Houston Beatniks Visit Purple Onion, Gaslight

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We were intrigued by the definition and checked. The “two guys” proved to be a poet and an artist, respectively, who hotly denied that they were beatniks at all. The clincher to their argument seemed to be that the poet had $25 boots on and the artist had a $40 sweater on his back.

A Bigger Onion

A few nights later, we dropped in the Gaslight (a bigger version of the Purple Onion) and found out that on non-commercial nights (any night except Friday or Saturday) the non-shaven (and stoutly non-Beatnik) personnel is very talkative. We were really looking for some real characters, but all we found were people.

So we went home, concluding that a Houston Beatnik is an elusive creature, probably on his way to somewhere else, who will never admit anything if you ever catch up with him.