

Adult-video stars and their admirers crowded into the Mary Boone Gallery in Chelsea on Oct. 30 for the book-release party of *XXX: 30 Porn Star Portraits*, a book of photographs by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders that features the big guns (and their glorious endowments) of the porn world in nonexplicit poses—both clothed and sans wardrobe.

While there were plenty of overexcited men, the attire was less stained-sweatpants-and-five-day-old-beard than it was Chelsea-clone-meets-downtown-chic. Instead of housebound, overweight, socially retarded couch potatoes, the porn-starlet admirers were, for the most part, as attractive as the objects of their attention, albeit not as saucily dressed.

Chad Hunt, gay porno actor extraordinaire, was nattily attired in a tailored black button-down shirt over a green stone necklace, shaking hands and signing copies of his picture while young, middle-aged and older men tried getting face time with him. Mr. Hunt, known for the gargantuan dimensions of his genitalia, was gracious, extending a wide smile and warm handshake.

"It's a great experience," he told *The Transom* about posing for the book. "I'm not used to being posed while I'm dressed." Was there any difference between posing in flagrante delicto and a straightforward, non-pornographic nude? "These pictures are more revealing than in standard poses—a lot more real than the adult videos," he said.

Mr. Hunt gave a sex-positive endorsement of John Kerry, adding that after John Ashcroft leaves the Justice Department, "there will be a lot more dirtier and nastier things we can do on video."

Across the gallery, blond and curvy porn starlet Jesse Jane wandered around the gallery and pouted aggressively when approached. "I've only been in the business for two years, and it's really wonderful to be part of this show," she said. Ms. Jane's photographic diptych shows her in college gear—a numbered T-shirt with blue jeans and pigtails, followed by the obligatory nude shot that attracted several enamored passers-by. Wearing a tight, plunging dress—what else?—Ms. Jane elucidated on her work schedule. "I've just finished shooting *Island Fever 3*. We shot it on Bora Bora, and it's the first porn delivered in H.D. [high definition]." What is it about, Ms. Jane? "Boy-girl, girl-girl-girl, boy-girl," Ms. Jane giggled. "Oh, and I just got back from the Venus Awards in Germany. I won best actress for *Loaded*. It was really exciting." The movie? "Yeah, that was hard work." What, too many sex scenes? "No, that part's easy. There was a lot of action scenes, and I did all my own stunts." Asked who she thought was kinkier in bed, Mr. Bush or Mr. Kerry, Ms. Jane said, "I bet you Kerry's more kinky. He gives you that vibe, that he'd tie you up and twist you around. Bush seems like more of a missionary guy." Ms. Jane, a Texas native, said that she was, of course, voting for the straight-shooting missionary guy.

Later, at the after-party in the penthouse of the still-unfinished Rivington Hotel, the wine and liquor were flowing, loosing the lips of gawkers. John Waters, oddball filmmaker and éminence grise of the weird, was sitting on a sofa nearby, surrounded by a coterie of young men. "I think they're great—they have great dignity," he sighed, describing the photos. *The Transom*, feeling the effects of several glasses of red wine and sated on the foie gras, prosciutto and sushi hors d'oeuvres provided by Chanterelle, finally felt confident enough to approach a pretty woman and ask her about porn. Kelly, a stylish African-American woman casually dressed in a tight-fitting black blouse and slacks—who lives in Manhattan but preferred to not give out her last name—said that porn is really mainstream these days, but "we're all hiding it. We're afraid of the human body!" Asked if the acceptance of porn in the mainstream world bodes well for John Kerry on Election Day, she shook her ponytailed head. "Nobody thinks about voting when they're jerking off."