

31 August 1967

59 Tavistock Road
Cambridge

Dear Mr. Prynne,

I've got to a stage in poetry where I feel an informed judgement would greatly help. From what I have heard about the 'Intelligencer' circle your opinion of my work would be one to value.¹

If you can spare time to look at the poems I have enclosed I should be very pleased.² No reason why you should, of course; so if you're too busy don't hesitate to send them back.

But I'd very much like to come and discuss them with you, for close and frank criticism would do me good. I'm a journalist with the 'Cambridge News' and have only rarely encountered poets whose opinion mattered to me (didn't get to university).³

Next week I hope to be free most evenings, the two weeks after that most afternoons. The forthcoming by-election may mess about with my free time a bit, but I am sure I could fit in with any suggested date.

I apologise for coming out of the blue at you.

Yours sincerely,

Douglas Oliver

P.S. As 'Illustrations' makes clear, I hope, I've never been to India.⁴

[19 August 1969]

[Prynne sent photocopies of eight illustrations from the second book (on the ligaments and muscles) of Andreas Vesalius's *De humani corporis fabrica (1543)*, introducing them with the following note:]

THE FIRST EIGHT TABULAE FROM THE
DE CORPORIS HUMANI FABRICA LIBER
SECUNDUS OF ANDREAS VESALIUS GATH-
ERED INTO A WHIFF OF MORTALITY
FOR DOUGLAS OLIVER ESQ TUESDAY 19TH
AUGUST 1969

[Prynne also included the following extract from John Donne's sermon 'Preached at Lincolns Inne':]

I must have this body with me to heaven, or else salvation it self is not perfect; And yet I cannot have this body thither, except as S. Paul did his, I beat down this body, attenuate this body by mortification; Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death? I have not body enough for my body, and I have too much body for my soul; not body enough, not bloud enough, not strength enough, to sustain my self in health, and yet body enough to destroy my soul,

1 Oliver refers to *The English Intelligencer*, a 'privately circulated poetry worksheet [...] which ran over three series comprising nearly forty individual issues from January 1966 to April 1968'. Neil Pattison, Reitha Pattison, and Luke Roberts, eds., *Certain Prose of The English Intelligencer*, 2nd rev. ed. (Cambridge: Mountain, 2014), i. Oliver was never a (recorded) recipient of, or contributor to, the worksheet. In a late autobiographical essay, Oliver identifies 'Prynne, John James, Wendy Mulford, [Crozier, and] Anthony Barnett' as his principle literary interlocutors in the late 1960s. See 'Douglas Oliver, 1937-', in *Contemporary Authors Autobiography Series* 27 (1997): 242-61 (248) (hereafter cited as *CAAS*). For a full-length scholarly study of the *Intelligencer* and its place in the broader history of modernist coterie poetics and politics, see Latter, *Late Modernism*.

2 Oliver enclosed typescripts of 'Indian Sequence' (comprising five poems), 'Jealous Mother', and 'Sampler (Dr. John Dee)'. 'Indian Sequence' was revised and expanded into a seven-poem sequence, retitled 'Jain Sequence', and collected in *Oppo Hectic* (London: Ferry Press, 1969); see Oliver, *Kind* (London: Agneau 2 / Allardyce, Barnett, 1987), 23-31. 'Sampler (Dr. John Dee)' is an earlier version of a poem, 'Dr. Dee and the Angels', contained in a photocopied typescript of *Oppo Hectic* preserved in Prynne's papers; the poem is not included in the Ferry Press edition of *Oppo Hectic* nor in *Kind*. 'Jealous Mother' is unpublished and does not appear in the typescript.

3 'My real education began when the *Cambridge Evening News* signed me on to handle agriculture and general news. I slid off agriculture, stayed for nearly six years, and ended up running my own book page, writing in-depth news features, and the leaders.' Oliver, *Whisper 'Louise'*, 52. Among Oliver's book reviews (for what was then the *Cambridge News*) are three which address Prynne's poetry: 'Pioneer in Poetry' (10 August 1968), review of *Kitchen Poems* (London: Cape Goliard Press, 1968) and *Day Light Songs* (Pampisford, UK: R Books, 1968); 'Poetry in Paperback' (21 February 1969), which includes a review of *Aristeas* (London: Ferry Press, 1968); and 'Rewarding Poetry' (13 June 1969), review of *The White Stones* (Lincoln, UK: Grosseteste Press, 1969). These reviews are reproduced in appendix A. On 3 October 1968, Prynne wrote to the *News's* editor, Keith Whetstone, praising Oliver's literary journalism, as indicated by Whetstone's reply (dated 5 October 1968) preserved in Prynne's papers.

4 'Illustrations', the first poem of the sequence later published as 'Jain Sequence'.

1 John Donne, *Fifty Sermons, Preached by That Learned and Reverend Divine, John Donne, Dr in Divinity, Late Deane of the Cathedrall Church of S. Pauls London. The Second Volume* (London: Printed by Ja. Flesher for M. F. J. Marriot and R. Royston, 1649), 158–9.

2 Most of this letter and its two postscripts were published in *Grosseteste Review* 6, nos. 1–4 (1973): 152–4.

3 John James (1939–2018), British poet. ‘Wainbody’, Prynne refers to Oliver’s address in Coventry, 188 Wainbody Avenue. Oliver moved to Coventry with his family in October 1971, having taken a job with the *Coventry Evening Telegraph*.

4 Oliver, *The Harmless Building* (London and Pensnett: Ferry Press and Grosseteste Review Books, 1973), at this point still in typescript, to which Prynne’s page numbers refer. The equivalent page numbers of the first edition, followed by those of the revised reprint in *Three Variations on the Theme of Harm* (London: Paladin, 1990) (hereafter cited as *TVTH*), are given in square brackets. A page of notes on Oliver’s novel is preserved in Prynne’s papers.

and frustrate the grace of God in that miserable, perplexed, riddling condition of man; sin makes the body of man miserable, and the remedy of sin, mortification, makes it miserable too; If we enjoy the good things of this world, Duriorem carcerem praeparamus, wee doe but carry an other wall about our prison, an other story of unwieldy flesh about our souls; and if wee give our selves as much mortification as our body needs, we live a life of Fridays, and see no Sabbath, we make up our years of Lents, and see no other Easters, and whereas God meant us Paradise, we make all the world a wildernesse.¹

JOHN DONNE, Fifty Sermons, 19

22 August 1969

Gonville and Caius College
Cambridge

Here is one of those lists, unneeded and probably unuseful as well. You might shred it into your soup or tuck it into your driving licence, to have handy when next you’re stopped by our men in blue.

JHP

[On a separate sheet of Caius notepaper, Prynne included the following bibliography:]

Paul Schilder, The Image and Appearance of the Human Body (London, 1935)

M. Merleau-Ponty, The Phenomenology of Perception, trans. C. Smith (London, 1962)

C. Bernard, An Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine, trans. H. C. Greene (New York, 1957)

S. Fisher & S. E. Cleveland, Body Image and Personality (New York, 2nd rev. ed., 1968)

E. Mason, Internal Perception and Bodily Functioning (New York, 1961)

9 January 1972²

44 Carlyle Road
Cambridge

Dear Doug,

I returned from a dutiful and underheated visit to a pair of grandparents to find your note with the special green label fading unsuccessfully on the doormat. And to discover from John (more or less) that you have been here twice: which is trying since I especially want to see you before Wainbody gets its damp little brackets around your ‘way of life’.³ It would be good to talk, there is really a lot in the air which could come down in arrows if we got the chance to gnash at it for a while.

I saw John yesterday for the first time after Innocents’ Day and he lent me The Harmless Building.⁴ I have just finished reading it and I need to write at once because I am struck by how

decisively good it is, I mean really powerfully and toughly so. It was exhilarating to work with because it was so closely cross-woven and under control. That kind of intellectual deliberateness goes for maximum vigilance in the arena, all the tendons under multiple stress, it absolutely is fine. I had to go very carefully indeed over the surface transformations, following the jolts of body syntax from the synthetic identities of person as subject, ready for skew pieces of affect, wary for quickened wits: it is rare & truly exciting to be asked for that kind of attention and to find it then taken up & used. Prompted by your stay near Versailles I started with a Cartesian mind–body manifold, extended into a continuous 3-space along the memory/intuition/expectation timeline;¹ this produced a three-dimensional endocrine hyper-surface forming the world tube of the ‘novel’. From page 2 [6; 113–14] up to the end of Chapter 10 I took as récit, page 1 [5–6; 113] and Chapters 11 to 15 as texte, what follows as hors-texte; with interoceptive transformations of the co-ordinates.

But of course that would just (‘just’) be a French roman. What you have done is quite beyond that in saturnine tenderness, a novel deeply curled in around the experience of good. The ethic vector is violent and discontinuous, developing schizophrenia of the body-percept and the embedding of will within larger spiritual bodies, but also revealing absolute moments of truth. ‘The flaw in goodness is also a wound in your image of your body.’² At first I thought the penultimate sentence on page 184 [141; 252] was an impurity, but then I realised it was a calculated risk, and it is the risk throughout which I find profoundly moving.³ Going right through to where the heart would be if the reader could afford that golden idea-rhyme; I think of Iris Murdoch’s paper on ‘The Idea of Perfection’ in her new book The Sovereignty of Good. The thematic relation between récit and texte partakes of mimetic sentimentalism; but the ethic relation is stronger, and the bond becomes deep & powerful feeling. Thus ‘no-harm’ is thematically ‘almost’ and quite prone to auto-sadistic vertigo;⁴ but ethically the hypersurface is dizzily changed. Risky page one [5–6; 113] is redeemed into a wholly larger and more simple knowledge. The necrophancy in the forest hut is covariant with the hermetic field hospital, and with the hideous note of charity in the triangular hotel-room. All that is the surface cancellation of pain, vicious referred sensation splayed out into fear and loss, so numbing as to seem almost theoretic. But then it is all dizzily given to Rosine, not by effort of will but in culminating redeemed rightness. This is ethic certainty, which makes the pain real and thus the love absolute.

Really I think this whole achievement is quite overwhelming. Attention worked out so closely does not often attain to a condition of truth. The trust usually asked of us is textual, or ‘human’ like a friendly dog. But both together is so absolutely delicate and fine, I cannot say how deeply affected I am by having read this book.

1 ‘your stay near Versailles [...] Cartesian mind–body manifold’, Oliver moved with his family to the outskirts of Paris on 25 February 1970, residing at 15 rue de l’Ouest, 92600 Asnières-sur-Seine; Oliver had ‘taken an editing-translating job on the English desk of Agence France-Presse’ (*CAAS*, 250). They returned to England in October 1971.

Prynne refers to René Descartes’s interest in seventeenth-century hydraulic automata such as the fountains and grottoes at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, near Versailles.

2 Prynne quotes *The Harmless Building*, 91 (*TVTH*, 202).

3 Prynne refers to the sentence: ‘Rosine felt that these reminders of the dramatist’s art had become symbols linking her past life with today’s curious fire.’

4 Prynne quotes *The Harmless Building*, 5 (*TVTH*, 113). The full sentence in Oliver’s novel reads: ‘Instead, I should love to keep a mongol baby alive in my mind, an outgoingness and kindness, a lack of coherence, an area of almost no-harm like a clearing in the middle of harm.’

1 Prynne enclosed copies of 'The Blade Given Back', 'An Evening Walk' (both later published in *Wound Response* (Cambridge: Street Editions, 1974)), and *Into the Day* (Cambridge: privately printed, 1972).

Edward Dorn (1929–99), American poet. Dorn was a close friend and lifelong correspondent of Prynne's.

Details of the 'batch of documentation' are not preserved in either archive, though one text can be identified, via Oliver's reply of 5 February 1972, as 'Nonspherical Gravitational Fields', chap. 4 in Ya. B. Zeldovich and I. D. Novikov, *Relativistic Astrophysics*, vol. 2, *Stars and Relativity*, trans. Eli Arlock (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1971), 129–51.

2 Prynne refers to the following books: John James, Tom Phillips, and Andrew Crozier, *In One Side and Out the Other* (London: Ferry Press, 1970); Andrew Crozier, *Printed Circuit* (Cambridge: Street Editions, 1974); Prynne, *Brass* (London: Ferry Press, 1971); Oliver, *Oppo Hectic*.

3 Prynne's reference is clearly to the presence of 'pain' in Frank O'Hara's work generally, but 'pail of serpents' also specifically recalls the 'vipers in a pail' and 'aquiline serpent' of O'Hara's 'In Memory of My Feelings', first published in 1958. *The Collected Poems of Frank O'Hara*, ed. Donald Allen (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1995), 252–7, 538.

4 Prynne refers to the final paragraph of chap. 1, revised in print. The paragraph in typescript reads: 'That was a death in the future. Uncle Aubrey was for a moment real, was later strangled, but at all times, through all changes, retained the same gestalt and surrounded Donald with his well-fed lack of tension. Aubrey's early perfection always presided over any building Donald lived in, making it harmless. In the museum curator's flat, where he was staying rent-free, it was as though Donald was suspended within the spiritualized body of the baby.'

And so I want to just tell you that it is a novel written with intense understanding and intelligence, in case you have not been able to notice this. Of course it will be published and recognised to be 'masterly'; but it is also more than that, part of a truer and higher fineness. I should not say that I am amazed (why should I be that) but I am and I do.

Jeremy

10 January 1972

44 Carlyle Road
Cambridge

P.S. How extremely useful it was that I had some little time ago finished reading *Fundamentals of Neurology* by Ernest Gardner, as well as certain works on the post-Euclidian geometry of space–time. Separated by that skinny piece of water I surmise we have been having many similar thoughts. Here for instance are (a) two poems I did just before leaving for Amerika, (b) a 24-hour sequence I've done since returning thence, and (c) Dorn's *The Cycle* plus a batch of documentation towards the Perfect Mistake.¹ (The batch I should like back, but not the rest.) How interesting it is to see, if one reads *In One Side and Out the Other* or *Printed Circuit* or *Brass* or *Oppoetique*, that the Anglo team have their teeth really sunk into pain, great physical goutts of it, as opposed to the water-colour joys of the American art gallery nympholepts.² Your novel confirms this; its elegance is much too vorticist for the pre-sexual phenomenology preferred in l'Amerique du Nord. Only Frank O'Hara had that pail of serpents always in view.³

Do you think we the reader are quite ready for the perspective opened by 'gestalt' on page 12 [14; 122]?⁴ And is 'Johnny' on page 143 [113; 224] Jerry & Sonny conflated or someone else I haven't observed creeping onstage? Of course I can see that Schilder & Merleau-Ponty have survived in your mind the reductive fantasies of the structuralists, thank goodness (quite literally I should say).

Let me know if there is anyone I can try to urge cajole or admonish into forwarding the publication of the book. If there is anyone I can write to I'll do so at once. John also mentioned that you might be thinking of moving on from ~~Seunthorpe~~ Coventry or even changing professions. If my headed notepaper could be of use don't hesitate to give my name and I'll do anything to help, I have a nice line in pre-emptive testimonials in McTavish style. I'm sure I have said this before but don't forget because I would be glad to help and no fuss.

Have you seen Douglas Woolf's *Ya! and John-Juan*, now published at last? You should, as they are both very good and quite relevant (as I can now see). And when are you coming down again or when are we going to meet or what lies ahead you name it did you say spring?

Jeremy

11 January 1972

44 Carlyle Road
Cambridge

P.P.S. By a piece of most suggestive psychopathology I see that I put page 184 in place of what should have been 180: a slip carried into a veritable glissade. As in fact *The Master* himself has said, correcting a neurotic anticipation of *Tel Quel* by Leonardo da Vinci: 'It is not true that human beings delay loving or hating until they have studied and become familiar with the nature of the object to which these affects apply. On the contrary they love impulsively, from emotional motives which have nothing to do with knowledge, and whose operation is at most weakened by reflection and consideration' (*Works*, Standard Ed., Vol. XI, p. 74).¹

Jeremy

13 January [1972]²

188 Wainbody Avenue
Coventry

Dear Jeremy,

Your letters (to which I am trying for the third time to give an updated answer) have been a marvellous encouragement to me. I had expected that you, probably more than anyone else I know, would understand what my novel was attempting. But the depth and generosity of your response were more than I had any right to expect from any reader: it's just been great opening your envelopes and that good parcel.

I cannot yet assimilate the new material you sent today and as soon as I have I'll write again. But I want immediately to say first, of course, how delighted I am that you liked the book but equally how surprised I was to find how exactly you divine my endeavour. Yes, there does seem to have been a considerable amount of the same pathway travelled along the Cambridge–Asnières parallel. In many respects discussing my novel you have found terms for a critical language I had also attempted; and I think my own explanation of my novel had I presumed to give one would have been less precise than yours. Which may be a phenomenon occasionally known from precedent but is not the less amazing when it occurs.

A fear was that people would mistake formal dispositions for a mere flirtation with the French roman, mixed with traces of that 'funny' prose we are all so familiar with. In fact, as you precisely see, the real game lies elsewhere and much of what is apparent in the text is sabotaged at other levels. Thus, while your récit, texte and hors-texte divisions are dead accurate (now I consider them in that terminology) it's been tremendously good for my confidence that you see how the 'ethical vector' upsets any false objectivity and restores the subjective half of the creation of a sense of reality.

I haven't read the Iris Murdoch book yet, though it's certainly on my 'list'; the Gardner book is new to me; as for the post-

1 *Tel Quel*, French left-wing literary magazine.

'The Master', Sigmund Freud; Prynne quotes his 'Leonardo da Vinci and a Memory of His Childhood'.

2 Oliver's letter is misdated 1971.

1 René Thom (1923–2002), French mathematician.

Jean Piaget (1896–1980), Swiss developmental psychologist and philosopher. Piaget founded the International Centre for Genetic Epistemology in Geneva in 1955.

2 Oliver refers to Prynne's 'The Kirghiz Disasters' from *Brass (Poems, 155–8)*, though published twice previously, in John James's single-issue magazine *The Norman Hackforth* (February 1969) and in Peter Riley and Lee Harwood's magazine *Collection*, no. 4 / *Tzarad*, no. 3 (April 1969).

3 Oliver enclosed typescripts of 'Whirlwind' and "u", "je", "r", "r", "im", "a", "finally" (*Kind*, 172–3, 183); he refers here to 'Whirlwind'.

4 Jacques Rivière (1886–1925), French writer and editor to whom the young Antonin Artaud sent poems in the hope of publication. Rivière's rejection of the poems initiated a correspondence that was later published in *La nouvelle revue française*.

Euclidean space–time that's certainly relevant, though I am ill-read in that and some of my thoughts are more extrapolations into that domain rather than any worked out knowledge of the literature. Are you also aware of that 'catastrophe' theory of the French mathematical biologist, René Thom, and the biological epistemology of Piaget (whether his earlier experiments are nowadays discredited or not) and his centre of epistemological studies?¹ The Thomian stuff plays no great role at this stage, however; it is merely on the threshold of present preoccupations.

Whatever accidents of 'reading' might have gone on though, it's much more important of course that there has been such a coincidence of sympathy. That's partly why I'm excited you have found this critical language to help to see what I've been doing. The way you present the links between major themes is magnificently spare and virile. The Cartesian mind–body manifold extending like that into the time triad which, being no Kantian, I would not keep unaffected in their categories but would have constantly distorted in the endocrine/nervous relation we have with our environment.

I so strongly wanted the 'mimetic' relations between field hospital–hut–hotel room to appear in just that way to a reader because I knew in my bones that they were no weak resource of mine (like repetition often is in the roman) but wasn't sure that a reader would see this.

You're right about the pain floating in and out of the Anglo books you mention, and O'H. I should feel unpleasant were I to think that this was a hangover from all those domestic neuroses of the 50s; but I am confident that there is a very sharp and new kind of analysis going on which does not need those old 'little husband' props but has a large and very live field. So it's a very considerable bonus that with all that pain around the poetry is retaining such width as the books mentioned. Properly reflected on it produces optimism about the scope of this work: and isn't it precisely scope that's wrong with the self-gratulants? For example, in a peak depression a week or so ago it was not to the Americans I turned for proof that syntax is not necessarily boring and that energy is the cure-all: it was to Kirghiz Disasters because I knew the life that was there, as opposed to the mere technique in some of the more meretricious U.S. poses.²

That was a happy choice of the word 'vorticist' for this week in my writing life, as it happens: enclosed poem, signal of a 'return to poetry' with all that means in terms of hesitance etc., shows why.³ You'll be aware of Artaud's description of his state of mind in his letters to Jacques Rivière.⁴ I have, however, a weak poetic direction just now, but it's reviving.

For 'Johnny', page 143, read Jerry (he was Johnny some months back but I gave him a haircut and a facelift and a new name).

It's a pity that what I feel as the need to get this letter off right away precludes comparison of your own march forward with mine: I can never do a quick-crit of a Prynne poem, I'm afraid.

I'll really get on with that so that we can return to these themes while they're still hot.

Your two-fold offer of help is both nice and extremely welcome. At present the manuscript is with Andrew and owing to my own vagueness, not his, I'm not sure if he's going to introduce it to Dempsey of MacGibbon & Kee (who rejected a much different earlier version last summer).¹ Other than that I have little resource—signs of interest from a Cape rep calling in at Lee's shop, that's all.² I think I want a fairly large hardback edition, basically to increase the 'play' of the charity appeal at the end of the book because the more considerably this appeal is broadcast (and the greater the author's profits) the more those two elements enter the game.³ Of course, if you could offer any help to place the book that would be great.

As to testimonials, I'm toying with the idea of seeking university entrance but put off by basic disbelief in the prospects. I'd be very grateful if you could give me a bit of advice when we meet, which I'm determined should be soon. No doubt I ought to get an application off pretty soon.

The Douglas Woolf goes on to that list.

Now what else do I have to thank you for? Ah yes, the Dorn! The 'batch of documentation'. That's very good to have, all that. You could not have known I've just written a little one-off job which says . . . —damn it, I'll send that as well: it's the line about imperfection I'm referring to.⁴ I've the Dorn songs but hadn't got hold of this cycle and it looks excellent.⁵

I'd been going to ask you for your sequence, of which I'd heard enthusiastic report from Barry and others.⁶ (incidentally, Barry's Jim Morrison piece one of the nicer things he's done).⁷

Now I'm going into session to consider the stuff you've sent. I don't think any letters have encouraged me so much in my writing as yours of the past few days.

So many thanks for all your generosity. Your query about the gestalt image has made me think. I'm hoping to visit Cambridge the weekend of February 11 or is it 12. If I can hold to that I'd very much like a proper chance for talking. Looks to me as if ideas need opening out again and its as plain as a pig's nose to a button hook that there's plenty of fertile territory about between us.

All the best,

Doug

16 January 1972

188 Wainbody Avenue
Coventry

Dear Jeremy,

Well, I'm getting to grips gradually with the stuff you sent me and it's a real step forward in my understanding that's opening out.

Quite a bit of it—particularly the denser topology of the documentation—I do not yet comprehend; and this is partly, I think,

1 Andrew Crozier (1943–2008), British poet and publisher.

Michael Dempsey (d. 1981), publisher and manager, at this time managing editor at MacGibbon and Kee.

2 Cape Goliard, previously Goliard, which came under the Jonathan Cape imprint in 1967.

Lee Harwood (1939–2015), British poet. Oliver likely refers to Better Books in London, where, according to John Calder, Harwood 'was in charge of poetry' from at least 1970. Oliver's possessive attribution is part-colloquial, since Calder was the proprietor, not Harwood, though the latter's managerial control was at least substantial enough to refuse to stock the poems of John Betjeman and Mary Wilson on principle. Harwood had previously managed Bill Butler's Unicorn Bookshop in Brighton from 'December 1967 until February 1968'. *Pursuit: The Memoirs of John Calder* (Richmond: Alma Books, 2016), 364; Terry Adams, *Bill Butler and the Unicorn Bookshop* (n.p.: Beat Scene Press, 2020), 22.

3 'charity appeal', both versions of *The Harmless Building*, in their penultimate chapters, include requests to the reader to donate to the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children (commonly known as Mencap) (143; *TVTH*, 254). Prynne's papers preserve a copy of a brief letter to Mencap of 21 January 1974, describing Oliver's novel and its request, and enclosing a cheque for £2.

4 Oliver refers to "u", "je", "r", "r", "im", "a", "finally".

5 Oliver refers either to Edward Dorn, *Twenty-Four Love Songs* (San Francisco and West Newbury, MA: Frontier Press, 1969) or *Songs: Set Two—a Short Count* (West Newbury, MA: Frontier Press, 1970), or both.

6 Barry MacSweeney (1948–2000), British poet.

'your sequence', Oliver likely refers to *A Night Square* (London: Albion Village Press, 1973), composed on 2 February 1971 but not published until 1973.

7 Oliver refers to MacSweeney's *Just 22 and I Don't Mind Dyin': The Official Poetical Biography of Jim Morrison, Rock Idol* (London: Curiously Strong, 1971).