



Sex is the answer

Extracts

translated by Vicky Gunn

Translator's review

Combining a mix of humorous irony, stark realism and characters who express their 'otherness' through sexuality, the Austrian writer, Karin Rick, has created the ultimate post-modern lesbian love story. She subverts the form of the classical romance, transgressing its boundaries through the absence of sentimentality and the inclusion of SM but captures, nonetheless, the depths of love experienced between the protagonist and her ex-lover. This novel will be a welcome relief to anyone bored with the sanitized images of Anglo-American 'perfect couples' so prevalent in lesbian 'mainstream' literature and challenges us all to acknowledge the dark as well as the light in our relationships.

Dr. Vicky Gunn is the Head of Learning and Teaching at the Glasgow Art School and is a researcher in Queer and Post-modern Theory.

The Plot

The love she feels for a leather woman confuses the protagonist. And a cool ex-lover, whose attractiveness should have been long gone, is not put aside so easily.

In her erotic novel Karin Rick speaks of the many facets of sexuality, of the difference between sexual fantasies and their realisation. The classical question of romantic love acquires a new face.

The oscillation between "wanting" and "not-wanting", the lust for glamour, for submission and dominance, jealousy, desire and yearning guide the main characters Kaye, Felicitas and

the narrator, three women who, in the game of seduction use quite unusual methods and instruments.

Described in an outrageously ironic and humorous tone, the setting of this action is the women's scene in the Vienna of the 1990ies.

"One of the strengths of Karin Rick: sharp as a knife she detects the ambivalences of lust, more: she takes pleasure in them." (Lespress, Berlin)

Chapter 1

Hot Love

I jump into a taxi. The long-time yearned for autumn sun shines through the smudged windows. I am blind to it. I just want to arrive quickly. The car halts outside a delapidated hotel.

I sign us into the guest book. When he looks at our names the porter asks if a twin bedded room would do.

"No", I say overloudly.

He looks at me intrusively, before turning and looking for a key.

The room assigned to me is a meager attic, not yet cleaned. The stained, brown mattress uncovered. I am left to myself. I can hear the vacuum cleaner of the roommaid next door. I stand impatiently in the door of this room, which consists only of a sole, large bed.

I thoroughly scrutinise my clothes. Then, considering the situation of meeting someone at a station, I choose the riskiest outfit. It means, "I want to go to bed with you immediately". But the offer is hidden. I slip into a short, very tight skirt, whose material, with each movement, slides back and forth over my thighs and arouses me.

And I put on something else: black tights which are open at my cunt and my ass, letting free those parts which she should caress, make wet, bring to swell, penetrate. My chest is only just covered by a leather jacket.

So dressed, I go through the streets and I fear that all see the nakedness underneath, that any of the passers-by would stop, tear open my jacket, drag me into a door. But nobody looks. People pass by without harm.

The sun has deepened and its rays pass through the milky glass tiles of the station roof, making the distance more attractive. Black rails dive into this golden light and far outside they become like mirrors. An atmosphere of leaving spreads over this busy hall and all concentration seems to be oriented only on this light, broad space.

I see movement there where her train is awaited, people coming toward me. But not her. Then finally her silhouette appears, dressed in black, small, with black glasses, black holdall on her shoulders, flame red hair, tightly cut, she looks seekingly around her.

Kaye takes off her sunglasses. The face looks strained, looks pale under the red opulence, grown older by years since last summer, without mascara. The eyebrows a thin stroke. She is half a head smaller than me, smaller it seems than I remember.

Overwhelmed I take her in my arms, am silent, while holding her. Sweat comes out of all pores. And the moment has come when everything will be alright.

I glow with heat, I don't know what to say. To overcome my excitement and my embarrassment I tell her that I had struggled all day to get a room. Now I finally have one, I say.

We take the underground. I sit in front of her. Balancing on high heels like on a tight rope, my legs press against hers in heavy leather and move them apart, slightly but with determination.

I blush because I purposely brought myself to a situation, where, in the bright light of the underground amongst strangers, I arouse the desire of another woman and cannot flee from her looks anymore.

I open the door, want everything to start immediately, want that the waiting stops, but she should not know that. To ease the tension I go to the front end of the bed and take the gift from the house, a bag of jellybears, turn to give it to her, laughing. But she does not react, just looks at me demandingly.

The thin cloth of the skirt stretches over my thighs when I am standing provocatively near to her, sending a shot of arousal to the middle of my body. I bravely withstand her look.

She takes her time. Slowly she moves towards me and rips the zip of my jacket down, so that it now hangs open on my breasts, then with a yank she tears it apart, looks at the gaping aperture.

My nipples are hard between her fingertips. She watches them, turns them. This is one of my favourite fantasies, be observed, opened, with restrained desire.

Her finger slides to the waistband of the skirt and downwards. My lower lips are heavy with impatience to be discovered. Once the cunt is nude, it must already be wet, ready for her, thickly swollen, in a way that the slimy film sucks the unknown fingers into me.

Her finger slips under the skirt, snakelike along the thighs, to the point where the tights stop, where the skin begins, smooth, nude, silky. Our looks fall into one another. For a short time her eyes become like slits. It is even more silent between us now.

I lift the skirt with a caressing movement and show "it" to her. It arouses me to think how beautiful I am for her.

With a sharp move she pulls me onto the bed.

I say that I want to be fucked by her. I want to have what she likes to do most. With a hard gesture she turns me onto my belly to have my ass in front of her, while she is preparing herself for the fuck, strapping on the cock. She pushes me into the cushion, softly but without misunderstanding, and touches my buttocks. She presses the cock against my lips, panting when I start to caress it.

I know what impression it makes when I devotedly lick a cock. I cannot blame her for not wanting to wait any longer, now moving over me, spreading my legs apart, diving between my lips with fingers full of saliva, preparing them for herself, making them even more open, more slippery, so that I cannot resist any longer, so that nothing in me prevents her fucking me anymore.

The cold cap comes to the entrance of the cunt, pushing into me, and I have a single wish, to let her in as deeply as possible, take her totally into me, this woman who knows so well

how to arouse me. I let this woman come into me with her hard cock, be in me, and she can be sure that I will come soon, very soon.

Chapter 12

Premiere

On the screen the film *Body Pleasures* flickers. Some women of the Viennese Lesbian scene have parts in it, at least as extras. The ambience in the theatre is heated up, one is waiting for known faces. I have come with Kaye. Felicitas is here too, with Dobisch, her new lover. In the movie Felicitas is playing the bouncer at the entrance of a bar. She says the memorable sentence: "Give her to me," before punching a woman in the mouth, and then dragging the lifeless female body behind her. When this scene is shown, the whole theatre yells approvingly. Nothing in her appearance is similar to that of the real Felicitas. In the movie she is unnaturally made up. Her face is mercury coloured, the skin a marble consistence, the voice sounds distorted and hollow. She is wearing metallic brocade bermuda shorts. For a few seconds a Felicitas clone passes over the celluloid. Though only so brief her sudden availability for the eyes of the others hurts. The movie seems to seal the alienation between us.

During the Premiere festivities afterwards I try to avoid her, but the mass of people sweeps us together. She has a red rose in her hand – a gift from the director to the actors. I pay her compliments about her acting. She smiles, half suspiciously, half flattered. I want to go away but something keeps me there. It is as if with my words I had brought about an avalanche. Suddenly we try to get a hold of each other again. Each of us wants to get the other under her spell. And this movement cannot be unmade anymore.

I say to myself that I am doing nothing more than speaking to her, but this small talk is a single undressing of our hearts, is waiting for the secret confession that we still have a crush on each other.

In her remarks is an aggressiveness dictated by pain which, as an expression of her yearning for me, is welcome, as a reaction of missing me. The relationship with Kaye is suddenly unimportant, almost non existent, and as attractive as I found her at the beginning of the evening, Kaye herself is now insignificant.

Felicitas takes off her glasses and I see that her eyes are tired, the make-up smudged, so the face looks, in an attractive way, destroyed. Shril colours compete with each other and enhance the shadows. Lizardgreen and beaverbrown; Amber coloured glitter splinters as the rest of the lidshadow; Lips crimson red. The taking off of the glasses has always been the secret code between us for highest attraction and an disallowed intimacy in public. If she removed her glasses and made her eyes nude for me, I had to be shocked about this wish of shameless flirtation. I was supposed to surrender. How could it be any different. The green eyes with the violently dark eyebrows are, without glasses, untamed, and don't know how to keep up with a new blurred reality. They look tender and taken by surprise.

I am a traitor, I am cruel to myself, to her, to Kaye, but I cannot help it, I am as if in fever. This mutual attraction has it peak in the fact I secretly take out a little chocolate Krampus from my pocket and let it slide into hers, hoping that Kaye does not notice. I pray that, when I am away again, Felicitas will look at it. But curiously she grips it immediately, and all her harshness disappears. She is so touched that she cannot find words. Clumsily she puts her arm around my waist and says, thank you. Now there is just a kiss missing, I think. But it should be a long one, one that does not end. Her face is near now, her hair, as badly cut as it is, is now the incarnation of softness and fluffiness, a symbol of coming close to each other.

"If it is like this", she says, "I have something to give to you too."

And she also takes out a sweet and gives it to me. I do not know what the others think of this exchange of gifts, I don't see the women around us anymore. An indulgent fog has swallowed them.

In thanks we kiss each other on the mouth. Her lips are even softer than I expected. They are as sweet as lips can be imagined, and I could sink into this flesh which gives way, like in eiderdown, like in sand, like in fresh petals. Afterwards I am angry at myself for having kept this touch so short. For reasons of decency I only brushed and touched them just in the moment when they were still stuck together. On the right hand side one lip was even hanging over the other, as Felicitas has a big, impressive mouth. When she is laughing then more like Sophia Loren, also because of the strong white teeth. When she is frustrated, the ends slide in waves into the corners of the mouth. There is much surface, a part of it I caught in this moment, enough to make the kiss feel beatifically tender (...)

In the Palace

(...) The hall, the gallery and the corridors empty. The voices die away slowly. I am disappointed that the party is over. I go to the toilet, which has an anteroom for putting on makeup. Kaye stands behind me as I wash my hands. I smile at her. She is my only consolation now that the possibility for amusement and show is over. I tolerate her hands groping their way down my hips. I want to move away, but she holds me tight.

"Just a few seconds", she murmurs complacently. "Just another kiss. Come on."

She pushes her tongue in to my mouth, then sucks on mine. I cede half-heartedly. I have things in my head other than sensual advances. I want to know if Felicitas has already left. Kaye does not ease her grip though. Her saliva runs down my chin. Obtrusively, her fingers knead my ass.

"No, Kaye," I say, "let's go now. They're closing."

She laughs gruntingly and smacks her lips. Her hands are still stuck on my buttocks, continuing to mould them. She drives her open mouth over my cheeks. She wedges her tongue into my ear. She licks and laughs, she salivates on my neck.

"Let's go", I whisper and try to wipe myself clean. Her grip gets harder. As an answer she drops even more of her saliva into my neck.

"But I just want you now", she replies. I press against her chest to keep her away, but she takes my arms firmly, tears them behind and holds them on my back. She manhandles me against the wall. I feel her hot breath in my face. She looks at me and starts to grin broadly.

"Baby, but I like you, I want you, I am all wet because of you", she coos.

"Not now", I implore. "Not now. Everyone's going, all of them."

Slowly she opens the zip of my suit and frees the breasts.

"They are nice, your tits."

She spits on them and spreads the spittle on the nipples.

"I like them when they are wet like this, I like them so much", she says repeatedly. With every word she coerces more. She bends down to my nipples and sucks them. I am stiff with disgust, but the nipples grow hard, tickled by a rough tongue, briskly turned by her fingers, lifted, so that I start moaning and I writhe with lust.

The door opens and Dobisch enters. When she sees us, she stops and gasps hard with indignation. Loathing can be read in her face, her horror a substitution for that of Felicitas'.

She wants to leave immediately, changes her mind, turns her head away and disappears into a cubicle. The lock clicks.

Kaye's hand slips through the open zip between my legs. I push my thighs together but the hand turns and twists, screws between the lips.

From Dobisch's cubicle comes audible snorting and the rustle of clothes. Dobisch farts before, with a grunt, she sits down on the lavatory seat. Then she lets her water splash.

"So open your cunt", Kaye hisses. I refuse. A finger enters me. I jerk, horrified that this could happen.

The other fingers glide in as well. Urge, push the flesh of my swollen cunt. One of her rings touches the clit, arouses, teases. Lust shoots through my guts. I don't feel the floor under my feet anymore. Briefly I am as if blind and deaf to all. Dobisch, I hear from far away, pulls the flush and turns the lock to leave the cubicle. Kaye has closed her eyes now, pants and lunges with milling-like movements, her arm in the leather jacket – a black, oily piston, which thrusts back and forward in me.

The lock of Dobisch's cubicle sticks. The door will not open. Dobisch, bolted in, bustles about faster, frantically curses.

"Slut", whispers Kaye in my ear. "Slut." She drills the nails of her other hand in my ass. Dobisch rattles at the toilet door. In front of my eyes thousands of stars are dancing, as Kaye's finger jerks along my erectile tissue, until in a sudden discharge the tension breaks and I race screaming loudly to these fingers which continue to rub inside me like a thick cudgel. The lock of Dobisch's door finally clicks open. Dobisch tumbles out and in this moment pitch-dark descends around the three of us. We hear the turning of a key that secures the ladies toilets from the outside and the sounds of footsteps receding. Then silence. We freeze. Kaye starts to chuckle.

Dobisch does not say a word to us. She breathes deeply and anxiously. She sets herself into motion, fumbles her way with her hands on the wall towards the exit, as if she were alone here. I am half-unconscious from the orgasm. Only Kaye does not get irritated by the darkness. She withdraws from me slowly and goes with her slimy fingers over my chest, touches my mouth, makes me lick her hand.

Dobisch reaches the door and starts to knock. She calls, "Hello! Can you hear me? Does anybody hear me? Hello!"

"We have to help her," I say. "Come. We should shout with her."

Kaye stays pressed against me, winding her body on mine like a lazy snake. "Do it to me, Babe. Come on, do it to me." She purrs.

"I want to get out of here." I respond. "I'll do it to you at home."

She pushes me down onto my knees. She holds me on the shoulders and head while tearing apart the studded leather patch that covers her cunt. She presses my face into bulges of wet flesh.

Dobisch rattles the closed door, yelling for help. The pitch of her voice rises with anger and fear.

"Lick me!" Demands Kaye.

I want to withdraw but she commands me forward with a finger on the back of my neck. I stick my tongue in her damp, slithery, opening until she is howling in satisfaction and keeps herself taut against me. Her hips grind hard on me. She grips my hand, puts one finger in her cunt, another behind. "Make me come." She hisses.

Dobisch makes herself hoarse from shouting and throws the bag-like mass of her body at the door so that it cracks. Kaye thunders her hips against me. Resigned to the will of God my tongue rolls through muddy, slippery vaginal swamps. One could say that all three of us are working. And, as the wall-papered door, weak with age bursts out of its joints under the weight of Dobisch, Kaye with a last scream rams her hips into me. She has now lost every sense of measure. She holds my head tight and the hot spray of her ejaculation spills into my eyes. In jerking thrusts she wets my face. Dobisch and door have landed outside on the floor.

The dim, shimmering glow of the emergency light penetrates to us. I rise to my feet clumsily. My knees are grazed. My skin is wet and cools rapidly. I hear Felicitas' voice calling for Dobisch indignantly. She is the last person I wanted to be seen by now. Fucked and licked all over, half naked, smelling of sweat and acid juice. Dobisch gets up and shuffles towards her.

"I have to pee." I say to Kaye and want to disappear into a cubicle. Kaye holds me back. "We'll go now."

"I need to pee," I repeat, "Urgently."

She drags me to the door. "Come. Your nice friend is waiting. I'm sure she'd like to see you looking like this."

"Let go." I moan but she doesn't listen, taking me along with her. We stumble through the dark corridor. In front of us are two shadowy silhouettes. Felicitas is talking furiously to the now sobbing Dobisch. The tone is all too familiar to me. "You are so stupid. You and your nervous bladder. You always miss the end." Her nagging voice doesn't wait for an answer.

Kaye pushes me forward. I resist her. Until now neither of them have turned. Until now Felicitas is unaware of my presence. Dobisch is too shocked to say a single word about the last minutes.

"I don't want to go further." I whisper.

"But I want you to say hello to your friend." Says Kaye.

"I need to pee," I say again, wanting to stop. Kaye tightens her grip and flings me forward. In this moment I hold myself with all my might to the nearest door frame. "I don't want to see her." I plead hysterically. Kaye starts laughing, gloating she turns to me.

"OK, perhaps not, my darling." She agrees, "but only if you let it flow here." She pushes softly on my bladder. "Come on I want to feel it."

She scoffs and purrs, teases and begs until I give up all resistance and let myself go. A warm jet moisturizes her hands and runs slowly down my legs.

"You are fantastic, sweetheart." She sighs. "Now you are all mine."

The warm juice continues to flow. Her wet hand wipes tenderly and without stopping along my thighs until, as the very last ones, we leave the palace.

Karin Rick

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Novel, 171 pages

Verlag Claudia Gehrke, Tübingen 1999, 2nd Edition 2006