The Lawrentian Vision of Martin Amis' *London Fields*

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In the introduction to his collection of short stories *Einstein's Monsters*, Martin Amis recounts first with bitterness, then with resignation, the failure of his father and other writers of the previous generation to respond fully to the impending threat of nuclear warfare :

> ...[T]he senior generation of writers has remained silent; prolific and major though many of them are, with writing lives that straddled the evolutionary firebreak of 1945, they evidently did not find that the subject suggested itself naturally. They lived in one kind of world, then they lived in another kind of world; and they did not tell us what the difference was like (23).

At some level Amis seems to know, though he does not quite admit, that it may be asking too much of those who emerged from the palpable horrors of a hot war to find their lives substantially worse in the grip of a cold one, even with the looming specter of nuclear winter. Further, if Frank Kermode was right in *The Sense of an Ending* in identifying the apocalyptic mood as the distinguishing feature of modernism, perhaps it is natural enough that the older generation, weaned on eschatology, would tend to see Amis' world and his reaction to it as a continuity, not a rupture (See ch. 4). Over time even the abyss can become familiar landscape.

But whether or not Amis is right in seeing an abdication of responsibility, the fact remains that he clearly believes the inheritance from his immediate elders to be virtually useless in a transfigured world. Finding himself thus morally disenfranchised, Amis, it appears, looks back a generation for guidance to the paleo-modernists, those who were first forced to superimpose on the Arcadia of pastoral Britain the horrific image of Verdun. And of these none reacted with greater outrage than D. H. Lawrence, who saw in the mesmerized metallic hordes marching to their deaths the final ghastly playing out of the same mechanized will that pockmarked his native Nottinghamshire with coal mines and blighted his family life. Alone of the great modernists, Lawrence systematically conflated the mutilation of bodies and souls with the mutilation of the earth. The war-crippled, impotent, and emotionally retarded Clifford Chatterley operating coal mines from his electric wheel chair served as the most obvious symbol.

What distinguishes Lawrence's lament from that of the other early modernists is

that his cultural despair so quickly and completely can be absorbed in biological imperatives. In *Women in Love*, written during the war, Lawrence's mouthpiece, Rupert Birkin, wonders if human beings aren't simply one of nature's failed experiments and envisions a clean new world without them:

> If only man was swept off the face of the earth, creation would go on so marvelously, with a new start, non-human. Man is one of the mistakes of creation—like the ichthyosauri.– If only he were gone again, think what lovely things would come out of the liberated days; — things straight out of the fire (188).

This is an imagining radically different from Yeats' " Second Coming" or Eliot's instauration of the Christian commonwealth; this is a new age in which *extinction* is the price of moral failure. Nature judges culture.

Although Ursula rightly points out to Birkin that the optimism in the above quoted passage rings hallow—born more of frustration that joy—the very fact that Birkin can make such a statement and have it taken seriously says a great deal about the dense organicism of Lawrence's view. Beneath the surface, Lawrence's universe is held together by an interlocking system of energy fields. In interpersonal relationships this shows up in the irresistible attraction and repulsion of his characters to one another, typically couched in terms of magnetic force or electrical circuitry. This conception of cathexis and anti-cathexis, conceived in competition with Freud's model of psychic energies, likewise strains beyond metaphor in the direction of scientific somatic grounding:

> We can quite tangibly deal with the human unconscious. We trace its source and centers in the great ganglia and nodes of the nervous system. We establish the nature of the spontaneous consiousness at each of these centers; we determine the polarity and the direction of the polarized flow (*Psychoanalysis* 43).

The admixture of silliness here ought not to detract from the seriousness behind Lawrence's insistence on an all-implicating web of impersonal forces—a "hard" version of Romanticism, owing more to Nietzsche than to Wordsworth. This claim in turn gives rise to even more fanciful flights as Lawrence works out from the individual to the cosmos in *Fantasis of the Unconscious*:

> How it is contrived that the individual soul in the living sways the very sun in its centrality, I do not know. But it is so. It is the peculiar dynamic polarity of the living soul in every weed or bug or beast, each one

separately and individually polarized with the great returning pole of the sun, that maintains the sun alive. For I take it that the sun is the great sympathetic center of our inanimate universe. I take it that the sun breathes in the effluence of all that fades and dies. Across space fly the innumerable vibrations which are the basis of all matter (183).

Once again, it would be a mistake to let what here looks like a poor pun on the term solar plexus diminish the importance of what Lawrence is reaching for. This sort of home-spun myth, of the kind that Eliot derided as non-Conformist rambling, is absolutely central to Lawrence's vision.

What Lawrence is struggling to establish with this talk of polarity is a post-Helmholzian version of the Great Chain of Being, with the sun in the position formerly occupied by God, positive and negative energy replacing the flow of love and wrath. But Lawrence insists that reverence be maintained. One of the last works he wrote, *Apocalypse*, was dedicated to initiating the trivial modern sun-bather into the mysteries of the pre-Christian sun-worshipper. Science legitimizes the system but must remain subordinate to a sense of religious awe before the whole.

A further similarity to the earlier version of the chain of being is that human beings, despite their relatively inferior status and transitory doings, can send shock waves throughout the system. Just as assassination in Shakespeare could derange the heavens, so too in Lawrence the motions of individual souls can disrupt cosmos. Lawrence finds the dynamics of the age played out in the sado-masochistic give and take of Gerald Crich and Gudrun Brangwen in *Women in Love*, the same deathly perversion of the will that the Chilchui Indians in the short story "The Women Who Rode Away" believe has enervated the sun. Indeed, in the haunting climax to that story, the heroine is about to be sacrificed to realign the balance between sun and moon and usher in a new era. Rarely, even in the Puritanical tradition out of which Lawrence comes, has the activity of ordinary individuals been freighted with such significance.

But it is precisely this sort of highly articulated moral universe that Amis' characters inhabit in his major work to date *London Fields*. The title itself gathers up most of Lawrence's essential themes. Among other things, it refers to the fields of rural England (2), force fields of "electromagnetic attraction and repulsion" among Londoners (134), the killing fields of Cambodia (142), fields of radiation emitted by nuclear weapon research (161), and the bygone fields of London itself where the dying narrator recalls boyhood games with his brother (463). This dry catalogue does not do complete justice to Amis' conception, however, for the title is not merely intended as a witty allusion to various aspects of the novel, but rather as something that is omnipresent and emerges from the text itself. Amis indicates the

deeply organic nature of his project in a prefatory note where he explains the process of choosing a title. After mentioning the possibilities that had occurred to him, he continues :

> There are two kinds of titles—two grades, two orders. The first kind of title decides on a name for something that is already there. The second kind of title is present all along: it lives and breathes, or it tries, on every page. My [earlier] suggestions (and they cost me sleep) are all of the first kind of title. *London fields* is the second kind of title. So let's call it *London Fields*. This book is called *London Fields*. *London Fields*...

As with Lawrence what holds the whole together is the incessant flow of energy, but now as we approach millennium accelerated, so that everything in Amis' universe seems to be on an imminent collision course: the male characters propelled toward Nicola, Nicola toward her fate, asteroids toward the earth, whole planets toward implosion in energy-sucking black holes. The highly charged, forward-surging prose style in which each sentence seems to compel the next—refusing, grumbled Amis *peré*, to provide any filler as an oasis of reflection—heightens the effect.

Amis' urgency is spurred by the sense that Lawrence's means of salvation for the twentieth century is a dwindling possibility. In conversation with Gerald on the value of life, Birkin had explained that for him "there remains only this perfect union with a woman—sort of ultimate marriage—and there isn't anything else...seeing there's no God" (*Women* 110). But as Amis' narrator, going one step further, wonders, 'What if love itself should disappear?' : "Perhaps love *was* dying, was already dead. One more catastrophe. The death of God was possibly survivable in the end. But if love was going the same way, if love was going out with God...(132)." And with a sudden importation of cosmic perspective reminiscent of fluid Renaissance shifts up and down the chain of being, Amis takes us up short by reminding that earth is love's only habitat in the universe (196).

With the stakes this high, the narrator attempts "a love story (I think), of all strange things, so late in the century, so late in the goddamned day (1)." The novel itself is the record of the ensuing struggle to craft the story between this ironically named champion of love Samson Young and his polar opposite Nicola Six, who makes a career of negating love and sending it back as its twin opposites hate and death. In this respect she is modeled on Lawrence's Gudrun, but Gudrun whose powers and cynicism have been exponentially increased. Whereas a Gudrun was alluring, Nicola is virtually irresistible. Whereas Gudrun had still remaining the experience of the illusionless last man, the "wizard rat" Loerke, Nicola "had really *got to the end* of men (126)." Neither believe in love, but Nicola wants to destroy love, to take it with her when she goes. She has a steady intuition that love will be present at her death and the climax of *her* story requires love to deny its own nature by killing her in a spasm of hatred and thereby annihilate itself.

As with Gudrun and, in fact, all Lawrence's unhealthy characters, Nicola's irremediable psychic distortion manifests itself in the imbalance of sado-masochism. She makes a career of torturing men while actively soliciting her own murder. All her many liaisons end in violence, differing only in whether she is dispensing or receiving physical abuse. In regard to this ultimately self-destructive cycle of violence she represents the evil genius of the atomic age : "Right from the start she had a friend—Enola, Enola Gay. Enola wasn't real. Enola came from inside the head of Nicola Six (16)." Indeed for most of the novel it appears that Nicola might well take the whole city with her as she moves toward her death on Guy Fawkes Day—London, it turns out, is a prime nuclear target in the ever worsening "Crisis". Having denied the future with seven abortions, Nicola claims Enola as her only creation.

In this vein, Amis takes full advantage of the cartoonish license of postmodern fiction to create prodigies of evil. Keith Talent, for example, has a character so thoroughly debased, a mind so "reptilian" that the human element seems all but extinguished. And Amis makes a point of reminding us that despite the black comedy of Keith's sordid doings "there *were* worse guys." Sure to be one of them, the child Marmaduke, in his impossibly sleepless dedication to mayhem, threatens to transcend even the conventions of postmodernism. (Amis slyly has his narrator confess "I keep trying to tone Marmaduke *down* [158]," while only making things worse by offering the defense that this is already a bowdlerized version.) A serial nanny-maimer, Marmaduke spends interludes between victims in beating his head against the nursery wall and gorging himself until he throws it all up—a parody of Nicola's sado-masochism. Here is her true spiritual progeny, the human embodiment of Enola Gay's "Little Boy," who together ring a gruesome pun on the much vaunted *nuclear* family of the 80's. (Guy holds his son at arm's length "like a bag of plutonium"). This delight in excess is invariably funny, sometimes hysterically so—and this is the temperamental difference that sorts Amis out sharply from the notoriously humorless Lawrence who can manage only grim irony—but Amis' intention is every bit as serious as Lawrence's. In the introduction to *Einstein's Monsters* he underscores the surreal quality of life in the nuclear age in a passage that might serve, too, as artistic manifesto:

> I believe that many of the deformations and perversities of the modern setting are related to—and are certainly dwarfed by—this massive preemption. Our moral contracts are inevitably weakened, and in unpredictable ways. After all, what *acte gratuite*, what vulgar outrage or moronic barbarity can compare with the black dream of nuclear exchange (7-8) ?

Seen against this backdrop, the comedic disorientation and seemingly boundless excess, far from manic self-indulgence, effectively register moral dislocation much in the manner of the hallucinated realism of Dickens. This attempt to portray a present already

gathered up and transfigured by an imminent future is the distinguishing feature of apocalyptic fiction as Kermode identifies it and owes an obvious debt to Christian eschatology (24-8). The narrative of our life, at its most meaningful, is written backwards—an idea Amis explores more radically in *Time's Arrow*.

Amis' virtuoso performance in this regard is not without its potential dangers, however, for it is not always easy to be certain what sort of accountability we should grant his characters. The difficulty in getting clear about Nicola and her gruesome end is the prime example. Throughout the novel we are beckoned into the fulness of her private life in bedroom and bathroom, all of which lends a solidity to her character. We dutifully watch her wash dishes and trek to the tobacconist to buy her favorite cigarettes. Yet there is also the Nicola of superhuman clairvoyance and soulless manipulativeness who threatens to take on the allegorical proportions of, say, Spenser's Duessa, a demonic principal assuming human shape, a seductive hologram. This diabolical aspect in Nicola is furthered by the association of her name with Old Nick; her Mephistophelian pact with Keith (he alone uses shortened forms of her name as if at least partial recognition is a condition of the contract); and her address at 666, an extension of her last name. The difficulty in sorting out Nicola the character from Nicola the allegory is brought to a head when we are forced to make sense of the novel's single most disturbing scene in which the narrator clubs a fully willing Nicola to death with a tire iron—and Amis clearly means for us to accept the act as necessary.

If we insist on preserving Nicola's status as a character, Amis has, in mitigation, shown us her horribly destructive career, including in great detail her unforgivable abuse of the idealistic Guy. Further, by allusion to the suicide of Hardy's similar darkly exotic and frustrated beauty, Eustacia Wye—both die on bonfire night—Amis means for us to acknowledge death as preferable to a loveless future. But none of this gets at the intense call between murderer and murderee, a connection that relies on the dark logic of Lawrentian dynamics. In *Women in Love*, during a wedding reception, Birkin's defense of the bride's healthy spontaneity that had led her to disregard convention annoys Gerald, quickly leading to the following escalation:

> "And I," said Gerald grimly, "shouldn't like to be in a world of people who acted individually and spontaneously, as you call it. We should have everybody cutting everybody else's throat in five minutes."
>
> "That means you would like to be cutting everybody's throat," said Birkin.
>
> "How does that follow?" asked Gerald crossly.
>
> "No man," said Birkin, "cuts another man's throat unless he wants to cut it,

and unless the other man wants it cutting. This is a complete truth. It takes two people to make a murder: a murderer and a murderee. And a murderee is a man who is murderable. And a man who is murderable is a man who in a profound if hidden lust desires to be murdered (27)."

Consonant with Birkin's analysis, Nicola's desire to be murdered is made clear from the very beginning. (Acknowledging the centrality of this, Amis came close to calling the novel *The Murderee*, his considered best choice among the second kind of title.) On her first visit to the Black Cross pub, Nicola immediately feels the Lawrentian blood response of her muderer—before anyone has motive—and gradually pulls all three of the male possibilities present there into her orbit. Dominating Keith and Guy by denying sex, Samson by forcing it, she supplies each with the missing reason to kill her. But when Samson finally complies, what ethical sense are we to make of the act? It this a case of Amis following a desperate Lawrence into the morass of *The Plumed Serpent* with its sanctioning of murder for the sake of a New Time?

I think the answer to this must be no, but it is not an easy no. To his credit Amis refuses to fracture his novel by sublimating Nicola to pure allegory in the events leading up to the murder. In fact, shortly before the end he invokes sympathy for her—the only time in the work he does so. As she anticipates her death on the following day, Samson is genuinely moved:

> Nicola was looking out, at the window, at the world. Her slender throat tautened, and her eyes filled with indignation or simple self-belief. She had about her then the thing of hers that touched me most: as if she were surrounded, on every side, by tiny multitudes of clever enemies (436).

Further, Samson reacts after the murder with a sense of pollution: "Yesterday I dreamt I ate my teeth. *That's* what murder feels like. I failed in art and love. I wonder if there's time to wash all this blood off my hands" (467). Samson's haunted reaction, though, orients our reading of events. This burden of blood-guilt attending the murder of a creature of contagion, when coupled with the victim's own foreknowledge of doom and the inevitable march toward her fate, solicits a consideration of the novel in terms of Greek tragedy. Seen in this way, Nicola's death becomes a matter of cosmic readjustment, the order of things beings set right. Samson is not thereby absolved of the murder, but the act can be expiated, and this is clearly Amis' intent at the novel's end when Samson dedicates his failing energies to protecting the abused child Kim. Amis underlines the connection by having the final words of Samson's note to Kim —"So if you ever felt something behind you, when you weren't even one, like a welcome heat, like a bulb, like a sun, trying to shine right across the universe— it was me. Always me. It was me. It was me". (470)—echo Nicola's flare of recognition at the moment of murder: "You... always you" (465). At the most abstract level Nicola's elimination is a necessary condition for Kim's survival.

Samson's comparison of his love for Kim with the sun's warmth and light reaffirm at the last the positive loop of Lawrentian energies. Throughout most of the novel, however, this force has been diminishing as events have moved toward November 5th, Nicola's birthday and the scheduled total eclipse of the sun. She and the sun hasten simultaneously toward obliteration, or more accurately, Nicola seems to be dragging the sun with her. Samson first sees her against "the low sun" and at her final address "she had never been so far west before". Ominously, the sun is all the while threatened with a more permanent occlusion by the ever increasing likelihood of the nuclear war that has targeted London. Nicola's anti-energy is poised to replace the natural order: "Enola shone through Little Boy [the bomb dropped on Hiroshima] with the light of many suns" (66). Indeed, it seems like no match since those who recognize our responsibility in maintaining the sun— and for Amis this means the correspondent outflow of love — are bewildered or enervated. Guy, for example, gropingly tries to explain his intuition to his wife: "Please look. If I move my head, then the sun moves on the water. My eyes have as much say in it as the sun"(31),only to be met with dismissive sarcasm. Later he muses alone. "Why didn't more people worship the sun? The sun had so much going for it. It created life; it was profoundly mysterious; it was so powerful that no one on earth dared to look its way (148). "Samson, love's chief repository, lives in increasing pain, the radiation of Enola's other "suns" gnawing at his bones.

The proximate disappearance of the sun and the withering of love présages the imminent end of the planet. In a passage reminiscent of Lawrence's millenarian despair, Aims looks at our bleak prospects:

> We haven't been around for very long and we've turned the earth's hair white. She seemed to have eternal youth but now she's ageing awful fast, like an addict, like a waxless candle. *Jesus have you seen her recently?* We used to live and die without any sense of the planet getting older, of mother earth getting older, living and dying. We used to live outside history. But now we're coterminous. We're inside history now all right on its leading edge, with the wind ripping past our ears. Hard to love, when you're bracing for impact. And maybe love can't bear it either, and flees all planets when they reach this condition, when they get to the end of their twentieth centuries (197).

At this stage, human relationships fly apart, the pull of love reduced to almost zero gravity. Hope is unfaithful to Guy. Nicola endures relationships only long enough to make a diary entry. Keith keeps a string of girlfriends, merely one aspect of his career as a professional cheat. In fact, things have reached such a state that the cheats, grown so numerous, are reduced to cheating each other in an endless exchange of worthless goods. Worst of all, Kathy, abused by her husband Keith, in turn abuses her daughter Kim by

burning her with cigarettes. Harbingers of our end, the animals have already begun disappearing, and those that remain, like Keith's dog, are diseased and lethargic.

In light of this general entropy, an affirmative ending to the novel might seem to be implausible. Yet, as Amis reminds us : "Of all the forces, love is the strangest... Love can make a woman pick up a bus, or it can crush a man under the weight of a feather (324)." It can even enable the nearly extinguished Samson to act with the vigor necessary to kill Nicola and rescue Kim. Further, the extraordinary power of love is something those who don't experience it vastly underestimate. Nicola can imagine love only as a naïveté in regard to sexual urgings, and thus doesn't recognize it as a primordial force in itself or realize the range of its objects. When she manipulates Samson into sodomy with her—the last stage of decadence according to Lawrence—she believes that she has dispelled his illusion of love forever. From the beginning she has had the premonition that love would be present at her murder, but she has mistakenly taken this to mean the rage attendant on her demystification of love. What she never sees is that Samson's love—a love for Kim, for the planet, for the possibility of a future—is what is present at the end, and intact.

This faith in renewal based on the generosity of the individual—Dickens' ratification of the golden heart—places Amis squarely in the tradition of English moralists and again establishes his obvious kinship with Lawrence. As with Lawrence, except in his mercifully brief leadership phase, Amis' protagonists have little sense of class solidarity, join no movements, look to overthrow no regimes despite the mass insanity and sense of impending doom. If human community is to be reestablished, the bonds of connection, according to Amis, are much more likely to be the delicate filaments of private relationships. And these in turn are confirmed, as they are in Lawrence, by touch : Guy's hand on that of Keith's humiliated lover Trish, Samson reaching down to pick up Kim. These are always the moments when, despite the articulateness of Amis' protagonists, words fail. It is the outstretched arm that can most easily cross class boundaries : at the end, the three characters allied by love—Guy, Samson, and Kim—are from the upper, middle, and lower class respectively.

This is not to say that Amis is naively unaware of the brutalities of the British class system. His earlier novel *Money* had followed the roller coaster ride of John Self through the slum and plutocracy of Thatcher's England. Along the way self remarks on the hopelessness of the working class young :

> Now they seep out of school—to what? To nothing, to fuck-all. The young (you can see it in their faces), the stegosaurus-rugged no-hopers, the parrot-crested blankies—they've come up with an appropriate response to this, which is : nothing. Which is nothing, which is fuck-all. The dole-queue starts at the exit to the playground (144).

London Fields shows us what becomes of these youth grown older—inmates of the squalid Black Cross pub during the day, petty and largely unsuccessful criminals by night. Yet all their bravado and posturing prove inadequate defenses against "an unshakeable conviction of worthlessness."

But just as Amis is unwilling to rely on class consciousness for a solution, he is unwilling to see class origins as fully exculpatory. Instead he follows Lawrence's tendency to cloak individuality in mystery. In *Women in Love*, for example, there is no biological or sociological explanation possible for Ursula's nature having originated in humble surroundings, of lusterless parents :

> How could he [Mr.Brangwen] be the parent of Ursula, when he was not created himself. He was not a parent. A slip of living flesh had been transmitted through him, but the spirit had not come from him. The spirit had not come from any ancestor, it had come out of the unknown. A child is a child of the mystery, or it is uncreated (333).

Likewise in *London Fields* there is no satisfactory explanation offered for Nicola's warped being, or in a case parallel to Ursula's, why Kim should be remarkable though born to the unspeakable Keith. The moral urgency of both Lawrence and Amis requires responsible, largely free-standing selves to whom they can appeal.

But whether the appeal will be heeded is far from certain, for despite the positive ending, the future is in no way assured. In fact, the odds once again looked stacked against it. Samson may have managed to give Kim a fighting chance at survival, but what will that chance amount to with Marmaduke as her contemporary? He embodies all the latent potential for evil Amis detects in the future ; one can only speculate with horror what he will be like with adult power. Amis presents us with an ominous glimpse : "Marmaduke himself would unquestionably favour First-Use. Marmaduke was a definite First-Use Artist. Fight like hell for three days and then blow up the world (220)". Wistfully imagining his book might be turned into a film, Samson can only imagine "a little robot ... or high-tech cartoon...or, because age and time has gone so far wrong now, why not a youthful dwarf (282)" filling the role of Marmaduke. The warping of time, its manic acceleration as we approach zero hour, has propelled Marmaduke from infancy to pseudo-adulthood, without his ever having experienced childhood. In perhaps the most striking image of the way in which our moral failure on a grand scale corrupts us daily on a small scale, we find Marmaduke having physically and emotionally supplanted Guy in Hope's bed. Paul Morel's Oedipal fantasies now, at the end of Freud's century, meet with no resistance.

With a Manichean neatness that so often attends apocalyptic thinking, Amis carefully counterposes Kim's virtues against Marmaduke's vices. Whereas Marmaduke sputters incoherent obscenities, Kim's first words, attended to closely, reveal the gift of

vision. Whereas Marmaduke reacts to paternal solicitude with violence, Kim yearns for affectionate bonds with a callous, neglectful father. The childrens' relationship with their respective mothers also stands in stark contrast : Marmaduke's mother is self-indulgent and in turn grotesquely indulges her son ; Kim's mother is abused and in turn abuses Kim. And finally, Marmaduke's upbringing is upholstered with Guy's millions ; Kim is raised in a flat the size of a shoe box. Yet at the end the two radically opposed children seem destined for encounter since Samson has gotten Guy to take responsibility for Kim's future. His last act of love has been to create the conditions necessary for a *Wahlverwandshaft* between spiritual father and daughter. As foster siblings, Marmaduke and Kim will represent the Janus-faced possibilities of the next generation.

What's left to save has diminished considerably, though, since Lawrence died in 1930. At the end of his last major work, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, we are left with Mellors and Connie huddled in a diminishing Wragby Wood like an endangered species. By the time Amis writes, this sort of natural habitat barely qualifies as nostalgic :

> I must go back to London fields—but of course I'll never do it now. So far away. The time, the time, it never *was* the time... If I shut my eyes I can see the innocuous sky, afloat above the park of milky green. The traintrack, the slope, the trees, the stream : I played there with my brother as a child. So long ago (463).

Guy and Kim will have to survive on London's mean streets, the pattern of which, seen from above, constitutes the grid of a nuclear dart board. There's no longer any place to hide. As Nicola approaches her end, she throws the book she had been reading *Women in Love* across the room, "because reading presupposed a future" (195). In an effort to save that future, Amis implies that we might do well to begin by picking up our Lawrence once again.

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