

my world

poems

seán quigley

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**'TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE GOON CULTS: ED SANDERS, THE
MIMEOGRAPH REVOLUTION, AND A ROMANTIC AESTHETIC OF
THE COUNTERCULTURE'**

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- *from ADORNO PRESENTS: fragments of ME* !
- *other things I have seen or made* !

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this book: dh005 'my world' – poems by me. April 2 2023

Space song intro

Well so a few new things had started to materialize
Out of the old ones wood hash egg breakfast bump
At the infinite palace of teacup poodle barbers
Like wallets full of orange chocolate ice cream
splotch
You sent me just a screenshot
We headed out to the hills, the Crown's
Apothecary only open Saturday's in the wild, social
Formations all in harmony (like greece), wax
mattresses and imprints from a breakdown on the
stairs, too many kisses
From your roommates by the balcony,
Two tabletop controllers racing at the laptop store,
Old Tablets with the symbols carved is de-
materialized into our domes like just the waxen
Cranes your sister saw this morning at the snowy
beach,
I head off for some final confrontation with those we
thought had dropped back down depressingly
To sunday hideaways, we have plans for breakfast
So now back for midnight, quest a smoke
a printer poem with some marks
That also fade but echo out when burned
Down dream-grass paths we float off
Teeth to teeth

Monument to my own ego

In the form of a towering J,
Filter down, smoking like a smokestack,
Licking up sweetly at the bootyholes of angels.
Fuck it, piss on it,
Roll it up
Burn it down

I may be crazy but all this shit makes sense to me!

Beginning dink with passion in the dark
A search, then Reverberations from it
And the base, yes, the base of real formations
Changes!

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SAPPHO PRESENTS FRAGMENTS

DONUT HOLES 005
POEMS

OF BAUDELAIRE



éblouissantes,

Les étangs
s'entouraient

gigantesques naïades

pierres inouïes

c'étaient

éblouies

FROM somewhere else

A long poem about hamburgers and memory

Yesterday I was eating at McDonald's and got to thinking.

I was looking at old pictures on my phone and trying to remember where I took them. And I was thinking about hamburgers.

It's impossible to remember every McDonald's hamburger you've ever eaten. But if every McDonald's hamburger is basically identical, then a memory of every past hamburger is accessed by the experience of eating a new one.

Think of it like looking at a picture someone else took of the house you grew up in. A McDonald's hamburger is holding on to your memories for you, waiting for you to eat them again.

I wrote some of this down in a notebook as I ate my hamburger.

Some people say that McDonald's hamburgers aren't real food, that they won't ever decompose, that they're manufactured out of chemicals rather than cooked from organic matter.

But as far as I can tell, my body digests them just fine.

Still, the thing about the hamburgers not decomposing is probably true. It's basically a proven fact at this point.

You can actually watch the last McDonald's hamburger sold in Iceland, now over a decade old, not decompose in real time on a webcam.

McDonald's closed all its stores in Iceland in 2009, but the last hamburger sold in the country was never eaten. The guy who bought it kept it to see if it was going to decompose or not. It was displayed in a museum for a while. Now it's on the internet.

The colors are a little faded, but the now-famous hamburger is still perfectly hamburger-shaped,

sitting in a glass-and-wood display case next to a dusty carton of fries. All things considered, it looks great.

I watched the hamburger on my phone screen yesterday as I ate. Nothing was happening to it: the seconds on the timestamp just clicked up, up, up. We know what happens to organic matter when left to its own devices for long enough: it stinks, gets carpeted in fuzzy mold, and flesh-eating bacteria chew it up. It dies and goes away. Are the billions and billions of hamburgers served by McDonald's not made of organic matter?

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McDonald's denies, of course, that their hamburgers exist outside the circle of life. They say their food will rot as well as any corpse if you give it the right conditions and enough time. Only a lack of moisture in its display enclosure, McDonald's says, separates the famous, still-pristine hamburger from the rankest hunk of highway carrion.

I say this is marketing gold and they should lean into it: McDonald's has conquered death!

Other restaurants sell you recycled flesh on the brink of disappearing into oblivion. McDonald's has the technology to give you a product that will outlive the earth itself!

Our human bodies are puny in comparison to a McDonald's hamburger. After a while we shrivel up and stink and death starts licking its lips. When the fuzzy mold and flesh-eating bacteria move in, it's game over.

McDonald's grins at the glint of death's sickle and asks if it wants fries with that.

We people forget to water our plants, pretend we remember a walk across the Danube a decade ago. We forget our parents' birthdays. McDonald's straddles the rainbow bridge between heaven and earth, laughing in the face of memory as it carves eternal hamburger galaxies into the stony cosmos.

I say: good on them.

Think about how much Van Gogh's room must have stunk when he was painting those flowers.

Why does something have to be able to die to be beautiful?

Can't we admit it would be better if we never forgot anything?

I want to defeat death and memory just like McDonald's. I take lots of pictures. I try to write

down a lot of what I hear, and a bit of what I think.

Even now, though, looking back at my old notes, they seem like nonsense to me, like someone else wrote them. I don't recognize some of the people in the pictures.

Last weekend, for example, I took a trip to Budapest. I had been there before, one teenaged summer, but nothing looked familiar this second time around. I had taken pictures, kept a journal, and this couldn't have been much more than a decade ago. It was starting to get on my nerves.

Suddenly, coming up the steps to a castle plaza, it hit me: I've been to this place before! I took a picture through those arches!

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Still, most everything else had rotted away in my memory. Despite all my efforts, only this tiny fragment was left. And no matter how many pictures I take, notes I write, or hamburgers I eat, any future weekends in Budapest will one day disappear too.

For that reason I believe the last McDonald's hamburger in Iceland will eventually decompose back into the chemicals from which it was manufactured.

But I will keep writing things down just in case.

(2019)

KNUCKLE AND THUMB BURNS

Everywhere I go I see men on park benches,
they're sitting alone.

Also I am a man who sits on benches.
Brothers, what are we doing?
Let us sit together.

Give up

*DEAR SIR: Mr Bimbo has collapsed
At yoga in his exotic sweats
Near Dallas. There are no more bats,
No more swallows in the heavens
And Herb Kelleher flies Chinese jets
Full of Wild Turkey instead of 737s.*

Poem

*This poem takes place in an alien dancehall
On a planet where music is colorful explosions
And the DJ is a laser tank
The patrons whimsical energy noodles
Bobbing like used car lot balloonmen
With godlike chest hair and asses like Saturn's
moons
And you're the bartender
Getting everyone absolutely shithammered
On slugs of pure noise
That taste like the sound when Mario gets a coin
From a bottle that never runs out
Encrusted with the leaves of a plant
They use on this planet to crown
their emperor of music
who reigns in dance for a thousand years.*

<THE IDEA IS THAT WE WILL PUBLISH ANYTHING,

SUBMIT
TO DONUT HOLES
ON
TWITTER

“WE’LL PRINT
ANYTHING”

@DONUTHOLES

LIKE ACTUALLY ANYTHING,

THAT PEOPLE SEND IN>

18	Montag	Paulus
19	Dienstag	Josef Nährvater
20	Mittwoch	Nizetas
21	Donnerstag	Benedikt
22	Freitag	Oktavian
23	Samstag	Otto

24	Sonntag	3. Ok., Gabriel
25	Montag	Mariä Verkünd.
26	Dienstag	Emanuel
27	Mittwoch	Rupert
28	Donnerstag	Guntram
29	Freitag	Zyrillus
30	Samstag	Quirinus

31 Sonntag 4 Lät., Am.

An Östreicha red't, wie=r=a's einwendi denkt,
und d'Wahrheit dö hat a koan'm Menschen noh
g'schenkt.

Johann Gabriel Seidl

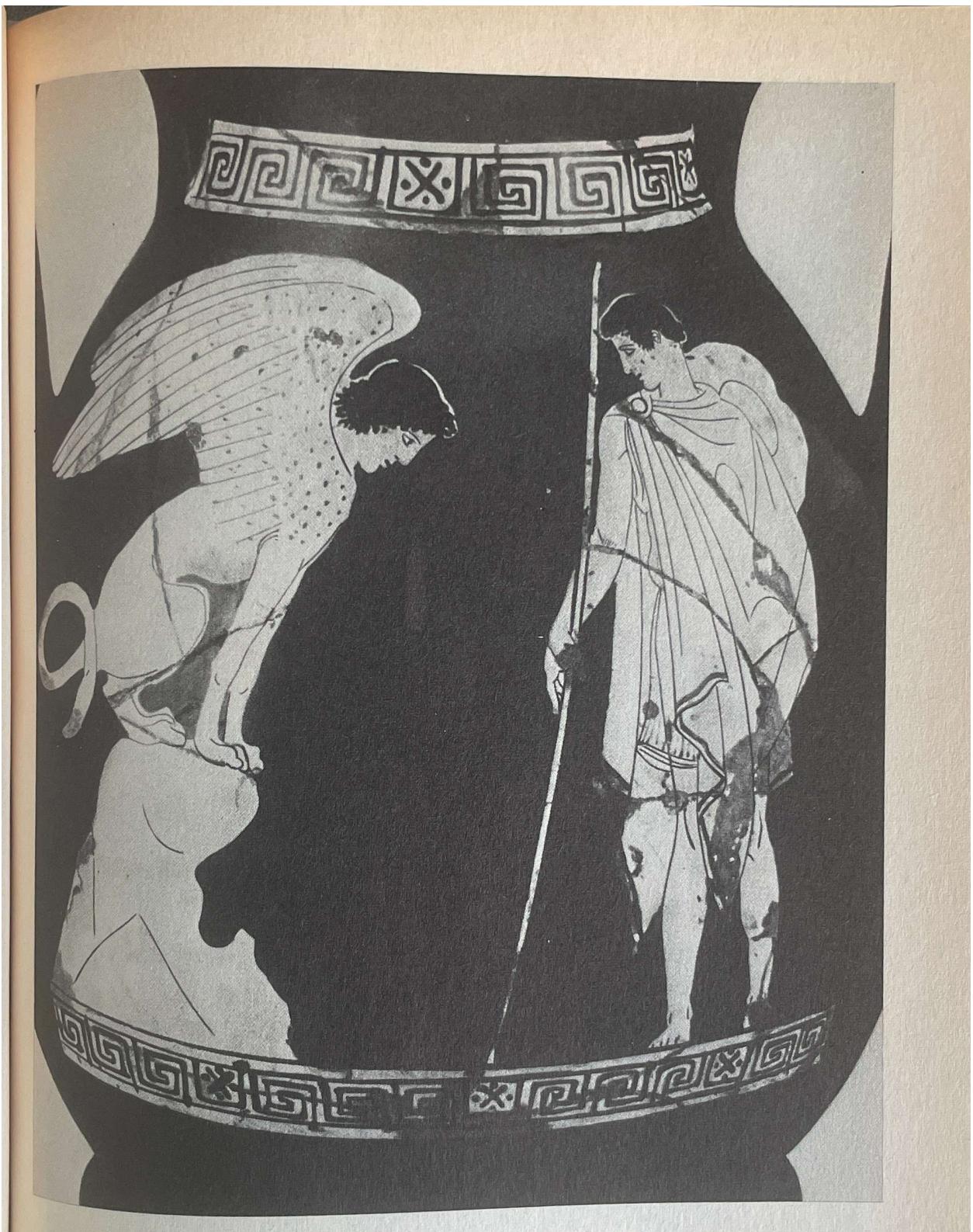
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g'schenkt.

Johann Gabriel Seidl

An Östreicha red't, wie-r-a's einwendi denkt,
und d'Warhheit dö hat a koan'm Menchen noh g'schenkt

From a book that doesn't exist yet

The sphinx stares back but does she speak?
And who in god's name is her hairdresser?



Oidipus vor der Sphinx

Vasenbild auf einer Pelike, 450–440 v. Chr. Berlin, Ehem. Staatliche Museen, Antikenabteilung

Großer Troß

*Adorno sagt:
Über unserm
groben Troß
macht die Kunst
uns doch bloß trost!*

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE GOON CULTS: Ed Sanders, the mimeograph revolution, and a Romantic aesthetics of the counterculture

If the invention of the printing press inaugurated the bourgeois era, the time is at hand for its repeal by the mimeograph, the only fitting, the unobtrusive means of dissemination.

Theodor Adorno,
Minima Moralia #30 ('Pro domo nostra')¹

First things first: this thesis is an intervention on the current state of Marxist literary aesthetics in the tradition of Theodor Adorno. As a countermeasure to the confusion and frustration of today's Adornian aestheticians (see Sophie Seita's recent polite polemic *Provisional Avant-Gardes* on this subject), I use a materialist approach, a textual kind of criticism based on the work of Jerome McGann, to investigate a poetry magazine from the 1960s called *Fuck You/ a magazine of the arts*. Considering this magazine as a set of material objects full of texts, I first develop – then attempt to critique through a feminist lens – a philosophy of art which *Fuck You* seems, to me, to embody.

In the outmodedness of its production (through the mimeograph machine) and distribution (through hand-to-hand community networks) the magazine incarnates a certain vision of art, a hybrid aesthetic which, though congenital with the kind of sensuous, difficult, high modernist poetry Adorno held could offer us comfort (but nothing else) in the ravages of a fully administered world, also contains elements which resemble the self-consciously *political aesthetic* of the so-called 'Socialist Realism' which dominated Soviet art since the Second International in the 1920s and demanded that artistic production in the first place *discursively* further the cause of human liberation (e.g. by representing the heroic action of a victorious proletariat), but de-emphasized (indeed nearly outlawed) the thrilling, Romantic, or obscene dimensions of art which make *Fuck You* a compelling – if grossly under-studied – object of scholarly interest.

Lastly, I attempt to connect this aesthetic of sensuous liberation to Mark Fisher's recent problematic of 'post-capitalist desire': what do we even yearn for in a world totally subjugated to capital that offers us anything we want, and immediately, but hollows us out, isolates us and leaves us miserable, depressed, anhedonic (if (for some, and not nearly enough of us) materially comfortable)? And what would we desire in some next world, the one where Sigmund Freud's "productivity principle" (*Civilization and its Discontents*) does not reign in our minds and a non-repressive society flourishes after the end of scarcity on earth? These are not my research questions – I want to know how *Fuck you* problematizes the (powerful but maybe fatally compromised) Adornian world-view of art, and if it can offer us a model for a properly revolutionary aesthetics, but the issues are related. With all that out of the way we can begin.

¹ "Stand am Anfang der bürgerlichen Ära die Erfindung der Druckerpresse, so wäre bald deren Widerruf durch Mimeographie fällig, das allein angemessene, das unauffällige Mittel der Verbreitung."

Who was Ed Sanders?

In 1959, like thousands of other disaffected youths in President Dwight Eisenhower's postwar America, a rising sophomore at the University of Missouri named Ed Sanders dropped out of college and hitchhiked to New York. Over the next decade he would become one of the leading figures in a gang of countercultural, avant-garde artists, poets, filmmakers, musicians, hustlers, provocateurs, and chauvanists who sought liberation from the stifiling suburban universe of their parents' homes through sensual, aesthetic experience in the slums of coastal cities – through drugs, through art and, yes, through sex. These (largely white) adolescents, as they got older and attracted more and more (and younger) imitators, would become known as the counterculture generation, the flower-power hippies of woodstock and the summer of love. (Gitlin/Roszack).

But in 1961 in the Lower East Side of New York city, a neighborhood that was once home to anarchist radicals like Emma Goldman and which was still, at the time, home to a few original avant-gardists like Marcel Duchamp, the term for these kind of hipsters was still 'beatnik,' and a certain group of them - poets and smack-addict ne'er-do-wells, painters and wannabe existentialists - congealed around poetry readings and art exhibits in cafés: first at a place called Le Metro and then at Café Deux Mégots, and in bars like Stanley's (Sanders autobiog.). By 1961, Ed Sanders, armed with a mimeograph desktop publishing machine and 'groovy' green and blue paper he had stolen from the offices of *The Catholic Worker* (where, like many of this crew, he volunteered in exchange for free and hearty communal meals), started a literary magazine he called *Fuck You/ a magazine of the arts* (the subject of this thesis), and began printing the poets who performed their work with him.

As a poet, Sanders's own early work tended toward grand sentimental gestures (*Cemetery Hill* is a maudlin lament for the loss of his mother) or transparently overeager provocations (*Fuck God in the Ass*). But as an editor and social busybody active in a constantly morphing avant-garde scene populated by the likes of Andy Warhol (whose famous art 'Factory,' like Doris Day's *The Catholic Worker*, was located in the heart of the neighborhood), Judith Malina (the *Living Theater*), composer John Cage, and legendary underground filmmaker Jonas Mekas, Sanders had access to, and the good judgement to publish, a wide variety of powerfully experimental poetry (which he printed alongside a load of obscene illustrations and gags – more on obscenity later). While *Fuck you* began as a kind of in-joke, one of a few publications (such as Dan Saxon's *Poets at Le Metro*) this group used to document their own work for themselves, by its thirteenth and last issue in 1965, the list of the most famous poets Sanders had published forms a reasonably representative canon of the most famous and accalimed word-arists of the era: Allen Ginsberg, Charles Olson, Jackson Mac Low, John Wieners, Ted Berrigan, Joel Oppenheimer, Paul Blackburn, Michael McClure - you will perhaps have already noticed that these are all white men.²

² Make sure to cite the books these anecdotes come from

Seeing his magazine as more than just an outlet for his literary ambitions, Sanders operated under the motto "I'll print anything," which appears in nearly every issue of *Fuck you*. Sanders's first occupation as a college dropout (he later re-enrolled in the New York University classics department, studying Egyptian hieroglyphics and graduating in 1964 with a degree in ancient Greek) was as a pacifist activist. Arrested in XXXX for boarding a nuclear submarine as a protest against the growing military-industrial complex (just as American troops were beginning to trickle into the southern half of an increasingly unstable Vietnam). While incarcerated at XXXX, Sanders wrote *Poem From Jail* on a roll of prison toilet paper and gained his first bit of notoriety when XXXX published it. With a knack for showmanship and attracting attention, Sanders would go on to have a long career as a kind of countercultural celebrity, fronting the freak-folk proto-punk band The Fugs (an inspiration to Lou Reed's The Velvet Underground, which came later), operating a groovy LES community hangout and public crash-pad bookstore he called Peace Eye, and writing a definitive history on the Manson Family killings in XXX (*name of book*). *Fuck you* served as a clearinghouse for the various activities Sanders undertook in the wild LES art world he called "Goof City" - ads for anti-war demonstrations or concerts, long and raging political manifestoes demanding art and drugs and sex and peace, handwritten rants airing personal beefs with particular NYC cops or aldermen, dirty doodles or joke cartoons, or unauthorized prints of pilfered W.H. Auden poems.³

But there was a method to *Fuck you*'s apparent madness (one compatriot notes that Sanders was in fact a discerning and judicious editor) (CITE). To Ed Sanders, there was no essential difference between his artistic and his political endeavors. In his autobiography, he describes his feeling in 1963, just two years after he began his publishing venture, that a "network" of similar independent literary magazine producers "steadily publishing, coast to coast, city to town to bookstore to rebel café, could help a nonviolent revolution to blossom forth in full bread and roses glory!!!" (page XX). To the greatest possible extent, Sanders saw his publishing efforts in this era as a revolutionary activity.

Sanders certainly had street credibility in the LES art world of the 1960s and he tends to talk a big game but he is no revolutionary, no Leftist. Sanders's political views, like many of his fellow 60s activists, and indeed many of the Marxist academics of the contemporaneous New Left itself, were slightly confused and somewhat contradictory. Pacifist activism is the red thread that runs through his life's work (he still self-publishes today from his home in Woodstock, NY), but he has a libertarian side and a socialist side, and many other sides - like Bob Dylan, his contemporary in the Lower East Side café scene, or Jerry Rubin, the Yippie activist arrested at the Chicago protests in 1968 who would become, just two decades later, a millionaire technology investor, Sanders contains multitudes.

Next to the above recitation of famous poets who appeared in *Fuck you*, a parallel list could be made out of lesser-known figures who produced powerful and original work for it as well: Armand Schwerner, Al Fowler, Carol Bergé, Lenore Kandel, Tuli Kupferberg,

³ All these events are recounted in Ed's autobiography *Fug you*.

John Keys, Alden Van Buskirk, Nancy Ellison, 'Szabo', Harry Fainlight, Elin Paulson, Julian Beck, Herbert Huncke. (This list includes several women, but you will also notice that nearly all of them are white). The poems that they were writing had little in common with the kind of poetry being taught in universities and published in prestigious magazines like *the Kenyon Review* at the time (think T.S. Eliot and Robert Lowell, or at best John Berryman). They were wild, experimental, lyrical, crude, full of inside jokes and slang, sometimes damn near formless ejaculations of passion. They were, in a certain sense, an answer to the siren call of Sanders's teenage idol and eventual friend Allen Ginsberg's 'Howl' - which Sanders has credited for his motivation to move to New York in the first place, and whose author Sanders would eventually befriend.

Flipping through anecdotes of Sanders's and his compatriots' antics in his autobiography, one is often reminded of one or another of the many lines of 'Howl,' whose subjects ("the best minds of [Ginsberg's] generation destroyed by madness") (Allen 182) "howled on their knees in the subway and were dragged off the roof waving genitals and manuscripts" (185). 'Howl' was finished in 1956, but the texts Sanders and his friends were waving around five years later were not manuscripts: they were, like the sheets of, by some estimates, around 700 other poetry magazines running between 1960 and 1979, printed on a mimeograph machine.

The mimeograph revolution

Not everyone saw mimeograph publishing in Sanders's utopian terms: Mimeo poetry magazines, if they were seen at all, were often viewed as a kind of 'minor league' to the more prestigious offset and commercial publishing worlds - like a kind of training ground or pipeline to a growing counter-culture printing industry (such as Auerhan Press, *Evergreen Review*, etc., which had relatively wide/growing readership)⁴ already in the 1950s operating outside of the corporate or university publishing complexes. Mimeo was low-stakes, DIY, amateurish: "punk publishing," the poet Eileen Myles called it, disapprovingly, in 1982 (in the then-xeroxed but, it must be said, once-mimeo'd *Poetry Project Newsletter*) (1).

In the next issue of that publication Bernadette Mayer published a response that reveals the essential difference between mimeography and commercial publishing: its smallness, its unruliness, its outmoded uncommerciality. "I've always liked mimeo," Mayer wrote:

"If I had the time and money to do it, I'd publish my complete works and the complete works of other poets in plain, finite mimeographed editions for distribution to probably no more than 400 people. Nor would this be a bad thing to do; in fact it would be pretty cool"(1).

Myles had argued that though she also published in mimeo mags, she liked to see her poems "breathe beyond [her] own typewriter;" she was "much happier when they're type-set"(1). Why? Because "shiny

⁴ See Gitelman's *PAPER HISTORIES*.

books" (1) - professionally typeset, sometimes industrially produced commodity objects - "look commercial, real, they look American" (1). Mimeo, on the other hand, Myles wrote, though it is "effective [...] fast & cheap [...] like throwing a beer in [someone's] face,"

does not "look like a book" (1). This may, in fact, be true, but it didn't bother people like Mayer (or Ed Sanders, two decades earlier) very much. Mayer concludes her response to Myles by reasoning, "my only resource as a poet in 1982 is to [...] take as much pleasure in my life as a poet as desire can construe and hurry to change the world in small performance [through mimeo publishing]" (7). Though Sanders's sensibility tended toward the bombastic and the wild, his mimeo performances were also necessarily small-scale, and his work operates on a similar principle.

An intimate, small-scale performance of a certain kind of counter-cultural desire, delivered through a beautiful material object, unique, bearing unmistakable material traces of its 'underground' mode of production, unavailable through the mechanized commercial distribution systems of what Theodor Adorno and Max Horkheimer called, in the late 1940s, "the culture industry" (*Dialectic of Enlightenment*), distributed instead through informal community networks based around alternative sub-cultures: this is how I view *Fuck you* magazine and similar 'New American Poetry' mags (Cid Corman's *Origin*, Ted Berrigan's *C*, Diane Di Prima's and Amiri Baraka's (the LeRoi Jones) *The Floating Bear*, et cetera). Mayer is absolutely right that a mimeographed poem collection does not look like a glossy prestige edition of the collected works of someone like Marianne Moore. A mimeo publication might look raggedy or half-baked; it might be a dilettantish amateur joke, or it might be a site for a reader to have an unexpected or powerful aesthetic experience. All this, and that fact that, as Adorno had already lamented at midcentury, 'real' books could seemingly no longer offer people anything but reified ideology, is what gives mimeograph publishing its ineffable power.

Adorno's mimeograph

In his essayistic memoir *Minima Moralia* (YEAR), Adorno offers an uncharacteristically optimistic vision of mimeograph publishing as a potential antidote to the totalizing sameness of the culture industry's book printing apparatus. For our purposes this passage is worth quoting at length:

Progress and barbarism are today so matted together in mass culture that only barbaric asceticism towards the latter, and towards progress in technical means, could restore an unbarbaric condition. No work of art, no thought, has a chance of survival, unless it bear within it repudiation of false riches and high-class production, of colour films and television, millionaire's magazines and Toscanini. The older media, not designed for mass-production, take on a new timeliness: that of exemption and of improvisation. They alone could outflank the united front of trusts and technology. In a world where books have long lost all likeness to books, the real book can no longer be one. If

the invention of the printing press inaugurated the bourgeois era, the time is at hand for its repeal by the mimeograph, the only fitting, the unobtrusive means of dissemination.

(*Minima Moralia* 50-51, 2005 verso .pdf edition, emphasis mine)⁵

There is no evidence that Sanders or Adorno were ever aware of each other, and Adorno may not have liked Sanders's work at all (we will consider this question from a slightly different angle, and in great detail, in Chapter 1), but I find this invocation by Adorno of the revolutionary potential of mimeograph publishing extremely felicitous. It gives us an opportunity to consider Sanders's activities as a counter-cultural poet and publisher in terms of the aesthetic theories of not just Adorno but his compatriot Herbert Marcuse – the German Marxist psychoanalytic theorist who, according to many accounts, was a kind of unofficial dean of utopian counterculture art theory in the 1960s. This development of a Marcusean aesthetics of sensual liberation in relation to counterculture poetry will unfold alongside a textual reading of many poems from *Fuck You* magazine in Chapter 2.

I stage this project as a "textual intervention" on the Adorno tradition because none of his followers seem to agree on anything. In *Provisional Avant-Gardes*, Sophie Seita describes the difficulties critics in the wake of Adorno have faced in bringing his ideas to bear on contemporary artistic production. Seita tells us that Adorno and his most influential reader Peter Bürger, whose 1971 *Theorie der Avant-Garde* gives us, Seita says, give us the dominant paradigm for the interpretation of avant-garde art today, and she says this paradigm is woefully inadequate. She stops short of saying what I would, that despite the majesty of Adorno's own work, the balance of Adornian criticism today (outside of the princely Fredric Jameson) amounts to so much squabbling over imaginary lines in the sand – too much energy spent on determining if an artwork is 'avant-garde' or which *kind* of avant-garde it belongs to, or which avant-gardes are good and which ones are bad (to Bürger, the only worthwhile avant-garde was the original modernist one – no wonder people are frustrated who try to use these ideas!) After reading Seita's account it is hard not to wonder if the term 'avant-garde' is even still worth using at all, and while I do use the term to describe the work of Sanders's merry band of pranksters, I am not interested in the arguments of people like Aaron Schneeberg, who (as an insult) call the whole '60s LES scene a "neo-avant-garde," or of any of the other Adornians wasting their time on post-Bürger subdivisions between certain approved

⁵ Adorno's original wording: "Fortschritt und Barbarei sind heute als Massenkultur so verfilzt, daß einzig barbarische Askese gegen diese und den Fortschritt der Mittel das Unbarbarische wieder herzustellen vermöchte. Kein Kunstwerk, kein Gedanke hat eine Chance zu überleben, dem nicht die Absage an den falschen Reichtum und die erstklassige Produktion, an Farbenfilm und Fernsehen, an Millionärmagazine und Toscanini innewohnte. Die älteren, nicht auf Massenproduktion berechneten Medien gewinnen neue Aktualität: die des Unerfaßten und der Improvisation. Sie allein könnten der Einheitsfront von Trust und Technik ausweichen. In einer Welt, in der längst die Bücher nicht mehr aussehen wie Bücher, sind es nur noch solche, die keine mehr sind. Stand am Anfang der bürgerlichen Ära die Erfindung der Druckerpresse, so wäre bald deren Widerruf durch Mimeographie fällig, das allein angemessene, das unauffällige Mittel der Verbreitung."

avant-garde groups and other worthless kitsch. Any properly Marxian aesthetics would distinguish between an 'avant-garde' and a 'kitch' artwork *only* at the site of their differing modes of production, *not* in terms of their discursive content or any other qualities. The art in *Fuck you* magazine happened outside of 'official' artistic production and consumption systems and it sought to change the world. Call that whatever you want, but in order to make the distinction you have to look very closely at how the text you're looking at is produced. For this task I use the work of Jerome McGann.

McGann's textual criticism is a necessary rope in the dark and ephemeral cave-world of mimeo mags, where you have to do a decent amount of archival work sometimes just to be able to read the poems in the first place. The mimeo 'text' is inherently unstable, existing somewhere between an author's handwritten manuscript, a typed stencil sheet used by the editor as a master copy for printing, and the hundreds of sheets produced as the mimeographer cranks a handle on an ink-filled drum, letting the ink inside filter through the perforated stencil and onto the page, where it makes an imperfect mark: no two copies of the same master sheet look exactly the same. A complex enough situation rife with textual uncertainty already, but it's just the beginning. Once enough copies of every sheet have been produced, the mimeo editor must collate, assemble, finalize, and distribute each individual edition of the magazine. Then there is the fact that most of the ever-extant copies of many mimeo magazines have been lost or destroyed (like I said, they're ephemeral things), and the ones that still exist tend to gather dust in private collections, having been auctioned off for thousands of dollars. Thankfully, I had a kind of best-case scenario for this project: The entire run of *Fuck You*, as well as many other mimeo publications by Sanders, is freely available in high resolution .pdf scans on a hobbyist website run by the book collector Jed Birmingham. I also was able to study the complete collection of *Fuck you* magazine (XX items total) in the possession of Emory University's Rose rare book library. My experience with the *Fuck you* archive showed me how perilous this entire mimeo production process must have been; I have not yet seen two different copies of the same issue which are not easily distinguishable from each other through one or another imperfection. One reason that the publications of the mimeo era are so little studied is that they problematize the notion of a stable 'text' which is transparently available to the critic who can simply elucidate it. (This ideology of the stable text is, of course, a ghost which has haunted academia since at least the 'New Critics' of the 1920s and 30s).

In response to this situation I have kept the ideas in Jerome McGann's *The Textual Condition* close at hand throughout this entire process. McGann calls his approach a "materialist hermeneutics" (15). His interest is in "the semiotics of the text as that has been the subject of attention of bibliographres, sociologists, economists, and tradespersons of various kinds" (13). He calls us to pay attention to much more than the linguistic features of a poem - we must "attend to" "typefaces, bindings, book prices, page format [...] [and] paratext" (13). This last term, in Gerard Genette's *Seuils*, refers to things like introductions, dedications, advertisements, footnotes, and so forth, but McGann takes it

further to include "ink, typeface, paper, and various other phenomena which are crucial to the understanding of textuality" since "all texts, like all other things human, are embodied phenomena, and the body of the text is not exclusively linguistic" (13). *Fuck you* magazine, with Sanders's crazy doodles, parodic author biographies, and wild editor's notes, is absolutely bursting with these sorts of paratextual elements. In fact it would have been possible (and probably easier) to ignore the poems and make this thesis's argument using *only* the magazine's paratextual elements. But these paratextual elements of mimeo mags must inform our readings of the poems in them as well. 'Meaning' (one beloved hobby horse of the New Critics which it is still sometimes worth talking about) in poetry, says McGann, is not a message in poetry (as it might be in prose); instead, it is "a textual feature, like the work's phonetic patterns, or like its various visual components" (15). A feature, he says, or "one textual level - Pound called it 'logopoeia' - where the text's communicative exchanges play themselves out" (15). The upshot of all this, for McGann, and for any textual critic who listens to him, poems are "mechanisms operating as self-generating feedback systems that cannot be separated from those who manipulate and use them" (14). This means that our reading of poems can never be separated from the social formations which produce (and "manipulate and use") them.

McGann's work reminds us of the *materiality* of texts - taking them out of the abstract, idealized non-place where they can bring us comfort but nothing else, and into the embodied 'real world' of social history, where they might do something more. To this extent I believe McGann's scholarly approach can be of use to Adornians who feel trapped with a theory of art which gives them nothing but imaginary sense-experience. I develop this idea in part through Walter Benjamin's idea of embodied authenticity, what he calls a work's "aura": a quality, I argue, paradoxically inherent the mechanically produced mimeograph machine.

Thus if nothing else my contribution here to Adornian criticism is to remind everyone that where 'the text' is is always a complicated question, and that attending to material details of production can produce more useful readings of artworks than 'close readings' of an imagined immediately present 'text.' These are my main two takeaways from McGann:

1. There is never any single authoritative 'text,' so we should give up on that idea.
2. It is always necessary to keep in mind all the ways that the markings we see on the page in front of us (the 'text') have been mediated through their production, distribution, and archival.

Fuck you gives us a wild and unruly body of work, underappreciated up to now by the disinterested custodians of what is left of academic poetry scholarship, which outlines its *own* aesthetic - its own vision of the power and role of art in society. Once we have illuminated them for ourselves, in the light of these three distinct but dovetailing aesthetic philosophies - Adorno's, Marcuse's, and Sanders's - we can see all three of them better.

The problem is, when you look at *Fuck you* magazine for long enough in *any* light it starts to look fairly ugly. Sanders and other counterculture icons had absolutely backward and unacceptable

attitudes toward the female sex at this time and any criticism of their works must hold them to task for this. This is no anachronism but a necessary corrective. In this spirit, my Chapter 3 is a feminist reading of the magazine based on the outlines of a feminist aesthetic I perceive in the work of Luce Irigaray, which highlights the outrageous misogyny and violence inherent in the putatively pacifist, egalitarian, and liberatory works Sanders published.

To state, finally, for the record, a few research questions and a thesis statement, I want to know: Does Ed Sanders's work not challenge us to update our theories of the avant-garde as it relates to art's social function (its role in community-building, in state-building, in revolution)? What would an aesthetic theory in the Adorno tradition look like that accounts for the both the radical politics AND the artistic freedom in Sanders's career as a little magazine publisher? How can a materialist reading of Fuck You magazine help resolve these tensions between aesthetic and political rebellion? After researching this thesis for more than a year, I think that in embodying elements of Adorno's autonomous artwork and Marcuse's vision of art as a necessary preparation for a future revolutionary moment, Ed Sanders's work as a little magazine editor reveals the limitations of both Adornian and Marcusean aesthetics, pointing the way toward a philosophy of art which a potential agent of social change: an aesthetics of sensual liberation which emphasizes transcendent experience, made with outmoded means and distributed through processes which seem to go on outside (or 'underground') the totality of capitalist relations of production. Sanders believed – and I do too – that this kind of art can help bring about a better world than the one we live in now.

(4246 words, march 30)

The sports store

Cuban - American sports figure of the week

**University of Miami Hurricanes head men's basketball coach
JIM LARRAÑAGA**



from

ESPN: UCONN CRUISES PAST MIAMI TO RETURN TO NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

HOUSTON -- Jim Larranaga looked down and put his hands on his head.

Miami's Wooga Poplar had just turned the ball over out of bounds, UConn was getting the ball back with a 15-point lead early in the second half, and the veteran head coach knew his team was losing its grip on the game.

It was a familiar sight for those following UConn's dominant run through the NCAA tournament, a run that continued Saturday night as the 4-seed Huskies cruised to a 72-59 win over 5-seed Miami.

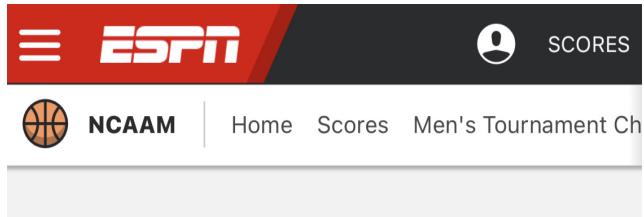
UConn advances to face San Diego State in the national championship game Monday.

"There's a lot of teams that want to play Monday," junior center Adama Sanogo said. "It means a lot to us. It means everything we work for. The work has paid off, and still going and keep working and be able to go Monday night."

The Huskies fell just shy of becoming the first team to win its first five NCAA tournament games by at least 15 points, but became the sixth team ever to win them by double digits, according to ESPN Stats & Information research. Four of the previous five teams to do it won the title game.

"When we're playing harder than the other team, which is our calling card -- going like plus-nine on the glass, playing elite defense and having a lot of answers on offense -- there's nowhere where we're weak as a team," coach Dan Hurley said. "We're able to kind of body blow our opponent." [...]

The Huskies held the Hurricanes, who average nearly 80 points per game and have the fifth-most efficient offense in the country, to their fewest points of the season, both in the first half and for the game. Miami shot just 31% inside the arc and didn't make a basket for the last six minutes of the game.



UConn cruises past Miami to return to national title game



Jeff Borzello
ESPN Staff Writer

5:31 AM CEST

It was the second game in a row that UConn's defense was the catalyst for the win. In the Elite Eight, the Huskies faced Gonzaga, which has the nation's most efficient and highest-scoring offense. The Zags proceeded to score a season-low 54 points and had their fewest points per possession since December 2009, according to KenPom's database.

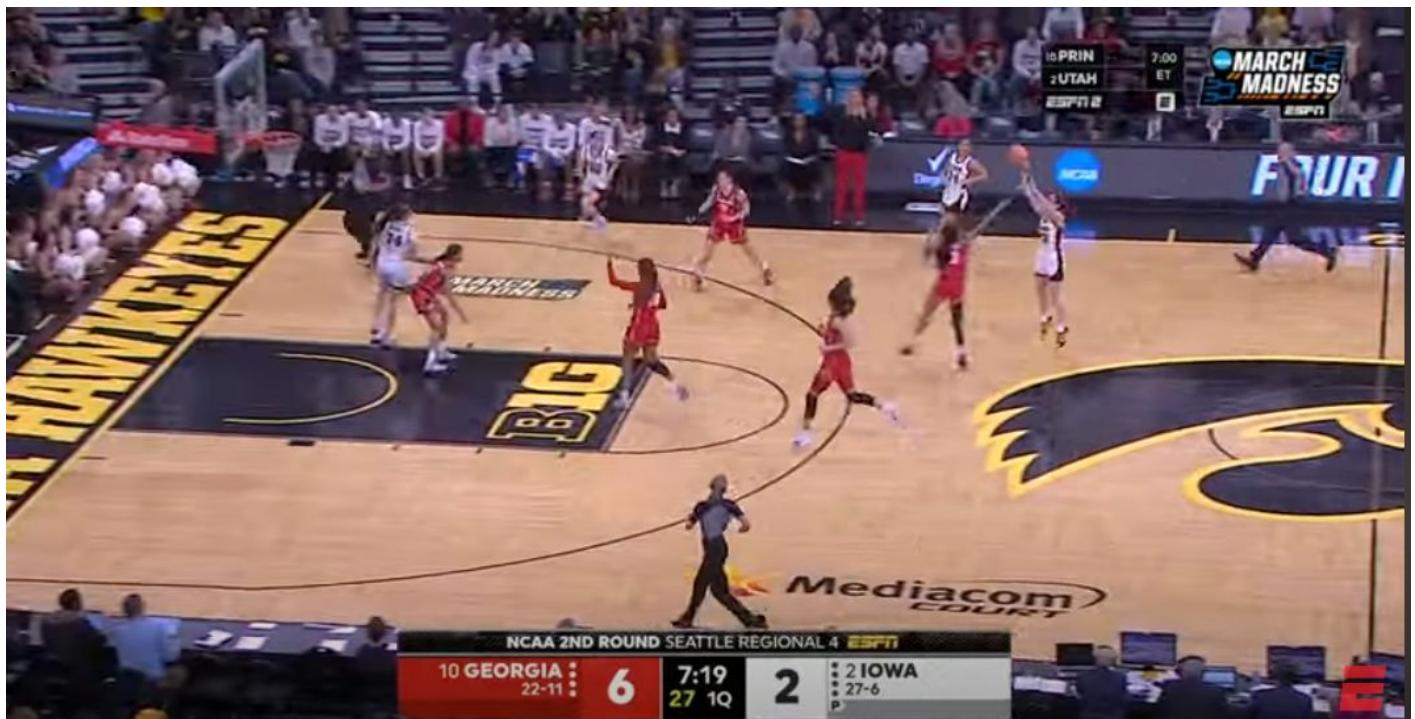
**YES THE UCONN HUSKIES JUST MADE ANOTHER FINAL FOUR BUT
REMEMBER WHEN THEIR CENTER WAS INFAMOUS NBA DRAFT BUST
HASHEEM THABEET?**



JIM LARRAÑAGA
and HASHEEM THABEET present:

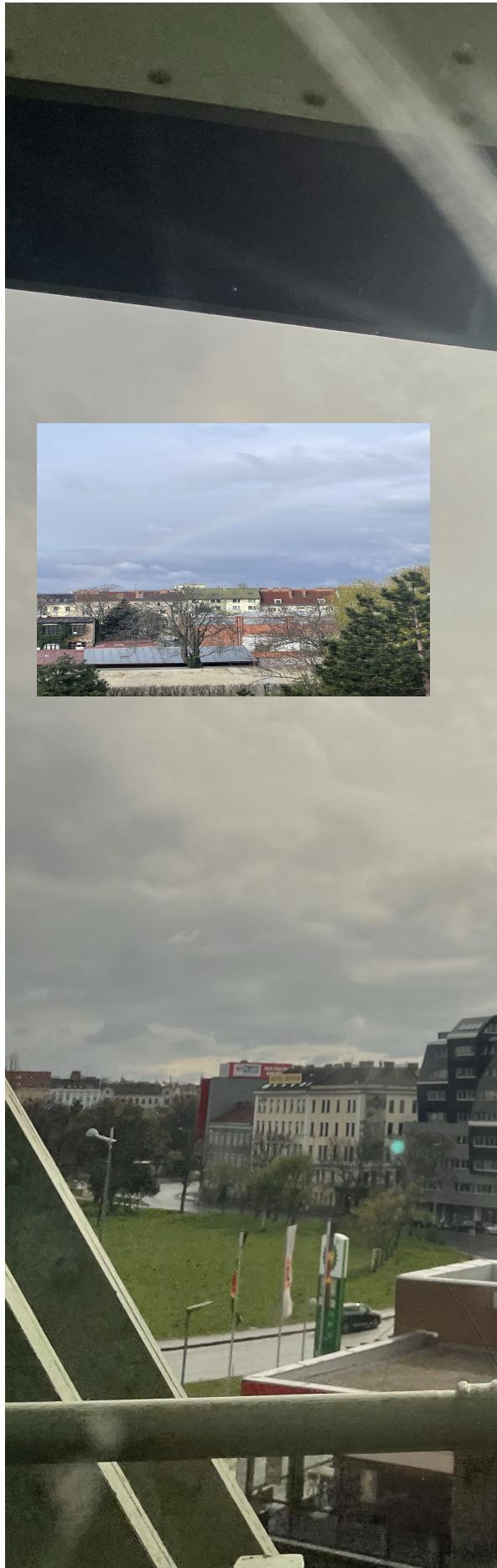
Donut holes ATHLETE OF THE WEEK

‘CAITLIN “THE LOGO” CLARK’



*caitlin clark drills one from long range
unguardable logo range*

a few more images from MY WORLD



10:07

Done

[SOC FIS] postcap...



within society]... That legal recognition, as we can see today, is not always adhered to by any means. That's why it needs something like Black Lives Matter as a corrective. The fact is that the practice in everyday life is the non-recognition of black lives; the idea that black lives don't matter as much as white lives.

OK, so we've just had the legal acknowledgement of equality, at the same time as, throughout the Sixties, before anything happened, there was a popular culture dominated by black performers. So, the culture leads the way first, in lots of ways. That's one way that we can think of the aesthetic challenge and the political challenge. That's one thing that the counterculture is, you could say: some way of connecting those two things. And again, this is probably what we don't have now, right?

Let's not get into this... We've got Thirties, Seventies, now... Hang on, my maths is really bad. Thirties to Seventies is forty years. Forty years from the Seventies would go 2010 so, yeah, we kind of are there now. OK, that's good. So, there's a nice sort of symmetry to that. Thirties. Seventies. now. Yeah.

So, to be strong assertive where, in which exploitation, awareness of that that aware counterculture expression.

And partly and the older that division became a measure. That's one of t



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