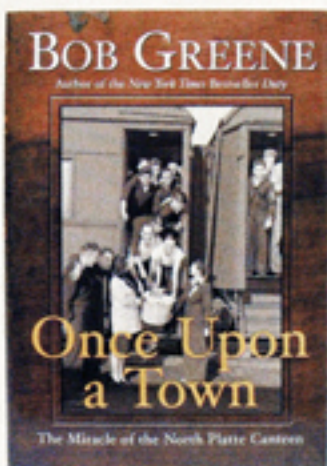




Periscope



SHELF LIFE: Greene's latest

SCANDAL

Time to Take Stock

BOB GREENE, WHO chronicled the loss of the American way as a columnist for the Chicago Tribune, has another loss to ponder: shelf space. Well, at least at the paper's gift shop, which has purged Greene's books in the wake of his Sept. 14 resignation. (He's more dead to the Trib than its dead columnists: the gift shop still sells books by Mike Royko and Ann Landers.) "I would think the demand for Bob Greene books has gone up, and the Tribune's missing a

chance to add to the bottom line," says Chicago magazine's media critic, Steve Rhodes. Other sellers aren't. "There are much more hotly contested people than Bob Greene—like Holocaust deniers," says Charlotte Abbott, book news editor for Publishers Weekly. "Book-sellers still sell those books." But don't pity the gift shop, which also sells items like Cubs Monopoly games and Trib T-shirts. It won't lose money on Greene's most recent work, "Once Upon a Town: The Miracle of the North Platte Canteen," which was released in May. Publishers take returns on hardcovers that don't sell.

—KAREN SPRINGEN

PHOTOGRAPHY

Pin Me Up, Pin Me Down

YOU ALMOST NEVER hear the word pinup anymore. It has a charming, almost dusty connotation, like hi-fi or soda shop, that conjures up a more innocent time. Its heyday ran roughly from the '20s to the '50s, when Playboy took over. The pinup was often risqué, but never pornographic. Calendars of them hung in barber-

shops and garages, and if your grandmother chanced to see one, she might have blushed, but she wouldn't have gotten sick. Perusing "Bernard of Hollywood: The Ultimate Pin-Up Book" (*Taschen*), it is hard to think of another photographer who worked harder than Bruno Bernard to capture the slightly comic, almost daft notions of sensuality that we associate with pinup photography from the '40s and '50s. Imagine the musical-comedy star Jane Powell in a white—what? negligee? bustier? anyway, something with many feathers!—in a canopied bed in the middle of the desert. It's Fellini years before "Juliet of the Spirits."

There is hardly any nudity in this book, just a few Vegas showgirls, and the high-class stripper Lili St. Cyr. She thought of herself as an artist, and that's the way Bernard shot her. He was not an ironic man and never retouched a photo: whatever he was up to, he was up to it in earnest. Back then a lot of people were willing to entertain the idea that a cheesecake photographer could be an artist, and so could a stripper. In 1951, at Ciro's, a high-class Hollywood nightclub, the audience for Miss St. Cyr's act included Bernard, Marilyn Monroe, Humphrey Bogart and Eleanor Roosevelt.

—MALCOLM JONES



PUT IT ON THE CALENDAR: Bernard made baroque art of the pinup