

*A*N*N*I**S*P*R*I*N*K*L*E*
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. But Annie Sprinkle got a little bit famous. She even got asked for autographs and she lived in Manhattan.

Ellen Steinberg wants to settle down 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-four 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. I just quit working about 2 years ago. My favorite client, and my last, was Murray. Murray would come to my house, I'd give him a lovely blow job, he'd give me \$400 and we were both perfectly happy. We saw each other for 22 years. It was my longest relationship. It really seemed to work.

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 met a lot of wild, wonderful interesting kinky people. 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 few 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 wrote hundreds of articles for sex magazines. Every one of them was published.

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

After years of appearing in porn movies, I picked up enough technical skills to write, direct and edit some of my own, like this one, DEEP INSIDE ANNIE SPRINKLE which was the second biggest box office success of 1982.

(Annie changes into Bosom Ballet costume.)

BOSOM BALLETT

I was one of the first people to have their own cable TV show. It was called THE SPRINKLE SALON. I would do things like show people how to talk dirty to their plants, and I first performed my now infamous Bosom Ballet which I would like to present to you now.

Ladies and gentlemen, the Bosom Ballet. Music maestro please!

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

(Music ends.)

Thank you, Thank you.

ON THE SET WITH ANNIE SPRINKLE

Of all the things in my early days, I must say I loved making porn movies. Making porn 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. There were twenty people standing 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 (15cm) 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.)

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 got

to try all the newest sex toys. 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? Doesn't the Sydney Opera House look just like my clit hood? 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 here 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.)

Posing for pin-up photos 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.

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

Toni Somkopolus 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.

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 penii. 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 fear, their greed, their prejudice, their judgementalism, their misogyny, and their 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 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 situations. 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.

Besides, I wouldn't have wanted to miss out on all the incredible, exciting, wonderful experiences I've had--Some of which I'd like to tell you about now.

THE MEN I'VE LOVED

(This section is accompanied by slides.)

Of course, I have thorough 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 Asian 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 from Danny the Wonder Pony.

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. He was in the American television series "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 transexual, 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 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 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 eight 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 ten 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 twelve 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 had fifteen books published. And he was also a very talented lover and he was very special to me. 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.

I really tried to save Marco. Together we started to practice holistic healing and meditation and became interested in spirituality. I learned to pray.

I was sure I had AIDS, too and that I was going to die. Finally they came up with the HIV test and I tested negative every time. I don't know why I didn't get it when so many friends and lovers did.

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 41 years old now, and sometimes I'm still very much Ellen Steinberg. Sometimes I'm still Annie Sprinkle. But now mostly, I'm Anya. Now I'd like to tell you about 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, privacy, and to live by the ocean.

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.

Well, it's time now for a little intermission. Go to the toilet, have a drink, smoke a cigarette. If you'd like to stay here I'll be doing an old Annie Sprinkle favorite, Tits On Your Head Polaroids. For \$15, you can come up and have a souvenir polariod taken with my tits on your head. You can come up alone or bring the whole family. Thank you and enjoy.

INTERMISSION (Polariod Parlor). (Music plays continuously.)

ACT TWO

ANYA'S BASIC BACKGROUND INFORMATION:

O.K., we are going to start. Did everyone get a chance to go to the toilet? I want to pick up where I left off and tell you a little more about Anya.

At a certain point not only did my personality change a lot, from Annie to Anya, but I started to notice physical changes as well.

For example, I discovered a relatively large lump in my right breast. Luckily it was only a benign fatty tumor, so I didn't need any surgery.

Thinking I might have had breast cancer, scared me enough to quit smoking. Hence, I put on 10 kilos, making me bigger and rounder.

I developed some periodontal disease - and I had to get gum surgery. I couldn't help but wonder if those 3,000 blow jobs might have had something to do with it.

Ever since I was 17 I had been shaving and or at least trimming my pubic hair. I realized I had never really seen all my pubic hair all grown out, so I decided to do a kind of reverse body modification and let it all grow out. I was amazed to find out I had a big old hairy bush which contains gray pubic hairs. I also cut off my nails and grew a couple of rather unglamorous hemerroids.

While I was at it, I decided I'd see what my armpit hair looked like and let it grow. I quite liked it.

I found that my whole concept of what was sexy and erotic was changing completely. I became very interested in the spiritual side of sex, and began experimenting with Tantra Yoga-- ancient Indian sexual rituals.

I became interested in the Tao and practiced ancient Taoist sexual techniques, like the microcosmic orbit and the big draw, and how to use sex as a healing tool.

Most importantly I learned the Native American firebreath orgasm technique, which uses deep, conscious rhythmic breathing to build and move sexual energy up through the chakras, into a kind of cosmic Kundalini energy orgasm. This technique revolutionized the way I viewed sex. I realized it was about energy. I was inspired to

try to attain the one hour orgasm. Once in while, I can get up to five or even ten minutes!

I found my ultimate spiritual guru when I met the famous and fabulous performance artist Linda Montano. She taught me that life could be art and art could be life. Ever since I was a little girl I wanted to be an artist, but didn't think I was good enough. In a small, private ceremony, Linda baptised me an artist which gave me the courage to venture out into the art world.

I began my art career by performing my old burlesque act at a downtown Manhattan performance space. I simply added some artsy touches, and it worked. I was delighted by my new, more sophisticated audience, which now included women, and I felt liberated by the creative freedom to be more of who I truly was beyond sex kitten stereotypes.

When I was asked to perform at an important benefit for the National Artists' Association in Washington, D.C. I put some of my old skills as the Queen of Golden Showers to use, and turned myself into a sprinkling, sparkling fountain, complete with bubbles, birds and sparklers. When I peed six feet up into the air, the critics raved. The art world welcomed me with open arms.

I decided to put together my very own one-woman show and take it on the road. I called it Post Porn Modernist and it became quite a hit. And it paid even better than giving blow jobs.

I was even invited to perform my show in one of the most famous theater festivals in the world, the Adelaide Festival. If the girls at the Hellhole Hospital could see me now!

One of the things I did in my show, which I'm quite proud of, was my Public Cervix Announcement, where, with the aid of speculum and flashlight, I would show my cervix to my audiences. You know, a cervix is such a beautiful thing to see, such a magnificent mystery, its where we're all from, and sadly most people never have the opportunity to see one. Well, I showed my cervix in 28 cities in eight different countries to thousands of people. But after three very irritating yeast infections, I wondered if in fact there wasn't a better way. I thought about it and came up with the perfect solution. Put it on the world

wide web. Now anytime, anywhere, you can view my cervix on the inter-vaginal super highway.

My big dream was always to be a painter. But I wasn't very good at it, until I discovered I could use my breasts as paint brushes. I started making beautiful tit prints which are now exhibited in galleries and museums all over the world, and are available for view and for sale out in the lobby.

I decided to add sculpture to my portfolio and I created a limited edition ceramic dildo, each one individually signed and numbered. Several are in the permanent collections of famous art collectors. I sure hope they're enjoying them.

Although I never aspired to be a regular actress, I was offered several roles in some great art films, like this one, *My Father Is Coming* by German director Monika Treut. Being in regular movies was nice, but I kind of missed the sex scenes.

So I decided to create some of my own sex films and videos my way. The first one I did was *Linda/Les & Annie*, the world's first F2M transexual love story, and in the process created a new film genre--docuporn. Then I made *Rites Of Passion*-- a beautiful film about my introduction to Tantra, I also helped create the new "couples erotica" genre, *The Sluts & Goddesses Video Workshop* or *How To Become A Sex Goddess in 101 Easy Steps*, became a classic. I became one of a small group of pioneer women creating sexually explicit media with a new, feminist vision.

My work was all, of course, safe sex. I was horrified that other sex film makers were still using all unsafe sex, so I started a group called P.P.S.S., Pornographers Promoting Safer Sex. We tried to encourage them to come out of denial and do the right thing, unfortunately, without much success.

I found myself becoming involved in various political causes like queer pride, women's rights and trying to decriminalize prostitution, which is totally illegal in the United States. I joined the board of PONY, the Prostitutes of New York and I started the charity committee. We'd do things like gather our used lingerie to give to needy, crack addicted street prostitutes and put on strip shows for the homeless.

Realizing that sex workers get little or no appreciation from their peers, I created the Aphrodite Award --for Sexual Service To The Community to try to encourage some whore pride.

I would then present sex workers with their awards at various industry functions, and it made 'em feel real good.

Stories of my vast sexual experience and practical knowledge got around, and I was invited to teach sex workshops in holistic retreat centers internationally. I developed popular workshops like The New Ancient Erotic Massage Ritual and Sensual Magical Mystery Tour, and Cosmic Orgasm Awareness Week.

I even taught Drag King for a Day workshops, giving women the opportunity to explore what it's like to walk, talk, think and act like a man for a day. Can you tell which one is me? I'm the one with the red nail polish.

Much to my surprise some people started seeing me as a kind of visionary and wanted to interview me for their books. Like this one... Voices From The Edge--Conversations with Jerry Garcia, Ram Dass and Annie Sprinkle. Wow.

I even made the cover of the Australian magazine Concious Living—the magazine for personal growth.

I was the subject of various documentary films, like this one, Sacred Sex, made by the wonderful Australian director, Cynthia Connop.

I continued to be delighted by being a sex magazine cover girl, but now they were sex magazines for women, instead of men.

A big European Publisher, Art Unlimited, gave me the opportunity to publish my own autobiographical book, which sold like hotcakes and is soon to go into a third edition.

My most recent masterpiece is my deck of Post Modern Pin-up –Pleasure Activist Playing Cards, featuring my photographs of 54 women who are helping the world become a more pleasure positive place. They're also for sale in the lobby.

A current project which I'm extremely excited about is my new show, Metamorphosex, which I co-created with Barbara Carrellas.

It's a week long workshop with up to thirty local women, and it culminates in three sex magic ritual performances. I hope to bring it to Australia next year.

LOVE/HEART WALTZ

THE WOMEN I'VE LOVED

(This section is accompanied by slides.)

No one was more surprised than I was when I became a lesbian. Sure I'd had sex with lots of women in porn movies and prostitution but I wasn't that into it.

Until I met Tracy Mostovoy. She was a real lesbian. I'd never actually been with a real hardcore dyke before. She showed me what real lesbian sex was all about and I was amazed and overwhelmed. It was something else.

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

This is Shannon Bell. We call her 'the ejaculator', because if you just touch her, she squirts. Yes, women can ejaculate, and she taught me how to do it too. We had a lot of sexy fun making wet spots together.

Trash, here, wasn't sure if she was a boy or a girl. She had this big, black, strap-on dildo. For her it was totally real. She could feel every little thing with that cock. And, it never got soft.

Karen was the girl next door. She lived downstairs from me. She had wonderful big, soft breasts which I loved to nuzzle. She also had a penis because she was born a boy. I just love a man with a pussy and a woman with a penis...

This was my girlfriend Vision Dancer. She was a dancer and was in great physical condition. She had incredible stamina and energy. Her thing was making love for hours and hours. I could never keep up with her but I sure enjoyed trying.

At an anti-censorship conference, I met Mary Dale Dorman II. She was a brilliant, high-powered lawyer, a diplomat's daughter,

charming, wise and charismatic. She looked just like a cross between Rod Stewart and K. D. Lang. I fell madly, head over high heels in love with her, like I'd never been in love before. She taught me about mature relationship, and guided me into the deepest depths of intimacy and connection. She awakened and touched some very deep places in me. When she left me for another woman, I was devastated. My heart broke open. I experienced how incredibly powerful love can be. It took me over a year to recover.

Then I met Kimberley Silver, a supremely dykely dyke who was living on her Harley Davidson. Although it was love, and lust, at first sight, she suggested that we get to know each other before we made love. What a concept! After a real, old-fashioned six month courtship without sex, which I totally enjoyed, I asked her to marry me. She said 'yes'. And we've been living happily, monogamously ever after ever since.

Well now, that brings my story up to the present, to here and now...and who knows what the future may bring? I feel I have the power to create who I want to be next and do pretty much whatever I want to do. But first, a few words from my pussy.....

VOICE FROM MY VULVA

Hello. Hi. How are all you other genitals out there? Feeling kinda smooshed? I'm feeling really good tonight. After all, I made Annie Sprinkle what she is today. Who knows what would have become of her without me. Sure, sometimes it hasn't been easy being her pussy. There were the IUD insertions, the bladder infections, the crabs (scratch), the gonorrhea, menstrual cramps, the infected labia piercing, the abortion (push out)... You name it, we've been through it. Still, I haven't lost an ounce of my enthusiasm, and funny as it may seem, I still feel like a virgin. Only better. There's so much more to learn and experience--(pull ring) my clit throbs just to think about it.

Now that I'm older and wiser, I've gotten much more sensitive, more aware and very discriminating. You may think I've become a real softie, that I've lost my edge. For example, I choose not to do anything sadistic or masochistic any more. Sure it's erotic, but it's so much more challenging and revolutionary to find kinder, more egalitarian ways to have sex. You know, sex can be a magnificent

way to express love, but it can also be used to express a lot that isn't love.

Well enough of that. Let's talk about my favorite subject--orgasm! Have you had an orgasm today? You laugh. Orgasms are not really respected or fully appreciated. Orgasms are nothing less than the most pleasurable moments most human beings will ever know in their entire lifetime. My big goal in life is to become as orgasmic as I possibly can. To be in a constant state of erotic bliss. And you know what? It's working. I'm getting there. I've been discovering dozens of different kinds of orgasms and orgasmic states. It's such an adventure. But you know what I love even more than the orgasms? The afterglow. The time after the orgasms. That's when even more magic can happen. Ahhhh, the possibilities are endless.

Do you think I'm overly obsessed with sex? In the grand scheme of things, is sex really that important?

Yes, I take it very seriously. There's so much pain and suffering and sadness in the world. I believe that we have to consciously balance the scales with as much pleasure and joy and ecstasy and fun 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 been scientifically proven that on some level we are all connected. That means that as you experience pleasure and ecstasy, I 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've been talking a lot about sex tonight. I'd like to actually have some. Shall we? (Annie nods head, kiss puppet)

MEDIBATION MAGIC

I'd like to have one of the kinds of sex that Anya likes. As Anya I've been very inspired by the legends of the ancient sacred prostitutes. These were powerful women from thousands of years ago from places like Mesopotamia, Sumaria, Egypt and Greece. Back then it was a great honor to be a sacred prostitute, but sex was very different then. The main elements of sex were prayer, ritual, healing and meditation. It was believed that when you were in a state of sexual ecstasy it was the very best time to connect with the divine,

to get visions and to create miracles. They believed that you could actually use sexual energy to fuel your dreams and wishes to come true. I have experienced this to be true many times over.

So now I'd like to share with you a personal ritual that I do that was inspired by the legend of the ancient sacred prostitutes.

(Annie changes her dress.)

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.

(Annie lights four candles.)

Candle #1. (Personal) I want to light this first candle for myself. For continued great health and new inspiration. I also want to dedicate this ritual to finding a beautiful four-bedroom house with fireplace by the sea to move onto this summer.

Candle #2. (Global.) I light this candle to make a prayer for a cure for AIDS, and pray for a safe and satisfying sexual future for future generations. That they might benefit from the gifts of their sexualities the way many of us have.

Candle #3. (Audience) If any of you would like to make a wish, this candle can symbolize your wish, and we'll fuel it with a little energy to come true. It couldn't hurt.

Candle #4. (Call spirits.) With this candle, I call upon the spirit and the memory of the great sex experts from the past... the Tantric masters, the Taoist masters, the great sexual healers from this area in Australia, the spirit of the sacred prostitutes, for their wisdom and guidance and protection.

FLAME-- I light this flame to honor my beautiful, sexy, sensuous lovers, who bring me so much pleasure-- my lovers the earth, and sky. I invite them to circulate their powerful energy with me tonight. Make love with me tonight.

(Blood). I use the magical elixer of menstrual blood to help me get in touch with my feminine power.

I imagine a circle around the room to contain the energy. Inside that circle time can alter, it is safe, I can let go my ego, emptiness is everything. (Annie imagines protective shield.)

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

I always learn something when I do this ritual. I find I can learn a lot about life and even death through sex. Each time I do this, I don't know what to expect, it's always different. Sometimes I have an orgasm, sometimes I don't --it's not about that. Some days I feel really strong and powerful, some days, really soft and vulnerable. I've learned to let go of any expectations and accept whatever is there. I try not to fake anything; I just try to feel everything.

I hope you get something out of this as well. I hope it provokes some thoughts, some feelings, some realization.

I invite you to shake a rattle. It helps build and move the energy and helps support me into going into ecstasy so that I can take our prayers and wishes to the divine.

(Oil)

Stretch, massage, breathe.

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

AT THE END: (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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