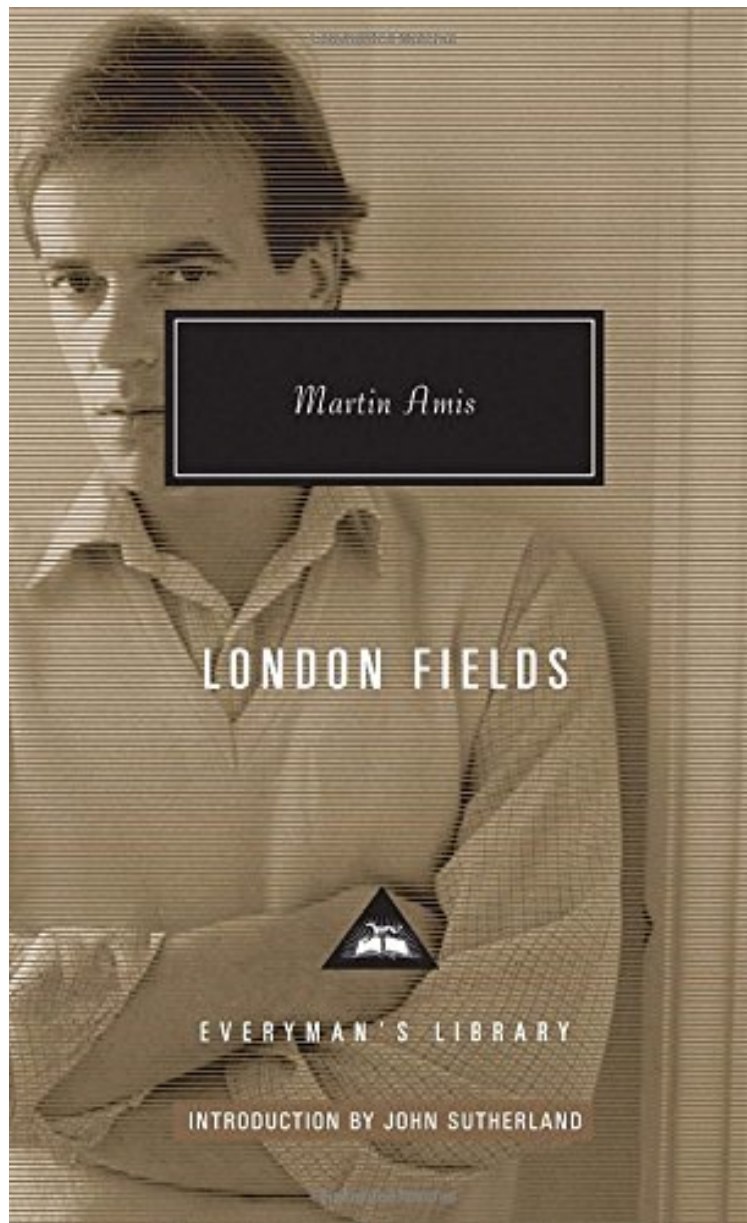


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London Fields (Everyman's Library Contemporary Classics Series)

Martin Amis

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Martin Amis : London Fields (Everyman's Library Contemporary Classics Series) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised London Fields (Everyman's Library Contemporary Classics Series):

7 of 7 people found the following review helpful. One word: Incredible. Incredible. Incredibly Incredible. By Mark Nadja A mistress of seduction, having 'come to the end of men' and a belief in the possibility of love, seeks her own murder--and sets about ruining the lives of two very different men in order to bring it about. The narrator of the novel--a self-described failure at art and love--is terminally ill and now rapidly failing at life, too; he's set himself the task of chronicling the rather ignoble efforts of Nicola Six and her pyrrhic dual seduction. The proceedings are set against an ominously looming worldwide crisis of nuclear and climactic proportions. That, in maybe an eggshell, is the plot of **London Fields**. A nice enough hook, but as in any Amis novel, it's the execution that has you swallow the line and sinker, too. No one writes like Martin Amis. No one. Pity, too. It's poetry, in great parts, his style--an epic metropolitan voice as if Homer had been reborn in London with a wicked sense of humor, both castle and gutter, and a penchant for writing about deadbeats, sex-obsessed middle-aged guys, and a world gargling down the toilet-tube. How even a sub-intelligent reader can possibly run his eyeballs over this novel and see in it only cynicism, nastiness, disgust, and mocking hatred is beyond comprehension. Are they paying attention to what Amis has actually written right there on the page in black and white--or only what has been written **about** him? **London Fields**, like much of Amis' work is a deeply-felt and elegiac novel that is actually quite heartbreaking in its inimitable way. Rude, often crude, scalding and scornful, relentlessly, unrepentantly bleak--yes, that's all true, thank God, but Amis' style...and what a style!...is a corrosive that strips away all self-serving illusion and sentimentality to expose the skeleton of the last honest humanism still possible. Here is Amis on one of his characters in **London Fields**: 'In the book, she stood for something. In the flesh, she was pointless: a complete waste of time. Or not quite. In the flesh, she broke your heart, as all human beings do. I watched her, an older man, failed in art and love. Fat ankles. Dear flesh.' A waste of time that breaks your heart. In a sense, that sums up Amis' view on life, love, history, and existence itself as presented in **London Fields**. But the vitriolic comedy and famous disgust that Amis directs towards and lavishes upon everyone and everything is, in fact, the lament of the idealist who sees how very very far short human beings fall from anything even a kissing cousin of humanity. His exaggerated characters, yes, arguably caricatures, are nevertheless uncomfortably familiar and that's precisely what makes their misdeeds and misadventures so uncomfortably compelling--and, I suspect, arouses so much wrath in those who consider the truth to be bad taste. These are, indeed, people we 'know,' and sometimes even love; worse still, if we could stop the automatic monkey finger-pointing for five minutes, we realize these people are **us**. Five stars, if that's all I can give it. **London Fields** deserves at the very least a small constellation of them. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. RE-readable! By Ripper666 A great book, one of the few I can safely say I will read again. I've read complaints that it's too long. I had the opposite feeling, I wanted it to go on and on, especially with a fuller explanation about how things ended up, but I guess "fuller explanations" aren't really in the cards for Amis' genius. The book has *A Clockwork Orange* kind of feel to it, albeit with more conventional characters. An unexplained natural catastrophe looms over the entire timeline of the book, and all actions of the major characters have to be seen with that in mind. I'd be interested in guidance to an even better book by Amis? Thank you. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A hilarious book, with unforgettable characters and sordid scenes ... By angela oaks A hilarious book, with unforgettable characters and sordid scenes that you won't soon forget. More of Amis on children too, but with a twist this time. I think his writing on children is very real, not hypocritical, very closely observed.

Martin Amis's acclaimed novel—now in a twenty-fifth-anniversary hardcover edition—is a blackly comic murder mystery about a murder that has not yet happened. First published in 1989, *LONDON FIELDS* is set ten years into a dark future, against a backdrop of environmental and social decay and the looming threat of global cataclysm. As the dreaded millennium approaches, Nicola Six, a “black hole” of sex and self-loathing, attempts to orchestrate her own extinction, choosing her thirty-fifth birthday, November 5, 1999, as the date of her murder. Whom to manipulate into killing her is the question; her choice wavers between violent lowlife Keith Talent, who is obsessed with winning a darts tournament, and a dimly romantic banker named Guy Clinch. When Samson Young—a writer suffering from a long bout of writer's block—stumbles upon these three, he believes he has found a story that will write itself. A highly unusual mystery with an unexpected twist at the end, *LONDON FIELDS* is also a corrosively funny narrative of pyrotechnic complexity and scalding moral vision. (Book Jacket Status: Jacketed)

From Publishers Weekly In this very British tale, femme fatale Nicola Six manipulates racist, sexist scoundrel Keith Talent and well-mannered, naive Guy Clinch as an omniscient narrator/novelist spies on the trio in order to develop his book. "Relentlessly bitter, often brutally funny, hypnotically readable, it may also be quite opaque in places to an American readership," said PW. Author tour. Copyright 1991 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal Amis's disappointing new novel follows the machinations of promiscuous Nicola Six, a psychic who senses that she is to be murdered by one of two men she meets in a London bar. She systematically humiliates both--prole darts champ Keith and posh, ineffectual Guy--only to discover that for once her powers have misled her. Set "at the end of the millennium" against the background of a vaguely defined political/ecological/cosmological crisis, this novel is far longer than its thin content warrants. What can Amis have against these minimally developed characters that he

devotes nearly 500 pages to demolishing them? There's disgust aplenty here--but little else. Previewed in Prepub Alert, LJ 11/15/89.- Grove Koger, Boise P.L., Id.Copyright 1990 Reed Business Information, Inc. "A comic murder mystery, an apocalyptic satire, a scatological meditation on love and death and nuclear winter...by turns lyrical and obscene, colloquial and rhapsodic." —Michiko Kakutani, The New York Times