

Fantasy Island



The most common scenario I find when talking to people about sexual issues is that they are looking for acceptance and a friendly ear. A non-threatening place to share some steamy personal fantasies or stories without shame or embarrassment. Fantasies are the richest and most delightful pleasures we have to offer ourselves. As a young girl, not yet a teenager, fantasizing was a natural pastime for me. I would fantasize about having a lover. I would fantasize about being my “passive sexually active Barbie doll,” dressed in a tight silky blue dress that she never took off, only lifted. I fantasized about Mr. Roarke on *Fantasy Island*: he granted me the fantasy of being the lonely, sexually liberated disco-dancing woman in the movie *Love At First Bite*, who loved the night life and was seduced by the incredible “never a quickie always a longy” Dracula (George Hamilton).

The funny thing is that although I could not articulate what a quickie or longy was I instinctively knew and felt it. Before growing up my days were filled with fantasies, not all of them being sexual, but all of them giving me that exciting thrill. The thrill of the chase, being able to let go and not look back.

Fantasizing is as healthy and natural as sleeping, crying or laughing. This is what most professionals would say, even when it has to do with sexual fantasies. The reading I’ve done all says much the same thing, “There’s no such thing as a wrong fantasy,” “Fantasies can enhance your sexual response,” and “if a fantasy makes you uncomfortable seek professional help and talk it over”. Only when fantasies harm or hurt you or someone else, and it’s not consensual, would we argue otherwise.

The next question would be: what about violent fantasies, rape, doing the football team or the cheerleader squad? The answer is simple: if it’s not hurting anyone and it brings you pleasure then go with it. It may seem alarming to some people that pain and violence can turn others on, but we live in a violent culture and environmental factors can affect you sexually. However, this is not to say that because you fantasize about this or that, that you are going to live out your fantasy. Most of us are smart enough to know that some things are better left to the imagination. Besides, how could real life live up to your fantasies or even come close?

It is also worth noting not to panic if a fantasy makes you uncomfortable and disturbs you, such as fantasizing about being with someone of the opposite/same sex. This does not necessarily mean that you’re straight, gay, etc. My friend Sam put it this way, “don’t worry too much about it, don’t think too hard”. If it continues to eat at you, then talking about it with a professional can help.

My next question is what became of my girlhood fantasies. Where did that little catholic girl go? Why did she stop fantasizing? I have to believe that it slowly dissipated each week as I went to confession. Waiting in line to confess my sins, I pondered and agonized over those fantasies. By the time it was my turn to confess, all I could think of to tell the “Father” was that I yelled and disobeyed my mother, and that I said bad words. I never told him about my real sins—fantasies or even my fantasies about him. I never told him about the sinful sensations I felt between my thighs late at night and in the bathtub. All I could do was pray for forgiveness with him about the less serious offences I told in confidence.

Looking back, I see how the “confessional” works; it strips away the innocence piece by piece, conditioning you to feel guilty, dirty and hell-bound. By the time you’re an adult you’re so screwed up that you can’t enjoy those fantasies or share them with a partner. By the time you’re grown up you have two choices, to succumb to those fantasies and deal with the eternal consequences or succumb to those fantasies and fight vociferously against them to protect others from them.

My social fantasy would be for everyone to be able to share a few fantasies with their spouses: to get creative and play pretend like we did as children, the only difference being we could have orgasms and real kinky sex, while holding on to our innocence, creativity and imaginations. Just thinking about the things these people would talk about gets me wet! It has no limits, no boundaries, and no worries. Spouse won’t leave you or get upset because you are the sole

owner of your fantasies, and your partner is there to listen and probe you, to help you search and articulate those fantasies in a safe and reassuring manner. Of course, there are some fantasies we would want to keep to ourselves, to entertain ourselves with and/or to protect ourselves and loved ones.

My political fantasy is a “Million Pervert March!” Where we would ALL come together, and agree to disagree and share society, together in peace, and for some of us in pleasure. ☑

For more information, smut and help...www.safetygirl.com

For referrals try: The American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors, and Therapists (AASECT)
(312) 644-0828

For free advice and consultations via e-mail. Dr. Harold I. Mathis, Ph.D., Clinical Psychologist and Marital Counselor, www.drmathis.com

You can watch “*Get Curious With Safety Girl!*” on the first Tuesday of every month at 9pm in Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti channel 9 or 17 depending on where you live.

Replay is the following Thursday at 10pm and following Monday at 11:30pm.