

# THE RUDE AWAKENING

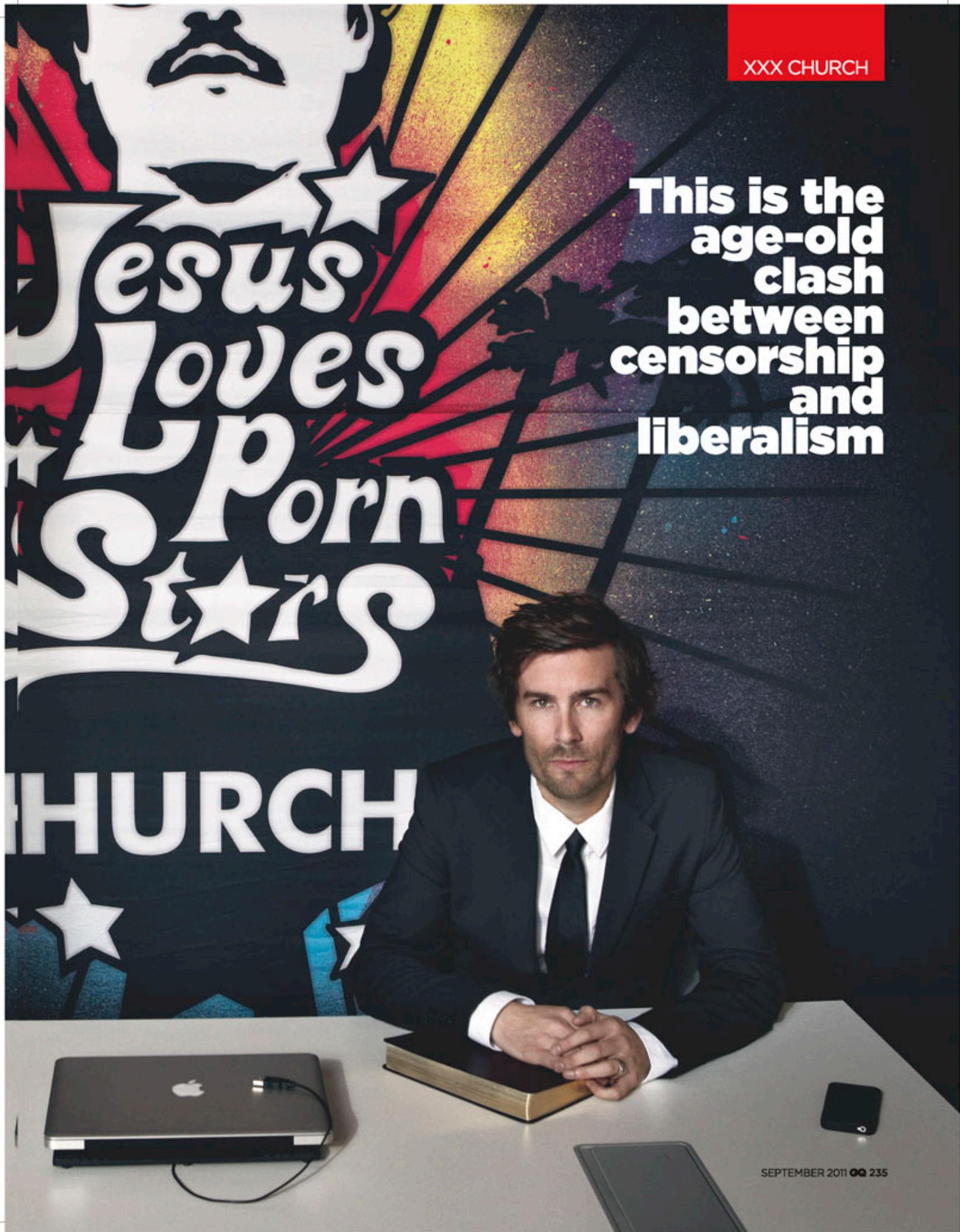
In a hyper-sexualised, pornography-saturated digital world, **Pastor Craig Gross** has taken on the toughest of missionary positions: helping adult-movie stars and their disciples see the light, swap the physical for the spiritual and turn on to God. GQ travels to the San Fernando Valley where the head of the **XXX Church** attempts to preach to the perverted

Story by Jonathan Green • Photographs by Art Streiber

**Chapter and vice:** Pastor Craig Gross leads online onanists out of temptation from his office in Pasadena, California, where he receives around 700 e-mails a day from adult actors and 'addicts'



**This is the  
age-old  
clash  
between  
censorship  
and  
liberalism**



**I**n a suburban Californian home, Pastor Craig Gross, a young, flop-haired Christian evangelist with a boyish demeanour and a spiritual mission to rid the world of pornography, stares down 50-year-old porn star Tia Gunn and her spectacular 34JJ chest. Her milky breasts, marbled with veins, threaten to break free of a diaphanous cocktail gown. Behind, the dishabile figure of legendary porn star Ron Jeremy, clutching two barnyard lambs, streaks into the living room where he cosies up to a plump woman with glowing red hair, known as Fatty Delicious, on a capacious sofa. He asks to see her breast. She obliges. "Beautiful aureole," he murmurs approvingly.

It's a scene of licentious mayhem, amid which Pastor Gross, a man of the *Bible*, stands grinning. He sports a T-shirt: "Jesus Loves Porn Stars". "I got 'em all here," draws the pastor, proudly. "I did it. A couple of BBWs, a couple of MILFs." For the uninitiated, the acronyms stand for Big Beautiful Woman and Mums I'd Like to F\*\*\*. For the "Porn Pastor", head of the XXX Church – whose mission it is to help those "in the ensnarement of sexual sin and addiction" – the phrases come easily.

The church is an online ministry, while Gross is based near the porn capital of the world, the San Fernando Valley, just north of LA. The XXX Church offers help to those "addicted" to porn and support for those performers who want to leave the industry. Two women here, Crissy Moran and RayVeness – the latter is ensconced in a quiet corner reading the Recovery version of the *Bible* – are both former adult performers who have found Jesus.

During a lull in the proceedings, Gross realises that both Tia Gunn and Ron Jeremy – two of the biggest stars in the industry (Jeremy has been working for decades) – have disappeared. "I can't believe it," says the pastor, sidling up to me with a grin. "Ron's in the toilet getting relief from Tia Gunn right now!"

At that point, his earlier utterances, heard when I had first contacted him on the telephone a few weeks before, seem a mixture of both prophecy and yet, to the pastor, disappointment. "The thing with Ron Jeremy," he had ruminated, "is that when he's at a porn show and he sees boobs, he can't really help himself. But when he's in my world, and we get him to church, I really think he might be next." Gross paused, and then added: "I really think I might be able to save Ron Jeremy." Today, though, Jeremy is proving that he is an unrepentant sinner.

Gross is shooting a commercial – with the aid of Jeremy, several other current porn stars (a few of whom he paid to be in the commercial) and ex-porn stars – on how parents need to exercise responsibility in not letting their children watch porn on the internet. "It's the one aspect the church and the world of porn are in agreement," says Gross. After having it explained, I'm still not sure of the cheesy plot, nor, I think, is Pastor Gross, who speaks in elliptical sentences that often trail off with no conclusion before he starts on another.

The story begins with two kids – in this case, one is the pastor's son, eight-year-old Nolan – surfing the internet when their parents are out. They enter the word "porn" into a search engine. This is followed by a knock on the door and a motley array of porn stars from various genres start entering the house. Expertly, this was Pastor Gross' idea. It culminates with Ron Jeremy striding through the front door clutching two lambs and delivering the immortal line: "I'm sorry, I couldn't find the goat." At that point, Pastor Gross casts his hands around the assembled porn stars and demands, reprovingly, of the camera: "Parents! Would you want these people coming into your house when you are not here?"

Aside from TV commercials, 35-year-old Gross does the Lord's work at the heart of the porn industry, taking himself and his crew to adult

# 'I really think I might be able to save Ron Jeremy. He might be next'

Pastor Craig Gross

**The word made flesh:** Once an adult performer, now a born-again Christian, Crissy Moran is back in front of the camera on the set of the anti-porn commercial produced by Pastor Gross (right)



conventions around the country. "If Jesus were alive today," says Gross. "he'd be at porn shows." The phrase has got Pastor Gross embroiled in controversy with Evangelical Christians all over America. "I don't know why everyone is so shocked by that," he sniffs. "At places like that, people do not have the opportunity to hear the Gospel. People think porn stars are lost causes, but they are not."

That controversy, though, was nothing compared to the threats he received from the Little People of America when he used a dwarf in another publicity stunt with the line: "Porn: it stunts your growth." "I got the president of the Little People of America calling me at home on the phone saying they were going to get the IRS on me," says Gross. "That was a weird, scary time."

Undeterred, Gross presses on. "Porn is like Starbucks," he says. "Before Starbucks, no one really drank coffee, but now everyone has coffee all the time. Porn is the same. It's everywhere now, all over the internet."

To combat the tsunami of porn, Gross has developed a proprietary piece of software, X3 Watch. For the premium version, users sign up for \$7 (£4.30) a month, and the programme tracks visits to porn sites on everything from their PC to their iPhone, sending a report back to Gross and the user's "accountability partners". Currently, around 500 people a day sign up for the software, at around 25 downloads an hour. The church also receives around 700 e-mails a day from those who feel they have a problem with pornography. These are handled by 36-year-old Brian, a construction worker based in Michigan who was addicted to porn for several years himself, but who has now come to understand that masturbation is "wrong" and sex is "a beautiful thing devised by God for a man and his wife".

The church's message is: "Every time you masturbate, God kills a kitten." Accountability "buddies" are advised to keep each other masturbation-free by sending e-mails to one another asking whether they have "killed any kittens".

"Masturbation goes hand in hand with pornography," says Pastor Gross, perhaps a little unfortunately. "We're not saying there is anything wrong with a kid learning how his body works, but a lot of the men we get are saying that they would rather masturbate to porn than have sex with their wives. We're saying that's a bad road to go down as it can create real problems later on."

Gross is most proud of his friendship with Ron Jeremy. The pair travel America debating the pros and cons of porn. However, the clash between their two worlds has made for some uncomfortable experiences for Gross, notably during a trip to Maryland.

"A female fan mobbed Ron, and as we were waiting to get on the bus to our next debate, he disappeared," recounts Gross. "We found him at three o'clock in the afternoon getting relief from some local woman behind a dumpster." Gross' wife, Jeanette, was appalled and cited it as another example of the "difficult" missionary work her husband has undertaken. "I'm still trying to air the images out of my mind to this day," she confesses.

A few days earlier, I had met Gross and Jeremy in a Hollywood diner near the porn star's apartment. Jeremy said he debated with Gross because "porn is under attack and no one will defend it". While Gross said: "The difference is that if we walk out of this restaurant, Ron is going to get high fives and: 'Hey, man, you're awesome!' While my e-mails pile up from people affected. 'I'm getting a divorce,' some say. Or I end up taking people to jail. I mean, no one comes up to Ron and says, 'Look, my husband cheated on me after looking at porn,' or, 'Hey Ron, I'm addicted to porn.'"

The two represent the age-old clash between church and sex, between censorship and liberalism, between morality and money. Pastor Gross and a growing number of competing Christian groups dedicated to fighting the adult-film industry say porn wrecks lives. Gross says it degrades women and that the images – filmed or photographed in a hasty moment by young women who need the cash – cause a lifetime's worth of problems. Yet adult films' biggest stars say porn has mainstream acceptance now, that the female performers are

businesswomen and that the sex is empowering, offering financial opportunities hitherto impossible to realise for women with little education. Wherein lies the truth? For ten days, I moved between Pastor Gross' world and the high-octane reality of LA's thriving adult-movie industry. "Do you think you're going to get on an actual set?" asks Gross, excitedly.



## CHAPTER 2

**B**ased in a large, seemingly nondescript house in Canoga Park, a suburban neighbourhood in Porn Valley, is Foxxx Modelling, an adult talent agency. Owner Chris Caine, a hefty, avuncular man with an easy manner and a joshing sense of humour, is my guide to the land of adult entertainment. Weary of hearing the industry described as a "dark world", and of the accusations that women are coerced, he's keen to show me the reality of the industry. "In the Seventies, it was all run by pimps," he says. "Now we're businessmen. It's different now." Caine runs the office from the home's upstairs landing where a couch faces a row of desks and computers. Print-outs declare: "Your boyfriend will ruin your career 100 per cent of the time." A few years ago, he got three to four women a week approaching him. Today, it's at least ten. They fly in from all over the world and stay at the house while they shoot for several weeks. The bathroom waste bins are jammed full with the packaging from vaginal douches.

Ten years ago, the porn industry would use any woman who was willing to have sex on camera, but today, as the industry has become more accepted, casting directors and agencies are flooded with "talent". "These days the girls have to be really hot," says Caine. There are several thousand women in LA at any one time, a constantly changing sea of willing females looking to make it in the business. The average life of a porn starlet is around six months to a year.

"New faces are what sells," says Caine. "A girl with natural D-cup breasts and no tattoos could be making \$150,000 (£92,400) a year. It's a way for a woman to make a lot of money in a short space of time." I ask him about the XXX Church and its assertion that working in porn is degrading and leads to alcohol and drug addiction. "I would say that at least 50 per cent of the women who approach me are on hard drugs or alcohol before they get into the business," he says. "Porn is their last chance."

Women make \$1,000 for what the industry terms a boy/girl scene. For many whose only recourse is dull McJobs in gloomy places in the Midwest, it's a huge sum of money. "They don't know what to do with it all," says Caine. "Rather than buy a \$100 pair of jeans, they'll buy a \$600 pair. One girl got a cheque for \$1,200 and that same day bought four pairs of \$300 sunglasses. All in different colours."

A day or so later, Caine texts asking me to show up at a warehouse on an industrial estate in Van Nuys, just behind the Interstate 405. I am to meet Tiffany Brookes (her performer name), a slender, 24-year-old brunette with a whip-smart attitude and a former career as a dental hygienist, who I've got to know over the past few days. I peer around a door to see Tiffany, sitting on the loo with her red shorts around her ankles, masturbating. She blushes. "Hi."

Tiffany arrived in LA a month earlier. It is her second time back since quitting porn at the age of 19 when she did only girl/girl scenes, which she says she enjoyed. Having split from her fiancé a year before, and working from 6am to 7pm, she decided to return to porn for a month to make \$30,000 – enough to get her through her online degree in psychology. "It would take me a month to make what I earn here in a day," she says. "I'm single, not hurting anyone, and I'm going to get in and out and be done. I'm going to quit porn before it quits me." However, her ex-fiancé calls her every day, increasingly agitated at what he is starting to see online. "I frigging hate Google," says Tiffany. >

➤ The day before a shoot, however, she “googles the s\*\*\*\*” out of who she is performing with in order, she says, to protect herself. On set, Tiffany is all business. “So you can see,” she says, with a half-embarrassed grin and a sort of long-suffering didn’t-I-tell-you-so-before expression, “it’s really very matter of fact, just like a visit to the OB/GYN [obstetrician/gynaecologist].”

She stands facing the wall, naked, legs apart, while a short man struggles on tiptoes to enter her from behind, which, eventually he accomplishes. Tiffany winces. She concludes: “For me, it’s only about the money.” The male performer looks crestfallen. “For me, it’s about giving you pleasure,” he adds, hopefully, caressing Tiffany’s well-formed backside with a lascivious grin. She rolls her eyes. The scene rolls on with a lot of orgasmic screams. I take a seat next door.

And then silence. The male star emerges from the bathroom with a large grin and his tumescence bouncing up and down. “She totally got into it,” he beams. “She says she’ll tell her friends that I am a good guy to work with.” After he puts on tracksuit bottoms, which I find myself quite pleased about.

He bumps elbows with me. “That’s the porno handshake,” he enthuses. “I haven’t washed my hands yet.”



### CHAPTER 3

**W**illiam\* swallows hard, pauses and then proceeds to confess how he ended up at an LA dive motel with a prostitute, smashed on vodka, at 3am. It’s awkward, as his wife Caroline\*, an attractive blonde with large, hooped earrings, is seated beside him in their well-appointed apartment in downtown LA. William had set up the illicit liaison when his wife was back in Texas visiting her family.

“I ended up running out of there, throwing up in the car and then passing out, which is when the cops came,” declares William, a young music executive.

I’m here with Pastor Gross, who sits with a laptop and a mobile phone, ministering to those who ask for his help. William is a long-term project who got in touch with XXX Church in 2008 when he realised he had a serious problem: he masturbated with the aid of pornography, which led to more serious “acting out”. “I’m an addict,” he states, solemnly, while Pastor Gross nods his head in agreement. After much

consideration and the drawing up of a basic legal document stating that I do not reveal his identity, he has agreed to talk to me.

William and Caroline are both Christians who met in Dallas, Texas, and decided to wait until they were married to have sex. William, though, nursed a long-standing interest in porn and, later on, strip clubs, which he terms as “mind-blowing, because it’s porn come to life”.

Still, William and Caroline held to their virtue until they were married some time in 2008. But the honeymoon didn’t match up to William’s expectation from the porn he had watched.

“Oh my God,” he says. “I thought sex was going to be this amazing paradise I’d waited for my whole life. But, oh my God, it was horrible.”

Caroline, on the sofa, nods her head in agreement. “As a virgin, it hurt and I cried,” she says.

Dissatisfied with the one thing he has waited his whole life for, William took further refuge in porn, he says. “I’d go from YouTube to porn to classified ads to a prostitute in a hotel room,” he says. Often, on tour with bands, he found that the tour buses would show the Playboy channel. It would be like “someone setting a match to butane”. His inner demons would rage; “blood would start to boil and endorphins would go”.

William ended up being unfaithful to his wife with one of the women on tour. And then, later, a string of episodes in massage parlours and with prostitutes followed.

William had been in and out of touch with Pastor Gross after downloading accountability software. And, over e-mail, the two men had built a friendship. The day of the prostitute debacle, Gross had asked to meet William, but he had cancelled, planning some fun in the evening. “I’d masturbate all the way through, but not release,” he says of his time watching porn. “I’d get myself to a heightened state and then call a prostitute.” Caroline looks a little disgusted at this.

After the incident, William called Gross, who told him he risked losing his marriage.

Caroline stands by her man now that he has acknowledged his addiction, attends group therapy and stays in touch with his “accountability partners”. Although life is now a constant struggle, given that William has a porn reaction to almost everything. It takes the slightest trigger. With Taliban-like zeal, Caroline censors all magazines before he can read them.

“I go through every issue,” she says, “and recently there was a woman in a bikini, so I drew a high-necked dress on her with felt-tip

**‘I don’t think He is going to be mad with me because I sleep with women. I have my own relationship with God’**  
Jenna Haze, adult-film actress

pen. Then he could have it." He takes each day at a time, looking to get "sober" from his addiction.

I tell William I'm not all that shocked about the porn and the strip clubs – most of my friends are guilty of the same pleasures. Pornography, William admits, while not directly responsible for his affliction, certainly accentuated his problem. "It's the trigger," he explains. "If it wasn't there, it would take weeks, maybe months, to work up to have sex with a prostitute. But with porn, it accelerates the process. It makes it super-fast."



#### CHAPTER 4

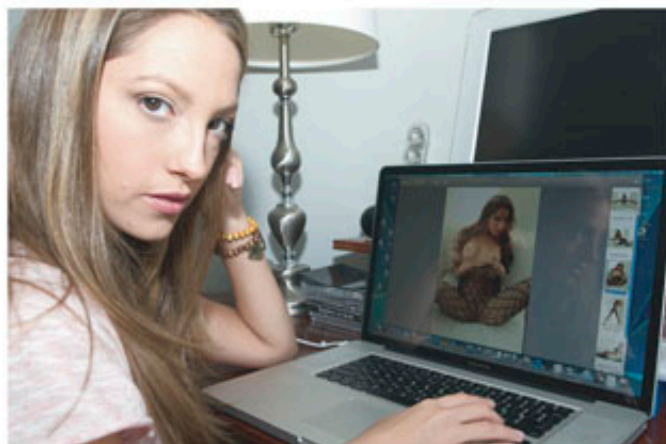
**I**n a blaze of flashbulbs on the red carpet, Jenna Haze, a gamine 29-year-old with an easy laugh and a come-hither demeanour, takes my arm and leads me into the cinema. We stroll past Liv Tyler, escorted by her father Steven of Aerosmith, into the darkness of LA's Egyptian Theatre. Scooting through a sea of Hollywood faces, the male stars flash recognition when they see Jenna, quickly averting their gaze, awkwardly. "They all know me," she chuckles, flashing a coquettish smile at an American sitcom star. "All the movie stars know who we are. They watch us. Everyone watches us. But they won't admit it."

Jenna Haze, with more than 500 adult films to her credit, is one of the world's most famous porn stars. Leading a clarion call for mainstream acceptance, she's won Adult Video News awards – the Oscars of the porn world – for her performances and now runs her own production company, Jenneration X Studios, producing her own content. She's away from home almost 300 days a year feature dancing at strip clubs and doing signings at various XXX stores.

We're at the premiere of James Gunn's new movie, *Super*. Jenna likes the graphic, cartoonish violence, whispering "awesome" into my ear each time someone's head is sliced off. As the lights come up at the end of the show, the auditorium was sprinkled with porn stars such as Belladonna, Sasha Grey and Nikki Hunter, rubbing shoulders with the usual LA crowd of Hollywood stars.

Jenna and I make our way to the after party at a club on Hollywood Boulevard, where professional autograph hunters mob her. Jenna flits between stars like Liv Tyler and her porn-star friends.

**Heavenly body:** Despite the best efforts of the XXX Church, porn star Jenna Haze remains devoted to her day job, editing another self-produced project



\*Names have been changed Photograph: Jonathan Green

"I love my life," she shouts above Lady Gaga's "Born This Way". "I make money having sex! What could be better? Can you see how mainstream we all are now?" Taking another sip of champagne, she leans closer. "We're going to have a great week hanging out. And next week you're going to see me do a scene with a guy who is really hot! It's going to be very special," she promises.

"Right," I say, anxiously. Frantically, I try to erase from my memory the pictures I looked up on the internet the day before and the highly intimate information they contained, including what I saw her do in *Anal Princess Diaries*. But the images are stuck, lodged in my brain, hard-wired, it seems, and in even more lurid detail the more I try to forget them. Jenna starts swinging her hips, rocking to the beat, beaming at me. "Fun night, huh?" she says.

A few days later, I head out to Jenna's house, about an hour north of LA. It's a 4,000 sq ft, brand-new mansion with polished mahogany floors, on a new development in a sun-drenched Californian valley. She ushers me inside with a smile. "Crazy to grow up so poor and then to have all this," she offers, frankly. Haze grew up the youngest daughter of divorced parents in a succession of homes in California and Minnesota. She has two older brothers and a sister significantly older than her.

We head upstairs. "The only thing off limits today is my bedroom," says Jenna.

There's a tacit tension between us. In porn films, it only takes a woman to do something incredibly mundane – run some sheets through a photocopier or dust a room – to ignite a cataclysmic orgy of sweaty, pumping bodies and athletic, orgasmic sex. I'm finding myself subconsciously watching Jenna's every move as if it's loaded with significance and her opening a door or flicking a light switch will turn her into a sexually charged succubus.

At one point in the day, she seems to read my mind. "Just because I'm a porn star, people seem to think I'll throw down and have sex with anybody," she says. I ask her how many people she has had sex with. "It's not how many people I have had sex with that is important," she says. "But how many people I have made love to." How many is that? "Ten."

We head to her office, next to her bedroom. A large, mauve-coloured chaise longue faces a webcam. From here she does private webcam shows as well as running her business.

"Today, goddamn it," says Jenna, giggling and settling into a plush office chair, "you are going to watch some pornography whether you like it or not."

She enthusiastically pops her latest release that she produced, directed and performed in – *Legs Up Hose Down* – into the DVD player.

"I call myself a sexual athlete," she declares with a sly grin.

The movie starts out with a couple enthusiastically nailing each other in what looks like a luxury hotel bathroom.

"A lot of people thought it looked a little too convincing," says Jenna. The male star was dating one of Jenna's friends – also an adult performer – and since her friend watched the scene, the pair have broken up. The movie rolls on and eventually Jenna is embroiled in the action. She starts with "the tease": she struts and weaves around a hotel room in stockings and lingerie, in a gauzy, textured light that throws long shadows over the walls. The production has a classic, Fifties Hollywood noir feel to it.

"Look, see there," she exclaims. "Can you see me wink?" Imperceptibly she does, which is the signal for her male co-star, called Voodoo, to come in. Things heat up rapidly from that point on. Jenna begins a particularly fulsome blow job. "See?" she asks, proudly. "I pioneered that double-handed corkscrewing thing. In fact, I'm famous for it."

As part of the process to quell any ardour, I think back to one of Craig Gross' books. According to *Pure Eyes*, I was messing with my brain – in essence, rewiring it and possibly embarking on the gradual road into addiction. Pornography triggers the neurochemical dopamine to induce feelings of ecstasy and exhilaration, he writes. >

# 'The industry will only close down if everyone, both performers and those who watch porn, wants it to'

Pastor Craig Gross

➤ With porn, the chemical enters the prefrontal cortex, the part of the brain where reasoning takes place, and strengthens the circuits needed to pursue and obtain a reward, ie porn. According to Gross, the release of dopamine while watching porn leads to greater reliance on the neurochemical and in turn a trend for harder material to get the same release.

Jenna giggles. "I like my stuff to be erotic, a real fantasy," she explains. "Rather than showing everything in high-definition close-up, I like to feel like you are really watching people having sex."

The images continue to swim in front of me, Jenna turning round and smiling every now and then as we watch her get penetrated from every position possible.

We've lost track of time. At least, I have. Jenna needs to book the hotel for tomorrow's shoot. We head downstairs. Online, Jenna books a high-class hotel suite in Hollywood for \$1,600 with her credit card. They don't know she is shooting porn, so we're all going to have to turn up tomorrow as if we are hotel guests: me, Jenna, a male performer and cameraman.

"I haven't had sex in a month," says Jenna. "I am so ready for this. If they discover what we're doing, I'm just going to say it's my wedding anniversary and I'm screwing another guy because my husband gets off on it. It's like a gift to him." OK, I find myself saying, nodding dumbly.

Jenna seems thrilled and more effervescent than before. "I've been working all day," she says. "I need a reward." She produces a huge jar of almost luminous-green cannabis. Opening the slide doors to a patio with a rock pool, apple trees and some comfortable chairs, she fills a pipe and heads outside. After sucking in lungfuls of smoke, she fills one for me. "Now," she says, mirthfully. "This is either going to make you really hungry or really horny."

It's strong; hitting the back of my throat like a red-hot poker. I rasp and hack while my eyes fill with tears. A bullfrog in the undergrowth starts to let out a croak in sympathy. Jenna laughs. We stare out over the valley as the golden disk of the sun dips behind the horizon. Stoned, it seems like a good time to bring up God.

"Society has no right to judge me," she says breezily, looking off into the distance. "I don't believe I'm going to be condemned for what I do. I don't believe God is going to be mad because I smoke pot," she exclaims, as if it's the most absurd thought in the world. "I don't think He is going to be mad because I have sex with women." She pauses. "It's always religious people who are the worst. I've seen so much of the destruction organised religion brings – I've seen how people kill over it. I've always considered myself a spiritual person, not a religious person. I pray almost every night. I have my own relationship with God."

Jenna hangs her head in reflection, examining her shoes. Sometimes at porn expos she'll face religious pickets. "I was at Miami Exotica [the EXXXOTICA Expo] and there were religious people outside," she says. "You're going to hell," they shouted. "What does God think of what you do?" And I stopped. "Yo! Buddy! Me and God have a great relationship. Worry about you and God!"



## CHAPTER 5

Pastor Gross' wife Jeanette, a smart and attractive brunette, welcomes me to their loft apartment. She is appalled by what she has discovered through her husband's line of work.

"The thing that shocked me the most," says Jeanette, reprovingly, "is that I had no idea how many men watch this stuff. In fact," she continues in suspicious tones, "I'm sure my neighbour here is watching it." I feel Jeanette's eyes lingering on me a little longer than is perhaps necessary.

Reconciling the moneyed and famously licentious lifestyles of Jenna Haze with the women who contact Pastor Gross is difficult. He forwarded me heart-rending e-mails from women who had sought out work in the porn industry for money and then regretted the images online when their lives had moved on and they were about to get married. "I know I did those pics and yes it was my fault, I want to get them off the internet," wrote one. "This is ruining my life. I am fearful that his friends will see and torture him about it. Isn't there anything you can do to help me?"

Jenna Haze, Tiffany and Chris Caine at Foxxx all agree that women need to think very seriously indeed before embarking on a career in porn. "Don't give what you can't afford to lose," says Tiffany. All are worried that it's not for everyone, and those that don't think it through may well have buyer's remorse later. And even Gross agrees that the fault for any ills porn has brought on society is not down to the industry or the performers. "It's not their fault," he says. "It's supply and demand." Even if he had the power to shut down the industry, he wouldn't. "It will only close down if everyone, both performers and those who watch porn, wants it to. It's their choice."



## CHAPTER 6

The following day, I wait anxiously at Starbucks for a text from Jenna Haze. The scene is supposed to be the highlight of my week in LA; I'm to go out with a bang. The shoot is meant to start at 9am, but there is no text from Jenna. Then, at 12.27pm, a note arrives: "Sorry, I'm having issues with the hotel room." I drive around expectantly, waiting for the glitch to resolve itself.

Secretly, I'm a little relieved. I'm apprehensive about the shoot, and in some senses dreading it. I notice a change in myself. Before the assignment, I had checked out Jenna's "work" online. But now that I've got to know her – we had hung out at her house, she'd driven me around LA and, despite the artifice of journalist and subject, I feel as though I know her – when I try to look at her work online the night before I can't get beyond Google. It feels weird, too personal and even invasive to be looking at someone I know, naked and having sex. Pornography depends, to a large part, on a pact of anonymity and a complete lack of familiarity between the user and the performer for the fantasy to work.

At 4.27pm, I get another text from Jenna: "Hey, I apologise, my make-up artist completely screwed me today." And then another at 6.36pm: "Trying to salvage the day but I can't find a make-up chick." I drive to the airport and catch my flight as planned. ☺