

AniMaeKooctiS



SEXBIA

THE MOVIE



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LOTTA DI CLASSICO
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Sexbia is the transnational country of sex.

Sexbia - The Movie is the road feature about this country. An erotic documentary that talks about itself: the 2 characters/lovers follow the making of + screenings of the first episode between 2 continents: Serbia, Montenegro, Czech Republic, Austria, Italy, USA, Poland, Switzerland, Spain, Greece.

The first episode was made in January 2024 and is the original core of the whole movie: now the topics expand and grow up with the growth of the film itself. In every episode, Silvia talks about her story of physical + mental healing after depression and sexual harassment. *Sexbia* is the evolution of the feature *Silvia Overcomes Depression* (2023). *Sexbia - The Movie* has been completed in Vienna in June 2026.

This e-book contains the whole spoken text and the lyrics of the songs in the soundtrack.



Let's add some Schubert.

Sexbia!

This movie is called *Sexbia*. This movie is called *Sexbia*: S.E.X.B.I.A.

Sexbia! Sexbia! Sexbia!

This movie has many episodes: this is the 1st episode of *Sexbia*.

Life can't be perfect. Sex may be perfect. Life can't be perfect. I will make an imperfect movie to talk about the perfection of sex.

Ah! Raw technique.

Sweet technique. Ah! Hard technique. Soft technique.

Hard technique. Raw technique.

Hard technique, hard... soft technique, soft...

Are you OK? I'm completely fine!

Sexbia! Soft! This movie was fully shot in 2024. Soft...

Ah! Perfection of sex.

I'm completely fine!

I will make an imperfect movie to talk about the perfection of sex.

Completely fine!

Sexbia! Sexbia!

«Love delights in wandering -

God made it so –

from one to another.

Beloved, good night!»

«No lark could pipe...». Sexbia! Raw technique.

«God made it so...». Raw technique.

My voice is not synchronized with what you are watching.

My voice is not synchronized with what you are watching.

My voice is not synchronized with what you are watching.

Soft. «God...». Raw technique.

«from one to...». Completely fine!

Soft. «...wandering -

God made it so —...». Soft.

If you can watch this movie, I have not been censored.

If you can watch this movie, I have not been censored.

If you can watch this movie, I have not been censored.

Completely... completely...

Why Serbia?

«I arrived a stranger...».

Completely...

Soft technique. OK!

It's 2026 now. Hey...

Why Serbia?

Soft.

«...a stranger...».

My own stability. And yours.

This is the 1st episode of *Sexbia*.
«No lark could pipe...».
Watch this movie!
Raw technique. Sweet technique.
This movie is made in Serbia.
This movie was fully shot in 2024. It's 2026 now.
I'm completely fine.
In 2026 I decided it was time to remove every sign of depression from my face.
In 2026 I decided it was time not to hide my real voice anymore.

«Och hela världen känner till vår kamp».
[«And the whole world knows about our struggle»]

I was born in 1994 and Massimo in 1973.
This stuff is odd. Massimo is my husband.
Quite wealthy families.
Humble ancestors (bourgeois attitude!). Little memory of it, today.
This is very normal in Italy: little memory. Memory.
The littler the memory, the more normal you are. Today.
We belong to different generations: memory.
Both of us experienced the same status in different years.
Memory, memory.
Special children may be very disturbing in a children community.
Both of us: very creative.
Special children... But they are not real geniuses. Not all the times.
Special children... They can make this or that, but almost without discipline. Memory. Memory.
They can do something today and forget it tomorrow. Both of us.
They often walk on their tiptoes... Memory. I was used to walk like this.
Memory: like this.
People say these are symptoms of autism. I don't know.
Both of us...
The special child invents alternative worlds and sometimes their peculiar language.
They belong and at the same time they don't belong to their parents.
Memory: like this. Memory.
Very... dappled. Masculine and feminine. Like this. (Dappled).
Polite and badass. (Dappled). Like this.
Furious and calm. (Dappled).
It's very difficult to transform all of this in a balanced identity.
Memory: like this.
The families are not so aware of all of this. Even now.
This stuff is odd. It has no explication. Even now.

We can barely explain it.

Both of us were bullied. Memory: like this. Massimo still has a physical sign on his face.

Polite and badass...

Both of us understood very soon that our sexuality was unexpected... Like this. And rampant. Like this.

In the meantime, we looked so shy and delicate... And badass. Polite...

But our sexuality was not libertine. Explicit!

We were looking for a stable partner to witness us. Like this. Explicit.

We became very soon porn artists: explicit.

Our movies don't feature other performers. But what? Only us.

Our art is always very explicit. Like this.

We belong to different generations.

We suffered from the lack of vitality of our families. Memory.

We soon understood that there was kinda secret, (memory!) but what?

Memory. It's just a sensation. Explicit.

This secret keeps life away from our native habitat. Explicit.

We belong to different generations.

We understood very soon that our sexuality was not forbidden (memory!), but it was not encouraged. (Memory!).

It had to be common and normal... (Both of us...). Like every proof of good health. Explicit.

Our own sexuality as a real couple may be judged as a mental disease in Italy and in our family context. We also wanted to live as artists, and sex became our core business.

Memory. The sibling of one of us had a homosexual experience.

It was the very first sexual experience in their life.

And the parents' reaction was disappointed.

This family is accustomed to appear as very gay-friendly.

They use to participate in Pride parades.

They are agnostic, like the majority of cultivated people in Italy.

Atheism in Italy is often a bourgeois attitude.

It belongs very well in people who have a solid future.

Memory! Memory! And sex...

All of our siblings never had a stable romantic and sexual engagement.

None of them has ever had children. And sex...

None of them has ever left the family house.

Both of us left our houses, our town and our homeland.

The language I'm using now is not my native language. Explicit...

Memory, memory... Explicit.

Both of us left our houses. Both of us have tried to talk to our families about our nonbinary nature. Do it!

We never had any support on this topic. We can do it.

It simply looked odd. Do it!

Now we can forgive and somehow respect that homeland.
Easy! It's easier from our new homeland. And sex... And sex became
our core business: do it!
Life can't be perfect. Sex may be perfect.
I will make an imperfect movie to talk about the perfection of sex.
Life can't be perfect. Sex may be perfect.
I will make an imperfect movie to talk about the perfection of sex.
Life can't be perfect. Sex may be perfect.
I will make an imperfect movie to talk about the perfection of sex.
«...so that you might see
that I thought of you.
As I pass I write
'Good night' on your gate,
so that you might see
that I thought of you».
Perfection of sex.

And we are in Vienna now.
Vienna is the city of the full post-production of *Sexbia*.
I don't mean the post-production of the very movie, but the post-
production of a lifetime.

A day. We have never left each other after that date.
Not even a day. A day. Not even a day. Not even a day.
«Large privilege». Please.
Large... desire. Large... desire. The Beauty. Please.
«Fragrant rose». «Large privilege».
Soft technique.
Desire...
Why Serbia? «Large privilege».
Desire. The Beauty. Please.
«Eyes can see» the Beauty. Desire... Please. Desire, desire.
Please, why Serbia? Soft technique. A day. A day.
What did you fear the most in Italy?
Being imprisoned in a life I didn't belong to.

This movie was fully shot in 2024. It's 2026 now.
And I am in Vienna with my husband Massimo.
I am reconstructing the whole movie because it takes a clear vision to
do a movie like this.
In the meantime, I have 3 earrings and 4 tattoos on my skin, and they
are all signs of the freedom I was craving.
I had them all since I left Italy and went living in Serbia with Massimo.

I never thought about making porn art.
I discovered sex very late too. I was 22.
I was an easy prey. You can understand me.
I was basically raped.
Athens.
This is Athens. Sex may be perfect. This is Athens. Perfect.
Athens...
Life can't be perfect. Life can't be perfect. Sex may be perfect.
I will make an imperfect movie to talk about the perfection of sex.
Life, sex.
Athens...
Life, sex.
Sex...
You can understand me. Me... Me... Me... Athens.
This is... me. Me...
Me... My pussy. Me... My pussy... My pussy. Me.
Action! Let's see.
Then I met Massimo after 2 years.
For 2 more years I was afraid of any cock in my pussy (my pussy).
Now every penetration is a mental healing. Action.
My pussy... Me. Action! My pussy.
Every penetration... My pussy. Completely porn.
Every penetration... action! Penetration... Episodes. Yes!
Then I met Massimo after 2 years.
For 2 more years I was afraid of any cock in my pussy (action).
Now every penetration is a mental healing.
Now every penetration is a mental healing. Action!
Now...me. Action! Now. A multimedia artist. Action!
Me... Completely porn.
A multimedia artist. Completely porn.
Artist. Completely. Action!
Porn! Completely, completely. Action. Completely. Porn. Artist.
Artist. Completely porn. Episodes. Completely.
You watched. You watched... A multimedia artist.
Completely artist. You watched. Artist.
Episodes. Artist. Me, me. Multimedia artist.
Episodes. Multimedia, ye!...
My voice is not synchronized with what you are watching.
If you can watch this movie, I have not been censored.
Artist, artist, artist, artist, artist, artist, artist, artist...
Multimedia... Sweet.
Hard technique. Soft technique. Athens... Artist. Action! Artist! Action!
Hard! Yes. Pussy.
Penetration. You watched my pussy.

You watched, you watched. Penetration... Me!
I am here to talk about *Sexbia*. *Sexbia*.
You watched.
Yes, this movie talks about itself: *Sexbia*. Me...
Raw technique... You watched.
This movie is a documentary about itself. Penetration... Yes!
This movie has many episodes.
You watched.
It started in Serbia. It's going to end in Serbia.

It's always real. Easy! Sex is sex.
All the fragments... Easy! Sex is sex. Easy! Travel by travel.
Sex is easy.
It's always real. All the fragments... Easy! Easy. Easy!
Sex is easy. Sex. Sex. Sex is sex. A sort of stability.
My own stability. Easy. Easy! Easy! Sex is easy. My own stability.
What were you looking for?
Serbia + Sex.

...and it is the 1st episode of a new feature movie I'm working on. It's based on the travel to Serbia Massimo & I made at the beginning of 2024 and from which the title *Sexbia* comes.

Because *Sexbia* is just Serbia + Sex. We thought about an ideal Country of Sex, that can be everywhere, because everywhere you have sex there is the Country of Sex.

So *Sexbia* is actually the name of a Utopia, more than a real country: that is the idea behind it. And so we are traveling-&-filming everywhere and we are trying to put together a final message to give life to this *Sexbia*, travel by travel.

...working on.

LARS* KOLLROS: And... and you're traveling a lot, right?

Yes. All of our movies are documentaries, because they are made with all the fragments we film in our travels, but also in our times of non-travels. We film literally everything. Art & Life are quite the same thing for us. And so we came to Porn, because Sex is the very meeting of Art & Life. What you see on screen is what happens in Reality: there's no possibility of fiction. I mean: you can give Sex a fictional context, a fictional appearance, but Sex is Sex. It's always real.

LARS* KOLLROS: Ja ja... So... you always film your projects alone or you have...

Yes. As you see, there is no camera person credited, because it's always me & Massimo doing all the shots, both in selfie with cellphone or also with the tripod... but also the cellphone...

Are you OK?

Guess what? I had to flee Italy.

It takes the voice too. The physical voice, I mean. This one.

Are you OK? It takes the voice too.

When I was depressed... «Joy...».

When I was depressed...

When I was depressed my voice was kinda suffocated.

It was so ugly.

It was high-pitched. It was my squeak. It didn't sound right even to me.

Nobody seemed to notice it.

The Italian mood is ignoring everything until the tragedy happens.

«Joy...». Stand out. Stand out.

The animal I longed to be.

Mental health. Mental health. And watch everything from the outside.

And so... this is my voice. I have sex with my voice.

I have public orgasms with my voice.

This one. And so... stand out!

Stand out! Everything. Everything.

Stand out! I have public orgasms with my voice. This one.

Stand out! My voice. This one. My voice. My voice.

My voice. This one. Stand out!

Now. Now. Now.

Stand out. Now!

Stand out. Now!

I am a beaver, because I build my shelter. My shelter.

I am a mammal living like an amphibian.

That's odd, isn't that?

Now... I build my shelter. Everything.

My voice. My voice. My voice.

This one. The animal. Everything.

If you can watch this video, I have not been censored.

I have been depressed almost all my life.

It took me years to realize that I had in me the anti-vital state of someone else.

Was this a kind of censorship? Of course.

It became self-censorship.

And the more self-censorship hit me, the less I realized it.

Now. Fine.

«Joy...». «Joy...».

I longed to be. To be. To be.
Now. Now. My voice. My voice. My voice.
«Joy...».
Androgynous. Nonbinary. I am a beaver.
I am a mammal living like an amphibian.
Stand out. Fine.
«Whoever has created an abiding friendship
or has won a true and loving wife, join us in his jubilee...».
Fine. Fine.
«Your magic binds together what custom strictly divided.
All men become brothers, where your gentle wing rests».
...an imperfect movie. Fine.
...an imperfect movie. Now. Now.

This city is called *Roma*: R.O.M.A.
Like *roam*: R.O.A.M.
And like *Amor*, in Latin.
In Rome we made many amorous things.
In Serbian, in Ukrainian, in Russian, Roma is called *Rim*.
My husband is used to rim me almost every day.
Well, I have not been joking all my life.
You know, I wasn't supposed to be healthy and humorous.
I used to suffer from many phobias. Also stupid phobias.
Fear of heights, fear of dogs, fear of getting fat... but...
All of these phobias covered the biggest one: becoming... becoming
myself. Becoming... becoming myself.
Myself. Healing... myself.
And now, I am healing. Healing.
Thanks to my husband Massimo.
Massimo is my best friend. My beloved partner.
And now...
Becoming... my beloved partner.
And now... I am healing. Almost every day.
Almost every day. Almost every day.
I will make an imperfect movie: almost every day.

Hey USA (your attention, please!), you gave us your movie art.
(Maybe I dreamed of it).
And now... it's your turn to listen to us.
OK, you wanted us to be cinephiles, and now «let there be commerce
between us» [Ezra Pound].
(Your attention, please!)
«I don't tip because society says I have to».
(Don't trust him! We need your tips.).

«Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn».
 (Come on! Something is worth your listening).
 «Do. Or do not: there is no try». (Like in sex, isn't it?).
 «Don't dream it, be it».
 (I had never planned to become a porn artist. Maybe I dreamed of it.)
 «I've seen horrors... horrors that you've seen».
 (Eating disorder. Solitude. Too much silence.)
 «... horrors that you've seen».
 (But some people choose not to see sometimes).
 «Well, nobody's perfect!». «You're nuthin' but talk and a badge».
 (But respect your director).
 «Yes!! Yes!! Jesus H. tap-dancing Christ... I have seen the Light!!».
 (It takes a bit of light to shoot).
 «I've seen things you people wouldn't believe».
 (Watch some movie art too!)
 «Your eyes can deceive you: don't trust them».
 (But you can trust this movie. It's a documentary).
 «I'm not bad. I'm just drawn that way».
 (And we porn artists are not bad. We draw ourselves that way).
 «I wrote and directed this film. My name is Orson Welles».
 (Nice to meet you! My name is Silvia Marcantoni Taddei).
 «You seem somewhat familiar: have I threatened you before?»
 (Maybe we have just met at some Porn Film Festival).
 «...what to do with the time that is given us».
 (There are long and short films. It's up to you.)
 «After all... tomorrow is another day».
 (And we will make another porn movie, based on a true story. The one
 I witness. My life.)
 «We're on a mission from God».
 (The One I witness. My life).

I belong in all of this.
 Your attention, please! Porn movie. I act and direct. My life. Porn
 movie. My life. My life. Porn movie.
 I act-&-direct. My life.
 Porn movie.
 OK. My life. Yes. I have never attended cinema schools. I have never
 attended acting schools. Yes: nevertheless, I act-&-direct. Yes, I am a
 porn actress-&-director.
 So what?
 Porn artists are actors-&-directors, like every other director-&-actor.
 Especially in post-porn.
 We do experiment a lot. We do edit a lot.
 I belong in all of this.

I never planned to become your porn artist.
I never planned to do any movie at all, actually. My life.
Yes. You know, in Italy it takes a degree for everything. Without a degree, you can't do art.
I mean, of course you can. But if your talent is not officially recognized, you will always be an amateur.
A skilled dilettante.
Well, my movies are not amateur movies.
They are... amorous.
They have a very raw technique. You can see it.
But this is my technique.
This is my story.
I got two degrees: Italian Literature and Journalism.
They turned out to be useless.
And I knew it. So I lied. You can see it. But this is my technique.
I always wanted to be a multimedia artist.
I have always been in love with Cinema. You can see it. Very explicit. Cinema to witness us. You can see it. Very explicit. Cinema.
It has no explication. Yes. Your attention, please. In love with Cinema. It was not pure fun. I felt it could be real. In love with Cinema. It could be real. In love with Cinema. Very explicit.
But this is my technique. This is my story. Very explicit. Cinema. Maybe I dreamed of it. Cinema. Explicit.

I will make an imperfect movie to talk about the perfection of sex.
Perfection.
Life can't be perfect.
Sex may be perfect.
I will make an imperfect movie... movie... movie...

America, America, you were my dream country.
I have been performing in NYC.
An American company sells my movies.
An American TV broadcasts me.

I always wanted to be a multimedia artist. America!
Life can't be perfect.
America, America, America, I cannot love you. America, you are displaying your power and your killing capability.
I know you already did it. But I am fucking politically aware now. I am not lost in myself anymore.
America, I am not lost in myself anymore.
I am not lost in myself anymore. Anymore...
America, America, America. Your movies, America.

But I am fucking politically aware now. Politically aware now.
Fucking, fucking.

I wanted to dream bigger. Bigger. Bigger. Bigger. Fucking. Even during my depression. That's why I went to the movies: your movies, America. America! Even when I didn't know anymore what dreaming meant. Your movies, America! They made me dream.

I am not lost in myself anymore.

I wanted to dream bigger. Bigger. Bigger. Politically aware now.
America, your attention, please!
Maybe I dreamed of it. America, it takes mental health.
Fucking... Fucking... America!
Fucking... Mental health!
My life... dreamed of it. Fucking... my life. Yes. A clear vision. Health.
It was not pure fun. I felt it could be real and now... it's real. I felt it could be real... it could be real: a clear vision.
...and watch everything from the Outside. It's real.
America!

That's what I have to say so far. America!
That's all, folks!
I felt it could be real... and watch... America!
...and watch... America!
America!

Mmmh... America, let's see. America! America! That's all.
Mmmh... Folks!

Hard technique. Soft technique.
Sweet technique.
Soft, soft, soft technique.

And so... here I am, where this movie began.
When this movie began, I never thought about Serbia. Who is going to live here? Us.
In Serbia. Why? The answer is the movie itself.
Why? In Serbia.
Where this movie began. When this movie began. This movie began in Serbia.
Who is going to live here?
My life.
Why?
My life.
My life.

«A shadow thrown by the moon is my...»
 «Thrown...»
 «Thrown...»
 «A shadow thrown by the moon is my companion».
 «A shadow thrown by the moon is my companion».
 Soft technique.
 «Love delights in wandering -
 God made it so →».
 Soft technique.
 My life.
 We shot this episode right around my 30th birthday.
 My scary starter.
 You can see everything in that picture. If you are willing to see.
 My life. If you are willing to see. Willing to see.
 You can see everythin'...
 She could have done better. She struggled to survive.
 She really wanted to do better. She could have done better.
 She struggled to survive.
 And many things she suffered from were not her fault. She could have
 done better.
 My life.
 My life.
 Raw technique.
 («Love delights in wandering -
 God made it so →»)
 Soft technique.
 («Love delights in wandering -
 God made it so →»)
 My life. My life.
 («...my companion»)
 Raw technique.
 I kicked my depression away.
 The particles have been carried away by the powerful stream.
 Now they are dissolved into the Black Sea.
 I kicked my depression away.
 So the depression topic is over. Bravo!
 Period!

 Life can't be perfect.
 Sex may be perfect.
 I have made an imperfect movie to talk about the perfection of sex.

















LOTTA DI CLASSICO

e-books a cura di Silvia Marcantoni Taddei & Massimo Sannelli

