just fresh papaya. The Spa recommends that we ease ourselves back into our poisonous, cancer-rich Western diets by eating raw fruits and vegetables for the next three days, but Anthony's swallowing candy bars before the toilet's even done flushing. On our final night, Anthony and I use the Spa's restaurant for what God intended, downing Mekong whiskey and bowls of shrimp until we pass out at 3 A.M.

Already, toxins are pulsing through my blood, but my internal engines are running smoother than ever and I feel great. And when I get home and tell my editor that he's full of shit, I'll do it with authority. ●

Can you think of a better way to spend \$245 a week? Bungalows are only \$5-\$15 per day. The Spa Resort: 011-66-77-230-855; thespa@spasamui.com.



## DOWN AND OUT

Ready to put some Comet in Uranus? Here's the scoop on interior cleansing.

When you were a little boy, you ate a bologna sandwich. Well, it's still clanking around inside your colon. Not all of it—and nothing you'd recognize—but, well, you know. Twenty years later, if your colon's healthy, it should weigh about four pounds; autopsies have found ones tipping the scales at 40!

As an American, it's your job to eat tons of toxin-laden food: bacon burgers, squeeze cheese, jelly doughnuts...don't make us go on. In defense, your body secretes mucus to line your bowels and move toxins out the back door. If you improve your diet (ha!), this mucus should disperse. But a regular supply of pizza, cheese fries, etc., means that most of us have an inch-thick buildup of mucoid plaque, so tough that a knife can barely cut it.

And that's the good news. This plaque retards your body's ability to absorb nutrients, explains Cheryl Townsley in *Cleansing Made Simple*. Worse, as plaque narrows the pipes, they get clogged with crap, which starts to decay. (That's why your farts don't smell like roses, pal.) Parasites thrive in the moist, tight environment, and harmful bacteria start invading your blood, which weakens your immune system.

How does cleansing reverse the damage? According to Richard Anderson, M.D., after 36 hours without food, you're no longer hungry and your body goes into detox mode. Millions of digestive enzymes leave their cozy homes and enter the bloodstream on search-and-destroy missions, rooting out toxins, parasites and damaged cells. The bad crowd is expelled through the kidneys, skin, lungs and—with the help of enemas—the colon.

Changing your diet will help keep your pipes clean. Dr. Anderson also recommends becoming vegetarian and eating lots of raw fruits and vegetables. Since that ain't gonna happen, cut down on the chili cheese dogs and get an apple in there once a day or so. (Please insert from the top end.)

Caveat: Consult your doctor before fasting or jamming anything up your butt.