

## BIG LEG BOOK!

Legs, eh – where would we be without them? Well, probably struggling very hard to evolve while sitting in a big heap somewhere in Africa and getting picked off by sundry predators who can't believe their luck. Just as well, then, that we've got them – and luckier still that tasty girls have got ones that go all the way up! Yep, following on from the wonderful *Big Book of Breasts* and the (erm, slightly more special interest) *Big Penis Book* comes this – the *Big Book of Legs*! As you'd expect from a publisher of Taschen's standing, it's beautifully produced and is, well, crammed full of cracking, not to mention arousing, piccies of pins. Of course there are quite a few of the usual suspects in there – Betty Grable, naturally, whose studio famously insured her legs for \$1m, and Betty Page, without whom no book like this would be complete (except, now we come to think of it, possibly the penis one). OK, so perhaps some of it's a tad over-egged – did Victorian men really go wild with lust at the very mention of the word 'Leg'? Surely with all those tarts with hearts knocking around Whitechapel they'd have had better ways to work off their passions, but hey – if you're a leg man then this has got to be about the best looking coffee-table book going right now. And if you're not a leg man... well what on earth's wrong with you?

