

What Girls Are Gushing About...

By Pega Ren, Ed.D.

Men and boys long have enjoyed ejaculation as their exclusive domain. Popularly considered a bastion of male sexual expression (indeed, a benchmark of masculine sexual fulfillment, the visual exclamation point for "successful" coupling, and an expression of fraternal competitiveness a la the circle jerk), ejaculation has been the symbolic differentiation between those of us who are done to, and those of us who do.

But now women are telling stories of their own ejaculatory experiences. In fact, they're positively crowing about it, and rightly so. For years we have been complicit in denying our ability to experience the many forms of orgasm available to us. We have a long history of being told we needn't worry our pretty little heads about things like sex. We'd be told what we needed to know.

It's Not Just for Boys Anymore!

And **told** we were! The Victorians pronounced that women were innately uninterested in sex, an unfortunate legacy that still influences our attitudes and behaviors. Freud upended that theory, but proclaimed the clitoral orgasm **immature**. The sexual revolution of the Sixties won us permission to have more sex, but not necessarily better sex. In the last decade or so, there has been much learned about female orgasm, including ejaculation. Is this a sexual entitlement about which women are just now talking, or is it another hurdle in the sexual Olympics? Now must we grade our sexual performance with wet answers to the weighty question, "Was it good for you?" Can't we just relax and have a good time? Must we be always striving to do it right? And who's right, anyway?



Or...

Have those few women who fiercely claimed their full sexuality, regardless of whether or not they were messy and wet, discovered a sexual secret that could benefit scores of us? Many women, research suggests, sometimes feel the urge to urinate just as they are reaching orgasm, and instantly react by clamping down the PC muscles and forcing the liquid back into the bladder (the female counterpart of men's retrograde ejaculation). This accomplished, they continue the experience of orgasm, with little loss of sensation. Sex completed, they rush to the bathroom to empty their very full bladders.

But those of us who do not hold back, who lean into the feeling and push against the delicious pressure, know the ecstasy of forcing that sexy fluid out into the world, of holding nothing back, of being big, and expansive, hot and wet, demanding to be noticed, insisting on being heard. These orgasms shriek independence and pleasure and carnal knowledge. Our husbands and boyfriends have long understood the focal significance of ejaculation. Now we learn that some of us have that power, too...heady stuff, this.

We've actually known about the G-Spot, named for Ernst Grafenberg, a German gynecologist and sex researcher, since the 1940s, but this information was largely ignored. In the early 1980s, another team of sexologists, Alice Kahn Ladas, Beverly

Whipple, and John D. Perry, published *The G-Spot*, explaining the anatomy and physiology of the G-Spot and how it produces fluid during orgasm in some women. We know that the size of the paraurethral glands (the G-Spot) varies greatly among individuals, as does the tone of the pubococcygeal (PC) muscle. It is when women with sufficiently large glands and well-toned PC muscles become highly aroused that the phenomenon of female ejaculation can be expected.

And it is for these women that this information is so welcome. As we have been reclaiming our sexual privileges, many of us have come to anticipate that rush of fluid that marks particularly powerful orgasms. Now that we understand that we are not **misbehaving** (How quick we are to accept such censure.), we are free to embrace the thrill of our bodies' completion of this particular orgasmic script. Make no mistake about it: This orgasm is different from the others we experience. It is not like the fast hot vibrator-induced quickies that mark the beginning (or end) of our days, nor like the long, hard-won climaxes when cunnilingus is done just right and long enough ("Ohmigod, whatever you do, don't change anything now"), nor like the slow, delicious, sensuous climbing of a long evening with nothing to do but our lover. We each own an individual sexual script, and female ejaculation is just one more treat to add to the wondrous menu of sexual delights available.

This is all relatively new information. It is only in recent years that women have been talking about ejaculation, and indeed it is from within the lesbian community, where sensitive fingers have probed and encouraged unbridled sexual release, that the **secret** has been shared among women. Dr. Perry still lectures about the phenomenon, as does Beverly Whipple, and Dr. Gary Schubach has recently produced research that proves we are not **peeing** on our partners, but releasing a clear, odorless, and colorless liquid saturated with the chemicals of arousal and strikingly similar in makeup to males' prostatic fluid. It has shared sources, in that some of it is released from the paraurethral glands, some from the bladder (in a chemically altered form of urine), and some from the Bartholin's and Skene's glands that routinely produce vaginal lubrication. Doctors Schubach and Perry have each done independent research determining that the fluid is not urine, and there are still unsolved questions about just what it actually is. A hormone called aldosterone is produced when we are flushed with endorphins, as happens during sexual arousal. This hormone sets in motion a series of chemical changes in the body, one of which is a significant increase in fluid saturating the genital area, a sensation known as **vasocongestion**. Simply put, some of us fill up and spill over (a tip of the hat to singer/songwriter Chris Williamson). And it feels divine!

Others don't experience this, and there need be no pressure to meet some other-imposed standard. The point is to enjoy our sexual diversity and abilities in whichever forms they appear. If we're having fun having sex, we're doing it right. Not all women have the anatomical structure necessary to produce a substantial amount of liquid, and they by no means suffer. But how does a girl know if she can ejaculate? How is this accomplished, anyway?

It's actually fairly simple. The hopeful ejaculator lies on her back, her lover sitting between her legs (Let's make the lover male so we can differentiate the players. In fact, let's call them Dick and Jane, just to put a new spin on an old tale). Proceed to do whatever turns you on. During your lovemaking, ask Dick to put one or two fingers into your vagina and stroke and rub the upper surface, which will be slick and wet and may swell with your arousal. It will feel good. Tell Dick how to touch you and direct him to just the right places. Experiment with different pressures and rhythms. When you discover something that feels delightful, ask Dick to continue the action. Can he feel

that spot swelling even more? It might feel like a bunch of miniature grapes, or a bag of tiny marbles. Can you feel yourself wanting to push into his fingers? Do so. That familiar feeling of impending orgasm may well follow this phase. Go with it. Let yourself feel as good as you can. Hold nothing back. Push into it. Allow yourself to explode into the feeling. If it feels like you are beginning to pee, push past it, for this very feeling precedes the release of the fluid. Continue to ride the sensations, and you may very well feel the warm and powerful gush of liquid pushing against your lover's hand. Surrender to these urges, these sensations. Allow your body to behave in whatever way it wants. You may very well experience your first ejaculation. If not, you will still have had a memorable sexual experience.

Some women report that ejaculation happens easily during fisting. Perhaps the extra containment and the determined stroking aid in the process. In any case, if you enjoy being fisted, do not be surprised if this triggers an ejaculation. And don't forget to be prepared. There can be a lot of liquid, from a teaspoon or two up to almost a liter, giving new meaning to 'sleeping in the wet spot'. Flannel-backed sheeting sold in baby supply stores can save your mattress and keep everyone more comfortable. Of course, it means more laundry, a small price to pay for such extravagant sexual excitement.

It really doesn't matter if you ejaculate or if you don't. Sex is supposed to be fun. It's important that we enjoy our bodies and the delight they can bring us. If that includes ejaculation, celebrate it. We no longer must fear the embarrassment or shame that we will pee on our lovers (some body fluids are good and others not? How silly!) Ejaculators can now proudly come out of yet another sexual closet and rejoice in this unique and yet so universal experience.

No, it's not just for boys anymore!

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