

HERB CAEN



Man Playing Typewriter

RIGHT, and typewriter wins . . . Meanwhile, advertising slogans get increasingly and annoyingly succinct: From "Got Milk?" to "I Can Banking" to, observes Max Mudlheimer, "People Do Gasoline and Oil." Beats crack, I guess . . . Beatnik, the word I coined 36 years ago-but-what-have-I-done-lately, is moribund if not dead, but "bitnik" lives! Jim Schroeder flashes that it's on the infobahn, and defined thus by hot Wired magazine: "One who uses a coin-operated terminal installed in a coffee house to log into cyberspace." I tink I like "beatnik" betta . . . On Sunday, when we turned our clocks back, we were told that we'd get back the hour we lost last April, so how come I am still tired? Another cosmic lie . . . Troy Garrison, tiring of malaprops (check), suggests a new game: non sequiturs. His initial offering is the first sentence of a chapter in "The Lives of Danielle Steel": "Two years to the day after Japan surrendered, bringing an end to World War II, Danielle Fernande Dominique Schuelein-Steel was born in New York City." The non sequitur game is declared over. Nobody's going to top that.

