

The Beat Hotel

The beat hotel.
Resting on 9, rue Gît-le-Cœur,
an oasis for whomever is willing to enter.
No one to turn the cold shoulder. No one to judge.
Creativity ensues along with cocaine, heroine, pot, LSD, prostitution, homosexuality,
away from the United States, away from the rules and regulations, a way of life in France.
A new cultural phenomenon begins. Anti-conformist, underground experimentation, raucous behavior,
all in this new home, this beat hotel, beginning the beats.
Attacking social restrictions, trying devious deeds, more explosive activities,
there are no closed minds. Only tolerance. A final destination
from running away. When walking through all of the rooms, a myriad of observations penetrates
the closed mind. New ways of getting high. New ways to depict emotions. New ways to live life openly.
A spinning, cardboard machine, slot-filled, flashing lights, tickles and teases the ocular senses,
creating flickers of dream-like images, new perceptions, spiritual enlightenment, a freeing of the mind.
Essays which put one's perspective into a whole new light. Praising freedom and spontaneity.
A poem in the shape of an a-n-n-i-h-i-l-a-t-i-n-g mushroom cloud reflecting a love of the bomb.
Controversial ideology? Lover of death? The ingenuity of humanity?
A conducive environment. A terminal of minds. A crossroads of academics.
Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Lucien Carr, Hal Chase, Will Burroughs, Greg Corso.
Members of a new, extraordinary group joined at the hip from the beginning. Their destinies intertwined
from as early as college. Men who had abnormal thoughts and sexual needs. Appetites which could not
be satisfied. Not until they had a new environment. A new place for trial and error. No one to criticize.
Only belief in their own abilities, their own creativity. Hopeful dreams for the future of the world.
One where these creative thoughts would flourish and everyone would be able to participate.
In sync with the beats. Their radical culture in this mecca.
Visionary ideas taken from colorful Algeria to the Midwestern plains.
A multicultural soup. A literary melting pot. A freewheeling mélange.
An invigorating blend of ideas transcending the mixture of people and mind-altering drug cocktails.
Only with this open mindset can there be true imagination. All that matters is the
thoughts of each of the individuals. The non-conforming poets, writers and artists.
The building may be run-down and squalid. Dirt clings to every grimy nook.
Repelling busy passers-by who hasten down the cramped Parisian street.
The crude toilets emit a ghastly stench. The horrid cooking smells pollute the air.
The residents' tiny, soiled rooms infested with lurking rats and mice.
With cockroaches, maggots, and mites. With musty dust and old, sour food.
But none of that matters. Just that the beats can be themselves.
That they can live openly and freely. That they can think insanely through a
legal mist and haze of drugs, booze, and women. All that matters is that there is the beat hotel.