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**Nancy Friday**

*My Secret  
Garden*

**Women's Sexual Fantasies**

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FOR BILLY  
who believed in this book  
when it was just fantasy  
N.F.

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## FOREWORD by "J,"

author of the *Sensuous Woman*

I've never met Nancy Friday, but I feel that I know her, for I still have pictures of her wedding tucked away in a drawer. She had what I consider a perfect wedding – romantic, glamorous, inexpensive and private – and the reason I know about it is that *Cosmopolitan Magazine* covered the event in its April 1966 issue.

The article was titled "Marry the Man Today...in Rome," and when the manuscript of *My Secret Garden* was sent to me for comment, I dug out *Cosmopolitan* and took another look at the author. My memory was accurate. Nancy Friday looks like a former Miss America – pretty, wholesome, well-scrubbed, glowing. *This* girl has written a book on women's sexual fantasies?

There couldn't be a more perfect author, for it's time that we removed the veils of misunderstanding from this subject and made it respectable. Too many people assume that anyone who has sexual fantasies is mentally sick or oversexed – or both! Ms. Friday's healthy attitude and common-sense comments will do much to alleviate guilts, fears and ignorance, and the fact that she is somewhat of a girl-next-door type will be comforting to readers who feel that sexual fantasies aren't well-bred.

Admittedly, the reader will at times have to fight off shock, prurient interest and distaste while reading *My Secret Garden*. This is no coffee-table book. Nor should it be left around where children might pick it up. *My Secret Garden* could bring plain brown paper wrappers back into vogue, for not only is it a serious, informative study of a facet of human sexuality that has been largely ignored, it is also painfully personal,

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uncompromisingly candid and unabashedly erotic. There has never been anything quite like it. You are going to have to force yourself at times to remember that this is a clinical work.

I began to be interested in sexual fantasies several years ago when I realized how much you could learn about the person you love by examining his or her fantasies. For it is pretty certain that sexual fantasies do reflect one's secret vision of ideal sexual activity. That doesn't mean I think you should take your lover's dreams literally (most fantasies feature highly exaggerated behaviour), but you should become aware that buried in his or her favourite sexual fantasy is a core of desire to experience a special psychological attitude or activity and the accompanying physical sensations. You won't really know your lover until you have unearthed those hidden desires. Nor will you have achieved complete trust and intimacy until you have been able to share your fantasies with each other and have them accepted. Perhaps this book will break the barrier of silence.

Very little space was devoted to sexual fantasies in *The Sensuous Woman*. Most of the women I interviewed were uninhibited in their discussions of the subject and I incorporated some of their comments into several chapters. I even considered doing a separate section detailing the fantasies that were repeated to me most often, but I dropped the idea when the companion chapter on men's fantasies proved so difficult. That was one of the shortest chapters in my book, for, much to my astonishment, asking a man about his sexual fantasies triggered a response similar to that of hitting an exposed nerve. In both individual and group interviews the men reacted as if I had suggested rape, and clammed up immediately. Even swingers and habitual orgiasts seemed to be struck by a bolt of instant amnesia. After *The Sensuous Woman* was published, I got a number of letters from women saying they thought the chapter on men's fantasies was interesting, but not one comment was ever received from men. My heart goes out to the poor soul who attempts to compile the

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first book on men's fantasies. It would be easier, to train turtles to outrun greyhounds.

In all fairness, I should mention that my own sex has its area of sensitivity. I had an extremely difficult time getting many women to discuss masturbation. They would volunteer every detail of their lovemaking, acknowledge extramarital affairs, etc., without embarrassment, but be unable to even say the word masturbation, much less admit to engaging in this very normal activity. Only when they were describing a sexual fantasy were these women able to relax enough to speak of masturbation.

I mention all this to explain my opinion that men and women will react very differently to *My Secret Garden*. I suspect that women generally will be fascinated by the revelations in this book, but not surprised. Nor will these readers have trouble in acknowledging that they too fantasize. Those women, however, who consider sexual intercourse unpleasant and/or unsatisfying will be revolted by the explicit and enthusiastically carnal sexual daydreams of the women in this book and will reject and deny their own fantasies both to the world and to themselves.

And how will the male react? The first man I gave *My Secret Garden* to was so turned on by the book that he went on a lovemaking marathon. But, unfortunately for the women in America, I suspect that this reaction was not average. The next few male readers were much like the men Nancy Friday tells us about. Since many of the women in this book regard their sexual fantasies as more intimate than the sex act itself, the men felt that their masculinity was threatened (how could any dream be more satisfying than, me?). These readers were especially furious at the fantasies where women imagined that their husbands were movie or sports stars during their lovemaking. (A common male fantasy, by the way, is to imagine while he is making love to his wife or girlfriend that she is Raquel Welch, Ava Gardner or whoever else excites him. The double standard seems to extend even to dreams.)

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Some men, already unnerved by the onslaught of women's lib, will be angered that they are treated as sex objects in most women's fantasies and be shocked and frightened by some of the contributors' lusty, dominating, twisted dreams. The possibility that Susan, his demure little wife, could imagine even one of the outrageous acts in *My Secret Garden* will be more than this type of man can handle emotionally, and my advice to Susan is that she let him know that she approves of the book but keep her fantasies to herself until he matures a little more. Women are going to have to do most of the work of helping men acknowledge that it isn't freaky to fantasize.

I know I haven't told you any of my fantasies. I'm not about to. So much of my sex life was revealed in *The Sensuous Woman*, all I have left are my fantasies! Variations of them are in *My Secret Garden* though (the first thing I did when I got the manuscript was look through it to see if I was represented), and I bet your secret garden is here, too. Nancy Friday has collected enough fantasies so that there is something for everyone.

Whether you like it or not, *My Secret Garden* is a milestone in sex education, for it explores one of the last uncharted areas of female sexuality and forces us to acknowledge the probability that fantasies are as necessary to our sexual well-being as dreams are to healthy sleep. More scientifically oriented books will follow as sex researchers start to give fantasies the attention they deserve, but I doubt if the experts' book will be as human and readable as *My Secret Garden*.

*December 10, 1972 "J," author of The Sensuous Woman*

## **“TELL ME WHAT YOU ARE THINKING ABOUT,” HE SAID.**

In my mind, as in our fucking, I am at the crucial point:...We are at this Baltimore Colt-Minnesota Viking football game, and it is very cold. Four or five of us are huddled under a big glen plaid blanket. Suddenly we jump up to watch Johnny Unitas running toward the goal. As he races down the field, we all turn as a body, wrapped in our blanket, screaming with excitement. Somehow, one of the men – I don't know who, and in my excitement I can't look – has gotten himself more closely behind me. I keep cheering, my voice an echo of his, hot on my neck. I can feel his erection through his pants as he signals me with a touch to turn my hips more directly toward him. Unitas is blocked, but all the action, thank God, is still going toward that goal and all of us keep turned to watch. Everyone is going mad. He's got his cock out now and somehow it's between my legs: he's torn a hole in my tights under my short skirt and I yell louder as the touchdown gets nearer now. We are all jumping up and down and I have to lift my leg higher, to the next step on the bleachers, to steady myself; now the man behind me can slip it in more easily. We are all leaping about, thumping one another on the back, and he puts his arm around my shoulders to keep us in rhythm. He's inside me now, shot straight up through me like a ramrod; my God, it's like he's in my throat! “All the way, Johnny! Go, go, run, run!” we scream together, louder than anyone, making them all cheer louder, the two of us leading the excitement like cheer leaders, while inside me I can feel whoever he is growing harder and harder, pushing deeper and higher into

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me with each jump until the cheering for Unitas becomes the rhythm of our fucking and all around us everyone is on our side, cheering us and the touchdown...it's hard to separate the two now. It's Unitas' last down, everything depends on him; we're racing madly, almost at our own touchdown. My excitement gets wilder, almost out of control as I scream for Unitas to make it as we do, so that we all go over the line together. And as the man behind me roars, clutching me in a spasm of pleasure, Unitas goes over and I ...

"Tell me what you are thinking about," the man I was actually fucking said, his words as charged as the action in my mind. As I'd never stopped to think before doing anything to him in bed (we were that sure of our spontaneity and response), I didn't stop to edit my thoughts. I told him what I'd been thinking.

He got out of bed, put on his pants and went home.

Lying there among the crumpled sheets, so abruptly rejected and confused as to just why, I watched him dress. It was only imaginary, I had tried to explain; I didn't really want that other man at the football game. He was faceless! A nobody! I'd never even have had those thoughts, much less spoken them out loud, if I hadn't been so excited, if he, my real lover, hadn't aroused me to the point where I'd abandoned my whole body, all of me, even my mind. Didn't he see? He and his wonderful, passionate fucking had brought on these things and they, in turn, were making me more passionate. Why, I tried to smile, he should be proud, happy for both of us....

One of the things I had always admired in my lover was the fact that he was one of the few men who understood that there could be humour and playfulness in bed. But he did not think my football fantasy was either humorous or playful. As I said, he just left.

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His anger and the shame he made me feel (which writing this book has helped me to realize I still resent) was the beginning of the end for us. Until that moment his cry had always been "More!" He had convinced me that there was no sexual limit to which I could go that wouldn't excite him more; his encouragement was like the occasional flick a child gives a spinning top, making it run faster and faster, speeding me ever forward toward things I had always wanted to do, but had been too shy even to think about with anyone else. Shyness was not my style, but sexually I was still my mother's daughter. He had freed me, I felt, from this inappropriate maidenly constraint with which I could not intellectually identify, but from which I could not bodily escape. Proud of me for my efforts, he made me proud of myself, too. I loved us both.

Looking back over my shoulder now at my anything-goes lover, I can see that I was only too happily enacting *his* indirectly stated Pygmalion-D. H. Lawrence fantasies. But mine? He didn't want to hear about them. I was not to coauthor this fascinating script on How To Be Nancy, even if it was my life. I was not to act, but to be acted upon.

Where are you now, old lover of mine? If you were put off by my fantasy of "the other man," what would you have thought of the one about my Great Uncle Henry's Dalmatian dog? Or the one member of my family that you liked, Great Uncle Henry himself, as he looked in the portrait over my mother's piano, back when men wore moustaches that tickled, and women long skirts. Could you see what Great Uncle Henry was doing to me under the table? Only it wasn't me; I was disguised as a boy.

Or was I? It didn't matter. It doesn't, with fantasies. They exist only for their elasticity, their ability to instantly incorporate any new character, image or idea – or, as in dreams, to which they bear so close a relationship – to contain conflicting ideas simultaneously. They expand, heighten, distort or exaggerate reality, taking one further, faster in the direction in which the

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unashamed unconscious already knows it wants to go. They present the astonished self with the incredible, the opportunity to entertain the impossible.

There were other lovers, and other fantasies. But I never introduced the two again. Until I met my husband. The thing about a good man is that he brings out the best in you, desires all of you, and in seeking out your essence, not only accepts all he finds, but settles for nothing less. Bill brought my fantasies back into the open again from those depths where I had prudently decided they must live – vigorous and vivid as ever, yes, but never to be spoken aloud again. I'll never forget his reaction when timidly, vulnerable, and partially ashamed, I decided to risk telling him what I *had* been thinking.

“What an imagination!” he said. “I could never have dreamed that up. Were you really thinking *that*?”

His look of amused admiration came as a reprieve; I realized how much he loved me, and in loving me, loved anything that gave me more abundant life. My fantasies to him were a sudden unveiling of a new garden of pleasure, as yet unknown to him, into which I would invite him.

Marriage released me from many things, and led me into others. If my fantasies seemed so revealing and imaginative to Bill, why not include them in the novel I was writing? It was about a woman, of course, and there must be other readers besides my husband, men and other women too, who would be intrigued by a new approach to what goes on in a woman's mind. I did indeed devote one entire chapter in the book to a long idyllic reverie of the heroine's sexual fantasies. I thought it was the best thing in the book, the stuff of which the novels I had most admired were made. But my editor, a man, was put off. He had never read anything like it, he said (the very point of writing a novel, I thought). Her fantasies made the heroine sound like some kind of sexual freak, he said. “If she's so crazy about this guy she's with,” he said, “if he's such a great fuck, then why's

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she thinking about all these other crazy things...why isn't she thinking about him?"

I could have asked him a question of my own: Why do men have sexual fantasies, too? Why do men seek prostitutes to perform certain acts when they have perfectly layable ladies at home? Why do husbands buy their wives black lace G-strings and nipple-exposing bras, except in pursuit of fantasies of their own? In Italy, men scream "Madonna mia" when they come, and it is not uncommon, we learn in *Eros Denied*, for an imaginative Englishman to pay a lady for the privilege of eating the strawberry cream puff (like Nanny used to make) she has kindly stuffed up her cunt. Why is it perfectly respectable (and continually commercial) for cartoons to dwell on the sidewalk figure of Joe Average eyeing the passing luscious blonde, while in the balloon drawn over his head he puts her through the most exotic paces? My God! Far from being thought reprehensible, this last male fantasy is thought amusing, family fun, something a father can share with his son.

Men exchange sexual fantasies in the barroom, where they are called dirty jokes; the occasional man who doesn't find them amusing is thought to be odd man out. Blue movies convulse bachelor dinners and salesmen's conventions. And when Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence and Norman Mailer – to say nothing of Genet – put their fantasies on paper, they are recognized for what they can be: art. The sexual fantasies of men like these are called novels. Why then, I could have asked my editor, can't the sexual fantasies of women be called the same?

But I said nothing. My editor's insinuation, like my former lover's rejection, hit me where I was most sensitive: in that area where women, knowing least about each other's true sexual selves, are most vulnerable. What is it to be a woman? Was I being unfeminine? It is one thing not to have doubted the answer sufficiently to ever have asked the question of yourself at all. But it is another to know that question has suddenly been placed in

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someone else's mind, to be judged there in some indefinable, unknown, unimaginable competition or comparison. What indeed was it to be a woman? Unwilling to argue about it with this man's-man editor, who supposedly had his finger on the sexual pulse of the world (hadn't he, for instance, published James Jones and Mailer, and probably shared with them unpublishable sexual insights), I picked up myself, my novel, and my fantasies and went home where we were appreciated. But I shelved the book. The world wasn't ready yet for female sexual fantasy.

I was right. It wasn't a commercial idea then, even though I'm talking about four years ago and not four hundred. People said they wanted to hear from women. What were they thinking. But men didn't really want to know about some new, possibly threatening, potential in women. It would immediately pose a sexual realignment, some rethinking of the male (superior) position. And we women weren't yet ready either to share this potential, our common but unspoken knowledge, with one another.

What women needed and were waiting for was some kind of yardstick against which to measure ourselves, a sexual rule of thumb equivalent to that with which men have always provided one another. But women were the silent sex. In our desire to please our men, we had placed the sexual constraints and secrecy upon one another which men had thought necessary for their own happiness and freedom. We had imprisoned each other, betrayed our own sex and ourselves. Men had always banded together to give each other fraternal support and encouragement, opening up for themselves the greatest possible avenues for sexual adventure, variety and possibility. Not women.

For men, talking about sex, writing and speculating about it, exchanging confidences and asking each other for advice and encouragement about it, had always been socially accepted, and, in fact, a certain amount of boasting about it in the locker room is

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usually thought to be very much the mark of a man's man, a fine devil of a fellow. But the same culture that gave men this freedom sternly barred it to women, leaving us sexually mistrustful of each other, forcing us into patterns of deception, shame, and above all, silence.

I, myself, would probably never have decided to write this book on women's erotic fantasies if other women's voices hadn't broken that silence, giving me not just that sexual yardstick I was talking about, but also the knowledge that other women might want to hear my ideas as eagerly as I wanted to hear theirs. Suddenly, people were no longer simply *saying* they wanted to hear from women, now women were actually talking, not waiting to be asked, but sharing their experiences, their desires, thousands of women supporting each other by adding their voices, their names, their presence to the liberating forces that promised women a new shake, something "more."

Oddly enough, I think the naked power cry of Women's Lib itself was not helpful to a lot of women, certainly not to me in the work that became this book. It put too many women off. The sheer stridency of it, instead of drawing us closer together, drove us into opposing camps; those who were defying men, denying them, drew themselves up in militant ranks against those who were suddenly more afraid than ever that in sounding aggressive they would be risking rejection by their men. If sex is reduced to a test of power, what woman wants to be, left all alone, all powerful, playing with herself?

But if not Women's Lib, then liberation itself was in the air. With the increasing liberation of women's bodies, our minds were being set free, too. The idea that women had sexual fantasies, the enigma of just what they might be, the prospect that the age-old question of men to women, "What are you thinking about?" might at last be answered, now suddenly fascinated editors. No longer was it a matter of the sales-minded editor deciding what a commercial gimmick it would be to publish a

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series of sexy novels by sexy ladies, novels that would give an odd new sales tickle to the age-old fucking scenes that had always been written by men. Now it was suddenly out of the editors' hands: Women were writing about sex, but it was from their point of view (women seen only as male sex fantasies, no more), and it was a whole new bedroom. The realization was suddenly obvious, that with the liberation of women, men would be liberated too from all the stereotypes that made them think of women as burdens, prudes, and necessary evils, even at best something less than a man. Imagine! Talking to a woman might be more fun than a night out with the boys!

With all this in the air, it's no surprise that at first my idea fascinated everyone. "I'm thinking of doing a book about female sexual fantasies," I'd say for openers to a group of highly intelligent and articulate friends. That's all it took. All conversation would stop. Men and women both would turn to me with half-smiles of excitement. They were willing to countenance the thought, but only in generalities. I discovered.

"Oh, you mean the old rape dream?"

"You don't mean something like King Kong, do you?"

But when I would speak about fantasies with the kind of detail which in any narrative carries the feel of life and makes the verbal experience emotionally real, the ease around the restaurant table would abruptly stop. Men would become truculent and nervous (ah! my old lover – how universal you are) and their women, far from contributing fantasies of their own – an idea that might have intrigued them in the beginning – would close up like clams. If anyone spoke, it was the men:

"Why don't you collect men's fantasies?"

"Women don't need fantasies, they have us."

"Women don't have sexual fantasies."

"I can understand some old, dried-up prune that no man would want having fantasies. Some frustrated neurotic. But the ordinary, sexually satisfied woman doesn't need them."

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“Who needs fantasies? What’s the matter with good old-fashioned sex?”

Nothing’s the matter with good old-fashioned sex. Nothing’s the matter with asparagus, either. But why not have the hollandaise, too? I used to try to explain that it wasn’t a question of need, that a woman is no less a woman if she doesn’t fantasize. (Or that if she does, it is not necessarily a question of something lacking in the man.) But if a woman does fantasize, or wants to, then she should accept it without shame or thinking herself freaky – and so should the man. Fantasy should be thought of as an extension of one’s sexuality. I think it was this idea, the notion of some unknown sexual potential in their women, the threat of the unseen, all-powerful rival, that bothered men most.

"Fantasies during sex? My wife? Why, Harriet doesn’t fantasize. And then he would turn to Harriet with a mixture of threat and dawning doubt, "Do you, Harriet?" Again and again I was surprised to find so many intelligent and otherwise open-minded men put off by the idea of their women having sexual thoughts, no matter how fleeting, that weren’t about them.

And of course their anxiety communicated itself to their Harriets. I soon learned not to research these ideas in mixed company. Naively at first, I had believed that the presence of a husband or an accustomed lover would be reassuring and comforting. Looking back now, I can see that it had been especially naive of me to think he might be interested, too, in perhaps finding out something new in his partner’s sexual life, and that if she were attacked by shyness or diffidence, he would encourage her to go on. Of course, that is not how it works.

But even talking to women alone, away from the visible anxiety the subject aroused in their men, it was difficult getting through to them, getting through the fear, not of admitting their fantasies to me, but of admitting them to themselves. It is this not-so-conscious fear of rejection that leads women to strive to

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change the essence of their minds by driving their fantasies down deep into their forgotten layers of mind.

I wasn't attempting to play doctor in the house to my women contributors; analysing their fantasies was never my intention. I simply wanted to substantiate my feeling that women do fantasize and should be accepted as having the same unrealized desires and needs as men, many of which can only find release in fantasy. My belief was, and is, that given a sufficient body of such information, the woman who fantasizes will have a background against which to place herself. She will no longer have that vertiginous fright that she alone has these random, often unbidden thoughts and ideas.

Eventually, then, I developed a technique to enable an but the shyest women to verbalize their fantasies. For instance, if, as in many cases, the first reaction was, "Who, me? Never!" I'd show them one or two fantasies I'd already collected from more candid women. This would allay anxiety: "I thought my ideas were wild, but I'm not half as far out as that girl." Or it would arouse a spirit of competition which is never entirely dormant among our sex: "If she thinks that fantasy she gave me to read is so sexy, wait till she reads mine."

In this way, without really working at it too hard, I had put together quite a sizeable, though amateur, collection. After all, everything to date was from women I knew, or from friends of friends who would sometimes phone or write to say they had heard of what I was doing and would like to help by being interviewed themselves. Somewhere along the way, though, I realized that if my collection of fantasies was going to be more than just a cross section of my own narrow circle of friends, I would have to reach out further. And so I placed an ad in newspapers and magazines which reached several varied audiences. The ad merely said:

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FEMALE SEXUAL FANTASIES  
*wanted by serious female researcher.*  
*Anonymity guaranteed. Box XYZ.*

As much as I'd been encouraged by my husband and also by the spirit of the times in which we live, I think it was the letters that came that marked the turning point in my own attitude toward this work. I am no marcher, nor Red-Crosser, but some of the cries for help and sighs of relief in those letters moved me. Again and again they would start, "Thank God, I can tell these thoughts to someone; up till now I've never confided mine to a living soul. I have always been ashamed of them, feeling that other people would think them unnatural and consider me a nymphomaniac or a pervert.

I think it fair to say that I began this book out of curiosity – about myself and the odd explosive excitement/anxiety syndrome the subject set up in others; the male smugness of my rejecting lover and that know-it-all editor kept me going; but it became a serious and meaningful effort when I realized what it could mean, not only to all the sometimes lonely, sometimes joyful, usually anonymous women who were writing to me, but to the thousands and thousands who, though they were too embarrassed, isolated, or ashamed to write, might perhaps have the solitary courage to read.

Today we have a flowering of women who write explicitly and honestly about sex and about what goes on in a woman's mind and body during the act. Marvellous writers like Edna O'Brien and Doris Lessing. But even with women as outspoken as these, they feel the need for a last seventh veil to hide acknowledgement of their sexuality; what they write calls itself fiction. It is a veil I feel it would be interesting and even useful to remove as a step in the liberation of us all, women and men alike. For no man can be really free in bed with a woman who is not.

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Putting this book together has been an education. Learning what other women are like, both in their fantasies and in their lives – it is sometimes difficult to separate the two – has made me gasp in disbelief; laugh out loud occasionally; blush; sigh a lot; feel a sense of outrage, envy, and a great deal of sympathy. I find my own fantasies are funnier than some, less poetic than others, more startling than a good number – but they are my own. Naturally, my best fantasies, my favourites of the moment – numbers 1, 2, and 3 on my private hit parade are not included here. One thing I've learned about fantasies: they're fun to share, but once shared, half their magic, their ineluctable power, is gone. They are sea pebbles upon which the waters have dried. Is that a mystery? So are we all.

## "WHY FANTASIZE WHEN YOU HAVE ME?"

### FRUSTRATION

Most people think women's sexual fantasies fill a need, a vacancy; that they are taking the place of The Real Thing, and as such arise not in moments of sexual plenty, but when something is missing. Since frustration, therefore, is the beginning of popular understanding of why women fantasize, let's begin with two fantasies from frustrated women.

#### Madge

What a relief it is to admit to fantasies and to tell them to someone as understanding as you obviously are. I have a regular fantasy brought on by lack of interest by my husband. He fucks me every five or six weeks, and it is always the same: We are in bed with the lights out and he starts to play with his prick. This goes on often for half an hour or even longer. (He used to get me to do it, but he doesn't bother now.) I feel him start to really rub hard and breathe heavily, then he pulls up my nightie (still under the sheet), says, "Open your legs," and after about two seconds he comes inside me, rolls off, and goes to sleep.

All this time, and especially afterward when I know he's asleep – I play with myself then – I really enjoy my fantasy.

I find myself at the door of a big house; the door opens and a very big black man with a buxom black woman behind him are

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inside. He grabs me and pulls me inside, with the woman pushing, helping him. They drag me into a room in which a large Alsatian – very obviously male in the full sense! – is tied up with a boy of about fourteen. The boy is naked. I am ordered to strip naked. "Let's see what you've got," the black man leers at me. I protest and he produces a whip while his wife forcibly undresses me and ties my hands behind my back. She takes his trousers off and exposes his prick, which is abnormally big and stiff as she rolls his foreskin back and forth. I am forced to kneel in front of him, and when he tells me to, I am forced to use the words "cock" and "prick" to describe it. I am made to beg to be fucked and he makes me say the word "fucked" several times to emphasize it.

Then the dog is unleashed, and I am forced on my back while the dog is coaxed so that my head is by his cock and he licks my cunt. I have to feel its cock and rub it gently. Finally I am made to turn around and suck the dog's cock as the black man watches me to make sure I really yuck it. Then I'm made to lie on my back on a long stool and the woman gets the dog between my legs, held wide open, and guides his prick and I feel it go right inside me. I am watched by the boy and the wife is naked now. I have to beg for a fucking as the man rubs his prick against my mouth until it becomes big and wet. I am made to lick it and suddenly he holds my head and forces his massive prick in my mouth and holds my nose so that I am forced to suck and swallow his come. It seems to squirt endlessly down my throat. As a final act, I am forced to suck his wife's tits and finally to lick her cunt until she is completely satisfied, while the boy jerks himself off over my cunt and belly. The fantasy fades and I am wet as my finger urgently strokes my cunt to orgasm.

Do you suppose this is all due to lesbian tendencies and my secret desire to be watched by a young boy? [Letter]

As is so often the case when human beings are faced with a mass of unexplained or bewildering experience they have been taught not to discuss, riot only does Madge not have the answers, she doesn't

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