

Dip Me in Honey and Throw Me to the Lesbians

The world of fantasies

Lipstick: If there's one thing we writers have going for us, it's our wild imaginations because this means we have three-dimensional fantasies. I don't know about you, Dipstick, but mine are so real I can sometimes actually feel Kate Winslet's nipple in my mouth when I'm masturbating. It tastes like a Sweet Tart.

DIPSTICK: You may have Kate's nipple, but I'm being handcuffed and thrown into a police cruiser by that nasty dyke cop. She's about to take me downtown and book me.

Lipstick: I bet she is. I knew your past would catch up with you eventually. Fantasies are more than OK; they're healthy and good for your sexual appetite. Your partner shouldn't feel threatened by your fantasies, and neither should you. If your girl likes to think about someone else for a brief moment during sex (she'll probably never be honest about this), then yee haw! It's not the end of the world. It doesn't mean she's going to leave you. At least she's in bed with you and not actually sleeping with the girl at the bus stop.

DIPSTICK: I remember the first time my college professor's face popped into the bedroom when I was feeling around my partner's panties. It

freaked me out and I sure as hell couldn't pay attention in class the next day.

Lipstick: No kidding. I've had the strangest people show up in my fantasies. The worst is when you have a sexual dream and then have to work with that person the next day. It can be someone you've never found attractive, and then suddenly they're spread-eagle on the conference table.

The best time to really cultivate our world of fantasy is when we're masturbating. You, too, can become a creative writer, writing your fantasies on paper or in the clouds, right next to your castle in the sky, where fifty hot naked ladies wait for you. Allow yourself the freedom—free from your own internal critic, judging your every tingle—to explore your inner sexpot. Don't freak out if your fantasies go beyond girl-on-girl action. In fact, I'd be surprised if they don't. And it doesn't necessarily mean that you want to act your fantasies out. For example, you'll never be Brian Kinney at a Miami White Party fucking every guy in sight, but it might be fun to fantasize that you are. And, you'll most likely never get the chance to sleep with Angelina Jolie, Shane from *The L Word*, or Sheryl Crow, but there's nothing wrong with having a wild imagination.

DIPSTICK: I'm still holding out for Sheryl. Yes, Lipstick, even more than when I saw my professor's face, I freaked out the first time I had a sex dream about a man. You might not guess this right off, but Dipstick is a gold star—never has a male hand even made it close to my jog bra strap. So waking up remembering what had so turned me on in the night, I panicked. I went straight to my bisexual friend Polly and told her I might be joining her team soon.

Sexually liberated that she was, Polly assured me that it was just a dream—that we're all yin/yang, male/female, and a bunch of other new age crap that really calmed me down and made me realize, just because I dreamed of sleeping with a man, didn't mean I had to do it. Whew! And I could even fantasize about Brad Pitt (with Angelina Jolie, of course!) and it didn't mean I wasn't a true gold star.

Lipstick: Here, here, Dipstick. Because I'm a tarnished star—I've slept with one dude (I'll call him Stanley, since that's what he called his deely-hoo, a tribute to the drill), someone I cared deeply about with whom I'm

still friends—my dreams about men are even more realistic. I've actually had one of those big things in my hands.

DIPSTICK: Eeew!

Lipstick: Among other places. One random, hot summer night last year, I dreamt that Stanley and I were back together. I was in a white dress, surrounded by all my childhood friends and Stanley and I were getting married! Have you ever had a dream that you're in front of a firing squad? You're screaming that you're innocent, but they line up with their big rifles anyway? That's how it felt, only I was screaming "I'm a lesbian! I love Texas!" to Stanley as I was walking down the aisle. There's a difference between a fantasy and a dream, however. Fantasies you can control. Dreams, obviously, you can't. Don't be freaked out by either one. Just go with the flow.