

THE

HIPSTERS

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The hilarious and witty world of the hipsters from Greenwich Village, a mixture of Dali, Ernst and Kerouac stirred up in a surrealism, America's only true "insider" and "outsider"—Ted Joans, a young painter and coffee shop poet who has been featured in

THE HIPSTERS

by



TED

JOANS



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Library of Congress Catalog Card No.: 61-15877
On the cover: Nicolai Welsh & Ted Joans

CORINTH BOOKS INC.
32 West Eighth Street
New York 11, New York

Distributed by
The Citadel Press
222 Park Avenue South
New York 3, New York

Manufactured in the United States of America



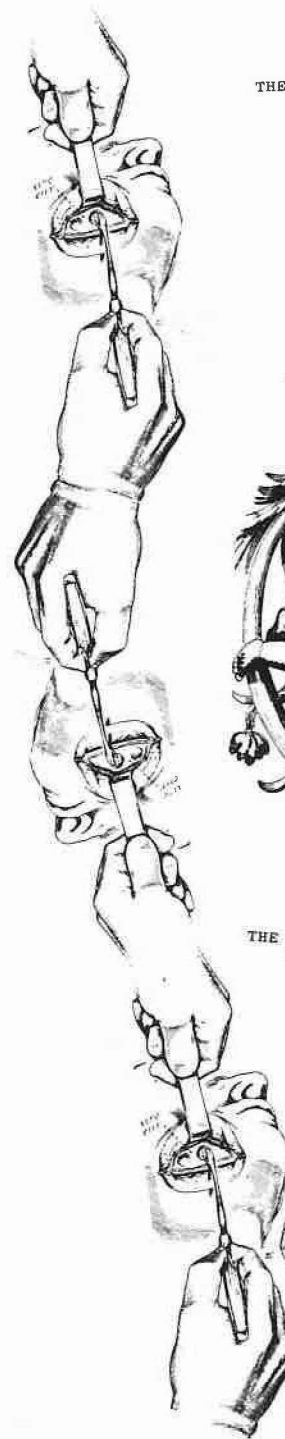
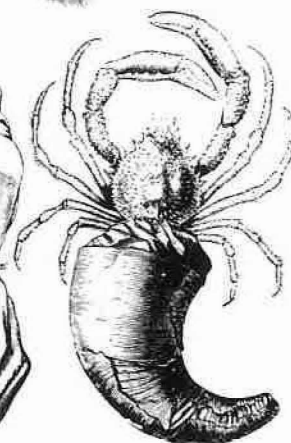
To my three chicklets:
Daline... Terresa... Jeannemarie...
and my son Ted, Jr.

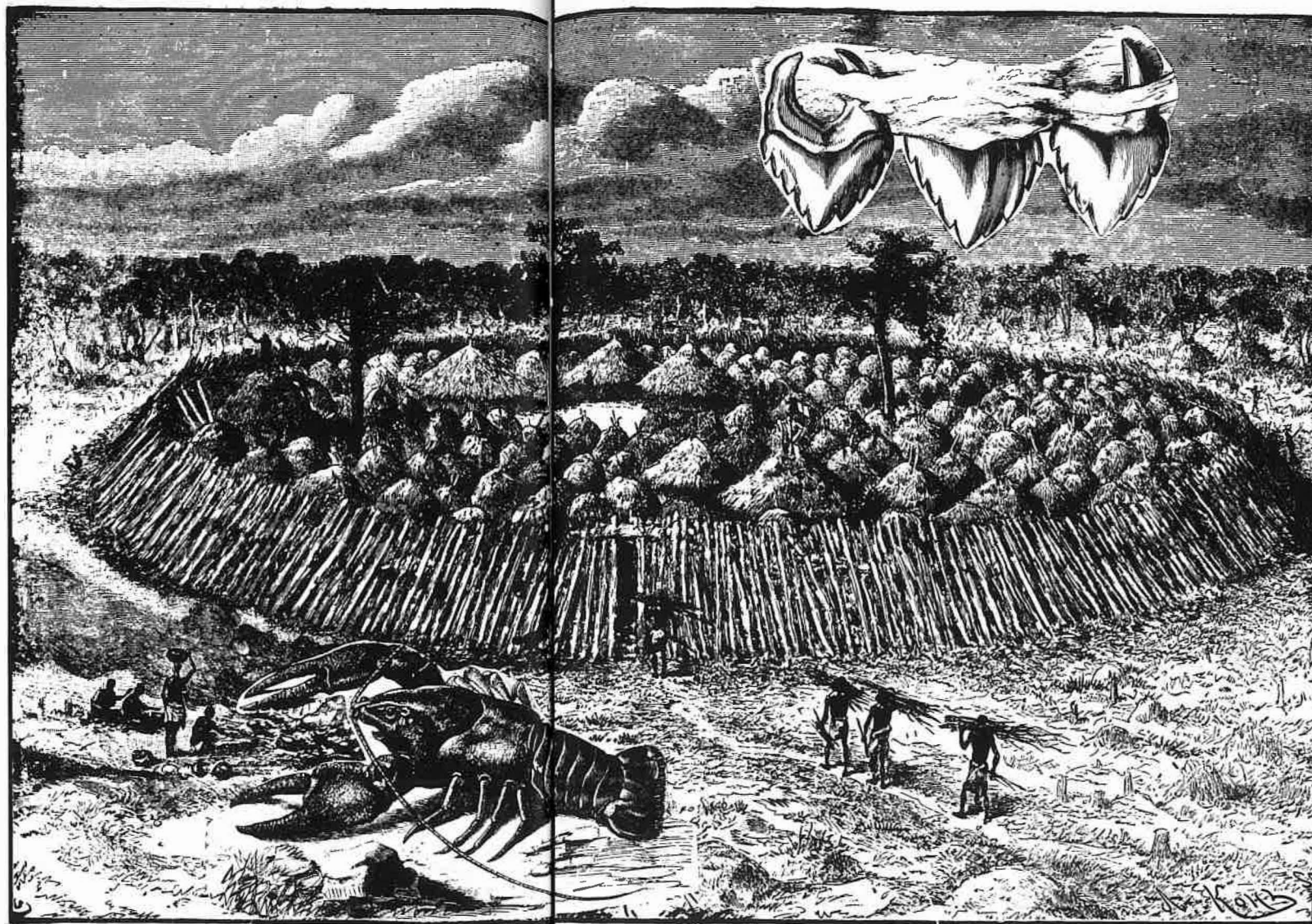
THE **SCENE**

THE **Scene**



THE **Scene**

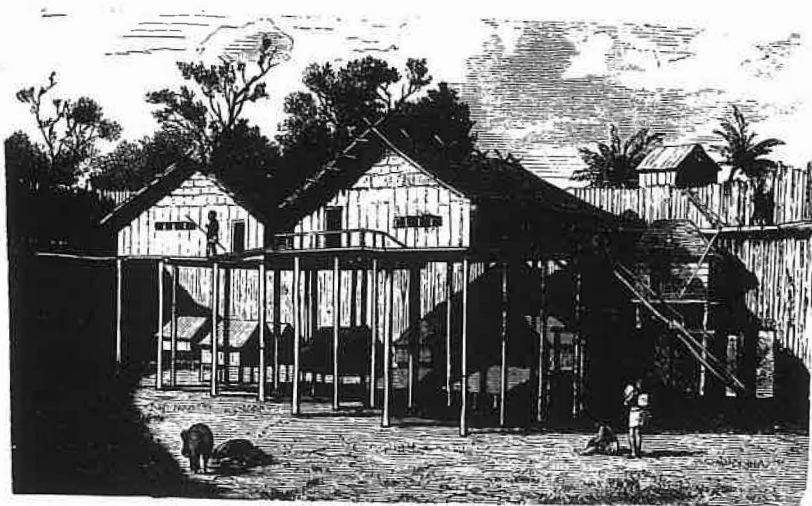
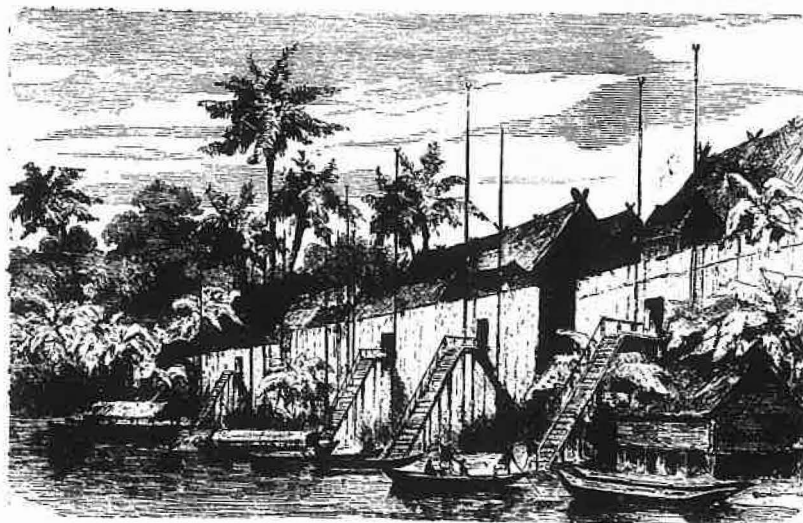




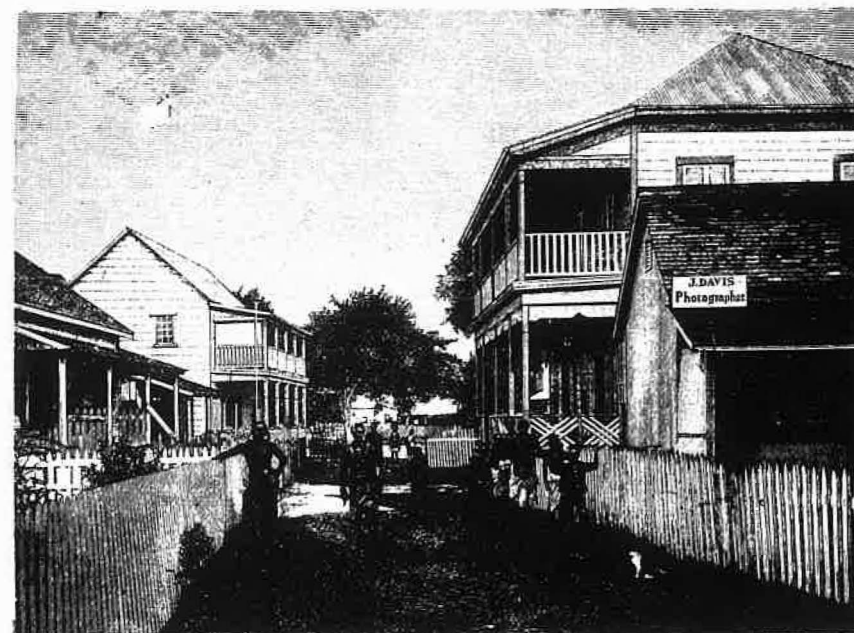
Here is Greenwich Village, New York, the home of the hipster, hipnick, beat, beatnik, flip, flipnik, etc., where several thousand top people of all races, creeds and colors work, play and live in sometimes peace and sometimes harmony and all try to enjoy the lofty fruit of U.S. democracy.

TOURISTNIKS digging Greenwich Village for the first time. Fascinated, they point and stare at the natives.



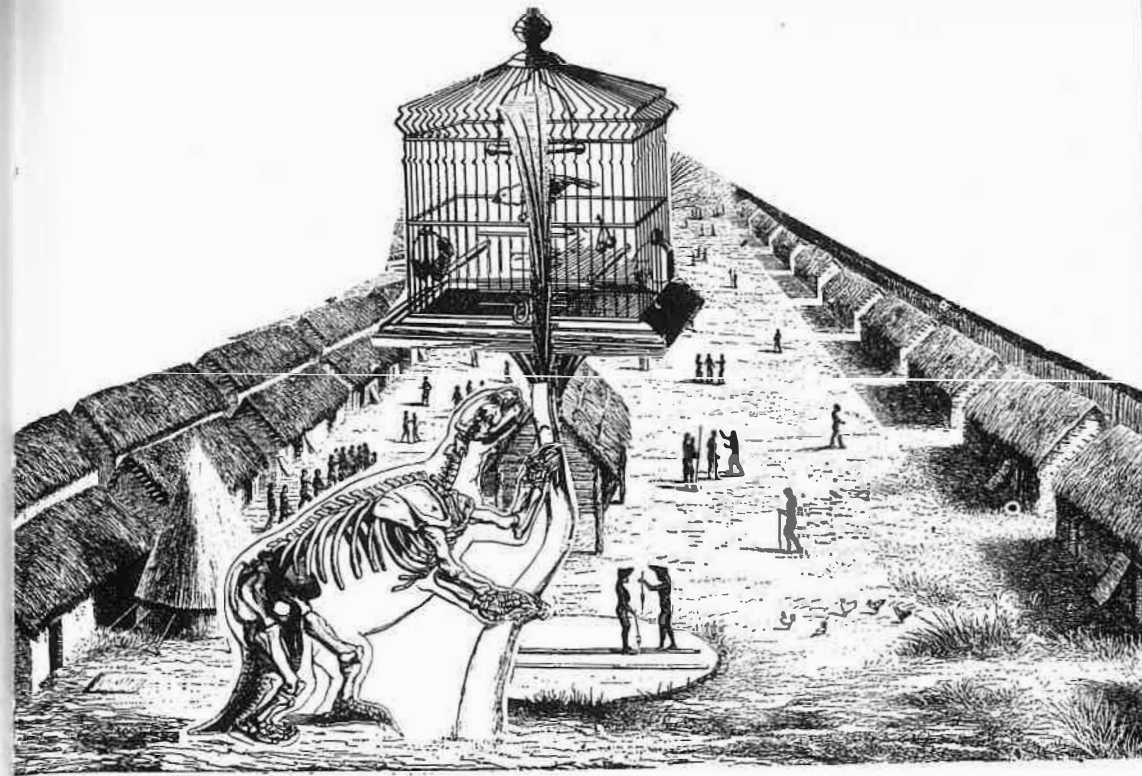


PADS: Various types of Village pads, some furnished and others unfurnished, some \$15. and others \$500. per month, some vacant and some are not (just you try and find one). Note the model cold water flat at lower left.

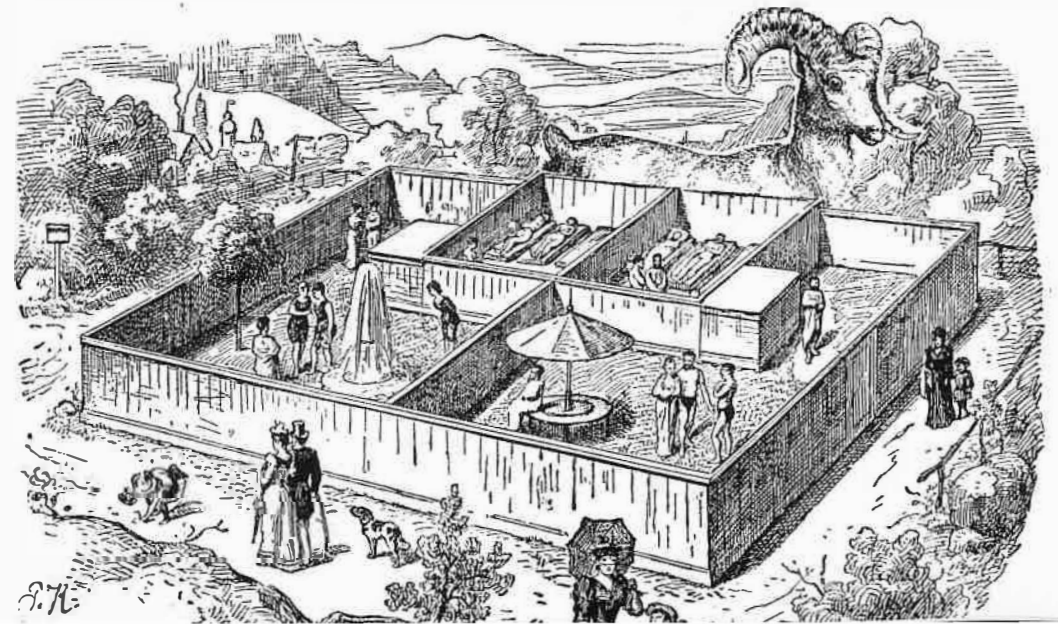




Some of the pads in the farout east of Greenwich Village are just downright dangerous to live in with all kinds of crawly creeping things. (Notice the cats waiting to come up for a party.)



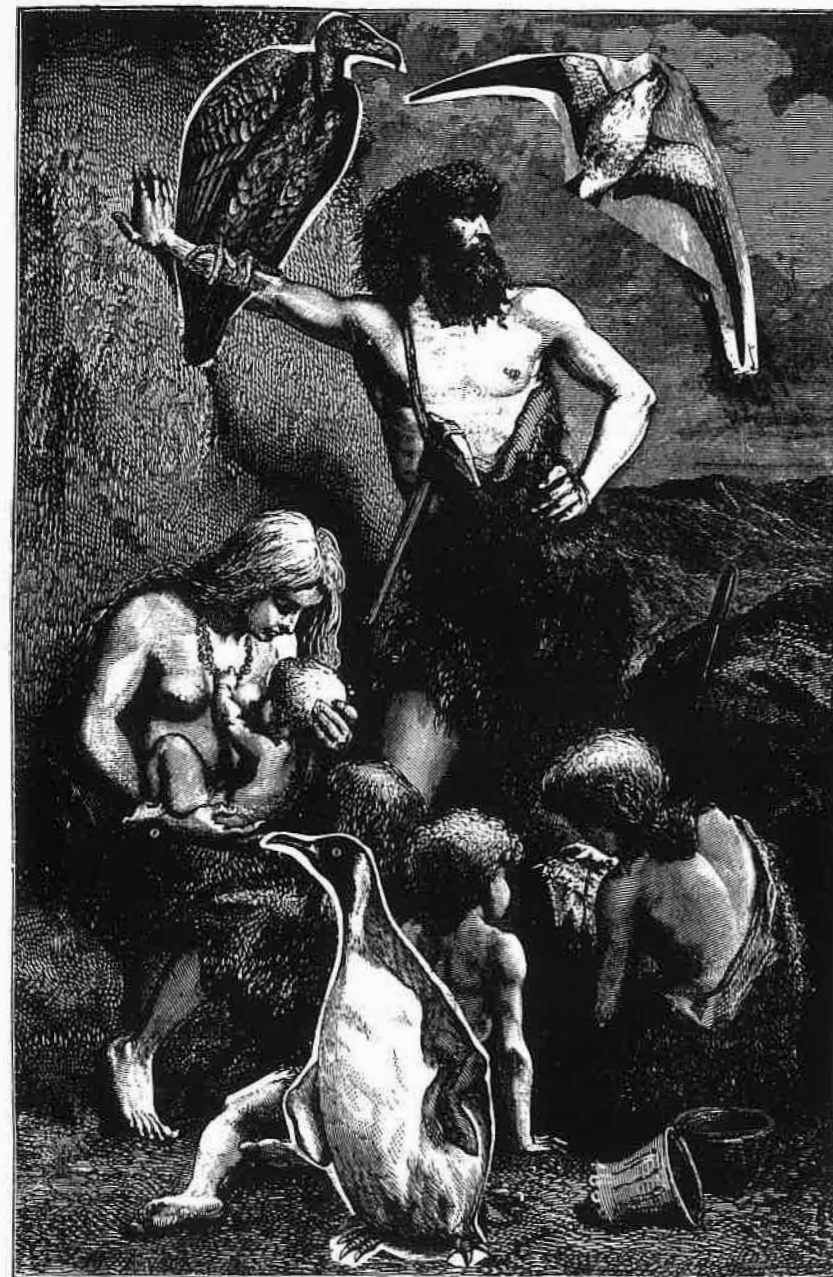
The Jivey Leaguers built Washington Square Village, a huge new bird cage for the very rich. They have their own flag, own constitution and their own private fuzz. (Notice that their 'circle,' shown below, is built like their rich philosophy.)





An example of the difference between hipster families in the Village. At the top are two middle-income hipster families—cool, intelligent and stoned. At lower left is a beatnik family of upper income—wild, ignorant and drunk.

A successful hipster family who have, like, really made it (shown below).





Bins for beats where the stoned and those who wish to be turned on are welcome. (Notice the unhip square walls.)

Dramatis Personae





A COOL
HiPster



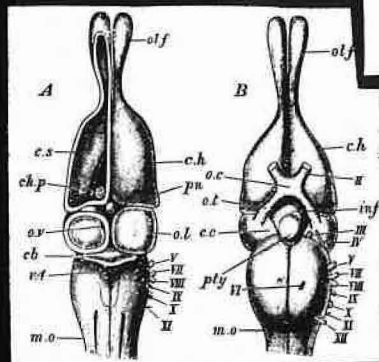
EXTRA

COOL

FIVEY



LEAGUER

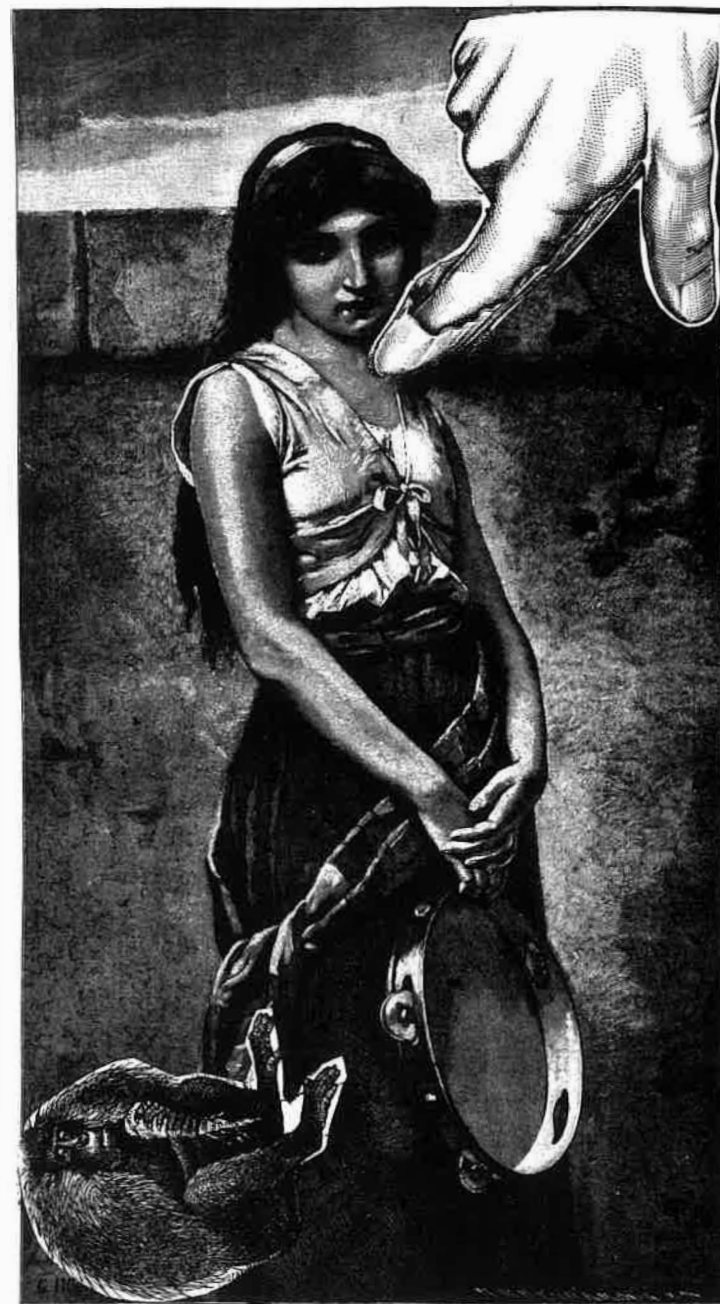


THE JIVEY LEAGUERNIK is a half-way cat whose sole concern is to be a part of everything which he puts down or cashes-in-on as it suits his eternal search for girls in his well-dressed-to-bore tight faggotaire clothes.



CREEPNIK

THE CREEPNIK is always on the scene, digging lonely young chicks, pets that are left alone, and other valuables that he can steal.



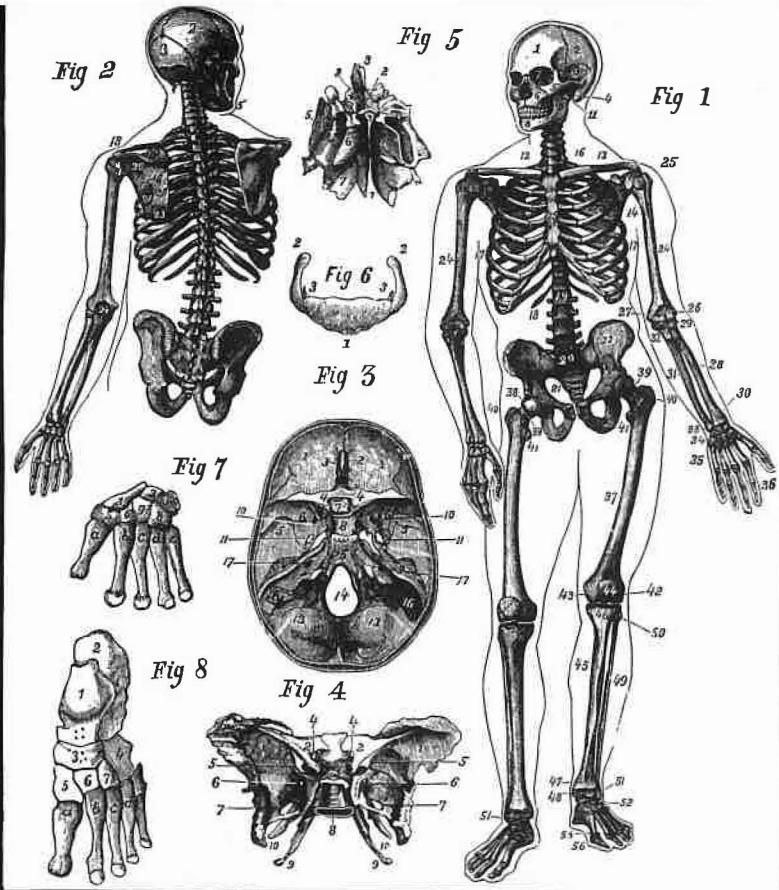
FOLKNIKS carry musical instruments and long loose flowing hair as they sit on the steps of the hip folklore music shop or every Sunday gather at the Washington Square circle. (Notice the sad three meals-a-day look and the folknik who has been fingered out by Commissioner of Parks Newbold Morris for playing in the Square that Sunday he banned folknik singing.)



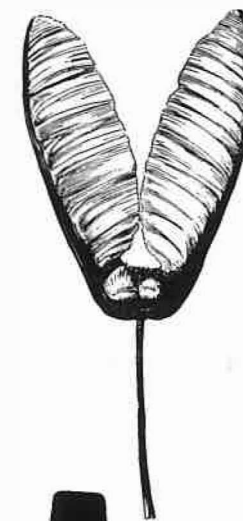
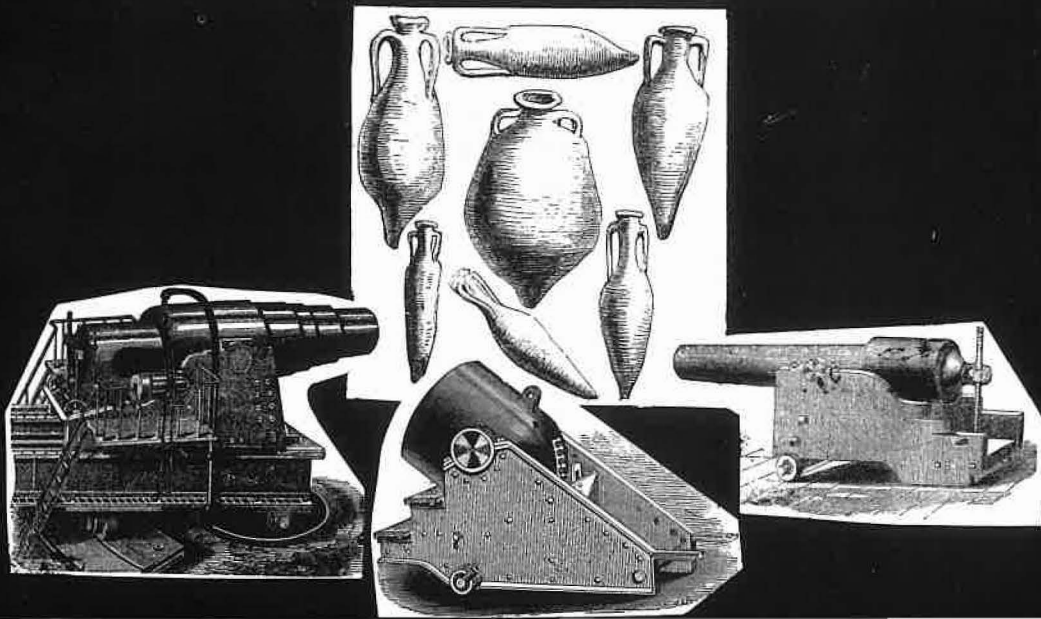
THE HIPSTRESSNIK or poet's-little-mistressnik: the most lovable, the most soft, the most quiet, the most wise, the most-in-cooking, the most-in-inspiration, the most-in-bed, the most-in-travel, and the most-cool-in-times-of-stress.



THE HIPPER-THAN-THOUNIK is the overread writer or painter of sorts who speaks as an astute authority on every subject, even sex, which she knows only from books. For she considers herself so hip that sexual activity is strictly for squares. Thus the hipper-than-thounik is a sicknik.



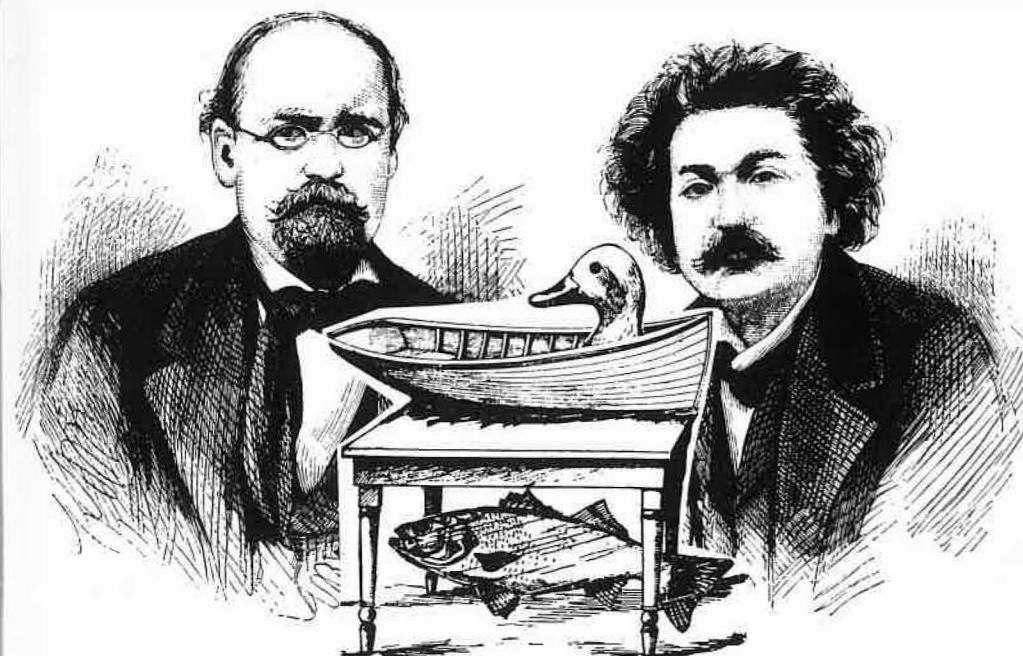
The Anatomy of the Hipster: the small numbers indicate his unique characteristics—tremendous sex drive and outstanding intellect. (Note the sexual organs shown below.)



ACT 1

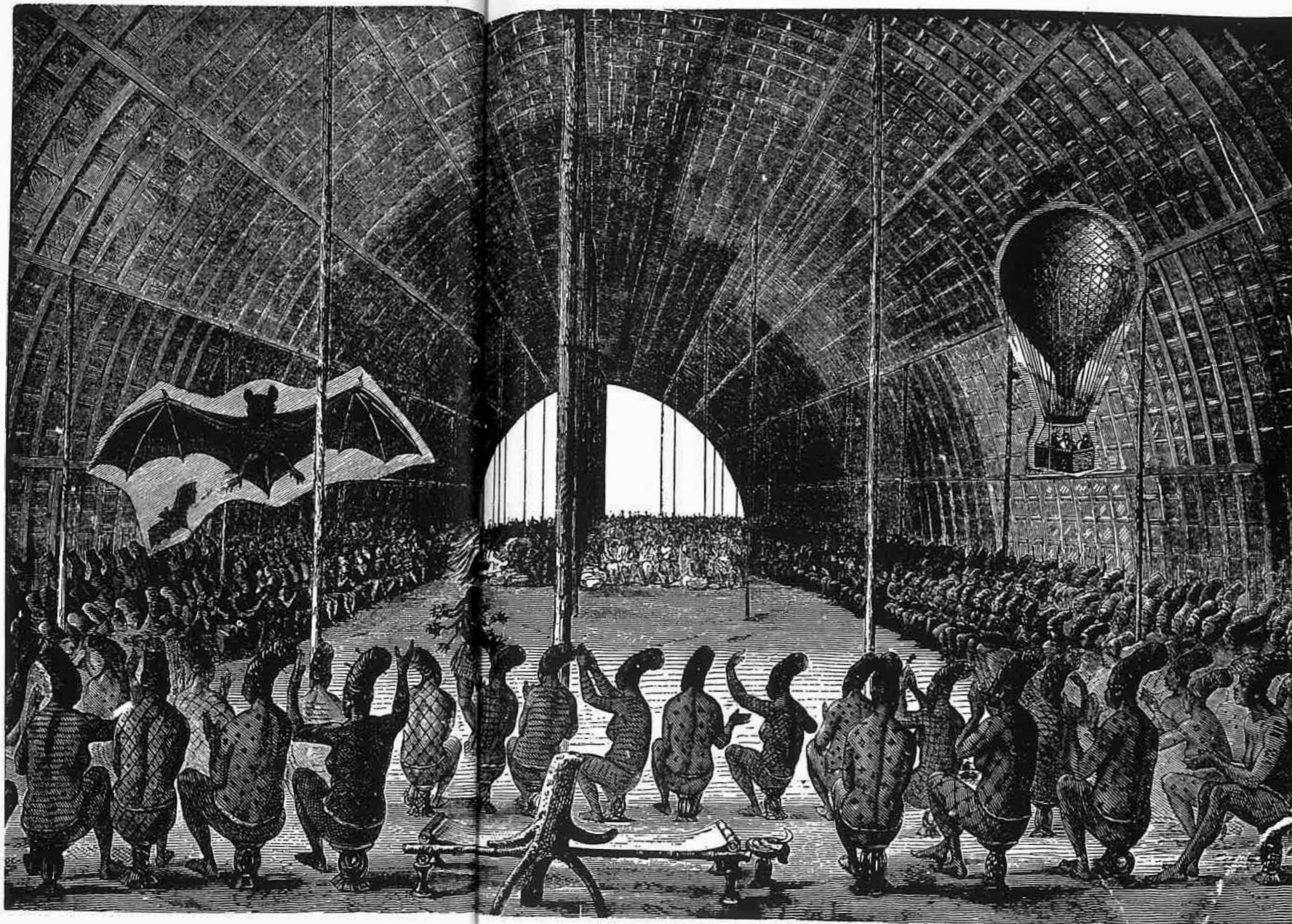
THAT
Day





(Left) From the four corners of the earth arrivè four foreign emissaries all bearing some kind of nutty bit to turn everyone on to. They're on a Rockefeller Brothers grant to study hipsterism and the dilemma of modern man.

(Above) Two farout French philosophers also arrive for the annual international six day hipster convention at the Evergreen Cedar Tree Tavern.



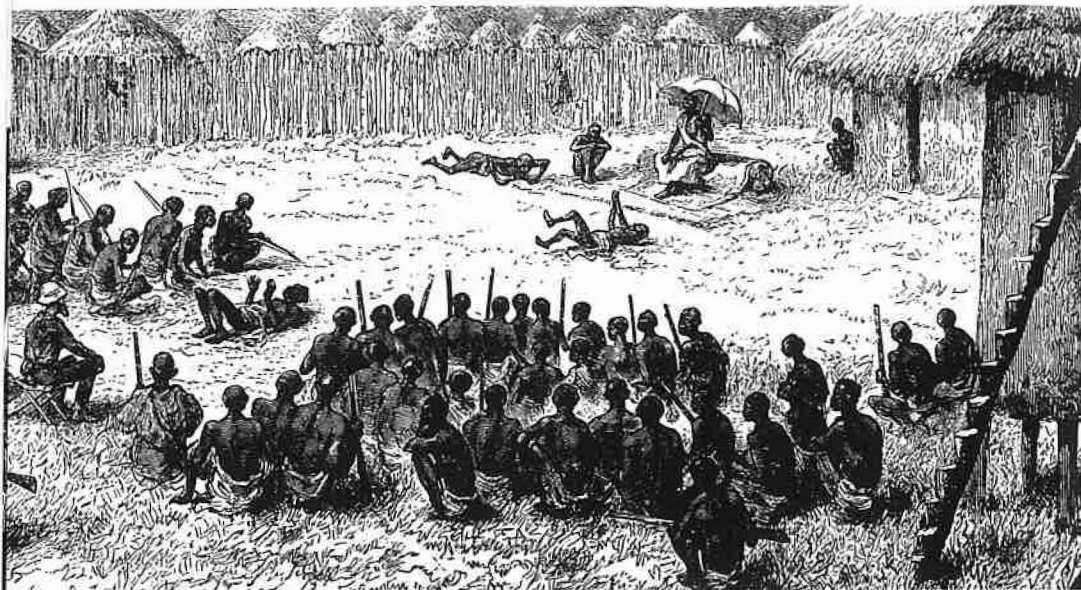
The hipsters at a cat's loft discuss abstract expressionism in music and poetry—America's great gift-free to the world. (Notice that they all paint themselves.)



At a secret pad in the west Village, a hipstress painter lounges coolly and tells her fellow hipsters about her new style of painting poetry. (Notice the Newport jazz souvenir on the wall.)



Meanwhile a beat poet-publisher reads his own written works from his own published books while a fellow hipster thumps sensually on a double headed bongo. Such small bongo drums can also be used to summon police in any town in the United States; if you doubt it, tonight you should try it. (Notice the conventional clitor-dectomy vision overhead.)



Three simultaneous poetry readings take place. At left above, the best U.S. spade poet recites to a limited audience of black blue bloods at his old alma mater, The Howard University. At left below, a Wagner College literary circle warms up. Above, Princeton University reading—notice how their clothes make them look cool.



A University reading gets out of hand. A young poetess recites her prose which attacks jivey leaguers and two hippys have to restrain the audience from attacking her. (Notice the cat's back scratcher.)



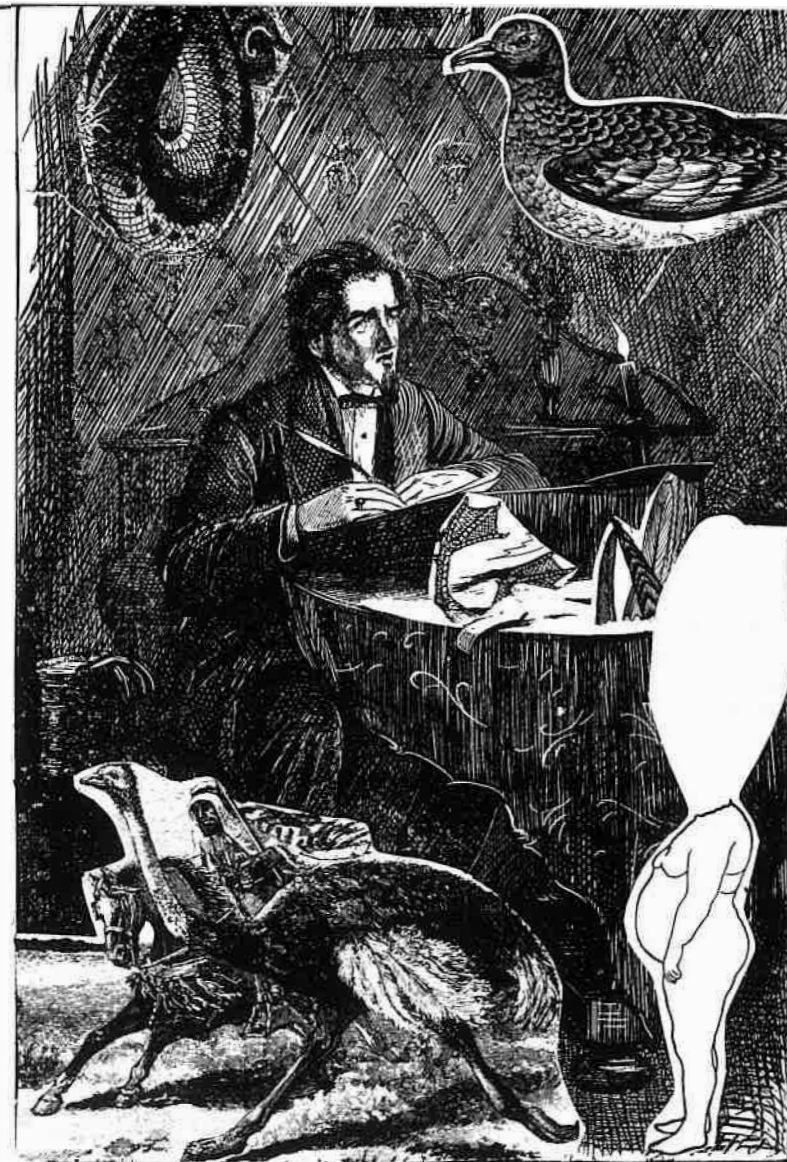
Hipsters listening with religious fervor to hi-fi recordings of great jazz music. (Notice the big chit'lin sandwich.)



A hip chick, who made the scene one summer and graduated from Bohemia, is now an accepted authority on poetry, painting, sociology, etc. in suburbia where she has married and settled down.

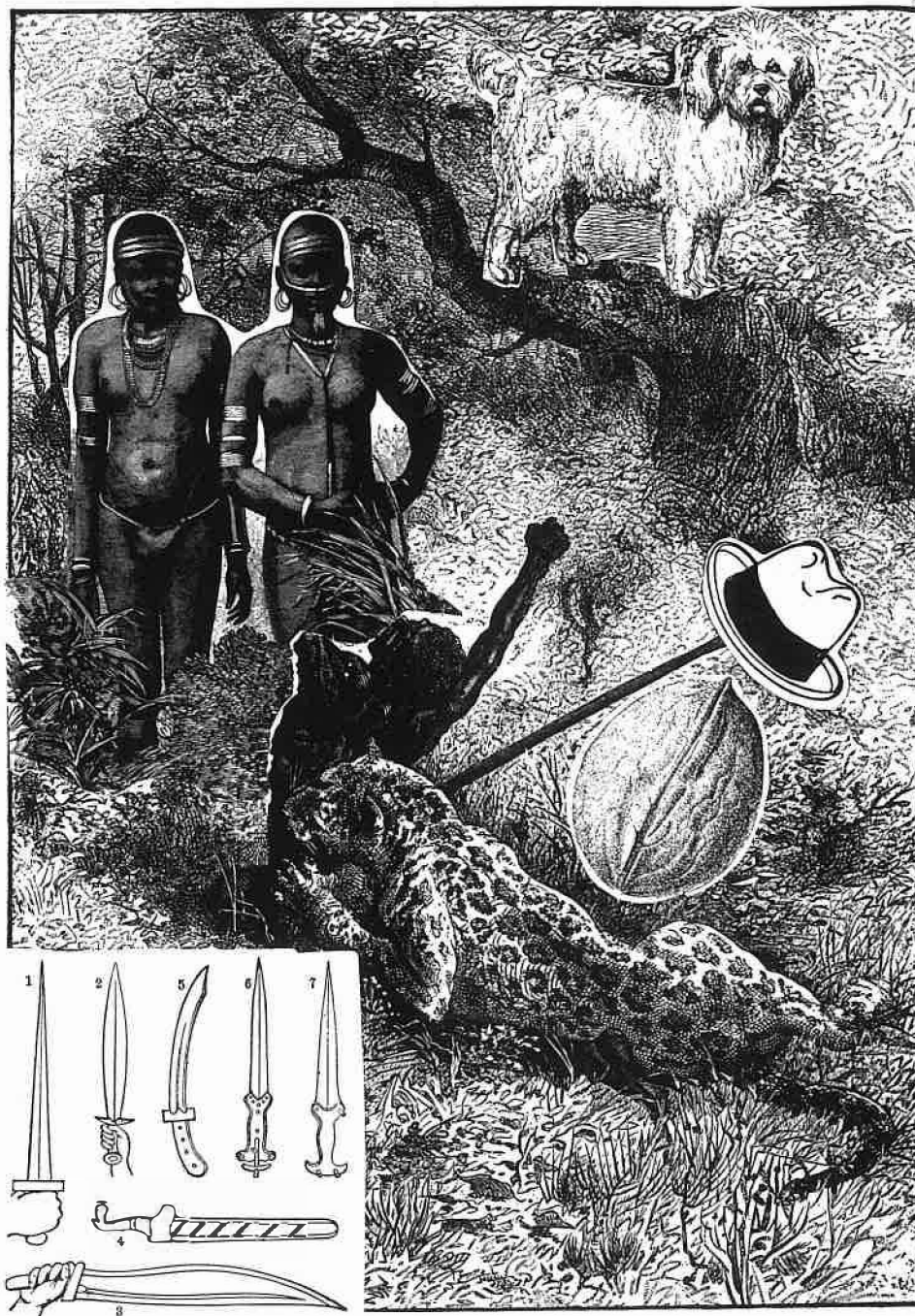


A happy hipster couple, madly in love with each other and Greenwich Village, discuss the arrival of their beat baby.

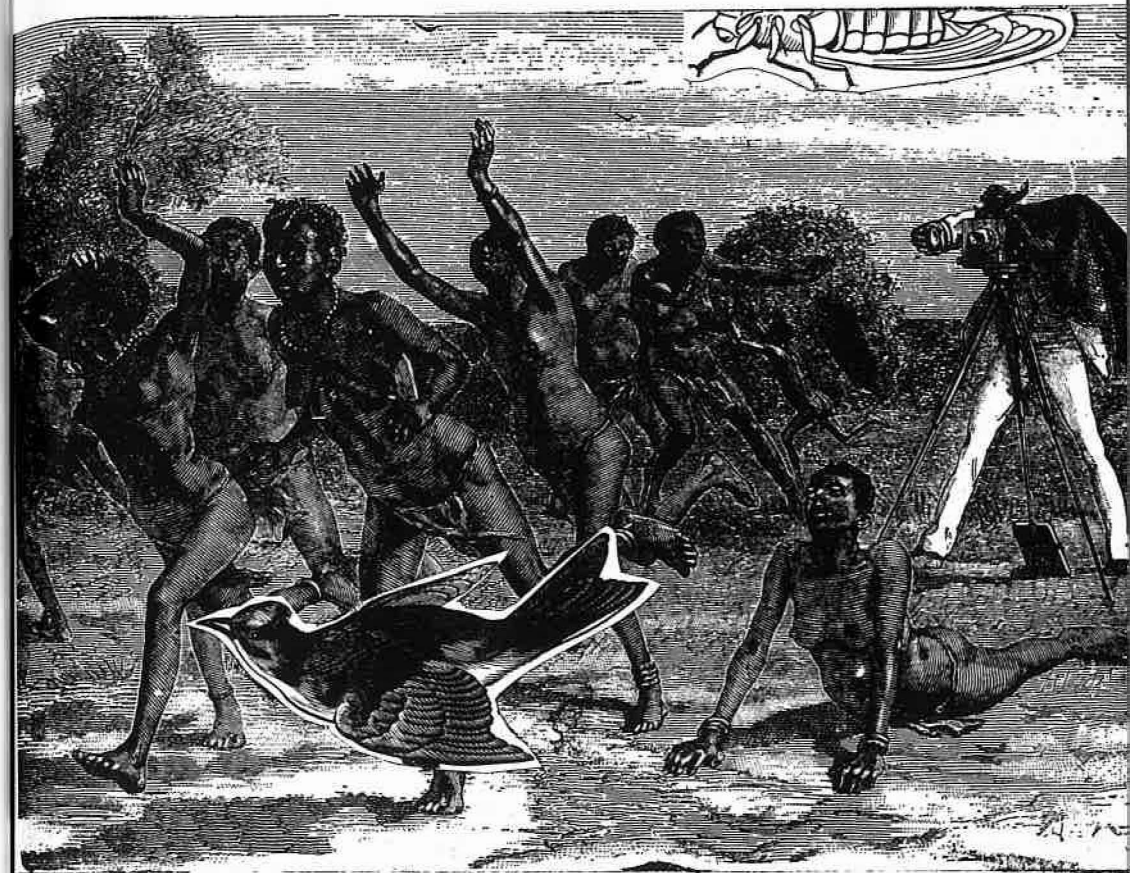


(Above) Happy hour of the hipster poet in his own pad when he gets that certain creative urge and true images doeth flow.

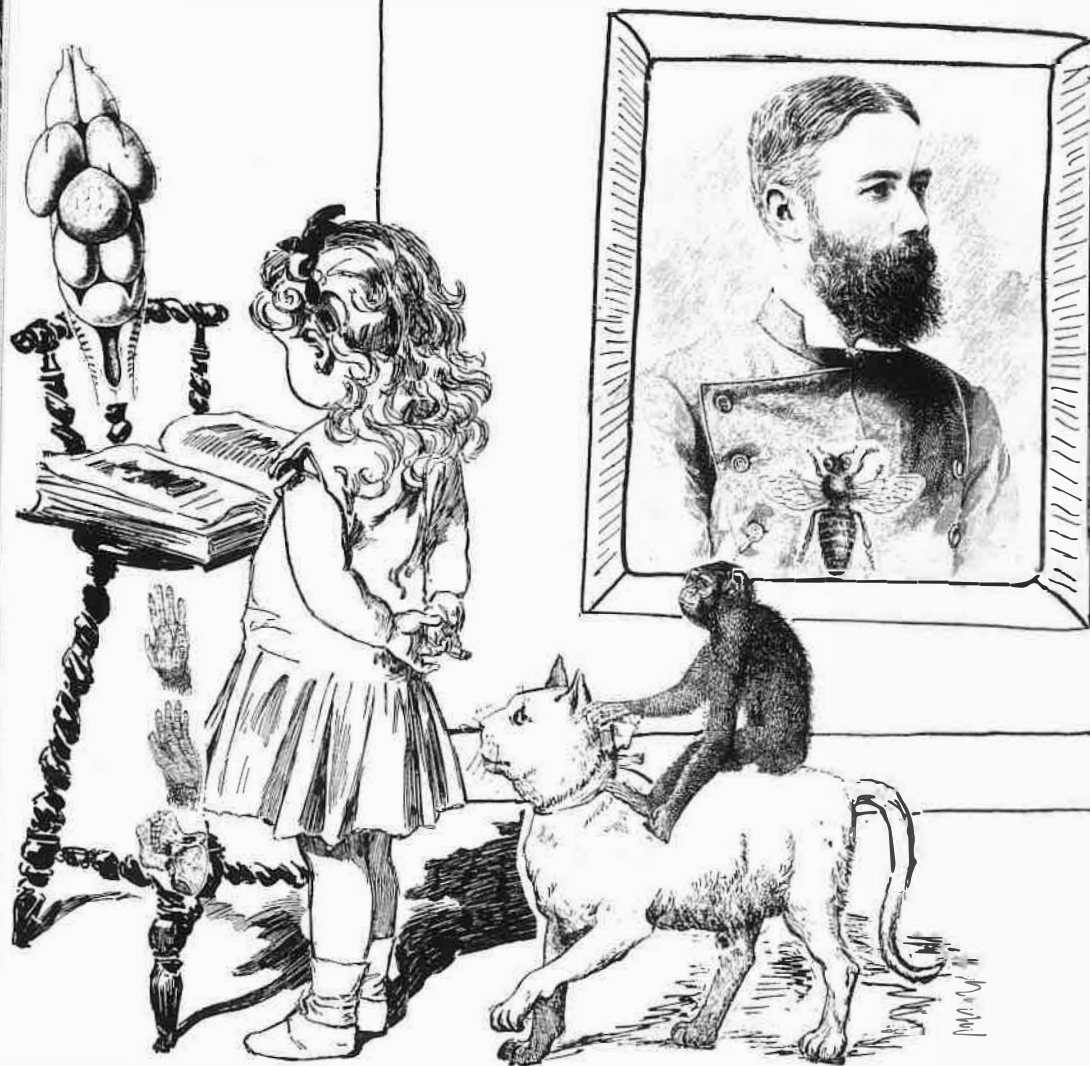
(Left) Three hipsters, all cool, seek a pleasant pad but run into drunken racial discrimination from an old lush-head superintendent. (Notice the clothes from Brooks Brothers.) The pad, anybody can see, is going to the dogs.



Meanwhile at Washington Square park, an ofay cat protects two spade chicks from a creepnik who had followed them from Rienzi coffee shop. (Note the varieties of knives that creepniks carry in their back pockets.)



And at another corner of the park: a group of new uptown spade chicks run from a well known photographer for fear of being seen in a beatnik book that might shock uncool parents.



AT FOREST HILLS: a young statutory lovely reads Lawrence Ferlinghetti's latest book of poems. (Notice the portrait of a saintly 19th century American great poet with beard and open fly.)

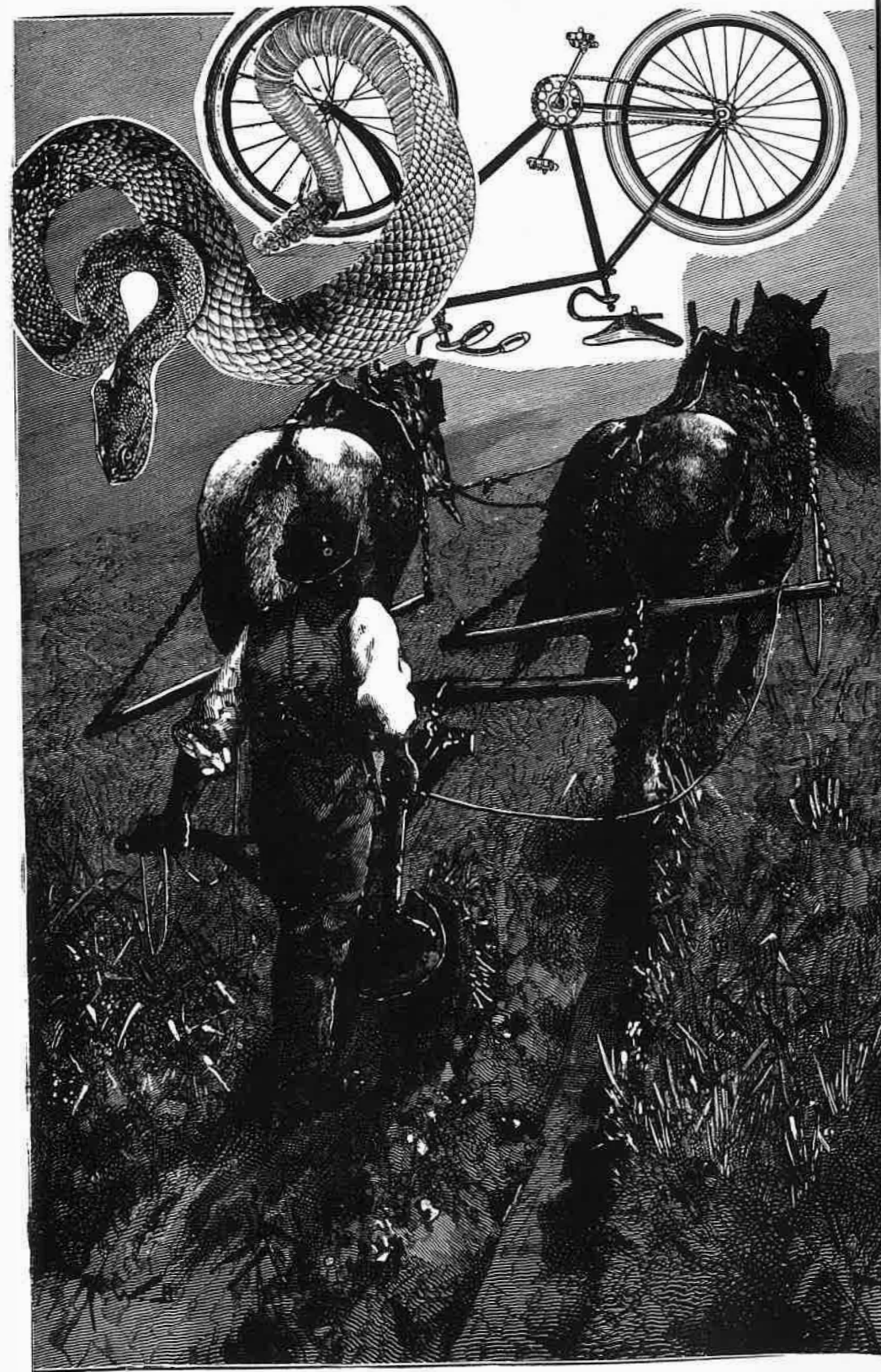


AT WESTCHESTER: "... well like so I met him in the bar like he said at nine thirty like he said and so like I went with him to his pad like he said and like we drank and then we danced and then we took off our clothes and then like it was then I realized that this cat ... was ... like you know ... like ... this guy was ... a ... a ... faggot!"



AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY: "It's not that you would not want your daughter to marry me, a Negro. . . The truth is that I, like, man, have no eyes for marrying your unhip daughter. . ."

AT THE UPPER EAST SIDE: Cultivating his own marihuana patch on top of his penthouse apartment pad in Sutton Place, this Madison Avenueer makes his weekly salary from selling cigarette ads but builds his Swiss bank account from monopolizing the tea trade in the cocktail bars.





AT SOUTHAMPTON: "Did you rent a Beatnik and Bebop band? If so, daddio, dig our poetry and jazz, man!" (Notice the shaggy dog.)



Another hipster gathering, this one at a notorious downstairs gas-light coffee shop. (Notice how clean and quiet the place is.)



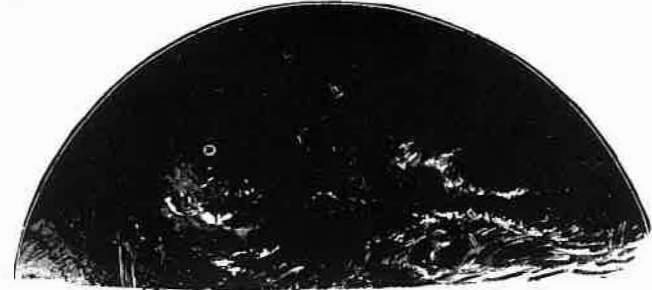
An old hipster cops out but not before sounding the youth to save the beat generation from Chaos, Desolation and Apathy.



A cool poet who works uptown attacks the buttndown brains around him from his penthouse office near the Museum of Modern Art. (Notice the abstract expressionist painter lying in the foreground—stoned out of his mind from sheer ecstasy.)



While at her fashionable upper lower eastside pad, the famous hipstress poet of neon nightmares watches the sun set on another un-spring day. (Notice the kind of bird that flies backwards.)



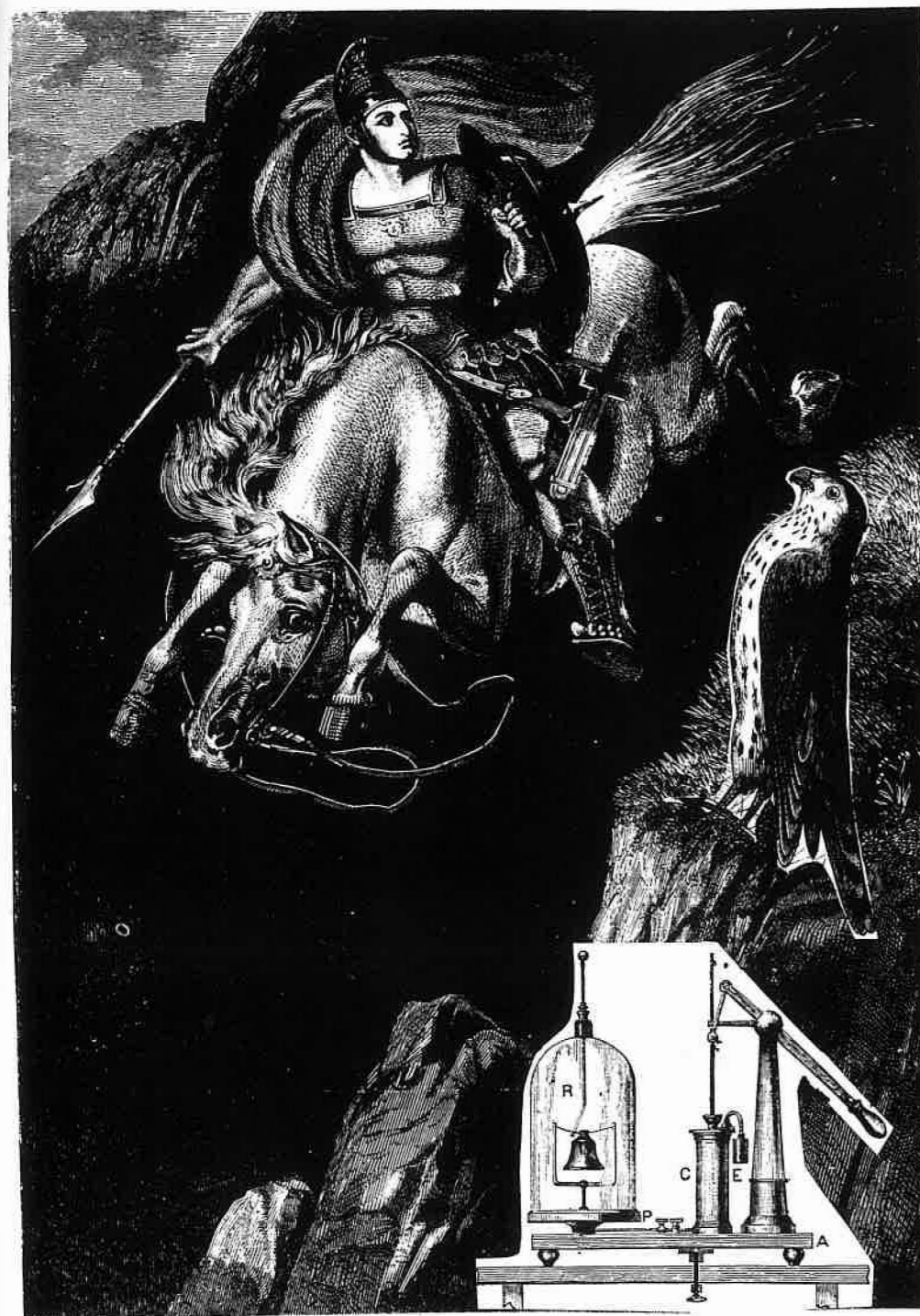
Act 2

that night
or
nite Scene





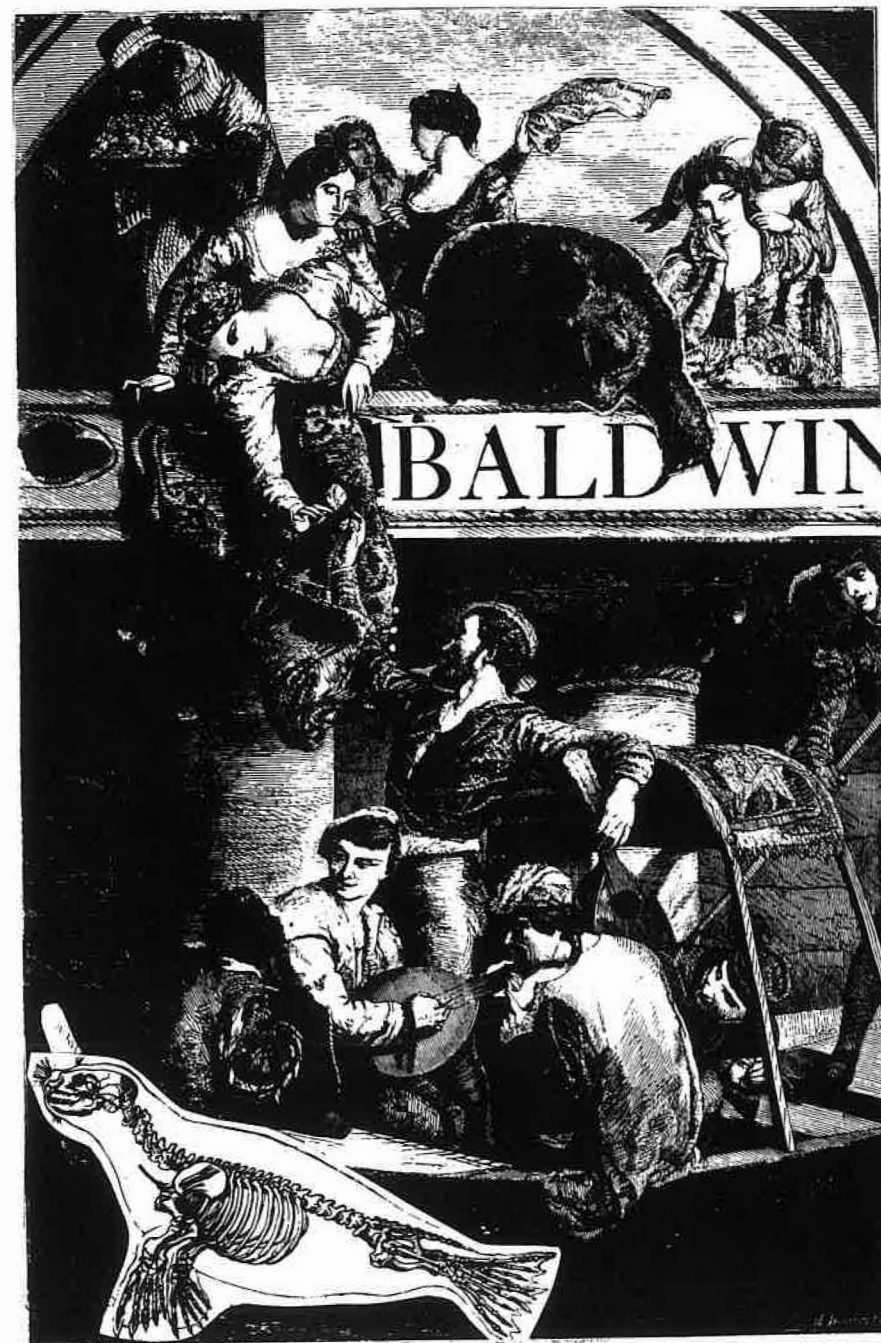
THAT NIGHT: a group of 'wrong' cats are barred from a fabulous loft party given to celebrate the arrival of the four foreign emissaries and the two French philosophers. (Note the abundance of chicks and chicklets.)



Some hipsters arrive by air. . .



Others come riding in from San Francisco roaring down MacDougal Street carrying everything they own on them. (Notice the attitude of the local tourists digging them from the sides.)



While a native son arrives in triumph from Paris.



The Wild Ones pour in from New Jersey searching for free kicks, free fun, free chicks, free booze, free parties, free-for-all brawls. . . .



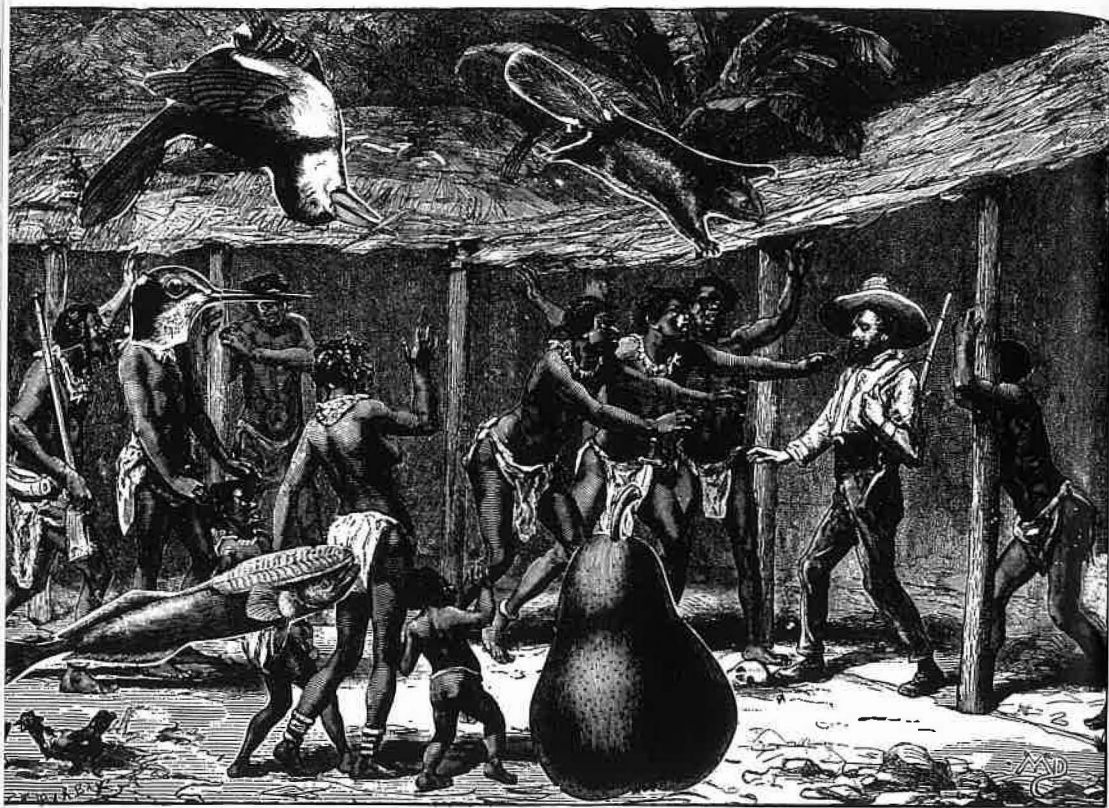
The Wild Ones join with the jivey leaguer weekend cats to try to battle their way into the "hipsters only" party.



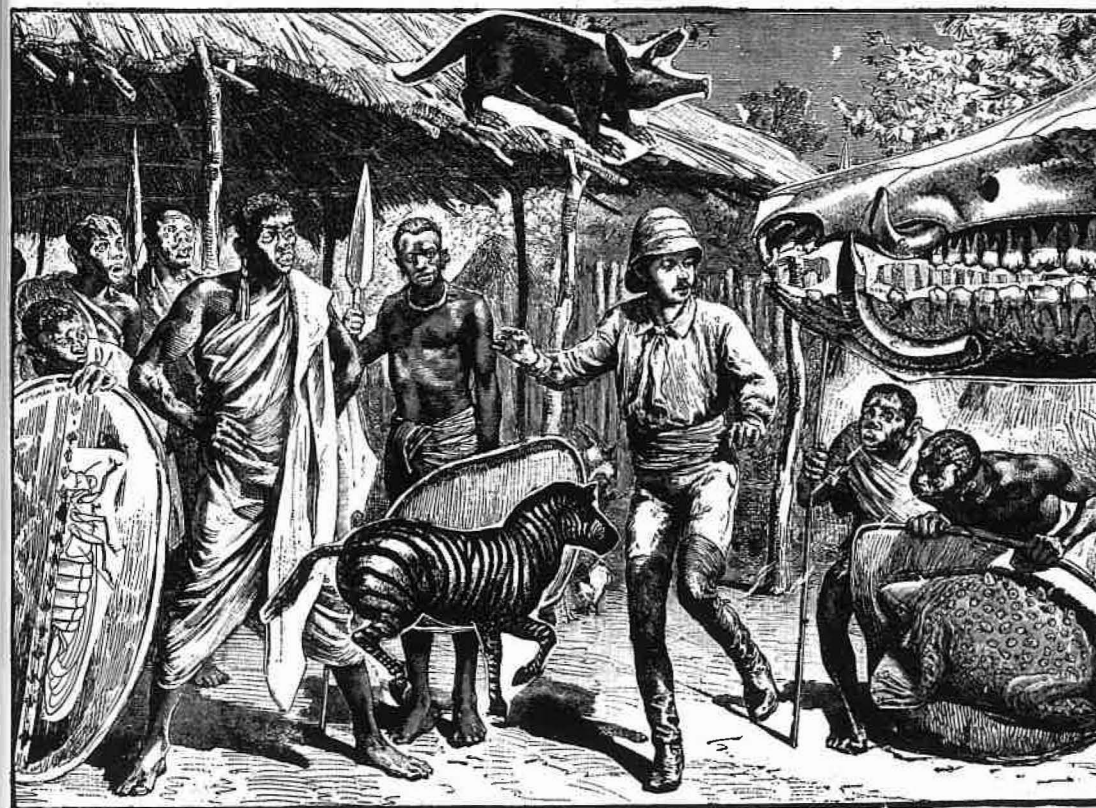
A wrong cat tries to crash through the cellar door but is caught.



While at the back door, two undergraduates bring greetings from Sarah Lawrence and Bennington. (Notice the enthralled hipster at the window.)



The great coffee shop poet of the hour is wildly welcomed by hip admirers.



A white Negro is insolently received by some square maumaus who misunderstood his treatises on hipster theory. (Notice the completely integrated horse dashing to greet him.)



(Upper left) Hipster musician blows great beat changes on his axe while a goof bird hums the *Pull My Daisy* lyrics in the wrong key. The other beat bands shown usually play behind the poets or at policemen's graduation balls.





At the height of the party the Queen of the Beatniks is crowned. "May ye swingeth, balleth, alleth and dig in hippiness for ever and ever." (Notice that this girl is actually from Norway and knows nothing about hipsterism.)



While a bearded saviour rescues a stoned chick from the over-smoked pad and carries her out to the fire escape. (Notice the cool Little Rock rattler.)

THE MORNING AFTER: Notice the side effects.

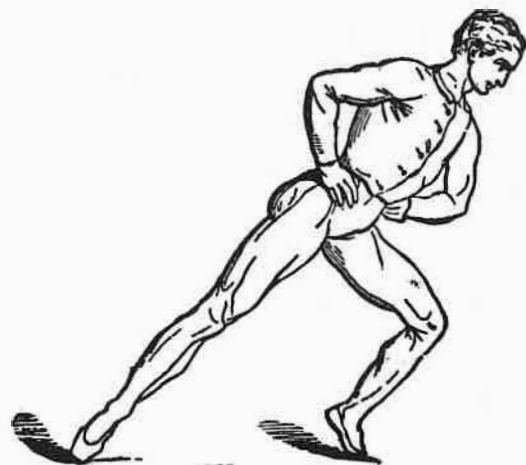


FIG. 106.

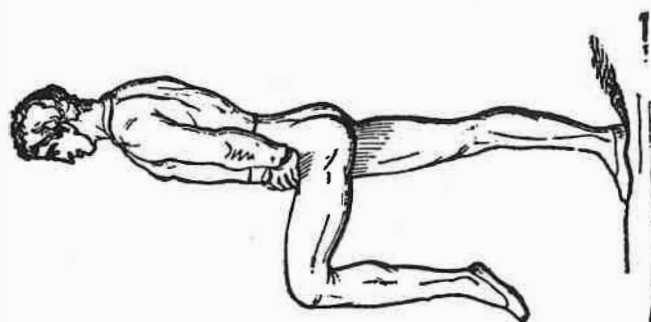


FIG. 107.

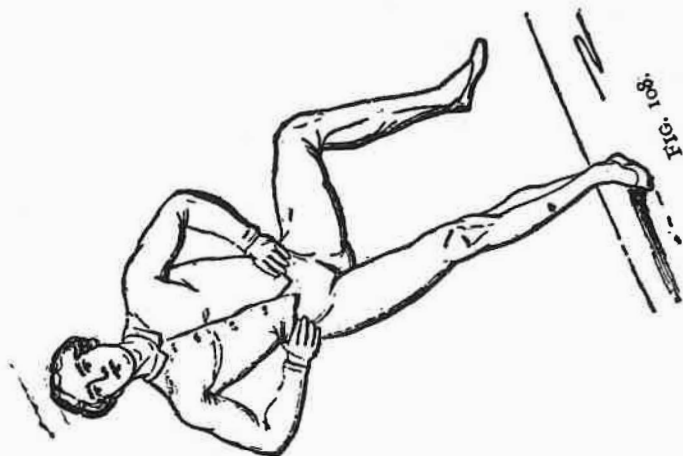


FIG. 108.



FIG. 102.



FIG. 101.

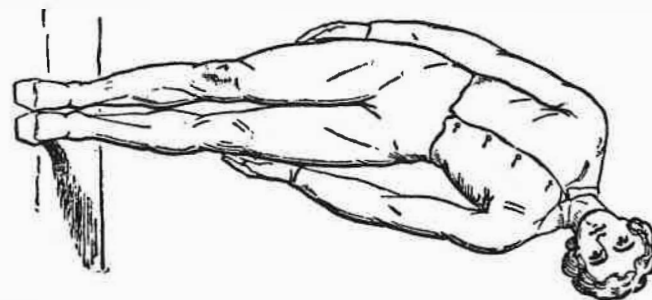


FIG. 110.

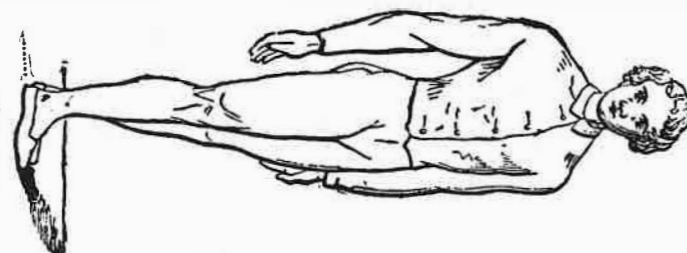


FIG. 111.

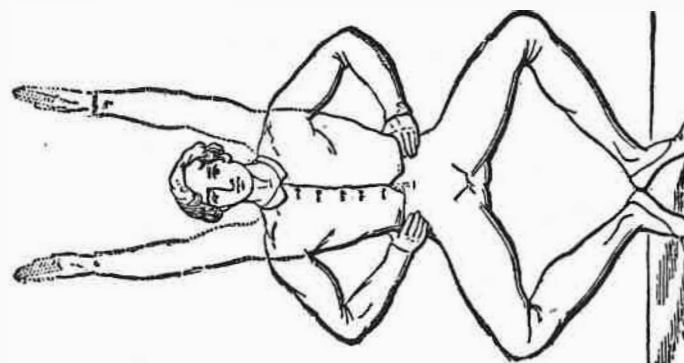


FIG. 104.

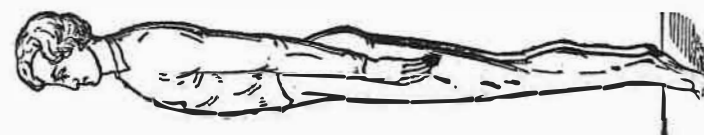


FIG. 103.



act 3

THE

flight

FLEEING



SPLITTING

The four foreign emissaries and the two French philosophers turn out to be New York real estate agents in C.I.A. disguise and the hipsters flee Greenwich Village.



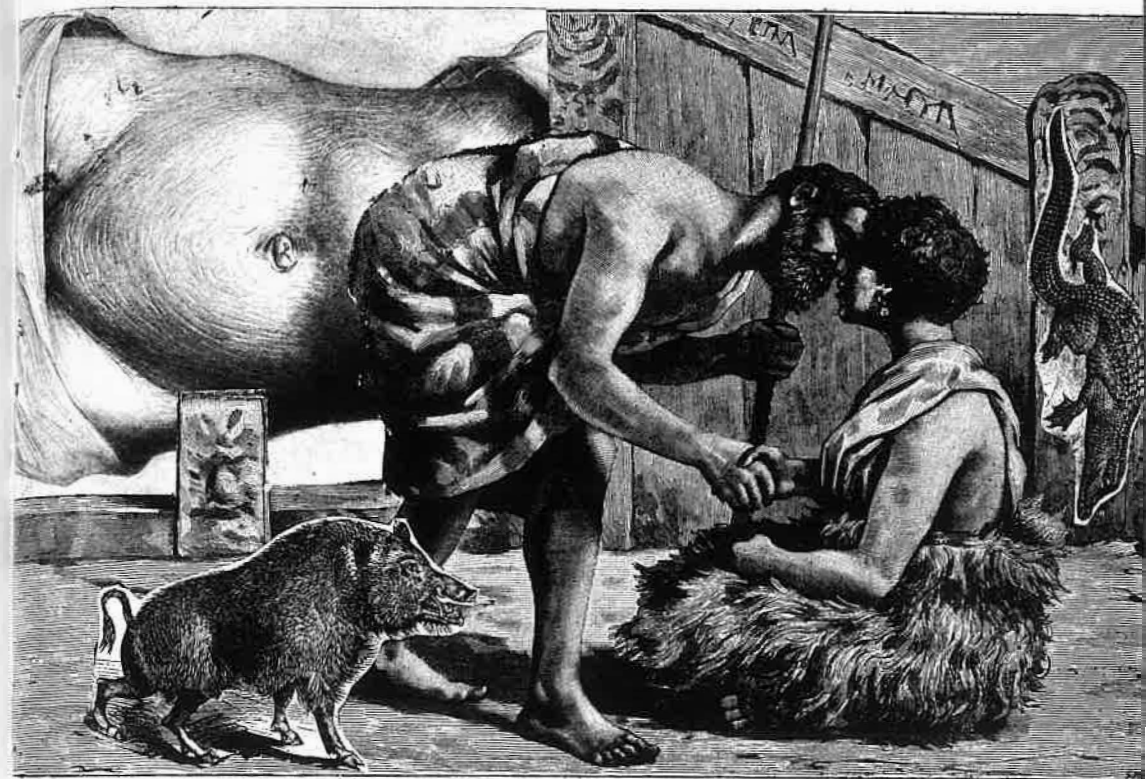
A beat, broke and tired poetess attempts to walk across the Hudson River to her Paterson, New Jersey, home. (Notice the Hebrew haikus protecting her.)



A beat poet shoves off for Mexico with his chick to escape the madness. (Notice the fuzz watch tower watching him.)



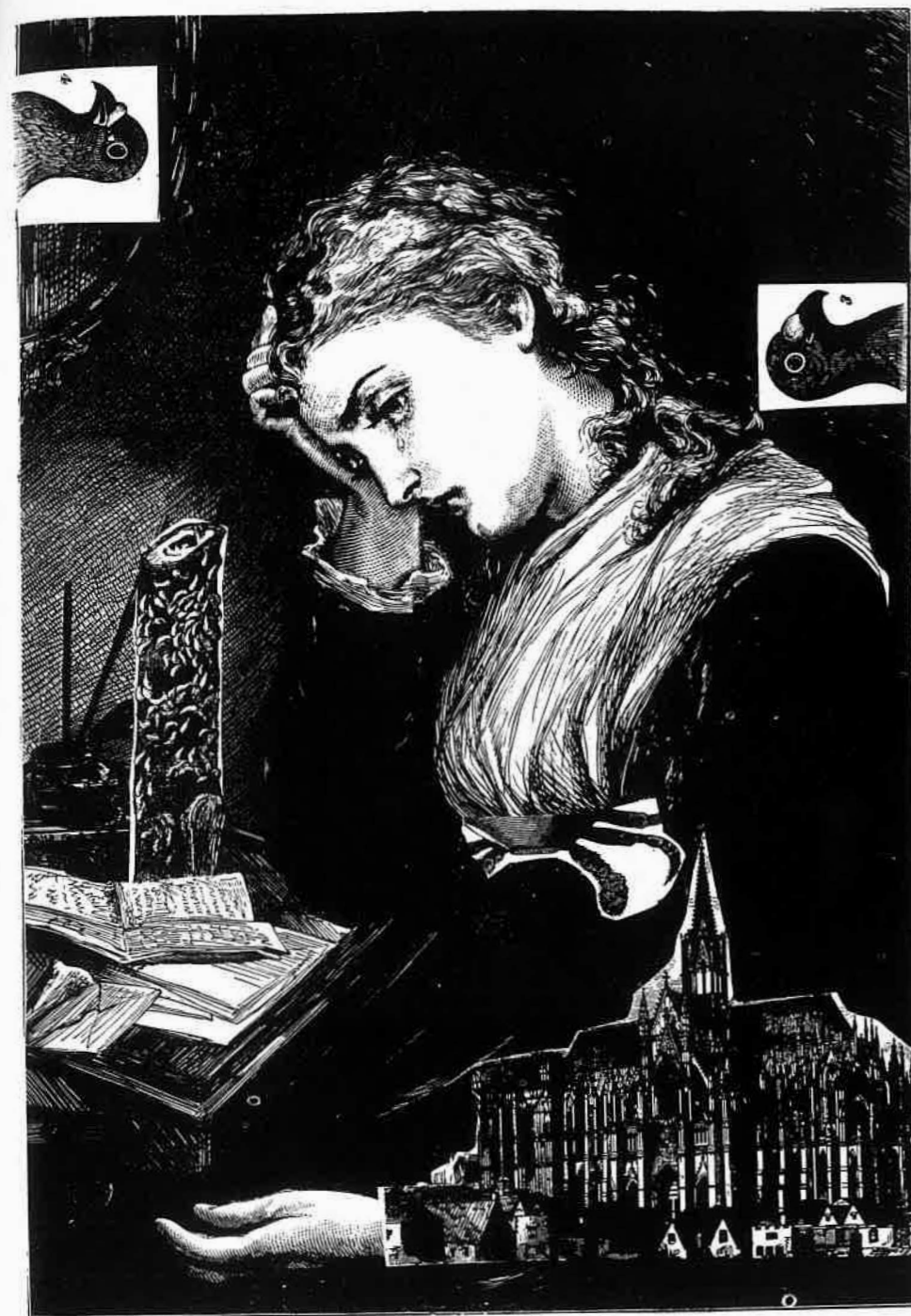
A whole group of hipsters and rich beatniks embark from the old Christopher Street ferry landing.



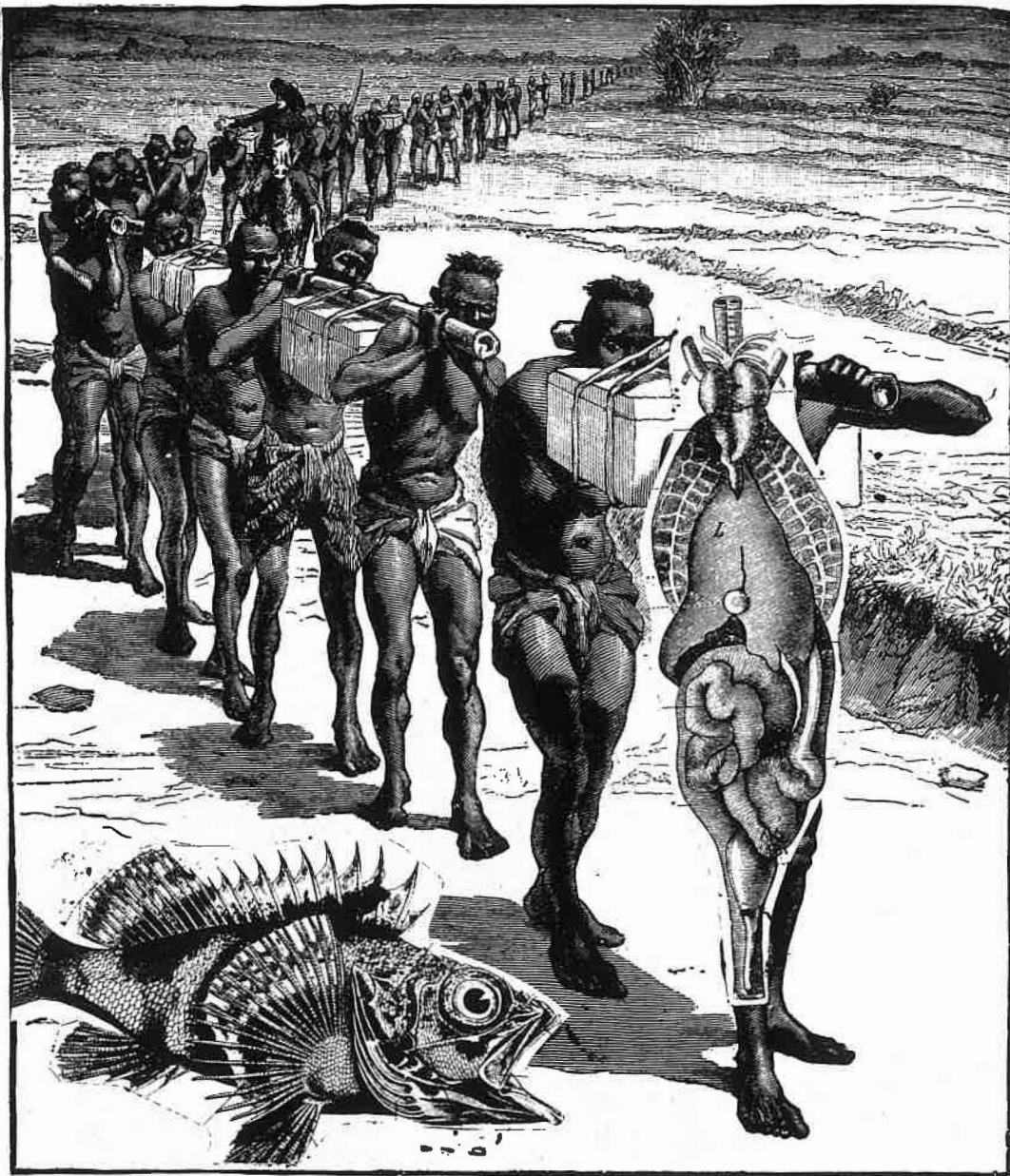
A hipster kisses his chick goodbye but not without shaking her hand in friendship.



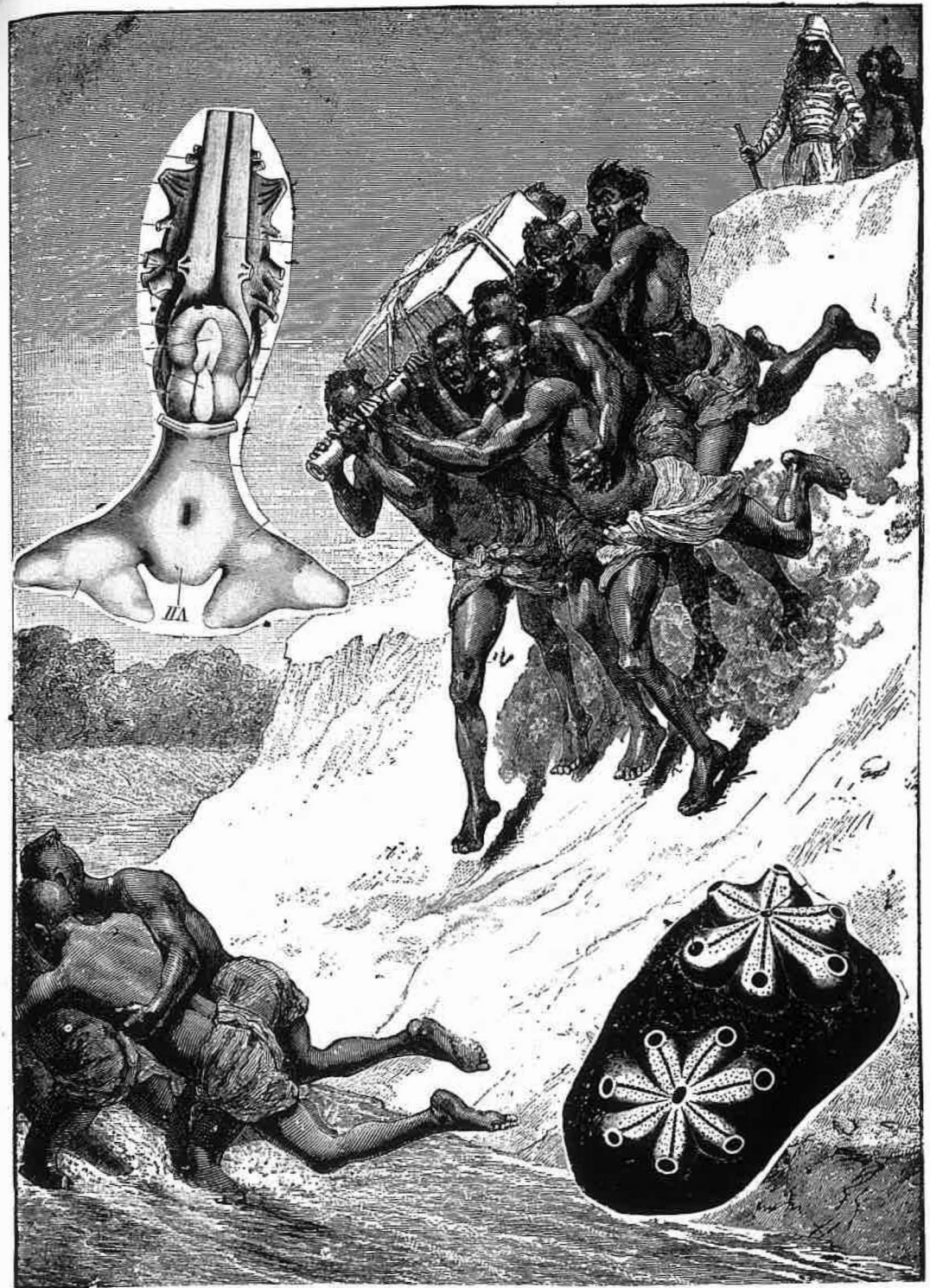
Taking advantage of the hipster flight, a creepnik talks a hole in a square nouveau hipnik's head attempting to persuade her to split the scene and go to his pad.



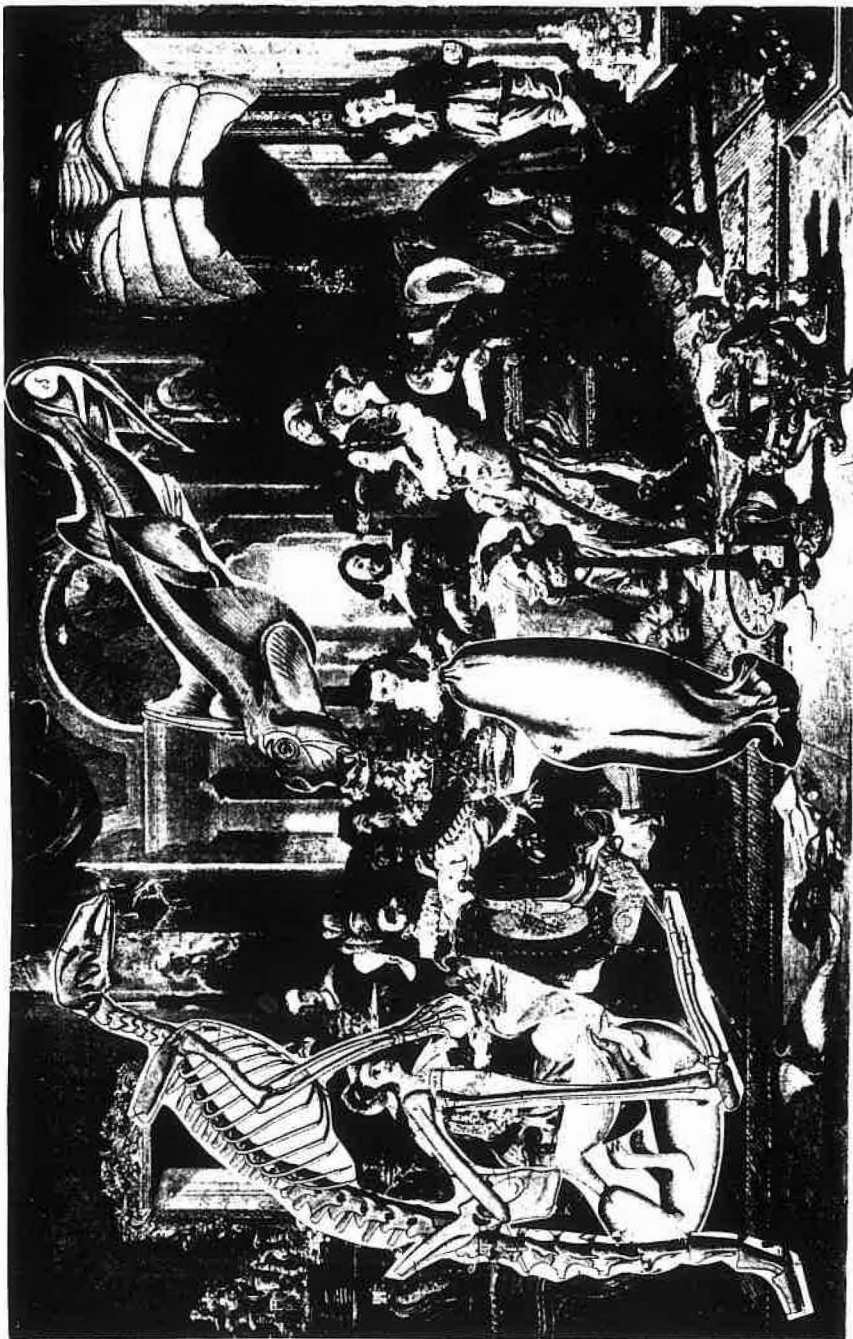
A hipper-than-thounik with the lonesome blues since all the hipsters have flown with all the non-hassle chicks and left her all alone. (Notice the left behind beat poems.)



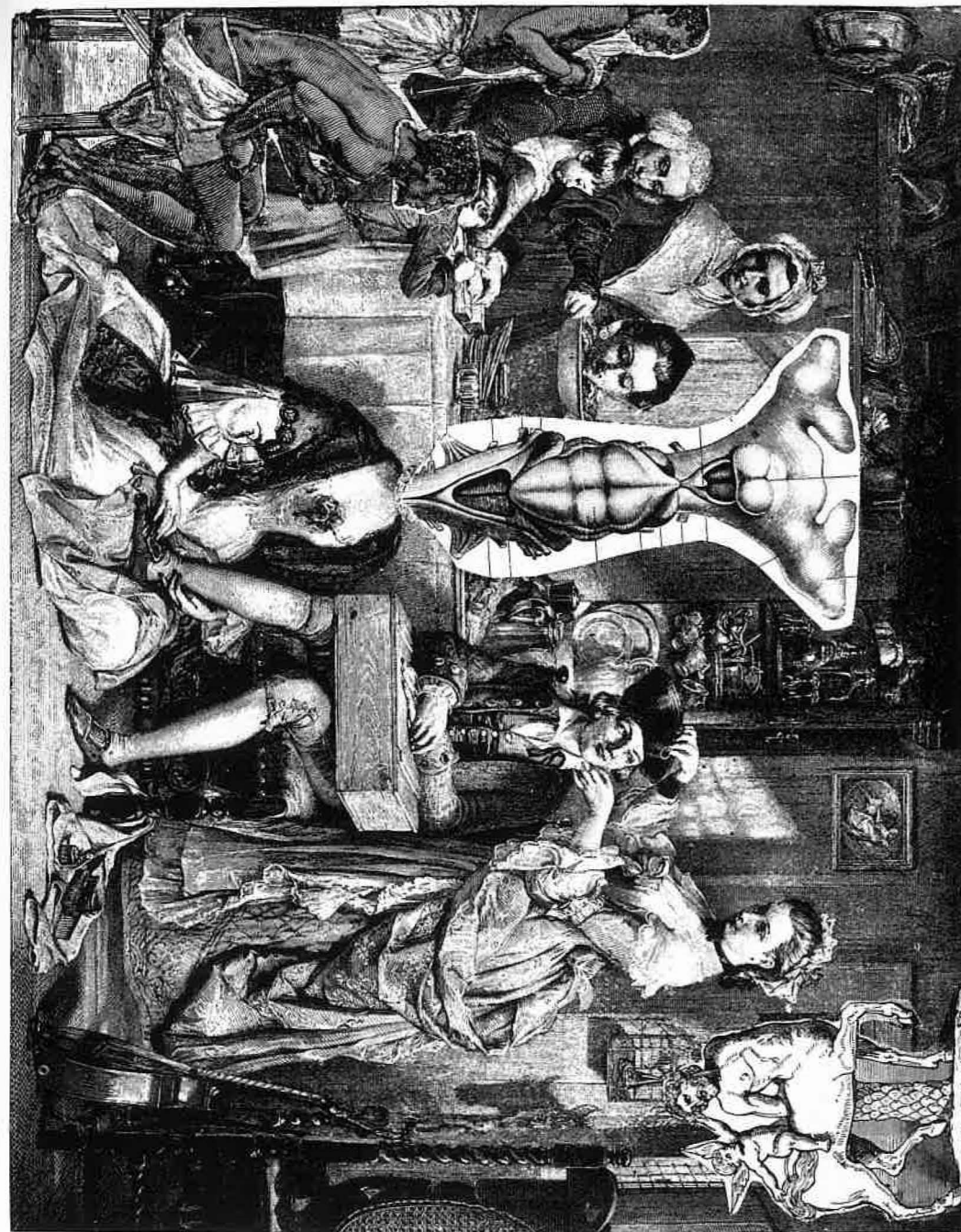
Meanwhile another group of hipsters leave on Route 66 to dig America's big table on the road. (Notice that their leader has plenty of guts.)



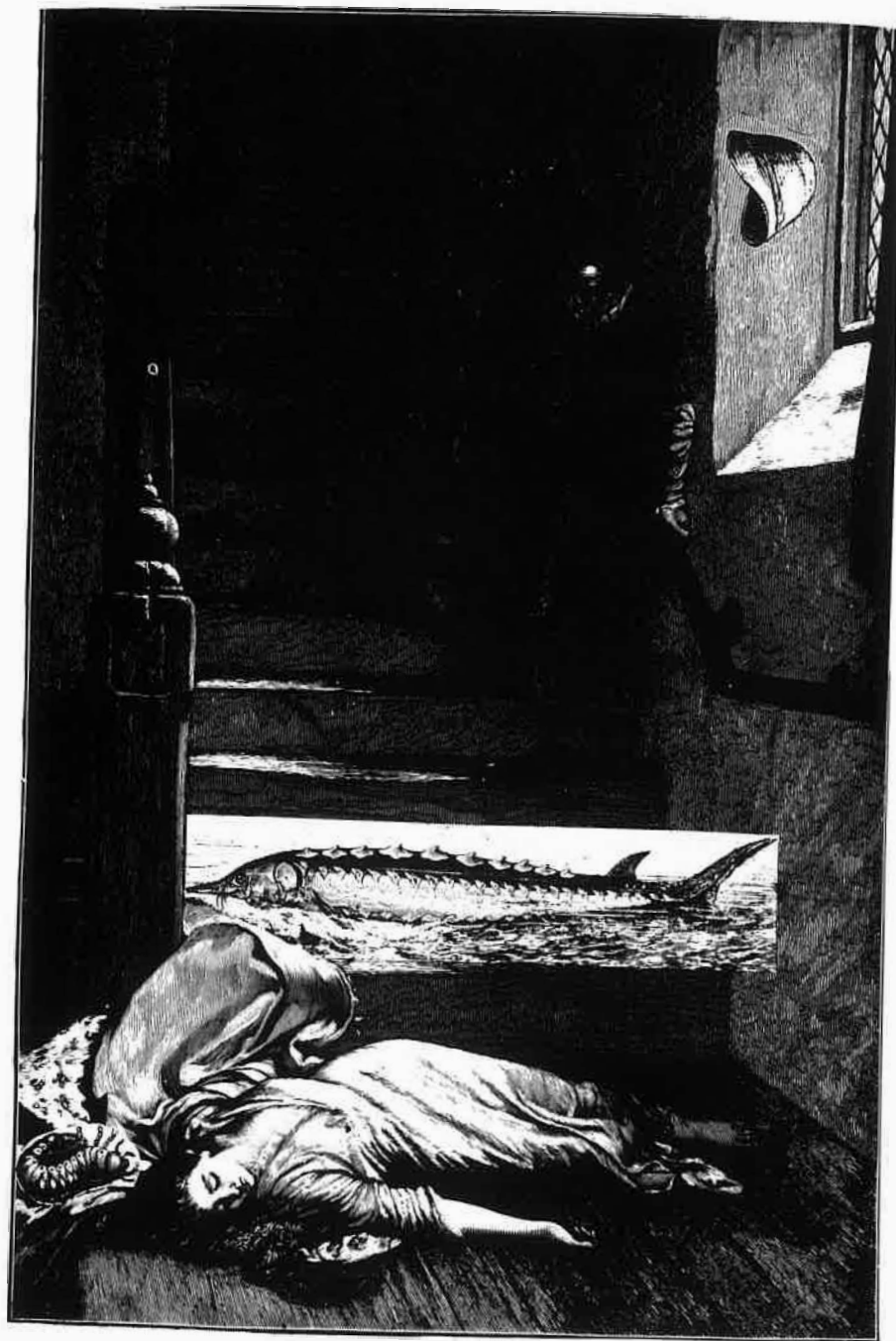
But they get lost in the middle west and swallowed up by the Mississippi never to be heard from again except in letters to the editor of the *Village Voice*.



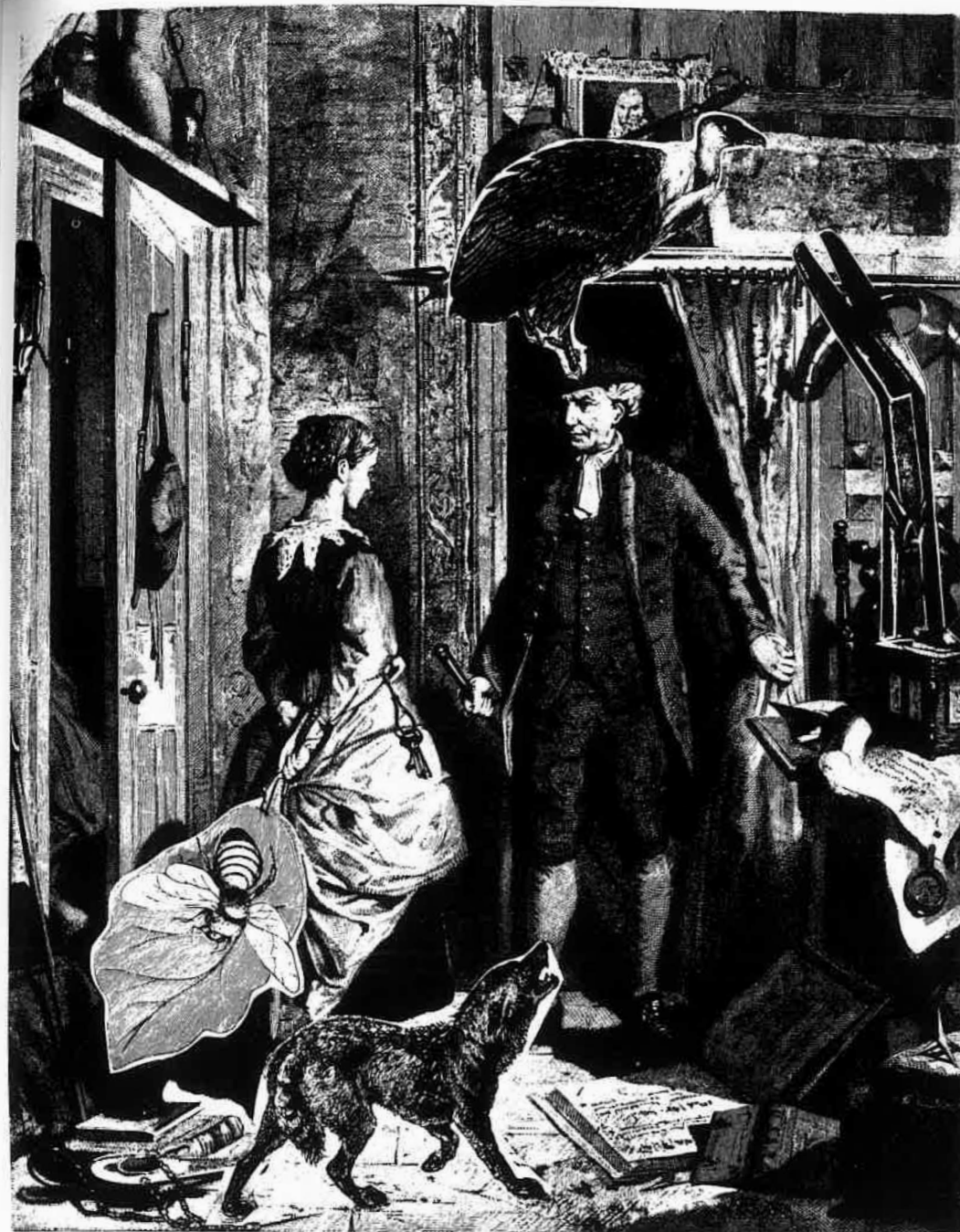
IN PARIS: A big party to welcome all the hipsters is held on rue Grande Chaumiere.



AT BERLIN: The warm welcome of a Fulbright lecturing hipster poet.



AT VIENNA: "Cool it man, she may be hurt or something . . . or like perhaps stoned. I told her to fall by if she ever came over to Europe and like dig—there she is! She really fell in!"



AT ATHENS: An unfortunate beatnik chick whose rent is several months in arrears and Con Edison has heartlessly cut off her lights and gas. So after some thoughts she decided to make some big quick bread.



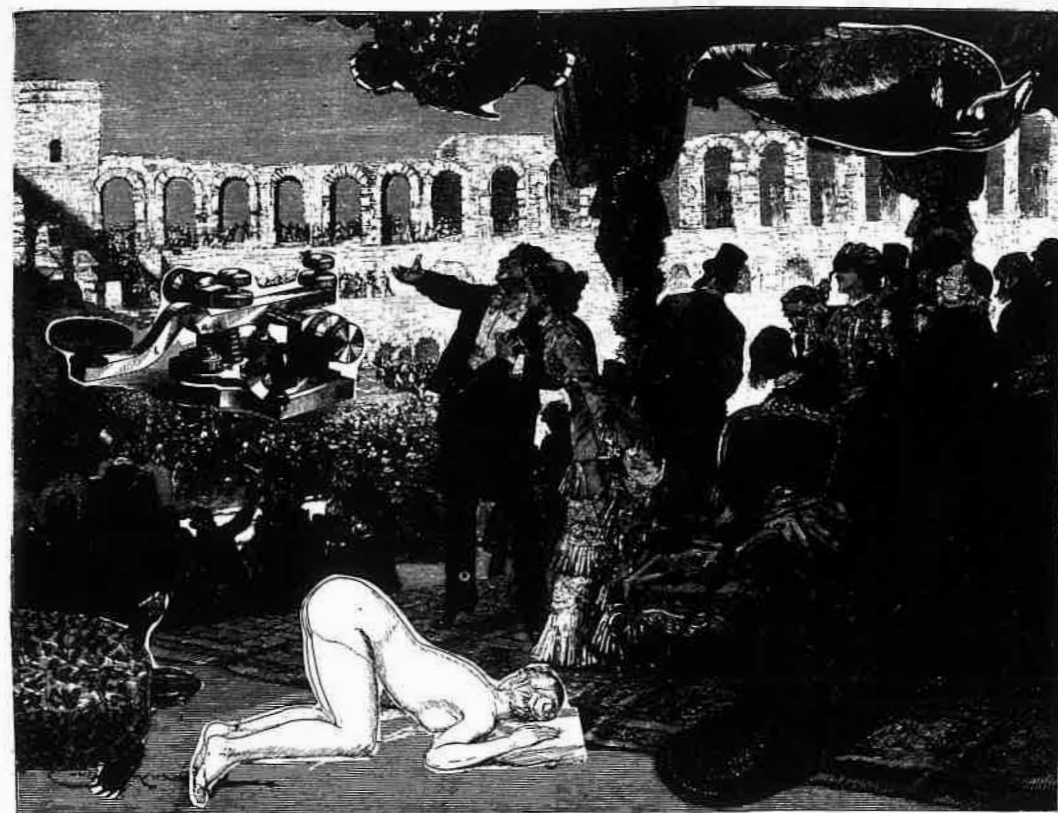
AT MAJORCA: A rich ex-Village matron at her fabulous pad with a secret liquor stash built into the ebony wall panelling to prevent visiting hipster thievery.



TANGIERS: A native hipster who runs the local Kif-Kif candy store welcomes Ginsburg and Corso.



IN LONDON: An English hipper-than-thounik puts down a young chicklet for doing something uncool. (Note the hipster tourist digging the scene.)



The exposed four foreign emissaries and two French philosophers split the scene for suburban renewal places and the hipsters are joyously welcomed back to old Greenwich Village. (Notice the traditional maidenform dream figure.)

MORAL: Sometimes a hipster should swing way out for a good chick just for kicks.



L'ENVOI

The rhinoceros has never been of Caucasian blood. For it was Africa and Southern Asia that laid this animal on us and it is this beat beast of beautiful bits of primitive prose who speaks in the dark and bloody language of Harlem hipsters. The rhinoceros I discovered at the tender age of fourteen in a one room school that housed the pregnant child bride who seemed so young that one itched to teach her the alphabet, and whose bare feet—with soles of dried mud, hard and permanent—were designed to crush green garden snakes that glided between glossy blades of blue grass where my first Sylvia wore her cowboy hat slanted to the left to show off her long pickininy styled braids. It pointed toward the church that was down at the heels where fast races were run by thoroughbred tractors which plowed concrete airfields that were forever bourbon high.

Those lame hipsters that once read the *New York Times* asked of Yvette, "Where are the two most convenient offices located in your dreams?" At the corner of MacDougal and West Third? Sur la coin, ste. Germain des pres et sainte Michael? Ninth and Walnut Street upstairs jazz joint? "No—nah—uh uh!" the hipster would reply, "the coca cola cat carry the weight on Madison Avenue, but I can out eat him when its chitterlins that they are

serving at Graby and Maines in Montmartre where the maumau meat wagon roars through the tiny streets and whines down the wide boulevards, driven by the hipster's wife with a Russian named baby in her Belgian belly and the place where it began almost a million miles away in Big Sur where little sur-real lighthouses display wealth of hipper than thou ideas."

Like the ancient rhinoceros which was really the dawn horse and also later (or was it later) the largest living land mammal on earth, the glass of water is in the middle of the storm and the sea is rising like the sound of a high heeled whore following one into international American Expresses where several more minor abstract expressionists sip cognac and tell lies about exhibits they'll never have. 1714 is the year no one found a Negro more exotic, and there was never a charge for parking privileges. Hipsters of the world put your backs together and laugh at the idiots in suits and covered heads, place an old Catholic aluminum halo near the electric chamber of good Gulf gas. Dear hipsters, please pretend to be happy while in heaven and speak well of the beatniks who live in ersatz hell as they listen to the Brubeck-break-the-bank-jazz on expensive hifi while going hitch hiking up hill toward Greenwich Village.

The hipsters, alarmed at the simple life that all kinds of 'niks' have crawled into, allowed modern junk sculpture to be thrown at the seedy bar where planted cedar trees often turned into street cars at half past on Sunday morns. Ask about the price of plane fares to Greenwich Village even though you know that helicopters land on chess tables where junkies disguised as bad breath truck drivers wait for the pay dirt. Godot wasn't worth waiting for now was Godot? 1714 is the year the seven hipsters joined the maumau in Manhattan for an akavit high and with the blessing of the Lord Jesus they integrated. How high the moon is our national anthem as hipsters forget to read that page a day of Funky and Aswagin dictionary to be hip and hip. Hipsters that are cool don't need to

be told to be quiet any more. "Save my life and, white man, I'll save yours," yell the nuns in the Congo. Paulawrence was no dumb boy yet he was a true Dunbar in the one room schools where nice nigguhs tried hard to become smart nigguhs and the ceiling leaked and high hopes unlimited.

A cool hipster is colored like a lightening rod in Finland where blond people buy mantan by the cartons and claps are frozen out of existence by the cold midnight sun rays. An extra cool hipster is white pink and red blue in places and can afford to be that way and did you ever see him in the park playing, at all, Anatole, book boy of good looks, and fine ideas of sewing colors into his rainbow and use that as a flag and bed spread that not even special TV adult westerns can shove from the good viewing time as they did to the white whale, blue yak, brown beagle and black rhinoceros? The hipster has his own anatomy which any nearsighted cannoneer can make out if he doesn't run up padded stairs clad only in a black bikini and glasses to a grey door with a new wreath nailed to the left to attract more petition signers against the inclusion of beatniks in the new CIA organization. NKVD also has many agents who contact girls and sign them to international contracts to help spread the claptrap even in Greenwich Village where the fuzz are all over at every exit and entrance watching me and you, ubiquitous as a giant lobster that Davey Jones has released from his locker in honor of the princess who is no longer pregnant by the fairy fellow called by some liberal—her husband.

Summertime when the darks turn grey in the place built round in the center of Greenwich Village, men in stinky clothes sit next to men in starchy clothes and cry in calloused hands for the lack of female understanding and more soprano money. Still the Village has more hipsters than any other community in the world except Harlem where hipsters are indigenous and stockings are now made from the nylon worm's bowel movement which comes flowing out of its tail every month near the fifteenth. Way back in 1714 when

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cotton was high on the market, fields of tobacco were sprayed menthol to influence the lady buyers that even long ago had become addicted to cancer giving cigarettes and hooked on alcoholic habit same as boys play baseball in the exact spirit as their father had once felt their mother's flabby behind when she bent over to pick up a safety pin that she found on the headache floor that is now shining from a wax rubbing.

In pads near the water, young skinny virgins from Bath York place their cribs near an open Yugoslavian window to watch Queen boats of the oceans sail in and out of New York's port of awful authority. Inside, hipster families huddle in a corner listening to the sounds of Miles Davis with Gil Evans band arrangements, softly spellbinding their inner feelings to a point of psychopathic self pity a new type of midwestern malady introduced at first as chronic kind of masochism left the modern world from Medieval times. "One more kick in the behind and the empty sardine box will think itself saintly," wrote the French poet Benjamin Peret way back when surrealism was more than a way of writing and painting.

In 1714 beatniks were banned from the best roadhouses in the British Isles due to their lack of morals and money wasn't everything then for watermelon could be eaten by all and not just by tall, dark and hungry Negroes like the hipster, Luther Van, who attacked a bowl of collard greens on red and white plaid table cloth in a loft on New York's east side where living is cheaper and he could do it as simply as a stalk of iridescent corn leans against a case of bleaching cream bound for a Harlem beauty shop. Those tanks full of fools lay now at the bottom of the Bay of Pigs where giant sea things bring their young to see with awe, as we do when we peep through holes and act as sidewalk supervisors as a building grows skyward on our tiny island where everything goes up or nowhere at all—or perhaps it just dies like marriages in the middle twenty years do—just perhaps dies.

So the days pass wearily for the squares and the tormented summer season advances. The leaves laugh at those who rushed out of the Washington Square park on the April Sunday when the fuzz began to attack the folkniks for fashionable real estate reasons and the Spanish fly corn crackled its green sparks, falling on an iron salmon whose thoughtful umbrella made one want to take a pee in imitation of rainfall. And a hipstress tells a hipster that she knows him too well instead of the square reply, "We hardly know each other and so I sit with anguish in my ears and anxiety between my legs because I didn't get between the devil fish and the deep-seated-academic-blue plate special 'ways and means' programs."

The old villager from way back when raises his sword and screams that he too saw the best minds of his generation destroyed by madness etc. . . . For the old hipster was of a bygone day when elevated trains roared in the second stories of Greenwich Village and nobody could get off the train at West 3rd and MacDougal.

IS eternity still searching for a wrist watch?



THE
END



The funny, wild, hilarious and witty world of the hipsters from Greenwich Village to Paris, A mixture of Dali, Ernst and Kerouac stirred up in a surrealist stew by America's only true "insider" and "outsider"—Ted Joans, a young Negro painter and coffee shop poet who has been featured in