

## HANGING WITH MR. RICHARDSON



Remember that summer after ninth grade when the only thing that really mattered was learning how to French inhale? One weekend some skinny girl, I forget her name but she looked like the letter S on *Sesame Street*, had a party at her parents' country estate. We all sneaked onto the train at dawn and then hitchhiked the rest of the way. As soon as we arrived, we busted the lock on the liquor cabinet (the ensuing jungle juice, from Curaçao to Malibu via Campari, was the best geography lesson we'd never had). By midafternoon, we were all rolling around on the floor kissing each other. *Terryworld*, a new coffee-table book of Terry Richardson's snapshot poetics, is the grown-up, X-rated version of that lost weekend: streetwalkers molesting blowup dolls, milfs chomping on dildos, and trannies stirring drinks without using their hands. For those who can't get enough of Mr. Richardson (who often appears in his own photos hanging out with his wang out and kicking it with his dick in it), the Artist's Edition comes with a Terrybear—a stuffed teddy bear with T-Bon's bespectacled face. Cuddly!

**Adam Gollner**

*Terryworld* is out in October 2004 by Taschen