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SNAP, CRACKLE AND THE OCCASIONAL POP

SHREYA SEN-HANDLEY



A little less conversation, a little more action please

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This week I am celebrating Michael Douglas' epiphany with the most sensual slice of apple-cinnamon Dorset cake. The best known sex addict in Hollywood has come clean about the cause of his oral cancer, and though we might doubt his diagnosis, never his *expertise*. Cunnilingus, he has declared (as I plonk down that dreaded word, I can hear horrified gasps across India) caused his cancer but if he perseveres (lucky, lucky Catherine), it will cure him too.

Good man, Michael Douglas. Because who doesn't love a tongue twister? She sells sea shells...ah, hours of fun.

On the subject of mouths and best practice, my last blog post brought in its notorious wake, a whole shoal of wallowing male victims. They claimed I was putting mine to uses for which it was never meant - speaking and suchlike (you are *still* meant to be seen, Girls, and not heard). A woman's mouth has only one purpose - fellatio. Did that word make you uncomfortable? Good. I'll say it again. F-E-L-L-A-T-I-O.

I got scolded (what next, a spanking?) for spewing "utterly shameless filth" and was warned that women like me will bring society to its knees (a couple of men at best, I'd say). On Twitter, they called me a "baby butcher" (just one follower and they call me names). They questioned the ability of lightweights like me to do anything righteous with my breasts. Like breastfeed. Well, Mister, I *could* show you proof of 24 months of breastfeeding but I don't feel the slightest inclination to flash at you.

But I will give you what you're clearly *gagging for*, more filth, in the form of that most utterly, slatternly of subjects - *the female orgasm*. I shall step firmly into propah froth-at-the-mouth territory and find out what few men care to (don't glare at me, fellas, that's what your women have been saying) - *what the sisterhood want in the sack*

So, I said to my girlfriends: *tell me what you want, what you really really want*

And they replied: *I wanna, (ha) I wanna, (ha) I wanna, (ha) I wanna, (ha)*

I wanna really, really, really wanna zigzag ah

Except their version made a helluva lot more sense than the Spice Girls ever had.

Orgasm Smorgasm

Let's start with the only female orgasm some men will ever witness.

Meg Ryan. Across the table from her he-loves-me-he-loves-me-not best friend Billy Crystal, in that Mother of All Rom Coms, 'When Harry Met Sally'. She groans with abandon, she throws her head back, her eyes roll, and she moans like she's drowning in chocolate with Hugh Jackman. She deserved an Oscar. But so do we all. Because most women have *pulled off* a performance equalling hers, at least once, if not every friggin' night of their lives.

Fact is when it comes to the Big Girlie O, there are three kinds of women.

Satisfied women: who have genuine orgasms and not just that *once* in 1949. That year, apparently, sexually satisfied women were particularly thin on the ground with one woman *going down* in history for capturing the sexual zeitgeist, "If only he'd made love to me instead of using me like a chamber pot."

Indulgent women: who know their men are trying very, very hard (but sadly, *without* the desired effect) and not wanting to see grown men cry, put in a prize-winning performance, nuit après nuit. These are women from progressive places where men know they've got to pull their finger out (and in and...) if they're counting on payback. Though not satiated, these women live in hope, that after all that Oprah-watching and Chicklit-reading in the hunt for that elusive G-spot (only elusive to men: duh), their chappos will hit the jackpot one day.

And the last kind, aka. most Indian women: neither satisfied nor likely to be indulgent because their men, half a century behind their progressive counterparts, still treat them like chamber pots. To these men, the G-spot is a fizzy drink glugged with large quantities of Vodka while watching *item numbers* with mates. And Female Orgasm is the name of a Swedish porn star they've clocked in search of smut on the net.



More about Shreya Sen-Handley

Shreya Sen-Handley is a former journalist and television producer, who now writes and illustrates for British and Indian media.

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Archives

While I'm fortunate not to have Biblical knowledge of the said type of man, plenty of women came forward to complain about their two ticks exertions, foolish fumbling and fear and loathing of...*making love*. Kinder women excused them on the grounds of inexperience, inhibitions, repression, societal taboos, a lack of sex education and a cluelessness bordering on stupidity, but those who weren't afraid to call a spade a spade or a selfish boor a jerk-off had this to say...

"These men won't give head even though they want us to suck them all the time."

"Hate it they won't engage in foreplay and want to finish because their willys wilting and they need to rest, like old men."

Or this gem that had me laughing so hard I nearly got *there* all by myself (so the norm that Annie and Aretha sang about it).

"They are all sooo tiny I can't feel 'em at all. And they don't make up for it with attention, stamina or expertise. Their fingers and tongues are thicker (especially in the Hinterland) but these are kept firmly locked up by their mothers or whoever and never join the party!"

Or as the laconic Rosa said to Saif Khan, "Buzz off". (OK, she didn't, so sue me)

Size matters

Men would have us believe that the size of their equipment really doesn't affect the quality of the experience. But the breadth of a woman's bust makes or breaks the bash. They're right of course (*as always*), because who cares what we get out of it (some men do, but it's the creeps we're dissin' here).

I agree size doesn't matter but then I don't actually know (seen a bit o' the world but nothing of home) how *microscopic* is this tiny we're talking about. Would my male readers care to send in measurements to challenge the spate of stories in the international press belittling the Indian man's *already little* (so they say) friend? International man-sized condoms apparently just whoosh off, they are so dang large for our fellas, but is it possible that as part and parcel of this inexperience and inhibition sob story I keep hearing, *they don't know how to bung 'em on*? Don't believe me, try watching this ilk of Indian man in the kitchen, and then transpose their awkward unwilling ineptitude into the bedroom. Yep.

The BBC reported not long ago that over 1,200 volunteers from across India had their penises measured precisely, down to the last millimetre. The scientists ensured their sample was representative in terms of class, religion and urban and rural dwellers. They concluded that nearly 60 per cent of Indian men have penises three to five centimetres shorter than the average international Johnson. The issue is serious (though I'm struggling to keep a straight face) because one in five condoms used in India just *fall off*.

Size (or its lack thereof) is serious *also* because it means there are millions of women at any given IST, wondering, as they lie back and think of fish, if they'll even know when he's done.

But have Indian men considered the easy-to-follow Pinocchio Program? If they stopped lying in relationships, their noses would stop growing at that exponential rate. The growth hormones would travel downriver and voila! Not only will they discover the joys of being able to satisfy a woman, the laughter will stop too.

Doesn't work like that, you say? Never mind, stop lying anyway.

He's just not that into you

But the briefer the encounter and teensier the tackle, the longer and more heart-rending the lament:

"I've more libido than my guy who doesn't want sex for extended periods. From talking to my Indian girlfriends it seems to be the norm for Indian men. Sex drive is undoubtedly much higher among white men which I know from the confessions of women who've ventured there."

"I had no orgasms at all till my late twenties when I met my American Guy. Before that I was with a jerk that couldn't wait to finish so he could roll over and fall asleep!"

So, Indian Man, I kinda like you. I grew up with you. I dabbled at knowing you. I ran away from you. And now I seem to spend a lot of time writing about you. You confuse me, and sadly, you confuse your women too. Life with you hasn't been a bed of roses for them; in fact, the *whole bed bit* has been no fun at all. You talk a good game in chat rooms, but I gather you don't deliver.

Do you ever wonder why? Or do you go on your oblivious way, tirelessly surfing for porn (70 per cent of Indian men are heavily into it), drooling over your Bollywood babes, leering at women in passing, but when it comes to the woman at home, what's the deal? Are you just not into them (figuratively; physically, we already know you're not)? Does blonde and pasty float your boat? Don't you have the energy after hours of intensive wanking (India's premier extreme sport)? Or as one of my best friends suggested is it the conditions of Indian life - the pollution, the hurly burly, the grime- that sap you? But the same doesn't affect your women who, out of your clutches, develop normal healthy libidos.

Women get more head (as much as they give) and more foreplay in the west, 20 minutes more than in India (that'd be 20 minutes in all then). But despite all this, let me cut you some slack. Your ladies may reckon you're sad in the sack and my own happy decade with my deep sea diving Englishman would suggest that the well-tended grass on the western side is definitely greener, *but the stats aren't actually that hot*. While 75 per cent of men always reach orgasm during sex, only 29 per cent of women fare as well. Most women don't climax through vaginal intercourse, needing (sometimes solo) clitoral stimulation instead. One in 10 married adults sleep alone, and a significant chunk of men over 40 experience erectile dysfunction.

And even in the liberated west, nearly 40 per cent of women remain dissatisfied with the frequency of orgasms.

Feel better, Bhaiyya?

Toys, boys and other joys

Eva Longoria recently burst the western sextasy bubble when she said, "I didn't enjoy sex till I started masturbating. Before that, I really wasn't getting there. I bought my first vibrator three years ago and now I give vibrators to all my girlfriends. They scream when they get it (*and ever after*) because the best gift I can give them (cos their men don't) is an orgasm."

("God created men because vibrators can't mow the lawn". Hardy har har, Madonna)

Interestingly, Eva's in her thirties, the decade women hit their sexual peak. Almost all the women I polled lamented the lack of orgasms before their thirties. I found (*oh*) *god* at 31 with the slightly younger Mr H in a snowed-in log cabin in the Derbyshire Dales. Men, on the other hand, reach their optimum sexual age at a ridiculously juvenile 17 (it's all downhill from there and don't we know it!) Begs the question though why men and women are almost designed to never meet in the middle in a mutually satisfactory way. Because cougars may be all the rage but it's actually tragic that the only men capable of keeping up with us are the deeply undesirable, gangling, acne-ridden, clearly smelly teenage boys that we rather dunk (in antiseptic) than bonk.

So *who can do the job*?

Older men? One word. Limp.

Older men on Viagra? Risky. If he dies in the saddle, *you'll* never ride again.

Sex toys? Limitless fun but no cuddle after.

Other women? They sure know their way 'round and men would enjoy the action too (*so everyone's a winner*) but some of us, *inexplicably*, prefer men. The rough and tumble. The bumbling. The boner.

But I haven't led you through this dismal maze of sexual snarls for *nothing*, I have a solution...

My Epic Erotic Enterprise

Men have their harems. On the sly. In their fevered imaginations. But they don't *actually* need them. They do need strings of women but only to service their shaky egos because it doesn't take much to service their stuttering manhood. Nine days out of ten (they never make it to ten), they can get to "third base" with just "warm apple pie" (so spake the wise men of 'American Pie' and no more profound movie has ever been made). It's women who need harems. They last longer, need more stimulation and can multitask. Just too much for one man to handle.

And who better to look to for inspiration in relay-riding than our very own epic mistress (*boss, not concubine*) of five warlike brothers? The swashbuckling heroine of India's greatest epic was one sassy lady who successfully managed a male harem long before Indian women had been browbeaten into believing that an embarrassment of orgasmic riches was for men alone.

Taking a leaf out of her book, here's who each of us need, *at a minimum*:

- 1) *Eldest Bruv* or the thinking older man. The one who makes up with finesse what he lacks in stamina. If he lacks firepower *during*, he'll provide plenty of warmth after. He's useful out of bed too, as his grey hair hides a couple more grey cells than owned by the more juvenile members of the seraglio.
- 2) *The Big Fella* with the mace. The caveman, the one you go to for the mindless stuff (you have those days too), plodding and devoid of imagination, you have to dream up every idea but he's up for anything and can go on forever. Plus, he can mow the lawn when you're in the mood for one of the others.
- 3) *The Epic Hunk*. The fancy man, the trophy guy, so vain his only use is to show him off to the world. He's too self-obsessed to be good in bed and he's no thinker either but when you want a spot of retail therapy, take him along because his eye for the right togs is unequalled.
- 4) *The Young 'Un*. Boundless energy, no clue where things go, but very willing to learn. He does need a good scrub and you wish he'd stop humming Mrs Robinson while doing his thing. Still, he's lightning-quick with chores and you do like wide-eyed acolytes.
- 5) *The Twin*. The Yin to his bro's Yang, he's the effeminate props master, with sex toys galore that are all for you. He knows your body like it could be his (what on earth is behind *his* robes) and he has magic fingers that take you places. Outside the bedroom, he's a culinary and interior design wiz.

Are you one of these men?

Auditions on Saturday 10 am, halfway up the stairs at the centre, Jantar Mantar, New Delhi.

Come on time.

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**from raskolnikov-2013 at 19:31, Jun 12, 2013**

Is there really a G-spot? I thought all orgasms are clitoral!! Oh well I am a man what do I know...

**from robin.thoms at 00:13, Jun 12, 2013**

My rebuttal to Shreyas article <http://www.robinthomas.me/2013/06/11/a-little-more-conversation-a-little-more-action/>

**from debu1975 at 23:09, Jun 11, 2013**

Ha ha ha Shreya what fun...what fun! Really enjoyed reading your piece. I have a point of view about this whole orgasm thing and that is love. I believe a strong emotional connect really brings the O to the girl in the equation. Genuine love really matters and that is true across the world. Love your sense of wit baby...keep rolling. I only wonder why the modern Indian female writer only refers to Draupadi in such a context. We really do not have the wherewithal to know what she really was. Those people were way too evolved. Cheers

**from Bipin Bargal at 18:23, Jun 11, 2013**

Interesting and true! Being a 5 in 1 man is not at all difficult. But the question we ask ourselves is; is it worth it? How many of us men would actually make the effort ensure their woman is an eternal state of carnal bliss? And even if we do, would we get a reciprocation? I think mind reading is the thing of the past. Ask and you will get it is the new cache.

**from bill_adams at 14:58, Jun 11, 2013**

Brilliant, yet again! Keep 'em coming Shreya



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