

Saturday, February 17, 2007

**This Above all
Lust in times of boredom
KHUSHWANT SINGH**



The word andrology was new to me. *Blackinson's Medical Dictionary* defines it as "the science of diseases of the male sex especially those of the male reproductive organs". What gynaecology is for women, andrology is for men. Dr Sudhakar Krishnamurty, an eminent sexologist (I beg his pardon, andrologist) and columnist based in Hyderabad, explains its various manifestations and remedies in a book full of humorous anecdotes aptly entitled *Sex is Not a Four-letter Word* (Rupa). Indeed it has only three letters which are permissible in polite society, whereas its four-letter counterpart which means the same thing is not.

You can be sure when anyone writes about sexual maladjustments caused by impotence, hyperactive libidos, sizes of genitals, frequency of sexual encounters, quick ejaculations or no ejaculations — and that sort of thing — they are assured of a large readership. In any event we Indians are obsessed with sex for the good reason (according to the learned doctor-author) but in actual life we are not very good at it.

At the end of the very first chapter is a highlighted item "Take Home Message: Impotence or erectile dysfunction (ED) is usually partial rather than total. Chronic impotence is more often physical than psychological.

Many diseases, most notably diabetes and high blood pressure, can cause impotence. With the world's highest population and the world's highest prevalence of both diabetes and heart diseases, India is arguably the impotence capital of the world." It takes your breath away. Despite widespread impotence, we breed like proverbial rabbits. Perhaps our men do not get as much fun out of sex as those of other nationalities do. We manage to impregnate our womenfolk more frequently than others do.

Some false notions persist among Indian males. One is about the size of their organs. The doctor assures that size makes marginal difference. Another is that masturbation is harmful. It has been established that it is natural and does no harm whatsoever. There are many other notions perpetuated by *Kama Sutra* addicts which need to be debunked.

Other additions to my vocabulary are synonyms for what we know as male menopause. They are andropause, viropause (Adam, Padam). These refer to a man past middle age who starts eyeing young girls and making passes at them. Many respond perhaps due to an Electra Complex (father-fixation). Both end up making laughing stocks of themselves.

I was curious to know how long does sex stay on one's mind. Dr Krishnamurty assures me that men in their nineties are known to indulge in sex. I only fantasise about it. I no longer feel I am a dirty-minded old geezer.

The book makes good reading and is packed with useful information.

Love versus lust

Having handed over translations of my favourite Urdu poems to the publisher (I expect it will be on the bookshelves this month), there are still some words about which I am not very clear. On top of my list are *dil*

(heart) and *jigar* (liver). To the best of my knowledge they are not to be found in other Indian languages.

I presume they came to Urdu from Arabic and/or Persian. *Dil* clearly stands for love; what does *jigar* signify? I have assumed it symbolises passion or lust. They often overlap when it is a powerful emotion. Urdu poets use them as separate entities when they mean the same thing. I quote two couplets of Ghalib as illustrations:

Dil say teyree nigaah jigar tak uttar gayee

Ek hee adaa mein dono ko razamand kar gayee

(Your gaze travelled from my heart down to my liver

And in one glance of its own fashion

Won over my love and my passion.)

The second couplet runs as follows:

Hairaan hoon dil ko ro-oon keh peetoon jigar ko main Magdoor ho to saath rakhoon nohagar ko main

(I am baffled: do I mourn my heart's demise or the death of my liver?

If I had the means, I would hire a professional mourner.)

Asad Mian, I too am baffled. Do I mourn my inability to understand you or do I hire a professional translator who will do the job for me?

Boredom

There are people

you love to meet

to converse with them

Is really a treat

But alas: in every society

There're plenty of persons

They can be termed

In number of versions.

With limited vocabulary

And poor sense of humour

They constantly torture us

Like a chronic painful tumour

You get tired

Of their dull monotone

Worse, very pointlessly

While they chat over telephone

Your visitors start narrating

Their achievements over a cup of coffee

And go on talking blah blah

Which is like a mini

autobiography.

There are also women

Killjoy and deadly boring

At parties, even before cracking a joke

Burst into a hysterical giggling

Take a tip from me

You won't be bored or tired anymore

All that you're to do:

Set a bore to bore the other bore,

(Courtesy: Reeten Ganguly, Tezpur)

[HOME](#)

