

**T**HREE TIMES A WEEK SOMEONE sticks a hose up your bum and flushes it all out of you!’ An episode of *Absolutely Fabulous*, where Saffy mocked Eddy for being so removed from reality that she can’t even go to the toilet on her own, was my first introduction to the concept of colonic irrigation. I think that probably gave me the idea that it was designed for rich women with no idea what to do with their time or money. But a few friends have since raved about colonics, and they continue to be a staple on most good spa menus, so I start to think that the benefits must justify the embarrassment.

The Californian Colonic is the new turbo version, which incorporates an infusion of wheatgrass juice to give the body a titanic dose of nutrition. Wheatgrass is the daddy of superfoods, containing the full alphabet of vitamins, minerals and enzymes. It also consists mainly of chlorophyll, which (GCSE textbooks at the ready) resembles our red blood cells so closely that it cleanses colon walls, detoxifies the blood and rejuvenates the liver. Although the healthy set have been drinking it in shots for years, ingesting wheatgrass via a colonic allows you to take a much higher dosage. In fact, I’m told that if you attempted to drink this amount, you’d most probably be violently ill.

Reading up on the extensive benefits, it seems I can’t afford not to do this. I’d consider myself healthy, but I’m well aware that there’s too much wine in my life and my lacklustre complexion often betrays that secret. I’m also hugely jealous that some people need only look at a cup of coffee for their bowels to move, and although I don’t have issues exactly, let’s just say that bloated and sluggish are occasionally in my vocab.

First off I’m introduced to Esther, who puts the ‘E’ in EF MediSpa – a state-of-the-art spa in Chelsea. She explains that

*Extreme Beauty*

# Wheatgrass Colonic

The latest hydrotherapy trend gives Jessica Hough a whole new way to get her five-a-day

all my preconceptions about colonics can be left right here and that my therapist, Victoria, is ‘an angel’. This analogy is right on the money. Victoria floats in, complete with bangles and maxiskirt, far from the overall-clad dominatrix I had envisaged. The consultation and treatment explanation are extensive but reassuring and by the time I’m gowned up on the bed, I’d honestly trust her with my life.

The process is much more civilised than you’d think and the tube, although not exactly my favourite part, is inserted

swiftly and without fuss. As the water begins to flow, I prepare myself for the kind of disgust I felt at the Glastonbury toilets last year, but instead find myself watching with morbid fascination at the

contents of the tube. The pumping in and flushing out feels odd, but not uncomfortable and Victoria explains everything that’s going on in her velvety tones. By the time the wheatgrass is mentioned, this all feels like the norm. The whole four ounces of greenness is administered via a drip-like feed and anything that your body needs is absorbed within minutes. The rest you get rid of almost immediately.

Within four sessions, my eyes are brighter, my skin is clearer and I have the energy of a five-year-old on a sugar high. The difference is astounding. Unfortunately someone pointed out that with this new revelation, I can continue to demolish bottles of wine like Eddy and potentially get away with it. Old habits die hard.

## The facts

The Californian Colonic is available at EF MediSpa from £250 per treatment (a course of six is recommended). Visit [efmedispa.com](http://efmedispa.com).



Photograph by Ian Skelton