



(fotografía de Antonio Espejo)

Eroticism with a British aura

In my profession -I am a sexologist- I'm used to regularly reading erotic literature in order to be able to recommend a few books to those patients of mine who lack imagination, desire, or who want to be explore new experiences without any risk. That's why, when I met Dolores at a dinner party and she mentioned that she had just published an erotic novel online, I bought it as soon as I got home.

The story, divided up into three very distinct parts, is not just a catalogue of sexual positions and peculiar erotic behaviour, but rather the curious and diverting account of a purely sexual relation between two mature individuals in differing and highly unusual circumstances. There are scenes of great originality, which I won't give away, to preserve the curiosity of any future readers; let's just say they won't leave you sexually indifferent.

I want to highlight the great success of protagonist Meritxell's ongoing reflections: they reveal the contradictions she finds in certain sexual practices as she confronts them with her feminist ideology and her role as a woman in the public eye; all dressed up with a sharp, almost English humour, which at certain moments turns to irony and a critique of the moralism that can pervade the behaviour of some who label themselves progressives. I was also struck by those references paying homage to other classic novels of erotic and mystic literature. And to round it off, a completely unexpected ending, one worthy of such a different erotic book.

I am always grateful when writers of other literary registers are inspired to write erotic literature. It helps normalise all the more – and dignify as well – a genre deemed inferior by some.

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