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Anatomy of a Cheater

Hurchel Williams
AuthorHouse (Aug 28, 2012)
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Anatomy of a Cheater drips with lascivious sex. There are multiple orgasms on every page, infidelities around every corner, and graphic descriptions of nearly every conceivable sex act. Hurchel Williams's first book in a planned trilogy is essentially a pornographic journey interspersed with the life lessons he has gleaned along the way. His goal seems to be to literally lay bare his sexual exploits and explain how and why he has come to enter so many women.

It would appear that Williams's target readers are women, as he suggests *Anatomy* will teach his audience why men do what they do, why they think the way they think, and why they feel the need to be with more than one woman (at a time) to make them feel whole. The author delivers a synopsis of his sexual history from start to finish—a journey that's excruciating to read, throughout which he behaves like someone with very little integrity.

The front cover hints at the book's contents: A suited man stands looking on while the silhouettes of scantily clad women pose alongside him in sexually provocative stances. In his acknowledgments, Williams says he has to offer the "wisdom of life." Yet it is difficult to imagine his wife and kids, among many other readers, appreciating such wisdom. Williams seems to be aware of this when he thanks his wife, Nicole, for her support by stating, "most days I know you disagreed with the material."

Those who like their literature titillating may find the anecdotes erotic and arousing. But if one is looking for genuine substance and an interesting life story, this memoir is not the place to find it. "I wanted to impregnate Mariska and give her a piece of me," Williams writes. "Although that was a selfish thought, considering Cheyenne was currently carrying my child. But nothing happened as I kept my semen to myself. We had sex repeatedly until the wee hours of the morning."

Williams suggests that he is an "everyman" and that by reading about his sexual exploits, his audience can figure out "what goes on in the mind of a man." It is easy to assume that most men or women, not to mention therapists, would agree that judging by the sheer number of partners he engages with, Williams has little to no practice at holding back or resisting temptation. This "addiction" does not make him "everyman," or particularly healthy.

The truth is that following Williams's experiences is painful, and the journey is made worse by clumsy language. While some of his key points are potentially of interest for example, "In life most men have a serious complex about being alone," the purpose of them is not clearly defined so readers must work hard to understand exactly what the author is trying to say and where he is going with them.

Williams might find men to be a more natural audience for his memoir—though certainly not every man will be titillated by the author's many exploits.

LAUREN KRAMER (November 7, 2012)

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