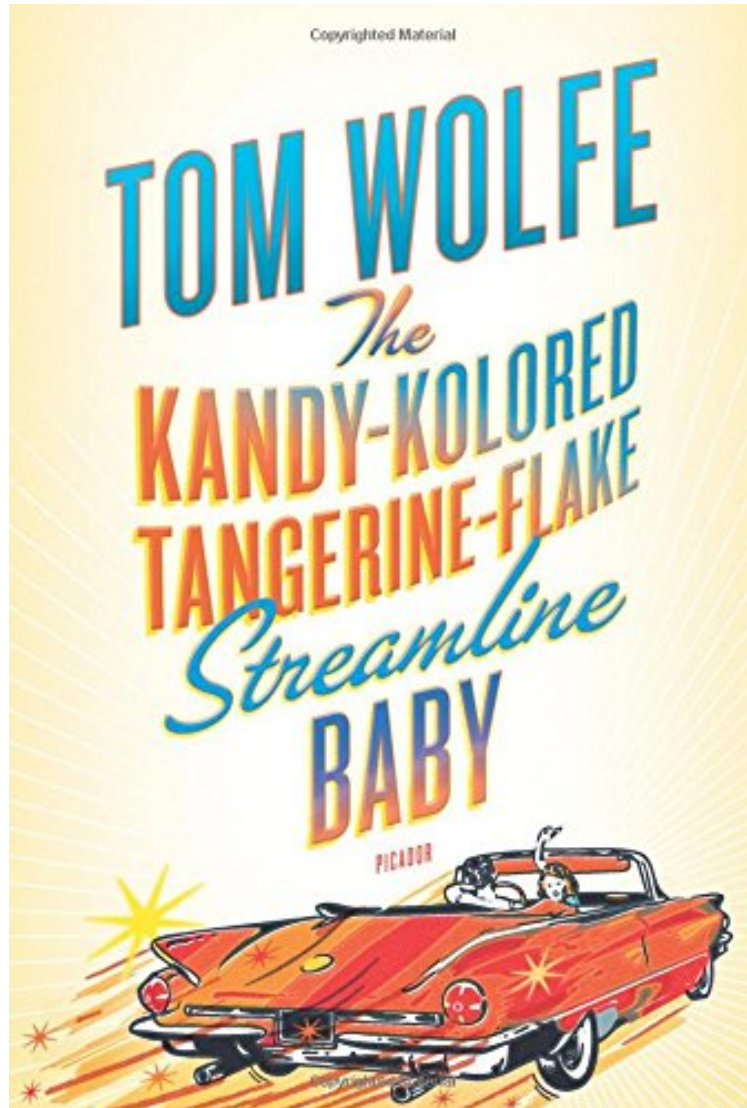


[Free] The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby

The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby

Tom Wolfe

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Tom Wolfe : The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby:

8 of 8 people found the following review helpful. Far out, Tom Wolfe! Real buttonholes! By Ricardo Mio When I was in college, the heroes of the journalism department were Vietnam reporters David Halberstam and Neil Sheehan, and the so-called "New Journalism" reporters: Hunter Thompson, Gay Talese, and Tom Wolfe. Today, the best known is Tom Wolfe, thanks to books like "The Right Stuff." His first book was "The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby" published in 1965. It's an anthology of his first magazine articles, that appeared in Esquire and other

periodicals. The magazine article that first attracted attention was "There goes [Vroom! Vroom!] That Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby" about the California custom car culture. At the time, Wolfe didn't know a carburetor from a muffler, being a New Yorker without a car. However, a week in Southern California changed all that. And how. He quickly spotted the best and the brightest of the customizers was a goateed beatnik-type named "Big Daddy" Ed Roth. Roth's cross-town rival George Barris built far more custom cars than Roth, but Roth was the wild visionary--highly-intelligent, articulate, and a little crazy. Wolfe wrote about Roth with insight and understanding that the trade magazines like "Hot Rod," "Car Craft" and "Rod and Custom" apparently lacked. It was the same thing with "The Last American Hero." Wolfe went down to North Carolina, spent a week with good-old boy NASCAR driver Junior Johnson, and returned with an insight into Johnson and Southern-style stock car racing that completely eluded magazines that covered the sport, among them "Car and Driver," and "Motor Trend." Wolfe wrote about fashion, too. In "The Secret Vice," he told how Lyndon Johnson woke up one morning and realized that John Kennedy was not only smarter than he, but better dressed ("He dresses like some British ambassador"). Johnson zeroed in on the sleeve of Kennedy's custom-made suits, and realized the button holes on the sleeve were real: they actually buttoned and unbuttoned. The buttons on the sleeve of Johnson's off-the-rack Sears and Roebuck suits, on the other hand, were sewn on top of the fabric, like some decoration. Old Lyndon wanted real buttonholes! He flew to London (where Kennedy's suits were custom-made), walked into the first tailor he could find, and said, "Make me a suit with real buttonholes! I want to look like a British ambassador!" All the first great magazine articles are here, including "The Fifth Beatle" about brash New York DJ Murray the K, "The Peppermint Lounge" where the Beatles twisted the night away, "Loverboy of the Bourgeoisie" about Cary Grant, "The Marvelous Mouth" about Muhammad Ali, "The New Art Gallery Society," "The Nanny Mafia" and on and on. Classics, everyone. And a delight to read--and reread. As one critic put it, "Tom Wolfe is a (blankety-blank) joy." 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Here We Go Again, Hold On To Your Hats Middle America By propertius Of course Mr. Wolfe has produced another lapidary exposition on American culture, but what is so refreshing is that there is no condescending in these pieces. Vegas, hot rods, etc. you name it and if it falls under Mr. Wolfe's scrutiny it will be treated, if not with respect, then with understanding. This book like all his works is about AMERICA as only TOM WOLFE can render it and the hell with that early Frenchman, well almost. If Wolfe seems too keen on displaying his erudite at times almost encyclopedic literary and historical antecedents, it is only because he is and was trained to be that way. Unfortunately his critics on E 43 st in Manhattan will never get over this. But let us face he does write for the common in an uncommon fashion. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Classic Wolfe...By homebeforedaylight If you're a Tom Wolfe fan, this is obviously a must-read. The uninitiated can use this as a fine example of New Journalism. The strongest pieces are up front, specifically on Las Vegas and the beginnings of stock car racing and the title-piece on kustom car culture in Southern California. The second half of the book lags a bit as most of the stories about the upper-crust of 1960s New York fall into the we-get-the-idea category. Upon modern reading, some of the material seems dated - winkle-picker boots, etc. - but charmingly so. This is a great snapshot of Wolfe and the send-up style that would come to define him.

"An excellent book by a genius," said Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., of this now classic exploration of the 1960s from the founder of new journalism. "This is a book that will be a sharp pleasure to reread years from now, when it will bring back, like a falcon in the sky of memory, a whole world that is currently jetting and jazzing its way somewhere or other." --Newsweek In his first book, *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* (1965) Wolfe introduces us to the sixties, to extravagant new styles of life that had nothing to do with the "elite" culture of the past.

.com The "streamline baby" in Tom Wolfe's 1965 debut book is a hot rod, but the car's candy colors and wild lines can't match the prose style Wolfe devised to describe them. The title essay--Wolfe's first magazine article--launched the New Journalism, partly because its original title was "There Goes (Varoom! Varoom!) That Kandy-Kolored (Thphhhhh!) Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby (Rahghhh!) Around the Bend (Brummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm)..." His voice was more shocking than any subculture he uncovered. Until Wolfe (Ph.D., Yale), nobody struck gold by applying Ph.D.-speak to lowbrow subjects. Kurt Vonnegut famously called this an "excellent book by a genius who will do anything to get attention." Now that everybody does what Wolfe did, his early essays smack less of genius. But attention must be paid to this pioneering peek into King Pop's tomb. The most startling thing is how soberly sensible most of the prose now appears, except for the title of the first essay, "Las Vegas (What?) Las Vegas (Can't Hear You! Too Noisy) Las Vegas!!!" which anticipates the far superior Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas. Mostly, these articles seem like straightforward introductions to some of the signal figures of the early '60s: hot-rod designer Big Daddy Roth, surf guitarist Dick Dale, teen recording tycoon Phil Spector, Andy Warhol debutante Baby Jane Holzer, the Cassius Clay-era Muhammad Ali. We even glimpse the Beatles in a profile of the yappy DJ Murray the K in "The Fifth Beatle." The last half of the book focuses more on New York and its denizens' endless combat for social status. The last piece, "The Big League Complex," is like a 1964 warm-up exercise for *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. --Tim Appelo Might well be required reading in courses with names like American studies. Time Magazine I'm always rereading Tom Wolfe's *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*. David Gates Tom Wolfe is a terrific

writer. The Washington Monthly Wolfe can do things with words and settings that few writers are capable of matching. Tom Walker, The Denver Post The man's done the impossible. He--Yes!--understands America! Houston Chronicle His eye and ear for detailed observation are incomparable; and observation is to the satirist what bullets are to a gun. The Boston Sunday Globe From the Publisher 8 1.5-hour cassettes