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POST POST PORN MODERNIST

ACT ONE

Good evening. Welcome to my humble home. I'm glad you could make it. What I'd like to do tonight is very simple. All I'm going to do is tell you a little bit about my life. I'm not planning to do anything more than that and I'm not planning to do anything less than that. I'm going to start at the very beginning and work my way up to the present, to today. I'll begin with a little visual poem I wrote which describes how it all began.

ELLEN/ANNIE

(This section is accompanied by slides.)

I was born Ellen Steinberg. But I didn't like being Ellen Steinberg very much, so I simply invented Annie Sprinkle.

Ellen was excruciatingly shy. Annie was an exhibitionist.

Ellen was fat and ugly, and no one seemed to want her. Annie was voluptuous and sexy, and everyone seemed to want her.

Ellen desperately needed attention. Annie Sprinkle got it.

Ellen had to wear ugly flannel nightgowns like this one and horrible orthopedic shoes. Annie Sprinkle got to wear sexy lingerie and six inch high spiked heels.

Ellen was scared of boys and absolutely terrified of sex, but Annie was fearless. (You can close your eyes at any point during the evening.)

Ellen was dull and boring. Annie was exciting.

Ellen was a nobody from the suburbs of Los Angeles. But Annie Sprinkle got a little bit famous. She even got asked for autographs and she lived in Manhattan.

Ellen Steinberg wants to get married and have children, but Annie Sprinkle wants fame and fortune and a career.

After all these years I've come to realize, that as hard as it is for me to believe, Ellen Steinberg really must be Annie Sprinkle. And the truth is, Annie Sprinkle is still very much Ellen Steinberg.

BASIC BACKGROUND INFORMATION

(This section is accompanied by slides.)

Now I'd like to give you a bit of basic background information on the life and times and career of Annie Sprinkle.

For the past twenty-two years I've been passionately researching and exploring the

subject of sex. This has led me into all sorts of interesting adventures. For example, I made over 200 porno movies. I was in such greats as Kneel Before Me, Slippery When Wet, and everyone's favorite, Teenage Deviate.

I also worked as a nude model for all of the major sex magazines: Penthouse, Playboy, Hustler, High Society, Chic, Qui, Cheri, all the biggest sellers. But I was also in all the little teeny sex magazines that hardly anybody sees, like Battling Babes, Foot Fetish Times, Enema News, and of course, Bazoombas.

I worked as a prostitute, off and on, for many, many years. This is my first hooker ad when I was just 18 years old. For the last five years I've been pretty much retired, but technically I'm still a working prostitute because I do still see my favorite client, Murray. Murray comes over to my house, I give him a lovely blow job, he gives me \$300 and we're both perfectly happy. We've been getting together for 19 years now, so it seems to work. It's my longest relationship.

For a couple of years, my best friend, Veronica Vera, and I had a small mail order business, where we produced our own little films, erotic audio tapes and sex magazines. We sold snippets of our pubic hair in beautiful blue, velvet-lined boxes. We also sold our soiled panties. A funny story about the soiled panties...In the beginning we didn't know how popular soiled panties were. We first priced our panties at only \$15 a pair, and we got hundreds of orders. We couldn't possibly wear that many pairs of panties. And you know, you have to wear them for at least two or three days to make them valuable. We didn't like to wear panties in the first place. So to solve the problem we started giving them to all our friends to wear, but they got bored with it, too. Finally we raised the price to \$100.00 a pair. That helped - sales did go down - but you know, we still sold some.

Our biggest selling item was the golden shower by mail. For only \$35 you could get a small bottle of our urine and an instruction sheet on how to give yourself your own golden shower.

I worked in burlesque doing striptease for about a year and a half. I never really liked burlesque. I much preferred being a...

Professional dominatrix. I got to meet the wildest, most wonderful people who were into the kinkiest, most unusual games. For example, one guy paid me a thousand dollars just to spend twenty-four hours underneath my bed. All I had to do was give him a glass of water every five hours and he was in total ecstasy. You know, if you have to work, this is not a bad job.

I'm a pretty good writer. I've written over 300 articles, all on sex, of course. Every single one of my articles has been published. I also wrote my autobiography which was published a couple of years ago. It's all sold out now and will be soon be re-printed.

I'm also a photographer. I have a little photo studio in my apartment. I was never interested in photographing clouds or pets or people on the street. I only pick up my camera if there's sex or nudity involved. My pictures are published in sex magazines all over the world.

I've also written, directed and edited several of my own erotic films and videos, all safe sex, of course. This is a scene from my last video, Sluts & Goddesses or How To Be a Sex Goddess in 101 Easy Steps. My new project is a documentary about orgasm. It's called Orgasm Scrapbook. Watch for that later this year. Of course, all my videos now

are all safe sex. I think that's really important.

If you ask me, of all the things I did, what did I really enjoy most? I would honestly have to say, I loved making porno movies. In the early days, before AIDS, between fifteen and twenty years ago, making porno movies was really fun. It was like one big happy family. It was one place in the world where sex was really out in the open. You could try all different types of sex acts and twenty people stood around supporting you, cheering you on, helping you to have the best sex you could possibly have. They would get you anything you needed, change the sheets, hand you paper towels, make you lunch...and then they would pay you. No one forced me into it, really. One of the things I especially enjoyed was you got to wear all these really fabulous costumes.

(Annie puts on an outrageous sheer ruffled robe.)

Where else can you wear something like this, but in porn...or performance art. I quickly learned how to be a successful porn star. I discovered there were three things you needed. Number one, you had to have very, very high-heeled shoes. This is a pair of black, patent-leather pumps with six-inch heels. Number two, you had to have very high hair. The higher the heels and the higher the hair, the bigger the porn star. Simple formula. And the other thing you had to have was the right attitude.

(Annie puts on her slightly silly, breathless porn-star persona.)

You had to act a little silly. Like just every little tiny thing just turns you on and drives you wild and all you want to do is spend the whole day in bed fucking and sucking. ...If you could make it to the bed in your high heels...

(Annie crosses to the bed - with difficulty.)

#### ON THE SET WITH ANNIE SPRINKLE

Now, don't I look like a porn star? Another fun thing about being in porn is I got to try things I would normally never have tried. We had some wonderful props and I've brought some of my favorites to share with you. Like this one. This is a very realistic looking little dildo. And as you can see, it has a suction cup on the end. You just lick that and it sticks right up on your refrigerator so you can fuck your refrigerator. It is so cool! Now, if you'd like to see me in action with the refrigerator, check out the film *Wet Christmas*.

(Annie holds up another sex toy.) You know what that is, don't you? (No one answers.) They sell millions of these. I know some of you have them. This is the plastic pussy. Doesn't it look real? The guy puts his cock in here and you simply squeeze this part here and it squirts! It either pees or ejaculates, whichever you prefer.

But you know, not all guys like pussy, right? Some guys like other parts of the body. There is something for everyone. Like this, the plastic foot. In porn guys get to wear really great outfits, too. Like this little giraffe G-string. It looks so erotic! Or something like this. Do you know what these are? Cock cages. These look great on a guy and they are only \$12.95 and come in seven different colors!

But, without a doubt, this is always the most popular. You know what this is. Yes, it's a gas mask. If you haven't used one sexually this is how it works. You strap this on the guy's head and then put him in bondage. You tie him up so that he can't move his hands and he can't get away. Then you start teasing and playing and arousing and turning him

on and right at that moment when he's about to explode in orgasm you quickly take this part off and you put your hand over this hole and HE CAN'T BREATHE! They love it!! They always come back for more of the gas mask.

This last item is a lovely little delicate, golden dildo. You can use it for your fucking and when you're all done fucking you can use it to put your shoes back on! It's a dildo shoe horn.

There are so many great toys to play with. But you know, my favorite toy of all is the camera. I think of the camera as a kind of sex toy because cameras and sex just go together so well. I thought maybe we could do a little photo shoot for those of you who brought your cameras. I could do some special poses. Would you like that? Come on up here. Get closer. I'll run through some of the more popular poses.

(Annie does several poses, asking the audience for ideas.)

Do these look familiar? Here's one for the video cameras. Give me those big hard German Nikon lenses. Oooh! Ahhhh! That's good! You don't need film. I'm getting so hot! I could come. (Annie begins to fake orgasm and suddenly stops.) Is this legal in \_\_\_\_\_? Maybe we better stop. Thank you all so much. What a wonderful group of photographers.

(Annie crosses back to the vanity and drops the "silly" attitude.)

It's fun, it really is. I don't know why people seem to take that kind of thing so seriously. Posing for smutty pictures is fun. You don't need any special skills or talents. Anyone can do it. You can see it's in the hair, the shoes, the makeup and the attitude. Of course, the lighting is important. I'd like to show you some women I've been photographing in my studio who wanted to explore their porn-star personas.

## THE TRANSFORMATION SALON

(Slides accompany this section.)

The first one is Cora Emans. She is a singer and dancer and mother from Amsterdam. She is also Hard Cora.

Judith Kuspet is a high school teacher from Staten Island, New York. She is also Genevieve.

Diana Lakis studies law at New York University. She is also Moonmaid.

Veronica Antonakos is a writer from Manhattan. She is also Veronica Vera.

Jeanne Sue Dalton is the mother of four beautiful children and lives on a farm in Iowa. She is also Sheena Storm.

Cathy Worob is a mother and a court stenographer from Cleveland, Ohio. She is also Baby Doe.

Antonia Hamilton is a hairdresser from Harlem. She is also Jade.

Linda Montano is my favorite performance artist in the world. She is also Hot Chakra.

Toni Somkopulus works as a nurse on a cruise ship. She is also Peaches Delight.

Denise Coffey studies Orthodox Judaism in Brooklyn, New York. She is also Blondie Bazooms. Except on Saturdays, of course.

Emily Woods is my promoter in Germany. She is also Emilia.

Fransja Bonenberg is an excellent macrobiotic cook from Holland. She is also Ellie Finelli, also an excellent macrobiotic cook.

Sheri Haag, is a dental assistant from New Jersey. She is also Athena.

Karen Creik is a booking agent from Amsterdam. She is also Kareena. Recognize the wig?

And my Aunt Peg from San Francisco, is also Juliet Anderson.

... and this could be you. Maybe there's a little porn star in some of you out there and maybe not. But I can tell you from a whole lot of experience, there's a lot of you in every porn star.

## PORNSTISTICS

(Slides accompany this section).

Let's take a look at being a porn star in a little more graphic detail, with Pornstistics. May we have the first slide, please.

In my commercial sex career I figure I had sex with about 3,000 men. According to Masters and Johnson, the average penis size when erect is six inches. If you line up all those penises back to back, that makes 1,500 feet of penile. Coincidentally that's the exact same height as the Empire State Building. Without the antennae.

The average American woman makes approximately \$243 per week at her job. As a porn star in burlesque for example, I could make about \$4,000 per week. That same average American woman works about 40 hours per week at her job. That's her job outside the home. I only had to work about 17 hours per week. That gave me plenty of time to do other things I really enjoyed, such as travel, take classes and workshops, and spend all that money.

Not all the sex I had was as a career necessity. I had sex with perhaps another 500 people for various other reasons. For example kicks, thrills and fun was a big reason for me. Physical needs. I was a very sexual young woman. Barter. You can trade sex for just about anything -- jewelry, camera supplies, theatre tickets, even dentistry. And being that I'm a very generous, kind-hearted person, there were a lot of mercy fucks.

Amount of cum swallowed. Of course, this was before we knew about AIDS. With the average ejaculation being approximately one teaspoon, and figuring I swallowed the cum of one out of every three of my clients, that would add up to 5.1 quarts of cum swallowed, or 4.8 liters.

Why I did it. As you can see, money was a large piece of the pie. But if you add up all the other reasons why I did it, then money is no longer the largest piece of the pie. I

didn't know what else I wanted to do. It did help me to overcome my shyness. It was a great creative outlet, and I'm basically a very creative person. And there was the love and attention.

I wasn't a fool. I realize there were disadvantages. I met some horrible people. There were times when I became sexually jaded and confused. There may have been just a bit of irreversable psychological damage. And the worst was that in the beginning, it really did hurt my parents.

However, the pros did seem to outweigh the cons, so I did it.

## 100 BLOW JOBS

As I said, there were disadvantages. It wasn't always easy being a sexually promiscuous woman in this society. There were times when I had to deal with people's anger, their greed, their fear and hate, their prejudice, their misogyny, their judgments and stupid laws.

(Annie begins carressing and sucking dildos which are mounted on a board.)

Hmmm.....Where to start....

(This scene begins seductively and becomes increasingly ugly.)

(Tape plays:)

(Sound of sirens.) "Deeper, deeper, come on. Deep throat it. I'm the best, right baby?" "You love it cunt." "Want a ride little girl?" "Don't stop now - I know I can come one more time." "I paid you so do what I tell you." "Ow, stop! That hurts." "God will strike you dead. Resist temptation." "She just promotes violence towards women." "I want to go home now." "But I spent over \$45 on dinner. The least you could do is give me a blow job." "I don't want to." "Just do it." "Faster, don't stop." "Hey sweet thing, sit on my face." "Cut, cut. If you're going to insist on using a condom in this scene then you can just get off the set...and without pay." "They found her body at the side of the road but because she was a prostitute no one cared." "You know, I hear that he bit off her clit." "\$60, no way! You're not worth \$60!" "Don't tell my wife." "You're under arrest for conspiracy to commit sodomy punishable by 12 years in prison." "I hope she gets AIDS - - she deserves it." "Where's my cut, whore?" "I'm exhausted." "Do it. Do it like they do in the movies, come on." "I can't do this anymore." "It's not herpes, it's just a blister. Suck it." "What did she expect, the way she was dressed?" "She'll have sex with anyone." "She's such a whore." (Various overlapping sounds, whistles, catcalls, crying...)

(Annie cries, chokes, spits.)

(Annie walks back to vanity table. Tape fades out.)

(Annie brushes her teeth.) So, I had sex with 3,500 of people and only 100 times were really terrible. Not a bad average, considering we live in a society as violent and sex negative as ours is today. That kind of stuff doesn't just happen to sex workers but to all kinds of women, and men too. The first ten times I did this little performance I cried a lot. Then the next ten times I got really angry. Now every time I do it I feel less and less. Performance therapy, it really works. I recommend it to everybody. I did go to a regular therapist for a couple of years and that helped me a lot. I learned more about how to really love myself and how to feel my feelings, and how to express my feelings.

In spite of it all, I don't consider myself any kind of victim because I learned a lot from those 100 worst sexual experiences. On some level I take responsibility for having helped to create that in my life. Now I never end up in horrible sexual experiences. I guess I just don't need them. I've learned what I like and what I don't like and I have learned to say no.

Life goes on and it's good. I believe I came out a winner.

## THE BOSOM BALLET

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to present to you my Bosom Ballet. Music maestro please!

(Music play and Annie performs the Bosom Ballet center stage.)  
(Music ends.)

Thank you, Thank you.

I have really enjoyed performing here in..... I was thinking, what could I do to give something back to this wonderful city and the wonderful people here? I thought maybe I could show you all my cervix. It's a lot of fun and I think you'd all enjoy it. Would you like to see it? OK, great.

I'm going to need a little help to get these panties off over my shoes. Would someone volunteer? Would you mind? (Someone volunteers.) Thank you so much.  
(Annie hands the panties to the volunteer.) Here, you can keep these as a little souvenir.

Before I actually show you my cervix, I thought I'd take a little douche.

(Annie crosses to the toilet, above which hangs a full douche bag.)

This is just straight water. There are no chemicals, except the chemicals in the water, of course. Normally, I never douche because I really like everything about my pussy. I like all the smells and juices, even the blood. But not everyone feels the same way about it, so when I show my cervix I rinse it off first.

(Annie hums a little tune, chats with the audience.)

It wasn't long ago a woman couldn't wear a dress above her ankles or she'd get thrown out of town. Now we can douche on stage. Isn't it great? We've come a long way. And if we have the freedom we may as well use it.

(Improvisation. Annie chats about some local events.)

OK that's about it.

(Annie wipes.) Anyone want this toilet paper as a little souvenir?

## A PUBLIC CERVIX ANNOUNCEMENT

You may be wondering why I'm going to show you my cervix. What is this all about? There are probably 1000 reasons. I'll just tell you three. Reason number one, a cervix is

such a beautiful thing and most people go through their whole lives and never get to see one. I'm really proud of mine, and I'd like to give that opportunity to anyone who'd like to have it.

Reason number two is, I find it's a lot of fun to show my cervix in little groups like this.

And reason number three is I want to prove to some of the guys out there there are absolutely no teeth inside there.

Do you all know what to look for? In case you don't, I've drawn up a diagram of the female reproductive system. This is the vaginal canal. Let's all say that together, shall we? VAGINAL CANAL. This is the uterus. UTERUS. These are the Fallopian tubes. FALLOPIAN TUBES. And this is the where the cervix is located. It's represented by the light pink magic marker. I was just in Holland and I learned how to say cervix in Dutch. It's Baarmoedermond. BAARMOEDERMOND.

What you're going to look for is actually this, only smaller. The way we're going to do this is really simple. I have a standard gynecological speculum, just like they use in the doctor's office. (Annie inserts speculum.) It doesn't hurt at all. It actually feels kind of cool and nice. The speculum opens up the vaginal canal. (To the audience:) You can all breathe. It's just amazing how tight that pussy is after all these years. I have a flashlight here. If any of you would like to come up and take a look at the Baarmoedermond, you can. Please form a line here. You have to get down low to see it.....

(Annie chats with the audience, answers questions, asks them to describe it to the rest of the audience, etc.)

(After the last person in the line has seen her cervix, Annie removes speculum.)

Wasn't that fun? I take fun and pleasure very seriously. There's so much pain and suffering in the world. I believe that we have to consciously balance those scales with as much pleasure and joy and ecstasy as we possibly can.

There's a saying that I really love... "When a butterfly flaps its wings in Japan, it can cause a hurricane in New York." It has actually been scientifically proven that on some level we are all connected. That means that as you experience pleasure, I can feel it. And as I experience pleasure and ecstasy, the whole universe feels it, too. That's why my motto is, let there be pleasure on earth and let it begin with me.

We're going to take an intermission. That will give you all time to come up and use the toilet, if you want to. I'm going to stay up here. I'll be doing "Tits On Your Head Polariods". They are \$5. If you want to come up and have your picture taken with my tits on your head, please do. You can take it home with you as a little souvenir.

Thank you.

INTERMISSION (Tits On Your Head Polariods). (Music plays continuously.)

ACT TWO

## THE MEN & WOMEN I HAVE LOVED

(This section is accompanied by slides.)

Welcome back. I told you about the worst sexual experiences I have had. What I'd like to do now is to tell you about some of the best ones. Of course, I have slide documentation.

I always enjoyed a wide variety of types of lovers.

I was lucky enough to have been with three different sets of identical twin brothers. This is Jim and Bob. The only way you could tell Jim from Bob was Jim had pubic hair and Bob didn't.

I was with some gorgeous Aisan men. Chinese, Korean, Japanese. Akira was Japanese. I've rarely met anyone so sensuous and so soft and gentle. Making love with Akira was like floating on a cloud.

I was with some guys with very large penises, like Thomas Williams, who was a real pussycat.

There was Jack. Jack got off sexually just by putting on a Nazi Uniform. And he was Jewish.

Some guys I was with had their nipples pierced, like my friend, Ted.

There were also some guys that I enjoyed being with who were masochists. The masochists were always amazing. They loved to have pain inflicted. Then they would transmute this pain into pleasure and ecstasy. It was what they really enjoyed.

And there were a couple of guys I was with who were sadistic and they taught me how to do that. How to actually take pain and turn it into pleasure. That comes in really handy when you're at the dentist getting a root canal.

Danny the Wonder Pony. Danny made a true erotic art of the piggyback ride. He had this leather saddle. You'd get up on his back and he'd bounce you up and down. He was really good at it and he could do it for an hour! It was so incredible. You could actually have an orgasm getting a piggyback ride.

And there was Igor. Igor was my friend's dog. I was out in the country, up by Woodstock. I was sunning myself half naked. Igor came running out of the house and just dove right for my pussy and started licking and licking. Well, it was his idea. It felt incredibly good. And he didn't seem to have any guilt or shame about it. So I just let him do it.

There were some guys who enjoyed getting fucked in the ass. Like my friend Billy Kerr. He liked to be fist-fucked. You could go inside him not just with your fist, but all the way up to your elbow. It was an amazing feeling. What he really enjoyed was, once you were all the way inside, if you slowly opened up your fingers and gently massaged his heart from the inside.

I have always had kind of a fetish for people in wheelchairs. This is Frank Moore. He has cerebral palsy. He can't walk or talk or feed himself. He can't fuck. But Frank has

the most magnificent, wild, juicy tongue and he loves to eat pussy.

There were some guys that just like to be peed on, like Jack Smith. Some guys are just really easy to please.

I also have always had an erotic attraction for scars. I find they add interest and individuality to the body. Any kind of scar -- from wars, from surgery, or from fire. This is my lover Ray who had been very badly burned in a fire. His fingers were burned off. So were his lips and his ears and his eyelids and his hair. His whole body was covered with the most magnificent scars. I loved running my breasts and tongue and fingers over his textured body. It was such a thrill. And I must admit, he appealed to my alien-from-outer-space fantasies.

There were several midgets and dwarfs -- in fact, there were seven. This is little Mike Anderson. He's an actor. You might have seen him on "Twin Peaks". He is very small - - everything about little Mike is tiny. Except for his hands and his cock.

This is Les Nichols who was my lover full-time for a year and a half. Les had actually been a very beautiful sexy woman named Linda Nichols. Linda decided that she wanted to become a man, so she started to take hormones which gave her a really deep voice, had her breasts surgically removed, had a hysterectomy and had a penis surgically made. So, Les became a female-to-male transsexual, surgically-made hermaphrodite, because he kept his clitoris and vagina perfectly intact and simply added the penis up above. He uses this rod to make his penis hard. This was an ideal set-up for a bisexual girl like me.

About the most unusual, kinky thing I ever did was: once I tried monogamy. For an entire year I was monogamous with Willem deRidder .

I was with some fabulous sexy women. This is Tracy Mostovoy. Although I'd had sex with women in porno movies and in prostitution, I'd never been with a real lesbian until I was with Tracy. She came over to photograph me and one thing led to another. She showed me how incredibly hot and satisfying real lesbian sex could be.

Linda Montano showed me that I could fall madly, passionately, head over heels in love with a woman.

Barbara Carrellas showed me where my G-spot was and she gave me my first G-spot orgasm.

Shannon Bell is from Toronto. We call her the ejaculator, because if you just touch her, she squirts. We have a lot of fun ejaculating together.

This is Vision. She is my lover now. Vision is a dancer. She is in great physical shape and has incredible stamina. Her thing is making love for hours and hours. I can barely keep up with her but I love trying.

Trash, here, isn't sure if she's a boy or a girl. She has this simply amazing black, strap-on dildo. It is so real to her. She can feel every little thing with that cock. And, it never gets soft.

Karen is the girl next door. She lives downstairs from me. She has wonderful big, soft breasts. She also has a penis because Karen was born a boy. I just love a woman with a penis or a man with a pussy.

I was with some incredible bodybuilders. Guys with giant necks and giant muscles and huge trophies. Roger Koch was my favorite bodybuilder because he liked to wear women's lingerie. I just loved the juxtaposition of Page 16.

the hard muscles and the soft lingerie. It was hot! Roger was a very dear friend. Unfortunately, Roger started getting weak and tired and stopped working out. Eventually he got really sick and was finally diagnosed as having AIDS. Roger died about two years ago.

Mark Stevens was like a brother to me. We were really close. He lived down the hall. He was bisexual, so he and I shared a lot of the same lovers. Unfortunately, Mark got sick about seven years ago and died of AIDS about a year later.

Dennis Florio was my very best friend. He was a gay man. He had never had sex with a woman until he met me. I was the first woman he had sex with. I was also the last the last woman he had sex with, because he also died of AIDS eight years ago.

Bill Browning was only 24 when he died of AIDS. He was so young and such an incredibly talented artist. He loved to decorate his body with tattoos and piercings and jewelry. I was lucky enough to be visiting Bill in the hospital the night he died. Before that I'd never been with someone when they died. I'd never even seen a dead body. It was very difficult, but I felt very honored to be there. I'll never forget the strange feelings I had -- he had just died --and the doctor said I should take the rings out of his pierced nipples. He was so frail, he had lost so much weight. I tried so hard not to hurt him and at the same time I knew he would never feel anything again.

Richard Mitchell was born with only one hand. He made his handicap into an incredible asset. Richard became the king of fist-fucking. Everyone loved to be fucked by Richard's stump arm. Richard was also gay, and I was the first woman he had sex with. When Richard got sick he was really sick. He even went blind from one of the opportunistic infections. For a year and a half he needed constant care. His parents really stuck by him and took care of him. With a lot of my friends, their families abandoned them so it was up to us to take care of them.

Marco Vassi was my lover off and on for ten years. He was a very talented writer; he published fifteen books. And he was also a very talented lover. Of all the guys I've been with, he was one of the top three. He just knew how to make me feel great. When Marco was diagnosed with AIDS, we were more in love than ever and we had been living together. That one was really, really tough. We went through a lot together. I want to tell you about one of those things. I was tested for AIDS --I've been tested quite a few times-- and every time I've tested negative. I don't know why I didn't get HIV when so many friends and lovers did. So, Marco and I decided we better not take any risks and we stopped having sex. For a month and a half. And then we couldn't take it anymore. We wanted to connect in that way we had always enjoyed so much. So finally we decided we had to do something and we started asking around. We ended up taking some classes and workshops and doing some reading about some past cultures who were much more sexually advanced than ours is today, like the Tantrics from ancient India and the Taoists from ancient China and some of the Native Americans. In these cultures sex was seen as much more than penetration. It wasn't about fucking and sucking. It was much more about energy. They would focus on how to build sexual energy in the body and how to move it around and how to share that energy with a partner. They had simple exercises that could build enormous amounts of this sexual energy. For example, conscious rhythmic breathing. (She demonstrates.) Marco and I

started practicing some of these breathing techniques together. We'd lie together for an hour or two. We went into incredible states of ecstasy and we even learned how to have a kind of full body energy orgasm, just from the breathing. We started practicing connecting with our eyes. Just looking into each others eyes for a half an hour we experienced more intimacy than we'd ever experienced with all the fucking and sucking. We learned how to open our hearts and how to use sex as a healing tool when Marco was in pain. And we used sex to help us emotionally, as a way to get in touch with our pain and sadness. Sex became more spiritual, more cosmic, more full-bodied and loving. Sex actually became better after Marco was diagnosed than ever before. We were really grateful for what we learned about sex because of AIDS.

But eventually Marco did get sicker. He went to the hospital one more time and he did not come out. I still miss him a lot.

## ANNIE/ANYA

After Marco died I realized how much I had changed. I didn't feel like Annie Sprinkle anymore. I felt like a whole new personality had emerged. I decided to give this person I had become a new name. I call her Anya. I'm 39 years old now, and sometimes I'm still very much Ellen Steinberg. Sometimes I'm still Annie Sprinkle. But now mostly, I'm Anya.

Annie Sprinkle loves everybody. Anya loves herself.

Annie Sprinkle seeks attention. Anya seeks awareness.

Annie Sprinkle is a feminist. Anya is a Goddess.

Annie Sprinkle wants a career, fame and fortune. Anya wants love, intimacy and the one-hour orgasm.

Annie Sprinkle enjoys an animal attraction. Anya prefers a more spiritual connection.

Annie Sprinkle enjoys sex with men. Anya loves, adores and prefers sex with women.

Annie Sprinkle is a very modern woman. Anya is very ancient.

Annie Sprinkle likes sex with transsexuals, midgets, and amputees. Anya makes love with the sky, the mud and the trees.

Annie sprinkle masturbates. Anya meditates... while she masturbates, of course.

And Anya exists today only because Annie Sprinkle was yesterday.

## THE TEMPLE OF THE NEO-SACRED PROSTITUTE

That brings my story up to tonight. I feel I really have the power to create who it is I want to be next. And I can do most anything I want to do. I've been talking a lot about sex. Now what I'd really like to do is have some. I'd like to have the kind of sex that Anya likes. As Anya I've been inspired by the legends of the ancient sacred prostitutes. These were incredibly powerful women from thousands of years ago in exquisite temples in Mesopotamia, Egypt, Sumeria, Greece. In those days it was a great honor to be a

prostitute. Of course sex was very different. The main elements of sex back then were prayer, ritual, healing, magic and meditation. When there was a war or a plague, if people were sick and dying, or if the crops weren't growing right or if they needed a miracle all the people would come to the temple of the sacred prostitute and an elaborate ritual would be performed where the sacred prostitute would go into a state of sexual ecstasy. It was believed that when you were in a state of sexual ecstasy was the very best time to connect with the divine, to get visions and to create miracles.

I'm going to attempt to re-create such a ritual. I call it a neo-sacred prostitute ritual. I did quite a bit of research on this; I found out what kind of clothes they wore and had this dress made based on that.

(Annie changes her dress.)

They spent their whole lives training, learning everything about sex, sensuality and ecstasy from the older women.

They would prepare for weeks. There were always incredible sensual delight at the temple, things to smell, things to taste, beautiful music and colors.

I'd like to ask you all not to take any more flash pictures from this point to the time you leave, because they are really distracting. Thank you.

They would light candles to dedicate their ecstasy to different things.

(Annie lights candles and a flame - for people with AIDS, herself, the place she's in, for those in the audience who would like to make a wish, to call in the Tantric masters and sacred prostitutes, the earth and sky, etc.)

Back then, it was believed that women were the most powerful when they were bleeding; that this was the best time for them to connect with the divine. So bleeding women and menstrual blood played a very important role in their rituals.

They would spend their days massaging each other with delicious oils, stimulating their skin, flagellating each other with oak leaves. They saw their whole body as a sex organ, not just their genitals. They were constantly trying to create pathways for the sexual energy of the universe to move through them.

They would breathe because they knew that the more you breathe the more you feel. Breathing was the key to all of it. They would use their minds and their intentions to imagine what it was they wanted to create. They would visualize a sacred space around the temple and around themselves, a place where time ceased to exist, where there was no ego, where emptiness was everything.

The ancient sacred prostitutes didn't have battery operated vibrators, but we do. So I'm going to use this one to help me get going.

I always learn something when I do this. I always get some insight into some area of life. I find I learn a lot about life through sex. I am going to attempt to go into ecstasy. I never know what to expect, as it is always different. Sometimes I have an orgasm, sometimes I don't -- it's not about that. Some days I feel really strong, some days, really vulnerable. I've learned to let go of any expectations. I try not to fake anything; I just try to feel everything. I hope you get something out of this as well. I invite you to breathe, meditate, get up and move around...join me in some way to get something for yourselves, an idea,

a realization... Whatever happens for you - or doesn't - is perfect.

I also invite you to take a rattle. When they did these rituals in the temple, they would give people rattles, because the sexy spirits love the sound. Also, it would build up a lot of energy. You could really support the sacred prostitute in going into ecstasy by shaking the rattles. The power of the ecstasy would take the wishes and dreams and prayers to the divine.

RITUAL CONTINUES: (The sound builds to a peak as Annie reaches ecstasy.)

(Music stops. Annie blows out the candles.)

Tape: Voiceover:  
(Annie's voice)

Our evening together is over. I want to thank you all for cumming... and cumming... and cumming. You may leave now or you may stay as long as you wish. I'll stay here and reflect. If you feel like showing your appreciation for the evening, don't applaud--shake your rattles instead. Good night.

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