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Good evening.

Newly reissued in a boxed facsimile edition by the stalwart publisher Primary Information, *Yeah* was an underground magazine put out by the beatnik/hippie mastermind Tuli Kupferberg from 1961 to 1965. Kupferberg described the publication as “a satyric excursion; a sardonic review; a sarcastic epitome; a chronicle of the last days,” and, well, what could be better suited for our present era?

Kupferberg was best known as a member of the Fugs, an out-there folk band with a transgressive streak. (Their 1965 song “Nothing” is an anthem of sorts. Among the things it declares “nothing” in the ultimate nihilistic negationist’s act: reading, writing, Tuesdays, social anthropology, the *New Yorker*, Allen Ginsberg, church, angels, Times Square.) But it was in the pages of *Yeah* that he really cranked up the pointedness and vitriol, to a degree that can make a reader uncomfortable.

In one issue, a list of things to do in the event of a nuclear attack recommends avoiding windows and loosening all belts and ties before ending, ultimately, with “kiss your ass goodbye.” In another, an eerie photo shows a policeman grinning chillingly while a dog that seems hungry for a protester snarls at the end of its chain. Yet a third issue shows an antiquarian image of a woman cradling an animal beneath the words “the mild power subdues.”

Would that it were more often true.

—Andy Battaglia, Deputy Editor

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