

The Journal of EcoSEX RESEARCH

Vol. 1, Issue 1

Featuring
Elizabeth Stephens &
Annie Sprinkle's
EcoSex Manifesto,
Coming Out Stories,
and SexEcological
Research







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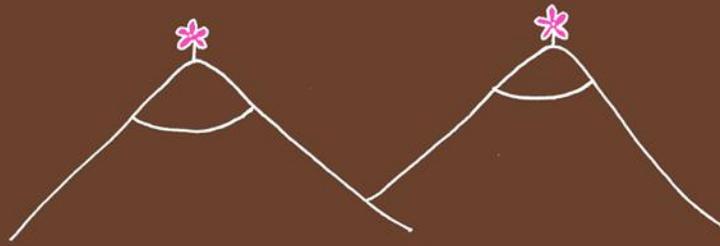
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Featuring Elizabeth Stephens &
Annie Sprinkle

Special Guest Editor, Amy Marsh, DHS, ACS, CHt



“Our lives changed forever, for the better, when we married the Earth in the summer of 2008. Artist Guillermo Gómez-Peña was our “high Aztec priest.” Four hundred people attended our wedding in the Shakespeare Glen in Santa Cruz, Ca. Most took vows to “love, honor and cherish the Earth along with us.” Suddenly our love grew to Universal proportions, and we started caring a lot more about environmental issues.”



VOWS FOR MARRYING THE EARTH

Earth, we vow to become your lover.
With these steps, Let us reach your love.

Through our senses we will become your lover.

Everyday we promise to breathe in your fragrance.
And be opened by you.
Let us not be severed from your love.

Everyday we promise to enjoy your colors.
And be surprised.
Let us not be severed from your love.

Everyday we promise to taste you
And be moved.
Let us not be severed from your love.

Everyday, ears to the ground,
we listen, and are changed.

We promise to love you
until death brings us closer together forever.

We are consecrated to you, Earth,
through this dirt
that we will become.

Elizabeth Stephens & Annie Sprinkle



ECOSEX MANIFESTO

(i) WE ARE THE ECOSEXUALS. The Earth is our lover. We are madly, passionately, and fiercely in love, and we are grateful for this relationship each and every day. In order to create a more mutual and sustainable relationship with the Earth, we collaborate with nature. We treat the Earth with kindness, respect and affection.

(ii) WE MAKE LOVE WITH THE EARTH. We are aquaphiles, teraphiles, pyrophiles and aerophiles. We shamelessly hug trees, massage the earth with our feet, and talk erotically to plants. We are skinny dippers, sun worshipers, and stargazers. We caress rocks, are pleased by waterfalls, and admire the Earth's curves often. We make love with the Earth through our senses. We celebrate our E-spots. We are very dirty.

(iii) WE ARE A RAPIDLY GROWING, GLOBAL, ECOSEX COMMUNITY. This community includes artists, academics, sex workers, sexologists, healers, environmental activists, nature fetishists, gardeners, business people, therapists, lawyers, peace activists, eco-feminists, scientists, educators, (r)evolutionaries, critters and other entities from diverse walks of life. Some of us are SexEcologists, researching and exploring the places where sexology and ecology intersect in our culture. As consumers we aim to buy green, organic, and local. Whether on farms, at sea, in the woods, or in cities small and large, we connect and empathize with nature.

(iv) WE ARE ECOSEX ACTIVISTS. We will save the mountains, waters and skies by any means necessary, especially through love, joy and our powers of seduction. We will stop the rape, abuse and the poisoning of the Earth. We do not condone the use of violence, although we recognize that some ecosexuals may choose to fight those most guilty for destroying the Earth with public disobedience, anarchist and radical environmental activist strategies. We embrace the revolutionary tactics of art, music, poetry, humor, and sex. We work and play tirelessly for Earth justice and global peace.

(v) ECOSEXUAL IS AN IDENTITY. For some of us, being ecosexual is our primary (sexual) identity, whereas for others it is not. Ecosexuals can be GLBTQI, heterosexual, asexual, and/or Other. We invite and encourage ecosexuals to come out. We are everywhere. We are polymorphous and pollen-amorous, We educate people about ecosex culture, community and practices. We hold these truths to be self evident; that we are all part of, not separate from, nature. Thus all sex is ecosex. **The ecosex revolution wants YOU. Join us.**

(vi) THE ECOSEX PLEDGE. *I promise to love, honor and cherish you Earth, until death brings us closer together forever.*

Elizabeth M. Stephens & Annie M. Sprinkle

Draft 1.0 of a work in progress.

WHEN I KNEW

by Elizabeth Stephens

I have been in love with the Earth since I was born although I could never quite find the words to articulate my unnatural closeness to nature. That is until recently. Growing up in Appalachia it was easy to spend time in the woods with my lover Earth and not be considered a freak. But as I got older, I was ashamed of admitting that he/she/it was the true object of my desire. Especially after having to bear all of the stereotypical jokes about farm boys and their sheep, speculations about tree huggers or those witchy mountain women and what they really did at night in the woods on a full moon. As a kid I just couldn't fit into the mandatory heterosexual landscape that conscripted the destinies of most of my childhood pals. I ran away to live in the urban gay and artist ghettos of Boston and then NYC, where I hid behind my lesbian identity or at least presented myself as a healthy androgyne. But I never quite felt comfortable in the lesbian or the "every one can be queer" scene. I had other desires that I couldn't afford to let bubble to the surface. I knew that I'd be kicked out of the sisterhood or my queer tribe would consider me too queer to be queer. Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore and with the help and support of my beloved ecosexual partner Annie, I mustered-up the courage to claim my true sexual identity. I now proclaim myself to be proud tree-hugging, skinny dipping, Bob cuddling ecosexual and I will never go back into any kind of closet again.



Montgomery, WV

I was born in Montgomery, West Virginia on the banks of the Kanawha River. Montgomery straddles the border between Kanawha and Fayette counties. Kanawha County is where Charleston, the state capital and cultural center of West Virginia is located. Fayette County is coal county and as such it is wild. I may have spent much of my childhood in Kanawha County, but my birth certificate lists my birth as in Fayette. Montgomery is now a shadow of its former self, barely resembling the vibrant town I remember from my childhood. Then it was a hopping little economic hub that was the home of the West Virginia Institute of Technology (Tech), the College Drug Store and Brown Chevrolet. Tech trained the engineers who would go on to work in West Virginia's coal industry. Tech also trained nurses who treated the coal miners' black lung at the Montgomery General Hospital. WV Tech also generated a small but dedicated intellectual and artistic community. This must have been where I gained my first inkling that there was any such thing as an intellectual or artistic life, even though I don't exactly remember it. But others do and there are the stories, reams of stories, different versions of the same story told over and over again. Embroidered with new details, innovative ways of stitching together different versions, and different points of view to describe the same thing. It is fascinating how many different ways that folks can tell the same story and yet each time it is a different tale. This makes the story worth retelling again and again in quixotic attempts to get it right, or maybe to get right with history.

We are talking about the 60's. I was born exactly in nineteen sixty. It was a good year, exciting things were on the horizon. There was labor unrest and the Greensboro sit-in, which initiated the Civil Rights Act of 1960. Kennedy won the Presidential election, Hitchcock's Psycho was released, and we were about to enter the Vietnam War. West Virginia was completely under the rule of King Coal although at that time the unions were still strong. This meant that even the coal miners were making good money, enough to make it worth getting the black lung disease that killed them in droves. I've heard many miners say that they risked certain death by slow suffocation to provide better lives for their kids. My father died of this very same kind of suffocation even though he was not a coal miner. It was enough to just live in the valley where coal dust permeated the air 24/7. My family worked in and around coal and a few still do.

Over the years the face of mining has changed drastically, while the power that coal wields in West Virginia has changed very little. In fact, as dependence upon electricity has increased and the power of coal has grown global dependence on this black gold has only become greater and greater. For instance, there was certainly a good deal of strip mining when I was growing up but I could never have imagined that the technology and desire for massive profiteering would meld so seamlessly with demand

as to be able to literally blast off the tops of the mountains. This is what mountain top removal strip mining does. Hundreds of feet of landmass gets blasted off the tops of the mountains and shoved down into the valleys into either side of some of the oldest mountains in the world.

Puddle Hopping

I knew that I was an ecosexual the first time I discovered the joy of mud puddles. I loved to jump into the dirty water feet first and just feel the warm mud and light brown water splash up against my legs and then run down again, sullyng the Sunday school clothes that I had been forced to put on to impress Jesus and his friends. Not only was playing in mud puddles a rebellion against the culture whose expectations dictated I get dressed up in the first place, but it was also a way of embodying my belief that dirtiness was next to godliness and not the other story about cleanliness.

Smithers, WV

Growing up breathing in the fragrance of the forest, the moss, rotting leaves, rhododendron, the mountain laurel and gladiolas; playing in the fresh water from the little creek that runs into Daniel Boone's Bathtub swirls underneath Suicide Rock and empties into the slow muddy Kanawha River, made for the dreamiest moments of my childhood. Domestic smells of homemade hot white rolls with butter, sweet potato pie, green beans, pinto beans with fatback, with cornbread, baked apples, venison, roast beef, wood smoke from my grandmother's woodstove mixed with the perfume that my sisters wore on dates was exquisite. My nose memory also recalls the smell of cutting oil, coal burning furnaces, heated metal, cigarette smoke and diesel fuel generated by the family machine shop in Smithers, WV. What kind of name is that, Smithers? And the coal trucks still roar by on Route 60. The shop, Marathon Coal Bit Company, was another one of those places where I spent a lot of unsupervised time roaming around, playing on conveyor belts, the chain hoist, watching the machinists at work on their lathes, milling machines and welding stations. I loved being in the shop, I loved the thick grease, the coal dust, the dark corners filled with prehistoric cast off metal tailings that curled like pig's tails and that would slice your finger or put out an eye if you weren't careful. This sense of danger permeated my early ecosexual development. Marathon's offices were drenched in the smell of my uncles' sweat, cigarette smoke, empty liquor bottles and metal. The fake wood paneling was dark and grimy as are most offices in old industrial buildings that have no need or time for decoration. Decoration is a woman's chore and not necessary or necessarily desired in men's buildings. Snap-On tool girl calendars hanging in the men's private lockers in the back of the shop provided enough aesthetic entertainment. These were working men whose minds are bent on solving technical problems, checking inventory, making the money it takes to feed families. To keep the business going and still turn a profit was no small feat in those days. Marathon manufactured coal bits and other machinery parts that were used in the coal industry from the late thirties until the early eighties. When big coal was on a run Marathon prospered, when coal was down, so was business. During the 60's and 70's there only environmental consciousness that I knew of in the upper Kanawha Valley of West Virginia was that coal mining was a good thing and anything that stood in the way of production was bad. This widespread attitude created an open and virtually unregulated playing field for the coal industry. When I was growing up, only the unions stood in the way of Big Coal's total domination of the southern West Virginia coalfields. The unions are virtually gone now and the mountains are in danger of disappearing too.

As I grew older I became more and more convinced that I had been dropped out of a spaceship and was destined to wander in a foreign land where there was no one else like me. I was an alien freak who had been adopted despite my unmistakable resemblance to the Stephens family while my little brother who had been adopted was the true heir to the family jewels. There was some truth to this feeling, not just because of my queer exosexuality but occupying the body of a young woman put me at a distinct disadvantage in a man's world. West Virginia was patriarchal territory, and this was especially so in the coalfields. In spite of this, one of the things I love about West Virginia is that it is a region that is known for its eccentricity. There is a sense of indomitable anarchism and fierce individualism, the combination of which boils down to a unique hillbilly sensibility. If you are from West Virginia, class doesn't matter in the national imagination because you are tainted with the aura of hillbilly. Being a hillbilly, even a high-class hillbilly is like having a touch of the Irish or a drop of African blood running through your veins. In other words, you are contaminated and the damage is irreversable.

Earthworms

I knew that I was an eco-sexual was when I found myself delighting in the dirt under my fingernails gotten from digging around in my grandfather's earthworm farm at the age of four. I loved the rich, black loamy dirt that the earthworms made with their shit. I loved their slimy purple pink ribbed bodies when I picked them up. I loved them more, especially after I learned that each individual earthworm contained both male and female reproductive organs. This seemed like a perfect way to be in the world, self contained, hermaphroditic, slimy and great fish bait.

Bringing down the Mountains

In the myriad of corporate strategies and governmental moves intended to create a global economic monoculture, the kinds of differences that make West Virginia unique are being quashed through economic and cultural starvation as well as by environmental devastation. The destruction of Appalachian culture is intimately intertwined with bringing down the mountains. It is part and parcel of this violence as Appalachian identity is the mountains. If there are no mountains there will be no Appalachia. After all West Virginia is the Mountain State. Or, to look at it from a slightly different angle, as Stephen Colbert on the Colbert Report warned, "hillbillies without hills will simply be Billies." What kind of Billies is unclear.

Appalachian people have always been slightly embarrassing to the United States as a whole. *Deliverance*, *The Beverly Hillbillies*, *Green Acres*, *The Wild Wonderful Whites of West Virginia* and Linndie England are some of the most popular stereotypical examples deployed to represent my home. There are not many people who would miss the hillbilly tribe if they just happened to be wiped off the face of the earth. Multinational corporations are well aware of this bias and are betting that there won't ever be a strong enough national protest against destroying hillbilly habitat to stop coal corporations from doing just that. This is akin to the violence and lack of care that accompanied the genocide that Native Americans suffer and that subsidizes the violence that African Americans have always had to endure on U.S. soil. Those wars and power struggles were also over land and economic resources. The only hope for Appalachia right now is the well-organized environmental justice movement that has and continues to create strong coalitions and produce compelling public relations campaigns to fight for the Appalachian environment. At least these environmentalists know that ecosystems, social systems and systems of justice depend upon diversity and stewardship. Appalachia produces all kinds of unexpected diversity that meanders through the people, within the culture and across the land. Really all that the people living there want to do is to be able to make a decent living while inhabiting the loving and sometimes terrible embrace of their mountains. But even this very simple, rational desire is viewed as an impediment to coal mining. It is therefore framed as a threat to U.S. energy security.

Cloud Gazing

I knew that I was ecosexual when I realized that I preferred to be lying on my back in a mountain field surrounded by the tall alfalfa grass right before haying. Lying there with the sun on my face just gazing at the sky. Protected from the sight of others by the tall waving grasses created a completely electric charge that could not be turned off by anyone or anything. Lying in a ripe hayfield with a stalk of alfalfa between my two front teeth studying the clouds, watching them turn into unicorns, lover's faces, breasts, continents, letting them carry me away was a beautiful waste of time. In those moments I melted into the earth. I was nature. I was eco-ecstatic.

The Farm

I can't remember the first time I ever heard the word "environmentalism." It might have been when I was in my late teens. By the late seventies I had somehow gotten hold of the Whole Earth Catalog some of the Foxfire how-to-books and Abbie Hoffman's *Steal this Book*. There were hippies in the northern part of West Virginia and around Floyd, VA (near our farm) because of the back to the land movement combined with the low price of real estate. The Vietnam War resistance movement also celebrated living on the land as opposed to engaging corporate lifestyles. One of my cousins, Patricia, led a protest right up to the West Virginia State Capital. She certainly had my family fit to be tied as the Stephens' were an extremely conservative, patriarchal and patriotic family, or at least the men in my father's generation were, and those guys ran the family show. This list of characters included my father, Uncle Henry, Uncle Roy, and Uncle Bob. There were two more players in this patriarchal game. Uncle Lyle, who was killed in a driving accident on the railroad tracks near Alloy, and my grandfather Stephens who died of natural causes. They both passed before I was born. All were extremely tough guys and they did not like hippies.

At the end of the seventies I had graduated from an all girl's high school where I had been sent to acquire some discipline, to learn to become a proper young lady and to climb the social ladder in hopes of a bagging good husband further down the line. Instead I learned how to do drugs and drink like my new found rich friends. I also learned that there was a wide-open world beyond West Virginia. I spent most of my time in high school high as a kite

and angry as a rattlesnake. My anger may have been in part why I was sent away but being away did little to calm me. After graduating from Chatham, I moved to my grandparents' farm just across the West Virginia/Virginia border in Hillsville, Virginia. It was really my father's farm. He purchased it in the fifties for my mother's parents because my grandfather Marshall had lost his job due to his alcoholism. Moving to the farm and working on the land seemed to cure his proclivity for liquor and when I knew him he was a sweet as could be. Somehow my father was able to keep his business going and prosper throughout his own drinking career. This probably had to do with the nature of the Stephens clan, they picked up the slack for each other so that the business would stay afloat no matter which individual Stephens was sinking. And they took turn bobbing up and down like a well-choreographed water ballet or a field of fishing floaters. This was where I learned the importance of collaboration and how some things are just too large to attempt alone.

I loved everything about this farm. This was where I lost my virginity, made ceramics, built and operated a kiln and learned to raise vegetables. I also threw huge parties where people could play with wild abandon for days on end. There was a period between the mid-seventies until we sold the farm in Virginia in the early nineties when I didn't even go to West Virginia very much. I wasn't interested in being there aside from seeing members of my immediate family from time to time. The coalfields were too dirty and depressing. It was the farm in Virginia that I loved, as this was a place where I had the space to fully be myself. Even after I moved to Boston to pursue an art education and career I returned to this farm again and again. I still do in my imagination. If I have any regrets in my life there may be two. One is that I didn't know that I was an ecosexual with lesbian tendencies when I went to the all girls high school. The other is that we sold the farm after my father died.

Gardening

I knew I was ecosexual when I planted my first garden after my grandparents had moved from the farm to Kentucky to live with their son, Uncle Bob. In the late winter/early spring I carefully planned out my vegetable beds. I ordered seeds from the Burpee Seed Catalog after spending hours consulting with my old farmer friends and their wives about what would grow best in the local soil. Ward Dalton came up with his tractor and plowed a big garden spot for me in a sunny patch by the house. Then I happily cleaned out the neighbor's horse stalls and the pigpens and used that manure to enrich my garden's clumpy clay soil. I've always loved getting my hands dirty. I planted four big red geraniums, one at each corner of the garden, to bring in good luck and to keep the bugs away. Finally I planted my Burpee seeds in the enriched red Virginia clay and watched them grow. I had a beautiful garden that year. There was plenty to give away to neighbors and even some left over to can. After living alone on the farm for two years, I realized that I wanted to be an artist. My father desperately wanted me to go to college so I went to art school in upstate New York and then Boston. I've not lived in Appalachia on a permanent basis since. It had only been recently that I have considered embarking on a longer return.

Mother

My mother was manic-depressive and perhaps my birth when she was 43 was one of her last labors of love. It was certainly her last labor. Three years later she adopted my little brother. My mother died under mysterious circumstances two months into my seventh year and my brother's fourth. It was 1968, so fucking much happened that year. She was 50 then, I'm 50 now. 50 doesn't seem so old any more. I have very few memories of my mother. What I do remember is that she was beautiful, she was sad, she was a talented musician, she had a temper, she was eccentric and she loved to dress up. People say that I'm like her. I don't know whether to take this as a compliment or a warning. But the one thing that my mother did pass on to me was her love for the mountains and especially for the farm nestled in the mountains of Virginia. I am certain that my father bought this farm for her as much as he bought it for her parents. Truth be told, my father loved the farm as much as any of us. What wasn't to love? We had 73 acres of most fertile Appalachian land around with pastures, piney woods, two springs, a creek and an apple orchard. There were walnut trees, blackberry bushes, a cherry tree that bore sweetest Bing cherries in the world. My grandmother always had the most amazing gardens and she fed the extended family year round from it.

Tomatoes

Sometimes I would sneak down to my Grandmother's tomato patch in the afternoon while she was napping. It was forbidden to pick any of her tomatoes unless she had specifically requested I do so. I knew that if I got caught with red stains on my shirt or fingers sticky with sweet tomato juice, I would get a licking. So I had to be careful sneaking through the tomato patch in the hot Virginia sun, stealthily selecting the one ripe tomato that was ready to burst its own skin and spill its magical juices. I would take my time making my way over to the reddest, plumpest juiciest fruit, mindful not to disturb any of the other plants or leave any trace of my having been there. I'd pick my tomato; make an invisible exit trying to walk like a hunter leaving no trace. Upon exiting the garden, I'd run to the hay barn where I had stashed a shaker of salt and I'd have my way with the sweetest, reddest, succulent Big Girl around.

Hillsville

The farmland rippled and rolled in perfect rhythm with the flat pasture by the creek beautifully complimenting the hills that swooped down on either side. This land is etched on my heart as I've traversed its fields, its waters and its little pine grove over and over again, on foot, on horseback and in a variety of vehicles. I've made love like a banshee on those fields from the time I was seventeen until we sold the place when I was thirty-three. I learned to drive on an old \$25 dollar jeep that my dad had picked up at some army surplus sale. I was twelve when he handed me the keys and told me to bring the jeep from the barnyard to the house. Of course I had no idea what the difference was between the brake and the clutch, plus this jeep was an old Willys that you had to push a starter button on the floor with your right toe, while holding down the clutch with the other foot and gently pushing on the gas with your heel to get the thing started. There was a lot going on-but I did manage to start the motor as I had been carefully watching my Dad start it for years in anticipation of this very instant when I would take the driver's seat. Upon engaging the engine, the jeep lurched forward and straight through the new aluminum gate that we had just put up the week before. I was terrified that I was in trouble but I was also terrified that if I stopped to try to fix the gate I'd never get started again. So I just kept going, mangled gate clanging in front of me as I drove the 1/2 mile dirt road up to the farmhouse. "Good job kid," my father said, "but why'd you have to bring the gate?" I liked that about my dad, he was a super tough guy and we disagreed on many, many things but he sometimes knew when to be tender with me. Pretty soon I was driving all over the place in that jeep. I could even take it to town as it bore farm plates on the back and that meant that as long as we were doing farm business, anyone who could drive was allowed to drive, license or not. Whenever I was driving, I was always doing farm business.

After my mother died I lived with various members of the family. I stayed at my father's home and later the home with my father and his second wife. Sometimes I also stayed at my two oldest sisters' houses. My sister Kitty, who had four kids and my sister Anne who had one took care of both my brother and me. There was also my grandparents' farm in Virginia where I went as often as I could mostly on the weekends and during the summer. As a kid I had the luxury of roaming the woods, the fields and the lazy streams of waters that marked our farm and trickled down the mountains to the rivers below. On the farm we had fresh springs that you could drink straight out of. We also had ponds that my father had built as a crazy money making scheme. He thought that by keeping the ponds stocked with bass and bluegill that he could sell fishing rights to the neighbors. In other words, he imagined local folks would pay him to fish in these ponds. The only problem was that these folks had other places to fish for free. I don't believe that my father ever made a penny from his ponds but this scheme was a visionary one as now the rivers and streams are too polluted to fish in as are many rivers and streams across the entire country. I won't even discuss the state of the oceans here.

The failure of my father's fishing enterprise suited me just fine as I had those ponds all to myself most of the time. I loved to fish. I was a loner, even at a young age, and I was just as happy fishing by myself as I was with my grandfather, my father, or my brother, nephews, cousins or friends. We often had fish for dinner. I preferred the bass to the bluegill because they were bigger but the bluegills were sweet. I was happy with whatever I landed. These fish were tasty and tender. Eating them felt right as they came from our land as did the vegetables and the yearly steer that we slaughtered. We knew the woods that produced the Thanksgiving venison and my grandmother raised our holiday turkey. It was the norm to know exactly where one's own food originated. Now it's the norm to think that food is born in a cellophane wrapped styrofoam package. Ecosual gardeners need to readjust this misconception while we still know how to grow food ourselves.

Baptism

I knew that I was an ecosexual when my dad and I got baptized at Calvary Baptist Church in Charleston, West Virginia. We both thought that if we got saved our lives would magically change for the better and so we went together to have our sins washed away. I'm not quite certain whether it was for the love of Christ or having the preacher's hands holding me down in the water that I got so hot and bothered. All I remember is going under the water and being convinced that now everything was going to change. Everything would be better. It was an transformative experience. I was under for what seemed like eternity which felt much more exciting than losing my virginity. Plus because there was no fumbling or embarrassment, there could only be salvation. Salvation underwater is hot.

Dad

My dad was a traveling salesman. I don't know why but he would embark on his crazy building projects, which became especially interesting when he decided to do so from scratch. One would think that he would know how to make things, as the family business was a machine shop. But my father couldn't hammer a nail in straight if you paid him much less work the machines in his shop. However, he could sell you your own shoes while you were wearing them on your own two feet. Watching him do this to first-time customers was part of my Performance Art education. My father had no business building anything except his business. It was always slightly embarrassing to watch him try but the same was true when he would sing in church. He could not carry a tune but he loved belting

out those gospel hymns and it was as though the louder he sang, the better his chances were of getting into heaven. My father did know how to engage everyone else's knowledge to his best advantage. One day he decided to build a raft on our pond. Luckily our neighbors heard about this so they came over to help. Coming over represented no small effort, as you had to drive two miles up a rutted dirt-gravel road to even get to the place. But the neighbors instinctively knew that my father building a raft on our pond with his two kids could have easily ended in disaster. This is how it was when I grew up. People helped each other. We need to start helping each other again.

Galloping

I knew I ecosexual when I had an out of body experience galloping through the mountains on a fast, sweaty, sure-footed pony. Not caring about anything as I flew, I was one with the animal beneath me. I just egged that pony on and she went faster than the wind. Wrapping myself around animal body, hanging on for dear life-hands in mane, reins let loose, legs gripping for all I was worth. My heart was in my throat in rhythm with the drumming of hooves on the ground and the world was a watery blur. The slow down, the cool down was a bit of a dream and when I came back to my body I was surprised to get off and walk away as a separate creature.

Step Mother and Nurturing

To say that my father's second wife and I did not like each other would be a vast understatement. Our animosity for each other was classic and it got to the point where she and I couldn't even be in the room together without getting to what James Baldwin might call "pure rage." Mine had a different source and different flavor than Baldwin's, but in its full glory rage is rage. That rage was the only thing that my father's wife and I shared. To create a break in the household tension my father would take my little brother and I to the farm on the weekends where we were set free to do whatever we pleased. There was less fighting or arguing and it seemed like we had escaped from prison. When we were on the farm we were one happy ecosexual family unit.

My Dad only knew how to cook chili and make milkshakes. So, when we'd go to the farm in Virginia, after my grandparents had moved (because they had gotten too old to run the place), he would feed us on one big pot of beans, canned tomatoes and hamburger plus as many milkshakes as we could stomach. On Sundays we went to the little white frame Dinwiddie church, which was in snuggled in the bend of Snake Creek Road right after you turned off U.S. Route 58. The church was about twenty yards up from where our dirt farm road intersected Snake Creek Road so we could walk to church if we wanted. I loved walking to and from the service on dirt road to our farm. There was a lot to do and see on the way. I can't remember if this church was a Presbyterian church or Methodist, but I know it wasn't Baptist because we sometimes went to the Baptist church in West Virginia and there was no food afterwards, only the distinct knowledge that I was going straight to hell along with everyone else in the congregation.

The really important thing about the Dinwiddie Church wasn't God. It also wasn't the music because the church members all sang off rhythm and off key. The important thing about this church was the food that was served after the service. Each Sunday, as long as the weather held, there was an outdoor harvest feast with so much food laid out on long tables that the boards would sway under the weight of the apple pies, the rhubarb pies, strawberry shortcake, fried chicken, hot dogs, hamburgers, fresh tomatoes, onions, ramps in the spring, cornbread, watermelons, watermelon rind preserves, peach cobblers, blackberry, cherry jellies and apple butter, homemade biscuits, and white bread. Going to this little church was my father's way of feeding his babies something other than chili and milkshakes. Not that we (the kids) weren't happy with his culinary specialties but I think other people in the community may have disapproved. Flora Gardener, Esau Nester, Paul Blankenship, Ward Dalton, Ned and Kitty Sue Chitwood, had all loved my grandparents and they had also loved my mother, but they were not exactly certain about what to do with this widowed Yankee from West Virginia and his two orphaned kids. They did the only thing that they could really do, they fed us after church and this was their way of showing us that we deserved their love. Theirs was a kind of generosity that spoke of the best parts of Christianity and the food they provided an ecosexual's culinary dream.

Water

I knew that I was an eco-sexual on my early camping trips. We'd hook up my mother's best friends' trailer in the early morning hours and drive 30 miles up to Summersville Lake. Even though it was only a short distance from home it felt as though we had driven all the way to Europe. In the middle of the hottest afternoons Aileen and Mattie would let me go skinny-dipping in the lake. Skinny dipping is not only a great way to cool down but just knowing that it was kind of naughty to swim naked in public made it even more delicious. My feelings of oneness with nature were boundless as the minnows nibbled at my toes and I peed in the water. I loved nature and I knew that nature loved me.

Homecoming

Annie Sprinkle and I collaborate as artists, educators and activists. During the past four years our work has become focused on the places where environmental issues meet sexuality. We call this Sexecology. We are both ecosexuals and we love going to West Virginia because what better place is there to practice our version of environmentalism and those living in the coalfields seem to respond to our work with relief and even some laughter after continuously being reminded of the impossible odds that they face each and every day. The residents and the activists know how bad it is. The next step is what are we able to do? As a native West Virginian, I have an insider's knowledge of the coalfields as I grew up there and my closest living relatives almost all still live in the region. Annie has charmed them into accepting her as my partner.

In more general terms Annie has the ability to charm heterosexual men with her reputation as a porn star, not to mention her sunny smile and world famous breasts. The latter may in the long run prove to be one of our most effective secret weapons in the uphill battle against MTR. As ecosexuals it is our responsibility to try to stop environmental and sexual wrongdoing whenever we can. Therefore we will try to stop the horrible environmental disaster MTR represents by any means necessary. Our next MTR adventure is the upcoming march from Marmet, WV to Blair Mountain in Logan, WV. Stay tuned for more at SexEcology.org

The end of part one of a work in progress.



“We asked our friend, Canadian artist Cindy Baker to design an ecosexual pride flag for our Purple Wedding. We love what she did. In the summer of 2009 we went to gay pride in San Francisco and marched in parade. We were a contingent of two of us. We would like to see the GLBTQI parade add an E for ecosexual.”

DIARY OF AN ECOSEXUAL

By Annie Sprinkle



MY NAME IS ANNIE SPRINKLE AND I AM A SYBARITIC COUGAR WITH ECOSEXUAL TENDENCIES. I am a new bride, recently married to the Earth, the Sky and the Sea, and engaged to marry the Moon. Never had I imagined that I'd be so lucky in love, or become so consumed with seemingly crazy, taboo, sexual desires. Nothing prepared me for this kind of relationship, and for this strange, new sexual identity. There is so much to learn that I feel like a total eco-virgin, sun kissed for the very first time.

Last night I arrived here in Akumal, Mexico by plane, from my home base in San Francisco, California. It is the perfect setting for a honeymoon adventure; a comfy condo apartment with floor-to-ceiling plate glass windows, which open right onto a white sand beach, a baby blue sky and a florescent turquoise-green Sea. Tropical birds sing me joyous songs as my Sky lover blows ocean-scented breaths all over my face, arms, and under my soft, slinky, leopard-print floor length nighty, which I bought special to wear on this honeymoon. It drapes nicely over my curves, and frames my abundant cleavage to perfection. You'd never know I got it at Target, unless you had one just like it.

My gut is filled with anticipation, as though I'm about to eat the ripe, juicy apple from the Garden of Eden's tree of knowledge. I wonder will the apple send me into rapture, or be poisoned? Or both. I can almost taste it, because in truth I'm no eco-virgin at all. I've been 'round the planet more than once, and its no secret that I've had far more ecosexual experience than most other gals my age.

It wasn't just the great ecosex that brought me to this pregnant honeymoon moment. For years the Earth, Sky, Sea and Moon and I were, you could say, just friends. We liked each other a lot, and had what I'd describe as an 'erotic platonic' relationship. We didn't see much of each other, as I was a city girl; born in Philadelphia, raised in L.A., and spent most of my adult life Manhattan. There weren't a whole lot of opportunities in my life for meaningful connections with the Earth, Sky, and Sea, with the exception of four wonder-years I spent in Central America, in Panama, from the age of thirteen to seventeen when Dad worked for the US Agency for International Development. Panama was a lush, jungle paradise filled with ecosensual delights. My teenage experiments with psychedelics on "Tits Beach" made for some transcendental connections with nature and its elements. That's where my relationship with the Earth, Sky, Sea and Moon really took hold. Or perhaps this relationship actually goes back to the womb, or further.

Since I took my wedding vows, 'to love, honor and cherish the Earth, Sky and Sea until death brings us closer together forever,' my love grows bigger, deeper and more Universal every day, and penetrates every aspect of my life. I'm quite certain that we will be together for the rest of my life. I would be nothing without them. On this honeymoon I expect to get to know more about my lovers and what makes them happy and satisfied. But all is not sunshine and daffodils.

Last night when I first arrived here at the condo with my luggage in tow, what was the first thing I saw in front of me? Nothing less than a huge, dreaded, killer Palmetto bug—aka the water bug—that indestructible, dinosaur cockroach. Was this a warning sign from the Universe that danger was ahead? I'm scared. Will my new relationships work? Will I be worthy? There are issues; my fears of intimacy, old coping mechanisms, negative thought patterns, baggage from past relationships, societal taboos, not to mention earthquakes, hurricanes and tsunamis. There were also things that happened in my childhood. Between the ages of about seven and ten my younger sister chased me with giant bugs whenever she found them. I'd run screaming into the safety of the bathroom and slam the door. She would then put them under the door and they would crawl towards me while she laughed, taunted and terrorized me. This created some deep wounds--for which she has since sincerely apologized. A shaman-therapist suggested that in a past life I had lived in the jungle, been tortured, and when left to die my body became covered with crawling water bugs. There were maggots involved too. Will I ever be able to overcome my childhood, and past life, nature abuse?

In any case, I can no longer deny my romantic, and erotic, attraction to nature. Society does not support this kind of relationship. Look at the eco-sex negative names like "tree hugger," "hedonist," "beach bum." "Pagan," "dirty girl," "tom boy," "flower child"... The list goes on. We must reclaim these! Say it loud, say it proud, "I am a nature lover!" Those of us that can must come out of the closet. Perhaps when people get to know us and realize we

are part of their communities and in their families things will get better. Of course lots and lots of people don't even realize they are ecosexual. They need to be educated. We need an Ecosex Community Center, an Ecosex Film Festival, a march on Washington to demand more environmental protections. Oh dear, here I am, working again--and on my honeymoon.

OK, so I realize that I am anthropomorphizing the Earth, Sky, Sea, and Moon—attributing them human-like qualities, the way people anthropomorphize God.” The Earth, Sky and Sea are not human beings, and human beings are not the Earth, Sky and Sea. --Or are we? This experience is so new that anthropomorphizing is the only way I can manage to even begin to explain it. Hopefully I will find better ways to speak of these things in the future. Here in Akumal, I'm grateful that I can share this honeymoon with my beloved, human life-partner, Elizabeth Stephens. I call her Beth. She and I are walking hand-in-hand on this amazing bio-sexual adventure. We came to these life-changing self-discoveries at the same time. She and I fell madly in love nine years ago. For the first couple years of our relationship we desired to be totally monogamous. A couple years later we decided to practice what we call “adventurous monogamy.” We'd have erotic adventures together; like going to a neo-burlesque show and getting a lap dance, or doing a sensual massage evening with our sacred intimate, Joseph Kramer, or we'd find ourselves being voyeurs at a friend's sex party, or going for a bondassage session with Ms. Montaine and Jaeleen. Things really changed five years into the relationship when we bought a little cabin in the woods of Boulder Creek, California. It was there that we found ourselves turning green-- what with all the talk of solar power, global warming, recycling, ... green was in the zeitgeist. We discussed it and decided to open up our relationship to become what we call 'pollen-amorous.'-- to take the Earth as our lover. Looking back Beth and I can see how the experiences in our lives shaped us and brought us to this--our destiny. Perhaps she and I were drawn to each other by greendar, sensing each other's ecosexuality. In any case, we are glad we found each other. There aren't too many other partners that would let their wives marry, and make love with the Earth, Sky, Sea and Moon.

These days Beth and I want to share our enthusiasm for this kind of love, and the things we've learned and are thinking. We hope our story will help and inspire others like us, or help others who aren't like us understand us, and ultimately we hope to help to protect our beloveds-- the Earth Sky, Sea and Moon.

WHEN I KNEW-- CHILDHOOD

When I first knew that I was an ecosexual I was five. My family moved from to sunny California from dark Pennsylvania. My parents bought us a house with a sparkling blue swimming pool. I remember, the first time I jumped into our. The rush of the cold water; my heart pumping, lips tingling, toes curling, the pure body pleasure. I floated, buoyant, the light twinkling on the top of the water like fairy glitter. The sound of the splassshhhh, then the silence of the deep end. I became one with the water. I was a water ballerina, beautiful, graceful, at peace. I loved the taste and scent of the chlorinated water. I became renewed, refreshed. Even though I knew it was naughty, I peed in the pool. They don't call me Sprinkle for nothing.

When I knew that I was an ecosexual I was nine. My dad discovered Yosemite and he fell in love. In retrospect, my dad must have been an ecosexual too. Our family visited Yosemite several times a year. That's when it started, between me and the redwood trees. I liked them BIG, and they were HUGE! Big, round, hard, but soft, redwood trees. Gentle giants. I loved the scent of the trunk, like vanilla mixed with soil. I have a strong memory of coming across a redwood that had fallen over from a storm. I walked around off the trail and peeked at its freshly exposed roots. So soft, so sensuous, so sexy! I had to touch them.

When I knew that I was an ecosexual I was ten. It was at night, when we were camping. My family would gather wood and make a fire. I was a Camp Fire Girl! We crumpled newspaper, topped it with kindling and lit it with a match. When the flames got going we added logs. It would start slowly, then build. Eventually the fire became raging, hot, I could feel the heat on my skin. I loved the smell of the burning wood and smoke. I could stare into the dancing flames for hours, and find so many colors; reds, oranges, yellows, even blues, greens and purples. Flames licking wood with intensity. The logs florescent with burning embers, like a painting on black velvet. I would watch until the fire went completely out. That's when I knew.

MY GREEN TEEN YEARS

My first oral sex experience was in communion with nature, on a secluded beach two hours north of Panama City, Panama. Mathew Van Guilder Howell was a sweet older man at twenty-four years old. He owned The Golden Frog, a hippie coffee shop. I was a shy, sweet sixteen, high school student and budding hippie. We did what young people did in 1969 on their first date; a hit of mescaline. That night there was but a sliver of a moon, and the stars were only how stars can be on a jungle beach on the equator—more bright and abundant than anywhere else on

the planet. There were so many shooting stars it was like a fireworks display, but way, way better. The gentle, rhythmic waves massaging the sand were filled with plankton, which made them glow in the dark with magical phosphorescent glitter. Nature was at her most glamorous and seductive, dripping in diamonds. Van and I got naked. My heart was open and pumping, my senses aroused, and I was in love for the first time. I laid on my back, dug my feet into the sand, and let my knees open like butterfly wings to welcome the Universe in between my thighs. The splash of a wave spit on my belly and vulva. For a few timeless moments the Universe and I made an exquisite, erotic, cosmic connection. Then Van kissed his way down my body and gave me what we called at the time, “head.” To this day Van and I remain friends, but it is the Earth, Sky, and Sea that I ultimately married.

As I think about it, my most memorable teen ecosex experiences were when I was in an entheogen induced altered state. Like when I took a hit of orange sunshine (LSD) and sat by the stove and watched, transfixed, the miracle that is water boiling in a metal pot for a long, long, long time. The sounds the bubbles made against the steel pot were hypnotic and beautiful. Like when I ate psilocybin mushrooms, buried myself up to my neck in cool sand and lay cuddling with the Earth for an eternity. Like the time I smoked opium and watched a giant sea turtle lay her eggs on the beach. Like when I ate some peyote buttons in the Arizona desert and made love with a big, erect, suaro cactus. There was no touching of the cactus for obvious reasons, but I swear, that cactus and I exchanged our sexual energies. These experiences, and a few others like them, I treasure highly and wouldn't have missed them for the world.

MY ECOSLUTTY NEW YORK CITY YEARS

At eighteen I moved to Manhattan. Like leaving a high school sweetheart behind when one goes away to college, I just didn't have much use for nature anymore and was just fine without it. For years and years the city satisfied all my needs. I had an exciting and happy life in the sex industry, working in massage parlors, making porn movies, doing burlesque, and posing for sex magazines. Eventually I successfully transitioned into the art world, touring internationally with my one-woman performance-art-theater shows about my life. I also became a sex educator, and the first porn star to get a Ph.D.

On the rare occasions when I did venture out of the city into the country, it was mostly to the Wise Woman Center near Woodstock. In summers women would gather there to learn “wise woman traditions” at the famous herbalist, Susun Weed's rustic old house and barn-studio situated in an old, abandoned rock quarry. The WWC was surrounded by many acres of woods, rivers, and waterfalls. There was a lake, which had a thick blanket of green algae across the top but you could still swim in it, sky clad. Gardens, goats, geese, pet spiders, insects and fairies were all part of the curriculum. It was at the WWC that for the first time I heard someone mention, in passing, the concept of the “Earth as a lover” as an alternative to “Earth as a Mother.” This grabbed my attention! My motto had always been “eroticize everything.” Sex was my thing, my path, my language. Maybe I, a big city slut, could reconnect with nature by thinking of the Earth as my lover.

The first time I went to the WWC was for Blood of the Ancients, a week-long gathering with rituals and workshops honoring menstruation. My curiosity about what such a gathering would entail led me to sign up. Women spun stories of walking into the woods, sitting on moist moss and letting their menstrual blood drip down on it as a way to nourish and connect with the Earth. Women spoke of bleeding into cotton cloth pads, then soaking the pads in water and using the bloody water to nourish their plants, and to feel earthy. While I definitely thought these practices were pretty out there, I also liked the idea of these intimate, symbolic gestures and later tried the bloody-rag-water idea out for myself for a few months on my two motley houseplants. The women all sang songs together about blood and the Earth around the campfire and in sweat lodge ceremonies. “Blood of the Ancients, flows through my veins. Forms die, but the river of life remains.” “The Earth is our Mother. We will take care of her. Hey yunga, ho yunga hey yung yung.” “Earth my body, water my blood, air my food and fire my spirit!” “The river is flowing, flowing and flowing. The river is flowing, back to the Sea. Mother carry me, a child I will always be. Mother carry me, back to the sea.” Even though it felt a bit silly, it was nice to sing about, and to, the Earth. There was no denying that everything grew like crazy all around the Wise Woman Center.

The next summer I returned to the WWC for Green Witch Week. Just after my green witch initiation, Susun Weed invited me to teach there. So for ten years, every summer I went and taught a four-day Sacred Sex workshop with my friends Jwala, Barbara Carrellas, and Linda Montano. I had come to fancy myself a red witch and a sacred prostitute. We taught the usual stuff about g-spots, erotic massage, sex magic, tantra, and had many fun Sluts and Goddesses dress up and performance nights.

On the fourth day of the workshop, when the workshoppees were ripe and ready, I'd give them a most unusual assignment. “Go out into the woods alone and have sex with something in nature, like a tree, a rock, a cloud, or a waterfall.” I'd coach them. “Use all of your smell, touch, taste, lick, kiss, rub, hump...” Sometimes I would do a little demo - like I'd lay across a hot granite boulder, kiss it, lick and taste it, sniff it, hug it, hump it,

breathe it in. We'd all have a good laugh then off to the woods they'd go. Two hours later, we'd gather again in a circle for kiss and tell. They would share, "I made love with a waterfall, and it was the best sex I ever had." "It was amazing. I got totally into this lavender bush." "I never thought of doing this before but I had a great experience with some lichen and can't wait do it again." "I fell asleep by the river and when I woke up there were butterflies all over my body. It was so beautiful." The women were overwhelmingly excited, amazed and satisfied. Of course there were always the Goddesses of Distention who held back. They just couldn't go there. "Way too kinky." But those that gave themselves over to the assignment agreed; nature was one hell of a hot lover. We teach what we want to learn.

In the late 80's and early 90's I wrote a series articles for *Penthouse* magazine. One was about a Native American shaman, sex magician and teacher named Harley Swiftdeer and his five-day Quodoshka workshop. He was the real deal. Harley taught me the best sex technique in the world--the Fire Breath orgasm-- also known as the FBO. It's a circular breathing technique to breathe ecstasy energy into and up one's body and then out into an electric energy orgasm release. With the FBO one can learn to harness, build, and move sexual energy, which can then be utilized for all kinds of things; hotter partner sex, physical healing, emotional cleansing, spiritual nourishment, shamanic journeying, and more. When I saw his more advanced students all demonstrate it, I knew I just had to learn it. It took me a couple years of practicing to get the hang of the FBO. I'd practice it at home alone or with other people who knew how to do it. But it was the day that I practiced the FBO in Central Park by the lake near the Alice in Wonderland statue, that I really GOT it and had my first big, electric, full body, blissful energy orgasm. The technique can be done with clothes on, standing or laying, and could be interpreted as someone doing yogic breathing or some sort of tai chi moves, so I doubt that anyone in the park knew what I was up to. Watching the light dancing on the water, breathing in the scent of the dirt, and the sounds of the pigeons around me were just the inspiration I needed to get me over the energy orgasm edge.

Learning the FBO was pivotal for me in my ecosexual evolution. Through my breath, some kegals, undulation, and intention, I could make love with the Earth, Sky and Sea energetically. Over the years that followed I taught hundreds of others; men, women and trans people, to do something like the FBO in workshops. I called it, "Ecstasy Breathing" or "Fun With Breath and Energy Orgasm," and often gave the technique a bit of an ecosexual twist.

A person does not have to be outside of a city to have good ecosex. For example, there was the time I was laying on my living room couch masturbating with my Hitachi magic wand when I looked out my eleventh story window, over the skyscrapers and into the sky when a big, white puffy cloud cruised me. Earlier I'd been reading the book *Sexual Secrets* and there was a quote I resonated with. "I am the sun, the moon and all the stars. There is no temple as sacred, no temple as blissful, as my own body." I meditated on that thought and found myself fantasizing that the cloud was watching me, coming closer to me, then enveloping me in its pillowy puffs. This was very pleasurable, and triggered a series of deep clitoral orgasms, accompanied by a burst of emotion, which I call a crygasm. My favorite kind of orgasms. As I came out of a divine afterglow, a wave of embarrassment washed over me. Was I some sort of cloud pervert? Was there a difference between what Shere Hite told me was a totally normal recurring rape fantasy doing a live sex show with a horse, vs. a fantasy of making love with a cloud? I decided to ask the cloud, is this for real? Is this consensual? Am I totally nuts? In that moment a red helium balloon floated up into the sky and pierced the cloud, like with Cupid's arrow. I took this to be a sign that indeed our love was real. Then before my eyes the sky darkened and it started to sprinkle. A cloud ejaculation! That was one of the best sexual experiences I had ever had, and I'd had many. For a long time I never spoke to anyone about this experience. It was a love that dared not speak its name.

Occasionally I would find people with whom I could talk about my ecosexuality. My friend Michael L. confided that once when he was camping he had an affair with a bright yellow flower that grew outside his tent. He masturbated with, and ejaculated on the flower a couple times. When it the flower started to die from old age, it made him so sad that he ate the flower and they became forever one. My friend Andrew R. shared with me about his tree in the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens, which had a big hole in its trunk. He would sneak inside that tree, masturbate, and come inside the tree. He developed a very strong bond with the tree, a deep love. Jasmine D. a yoga teacher friend, told me about the day her boyfriend broke up with her. She was crying face down on the grass. Suddenly she felt the life force of the Earth shoot into her, which triggered a full body Kundalini orgasm, the biggest she had ever had, which was for her a profound, beautiful and healing experience.

Although I didn't have a name for them yet, my ecosexual proclivities continued. Vegetables were a favorite dildo; namely the classic cucumber and the occasional carrot—I admit this was before we knew about washing off the pesticides. Water has always been my favorite of the elements. On some special horny occasions, I'd lay on my back in the bathtub, straddle the faucet, turn on the water, and have beautiful watergasm. Or straddle a hot tub jet when I could find one. I loved doing clay masks, and to exfoliate in the shower with scrubs made of

oatmeal, honey, lavender and rose. Steam baths, spa treatments with natural products, and aromatherapy scents made my life extra pleasurable. As a sex worker I relished the occasional mud-wrestling photo shoot, the outdoor sex scenes, and the nice John with the yacht in the 79th street boat basin. In my personal life, having sex in the great outdoors was always a special, all too rare, treat. Such was ecosex in the city.

MY MERMAID YEARS

Around my fortieth birthday the Sea began to beckon. “Come to me. You can’t resist me. Come to me. I want you.” Like the time I was in Scotland with my lover Mary. We were standing at the edge of Loch Ness looking for the monster when I heard, “Come to me, come to me...” My tears could not be withheld and Mary hugged me tight. “I feel so disconnected from nature,” I cried. “No wonder,” she said, “it’s the middle of winter!” But I knew it was more than that-- I was out of touch, and I knew in my heart that I had to get back to the Garden.

So I inched myself away from Manhattan to live by the Sea. First I moved to East Hampton for a year. Then made my way to live in Provincetown where I fell in love with humpback whales. After a couple years I was called to the Pacific Ocean, got a houseboat in Sausalito and lived right on top of the water, happily in rhythm with the tides. When my houseboat burnt down while I was out of town I learned about the power of fire. Free of material belongings, I took off with a male-to-female transsexual, named Captain Barb. We floated up north on her fifty-five foot boat, where I lived three years in a marina on Orcas in the San Juan Islands. I recreated myself as a mermaid.

A MERMAID WHORE BLESSING

May your days be filled with surf and sun,
Fish and shells and gallons o- fun.

May glittering light rays guide your way.
In safe harbors may you always stay.

May any troubles simply wash away,
And may you have many a good hair day.

May you find good friends who like to dive deep.
On stormy nights have sweet dreams, deep sleep.

May you live a long and healthy life of leisure,
Filled with pleasure in endless measure.

May you luxuriate in a cozy grotto.
On full moon night may you win the lotto.

May you have many delicious sensations,
Get lots o- love and have good vibrations.

Swim with dolphins and wear plenty o- pearls,
Drink tiny bubbles, dance with girls girls girls.

May boundless joy come over you.
Breach into the clouds and dive anew!

The end of part one of a work in progress.

ECOSEX LEXICON

ecosexual \i-'kō-sek-sh(ə-)wəl

Eco--From latin oeco: home, household.

- 1: A person that finds nature sensual, sexy.
- 2: A new sexual identity.
- 3: Person who takes the earth as their lover.
- 4: A term used in dating, i.e metrosexual.
5. An environmental activist strategy.
6. A new movement.
7. Other.

sexecology \seks-i-'kă-lə-jē\

(n.) A new field of research exploring the places sexology and ecology intersect.

sexecologist \seks- i-'kă-lə-jist\

(n.) A person who explores or works in sexecology.

Ecophile, vegisexual, ecolibido, pollenamorous, ecobitionist, ecoslut, carbon capture kiss, ecofeminism, ecofetish, ecofemme, ecobutch, ecoqueer, eco-submissive, ecobondage, ecolibido, treebadism, biodegrading, ecobation, greendar, hortisexual, ecohot, ecojaculating, ecovoyer, ecoboudoir, ecosex activist, ecomasochism, seadomasochist, treedonism, environmentally frisky, compostgasm, gynecology, ecoromantic, ecocentric, tornado chaser, eco-curious, localrotic, enviro envy, snow balling, snow job. green porn, ecofellatio, vegan-sexual, biosexual, ecopolygamy, eco-bottom, ecovestite, E-spot, liquidophile, arboreal frittage, wind play, sexecology, biotop, ecohetero, ecosadistic, ecosensual, ecorogenous zone, ecogasm, eco-afterglow...

Here are terms we have coined and gathered. Please let us know if you want to add yours.

Several words here are attributed to Carol Queen, Good Vibrations, Paul Corbit Brown, Stefanie Iris Weiss, Isabella Rosselini, Dallas Bryson and Joseph Kramer.



Purple Wedding to the Moon



Purple Wedding to the Appalachian Mountains





25 Ways to Make Love to the Earth

1. Tell the Earth, "I love you. I can't live without you."
2. You may feel embarrassed to be lovers with the Earth - let it go.
3. Spend time with her.
4. Ask her what she likes, wants and needs - then try to give it to her.
5. Massage the Earth with your feet.
6. Admire her views often.
7. Circulate erotic energy with her.
8. Smell her.
9. Taste her.
10. Touch her all over.
11. Hug and stroke her trees.
12. Talk dirty to her plants.
13. Swim naked in her waters.
14. Lay on top of her, or let her get on top.
15. Do a nude dance for her.
16. Sing to her.
17. Kiss and lick her.
18. Bury parts of your body deep inside her soil.
19. Plant your seeds in her.
20. Love her unconditionally even when she's angry or cruel.
21. Keep her clean. Please recycle.
22. Work for peace. Bombs hurt.
23. If you see her being abused, raped, or exploited, protect her as best you can.
24. Protect her mountains, waters and skies.
25. Vow to love, honor, and cherish the Earth - until death brings you closer together forever.

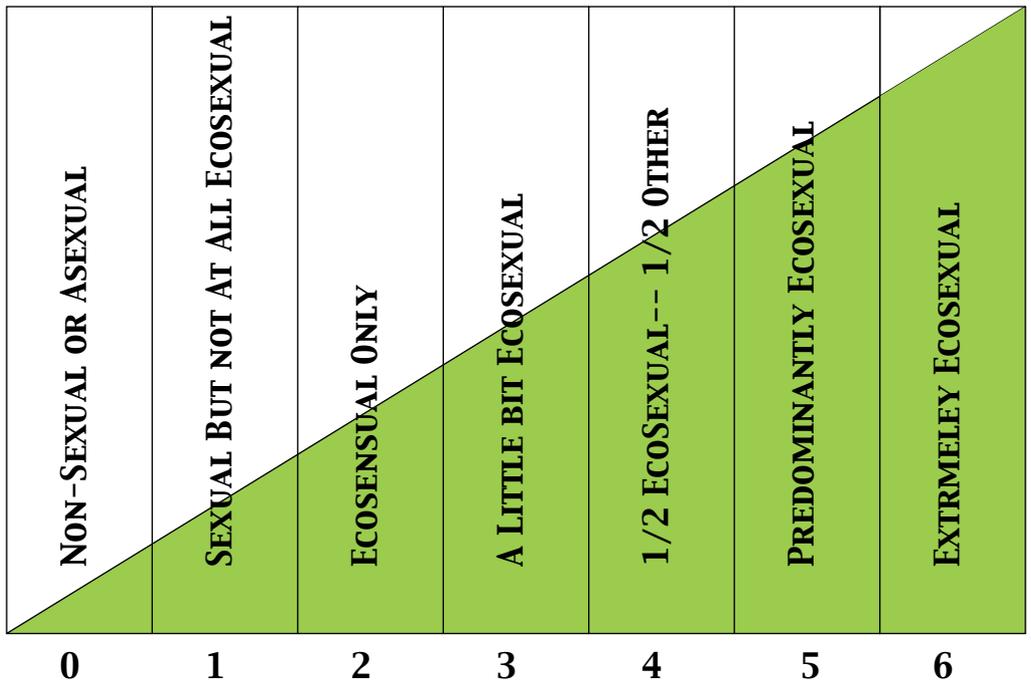
Elizabeth Stephens & Annie Sprinkle

Photo of Elizabeth & Annie by Julian Cash

ecosexuality.org

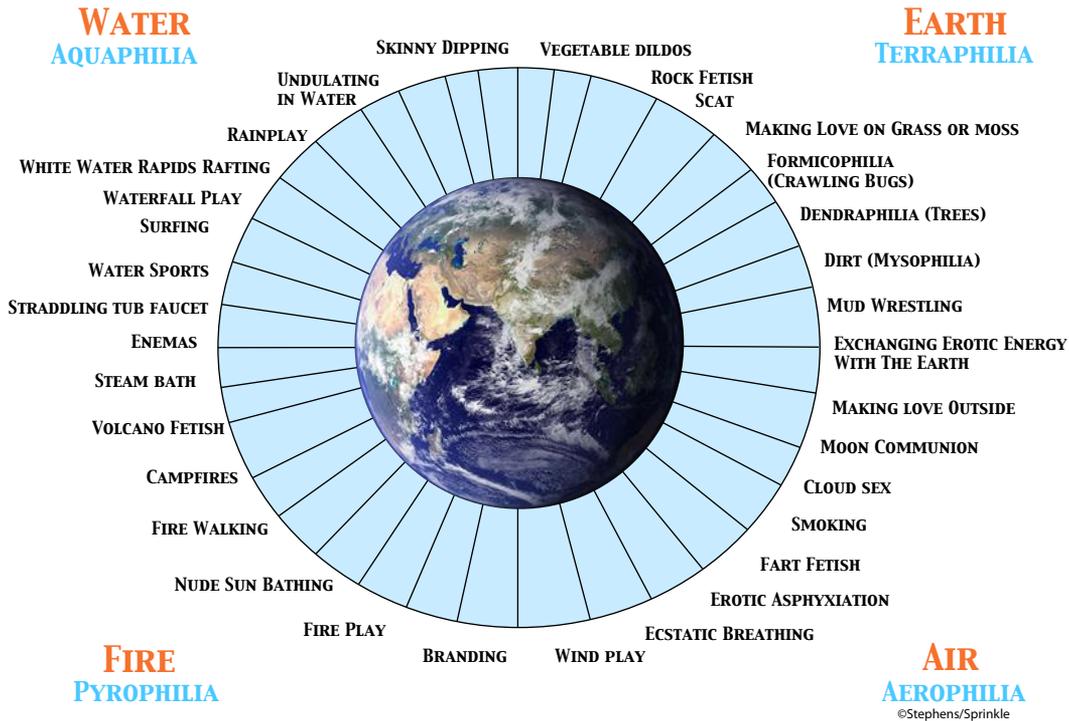
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Poster Design by Mari Kono



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SPRINKLE/STEPHENS SCALE
HOW ECOSEXUAL ARE YOU?



SEX ECOLOGY
WHERE ART MEETS THEORY MEETS PRACTICE MEETS ACTIVISM

"We're changing the metaphor from 'Earth as Mother' to 'Earth As Lover'"
Elizabeth Stephens, Artist, Ecosexual, Professor

"We aim to make the environmental movement more sexy, fun and diverse."
Annie Sprinkle, Ph.D., Artist, Ecosexual, Sexologist

ABOUT	<p>Elizabeth Stephens & Annie Sprinkle's Ecosex Manifesto Exhibit & Ecosex Symposium II</p> <p>Produced by Femina Potens Gallery in collaboration with the Center for Sex and Culture. The events will take place at the new Center for Sex and Culture (CSC) at 1349 Mission Street (9th and 10th), San Francisco, CA.</p> <p>June 17-June 19</p>
PROGRAM: Panel, Speakers, Topics	
ABOUT THE ART EXHIBIT	
DATES/TIMES FOR ECOSEX WEEKEND	

WELCOME to ECOSEXUALITY!

The Love Art Lab: Assuming the Ecosexual Position
 Annie Sprinkle, Ph.D.: WTF is Ecosex? Exploring the Places Where Ecology and Sexology Intersect; An Overview
 Elizabeth Stephens: SexEcology-EcoActivism as Art: Stopping Mountain Top Removal
 Carol Queen, Ph.D. : The Sexology of Ecosexuality
 Robert Lawrence, Ph.D.: Our Bodies Our Ecosexual Selves
 Madison Young: Greening the Sex Industry

KEYNOTE

Serena Anderlini-D'Onofrio, Ph.D.: What is Ecosexual Love? A Guide to the Arts and Joys of Amorous Inclusiveness.

ECOSEX and ART

Moderated by Jiz Lee
 Tessa Wills: Anal Ecology; A Dedication to the Earth
 Penny Slinger: The Dakinis as EcoSexual Ambassadors
 Tania Hammidi Ph.D.: Olive Tree Hug
 Dylan Bolles & Sasha Hom: The Myth of Ten Thousand Things

THEORIES of ECOSEX

Moderated by Sean Feit
 Michael Morris: Ecosexuality: Intersections and Interventions in the Construction of Environmental/Sexual Subjectivity
 Praba Pilar: The Cyborg Soap Opera
 Jennifer Reed: Can the Ecosexual Movement Help to Reintegrate the Human-Environment Rift?
 Sha LaBare: The Ecology of Everyday Life

ECOSEX ACTIVISM, ENVIRONMENTALISM, and POLITICS

Moderated by Naomi Pitcairn
 Amy Marsh, DHS, ACS, CHT: Toxins Ate My Sex Life
 Scott Catamas: NonViolent Communication for the EcoSexual Movement
 Travis Williams: Environmental Justice in Silicon Valley
 Amy Champ: Absolutely Free and Radically Wild—Living Radical Ecology at the Berkeley Tree Sit

ECOSEX PRACTICES

Moderator: Reid Mihalko
 Stephanie Iris Weiss: ECO-SEX: Go Green Between the Sheets and Make Your Love Life Sustainable *(Via Skype)
 Dr. Sharon Mitchell: The Ecstasy of Gardening
 Joseph Kramer, Ph.D.: Somatic Practices for the Ecosexual
 Kirk Read: EcoSexual Adventures in the Woods

CLOSING STATEMENTS from the SYMPOSIUM

HOSTS
 Elizabeth Stephens & Annie Sprinkle, Robert Lawrence & Carol Queen, and Madison Young

ECOSEX MANIFESTO ART EXHIBIT

The Ecosex Manifesto Art Exhibit by Elizabeth Stephens & Annie Sprinkle will be open for public viewing through July 24th.

Dalia Anani, Exhibit Production Manager.

RELATED EVENTS

Femina Potens's ECOSEXUAL QUEER PORN NIGHT
 DIRT STAR at the Tenderloin National Forest, The Luggage Store.



Special Thanks:

To Amy Marsh for helping make this Journal.

Big thanks to:

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Muchas Gracias:

To all the people in the photographs. You can find all their names in our Wedding Programs at Loveartlab.org

Photo & Design Credits

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Special thanks to Jenny Hubbard

P. 6. Photo by Mark Snyder

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P. 14. Ecosex Pride flag designed by Cindy Baker

P. 14. Photo by Jude Glaubman

P. 15. Photo by Julian Cash

P. 21. Blue Wedding to the Sea photos by Gigi Gatewood

P. 22. Purple Moon Wedding photos by Leon Mostovoy

P. 23. Purple Wedding to the Appalachian Mountains photos by Elizabeth Dobson

P. 24. White Wedding to the Snow portrait by Lindsay Mayhew

P. 24. White Wedding to the Snow group photo by Love Art Lab

P. 25. Ways poster design by Mari Kono

P. 26. Sprinkle/Stephens graphs design by Virginie Corominas

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Contact Us & Book Us: bethandannie@sexecology.org

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