



TULI KUPFERBERG'S *YEAH*
by Michael Blair

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Yep, here I am to tell y'all about *YEAH—YEAH* being *YEAH* the magazine, that turpentine “tonic in type for young and old,” mimeographed between 1961 and 1965 by Fugs founder, poet, and anarcho-sociologist of the Lower East Side Tuli Kupferberg. And whoa, what joys await you inside each and any of these ten issues! Whether you're soaking in tomes by the finest pacifist poets east of Avenue A, in pursuit of spiritual misdirection through the “Proverbs According to Tuli,” or merely browsing for a couple “large heavy duty hot dog scalding tanks” and a pair of canine underpants, *YEAH* just might be the “satyric excursion” you've been praying for!

Before we go any further, though, and I'm so sorry I have to ask, but, “Are you normal? If so, [this] big 100% HUMAN MAGAZINE is just what you need!” See, *YEAH* is at least partly a magazine made up of other magazines, slinging news clippings, mail-order ads, classifieds, consumer instruction manuals, crackpot medical journals, mortuary trade publications, US

and USSR military guidebooks, and comics into collages that function as both punchline and protest. In Tuli's hands, these cut-ups are scissored and scattered across the page to all manner of effect, crowding the margins with loosely related tidbits about “chair swinging and dish hurling” nuns and payphone priests who can bless you at a special discount, or stacking material in a kind of a filmstrip montage—like in *YEAH 10*, where an ad boasting “the wonderful expansion of Sierra Bullets” sits atop a medical drawing of rifle wounds tearing through a small intestine, perched above a propaganda flyer reminding us, “It takes GUTS to win a war.”

On other occasions, Tuli doesn't meddle with his sources at all, preferring to publish them wholesale as *YEAH Extras*, like the stapled-in reproduction of “KILL! Magazine” which is “Dedicated to the Annihilation of the Enemies of the White People.” In some ways, parking *KILL*'s hopped-up Nazi rhetoric next to ads for “Kosher tours to Mexico” and instructional LPs for your wedding night deflates its power by ejecting it right back into the toilet bowl from whence it came. But the opposite is also true: since Tuli can't offer you a rebate of reprobation, the fascist shit-speak lands so baldly banal, so *American* as to make your belly flip over

