

THIS MONTH PHOTOGRAPHY'S CHIEF EXHIBITIONIST TERRY RICHARDSON TAKES HIS INIMITABLE BRAND OF SLEAZY SNAPS TO THE VIRGIN WHITE WALLS OF NEW YORK'S GALLERY SCENE.

Terry Richardson doesn't like gyms. "In Europe you get fat bald guys hanging around a pool in a pair of trunks," says the libidinous US photographer, "over here everyone is so self-conscious; everyone is toned and botoxed."

Though toned, Richardson is far from botoxed, and so utterly lacking self-consciousness that he is currently exhibiting semi-nude pictures of himself in downtown Manhattan.

The show and accompanying coffee table book, both entitled *Terryworld*, is made up of photographs Richardson has shot over the past two years and includes many self-portraits. "I took pictures of myself because guys wouldn't pose for me," he says, "I think it's to do with them not wanting their dicks to look small."

Instead, there's a naked blonde on a BMX, a troop of topless strippers, a number of distinctly intimate shots of relatively well-known fashion models, as well as a shot of Terry, smiling and semi-erect.

A former LA punk rocker and son of 70s jet-set photographer Bob Richardson, Terry's shots are still about sex and beauty, but pretty girls' bodies bulge and drop in a far more lifelike manner than any fashion photographer or pornographer would dare allow.

"I like girls who look like Giselle," he admits, "but I also like girls with messed up teeth. Big girls are pretty too." So, prospective models, lay off the cross-training and cancel those dental appointments.

TERRYWORLD RUNS UNTIL OCTOBER 2 AT DEITCH PROJECTS, 76 GRAND STREET, NY. TERRYWORLD IS PUBLISHED BY TASCHEN ON OCTOBER 23. CHECK WWW.TERRYRICHARDSON.COM.