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The Big Butt Book

By Dian Hanson

Holding this book on the street, with its eye-popping cover, is like streaking in public: You're messing with some unspoken social contract by daring everyone not to gape at the enormous illustration of creamy, black-thighed derriere. The rest of "Big Butt" follows suit. You've never seen so much posterior of all varieties: fleshy '40s pinup tail; muscle-laden rapper girl booty; skinny bohemian rump; '70s suntanned buttocks; freshly spanked tushie still flushed pink; and even drawings from the art laureate of the sumptuous rear end, Robert Crumb. Sir Mix-a-Lot could get lost in this book for hours. If you want to pretend that you care about the gluteus maximus on an intellectual level, there are some articles too that pose the fine question: Why art thou so obsessed with booty?
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