

*Filter...taste...and pleasure*



Kent with the MICRONITE filter gives you the best combination of filter-action and satisfying taste

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Puff after puff, Kent has the filter and taste to give you more real smoking pleasure than any other filter cigarette...the good taste of Kent's premium quality tobaccos filtered through the famous "Micronite" filter.

FOR THE BEST COMBINATION OF FILTER AND GOOD TASTE

**KENT** satisfies best



*I was just thinking...*

IF ALL THE way-out types were required to shave, bathe, shop at Macy's or Brooks Brothers, and otherwise join the rest of us, they might be so way-in that what they write, compose, and paint would be comprehensible.

While frying under a beauty-shop dryer last week, I read a publication featuring lively examples of the lively arts. These originals were all heavily bearded or haired, many of them with the aura of bird's nest, and a bar of soap would have sent them into shock.

This was no exposé, however. They were lauded for having composed a one-note symphony, painted a pic-



ILLUSTRATION BY ROLANDO RODEGAST

ture using tar and feathers on a laundry bag, or written a delightfully dirty book.

Probably unfortunately I was brought up on the quaint assumption that I am obligated not to comport myself like a nut and that some personal hygiene is essential for the sake of those who must suffer my presence.

A friend of mine whose income was ample moved to Greenwich Village during his callow years and decided to become an actor. Thereafter, he never wore his coat because he was ashamed to admit he owned one and ate as seldom as possible to achieve a look of burning genius. He burned fine when he came down with pneumonia. He came home, married the girl next door, and lived happily ever after. His only performance as an actor was in his Village garret.

Sacrifices must often be made to achieve success, and those who lay their lives on the altar of the love of beauty deserve homage. But there are more than two letters between affection and affectation.

I notice Marlon Brando has given up leather jackets, and Jack Kerouac has begun writing so that even a little old lady in Dubuque could read it. Maybe one of these days Peter Ustinov will hack the haystack off his face and find he's a genius still.

You realize, of course, that this is probably sour grapes on my part.

I'm so normal that I'll never amount to anything.

*Patty Johnson*