The Beats

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Creatives roam the trumpet-and-drum streets flanking Columbia. This marching salon reveres the spontaneous and bleeds in the now. Boots move to crush raping editors. “First thought, best thought,” Ginsberg calls. They dare wordsmiths fattened by doughy routine to challenge big publishing houses. Burroughs frees Quaaludes from a bottle. The rebels shoot sperm on the doors of censors. They savage a path from Broadway to Central Park, devouring drugs that mix or don’t mix well. They dangle stale verse from ropes of human hair. They bound rivers of vomit. Kerouac tap-dances on sidewalk gum. They drag land, ocean, and sky into thousands of dreams. Their skeleton key releases passion and lust.

Look to the sky and listen. Fresh voices rattle the heavens, beating it open with song.