

Wellbeing

Sex and the Man

Sudhakar Krishnamurti's book targets an oft-ignored topic — the male sexual system

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When you start a book by calling a woman a 'battle axe' you put half your readers off, if not more. And that's exactly how Dr Sudhakar Krishnamurti's book *Sexx is not a four letter word* starts. I take particular offense to that for two reasons:

- 1) Because as Dr Krishnamurti himself knows, women know more about andrology (which is the good doctor's specialisation) than men do.
- 2) He continues referring to wives of his patients rather chauvinistically throughout the book.

He probably meant to induce humour into the whole process of educating people about andrology but it just doesn't go down well.

His tone is condescending at best and downright sneering at worst. But that's about the style of the book — which people may or may not like. To give Krishnamurti due credit, he sounds like he knows his subject perfectly well.

But perhaps the best thing about this publication is its abundance of fact and information about the male sexual and reproductive system.

Sexx is.... is Krishnamurti's attempt to bring to the fore a terribly sensitive topic — that of the male sexual system. He touches on every topic from erectile dysfunction to how

losing weight can boost your sex life. Krishnamurti has admirably covered just about every question that a man may have about his reproductive organs and system, but is too afraid to ask.

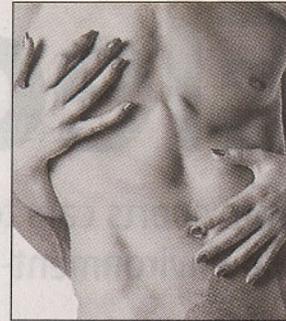
He does something brave and necessary right at the beginning — which is destroy stereotypes and myths about sex that Indian film and other dubious media propagate.

One must give him full marks for innovative punning, chapter headings and getting to the root of a problem without too much of a prejudice. This book makes you smile many times.

But the danger of writing such a book is that it easily becomes a sort of how-to manual for men who, according to Krishnamurti, are obsessed with their penises. *Sexx is...* has just enough information to have a man start investigating himself.

But he just may get lost because not all the information that he needs is there. For that, as the doctor suggests in the initial chapters of the book, the lost little man needs to take an appointment with our author.

If you are looking at this book as something to further your intellectual curiosity, it works perfectly well. To be completely honest, as a woman, I found the book unputdownable. So it can't be too different for men who want to,



and honestly need to know more about their sexuality and the organs of sexuality. But if you imagine or actually do have problems with your sexuality as well as your sexual organs, then this book might be the wrong thing to read for the precise reason that it just does not have enough information to confirm your suspicions. And in any case, if there is actually a problem, the best thing really would be to consult a doctor, as Krishnamurti time and again says.

For those who have no patience to sit through the mostly-entertaining chapters, each of them ends with a little box on what your 'take home' message is. Sometimes it's just plain preachy and boring but at other times very pithy and succinct — enough to make you want to hunt the book for details, if you are skimming through it.

The jacket could have done with a little more glossing up because it does end up looking a little garish and may we say, cheap. But the doctor has his heart in the right place, educates lucidly and propagates a fun and healthy attitude towards sex.

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