**(Contd…5)**

dub today surprised American officials "Fascists". The surprise is 30 years late.

The readers of Nabokov's book will notice the extraordinary similarity between the present attitude of former Leninists and disgruntled Stalinists in this country toward Soviet Russia and the unpopular opinions Russian intellectuals kept expressing in émigré periodicals during the three decades immediately following the Bolshevik Revolution, while our enthusiastic radicals were prostrating themselves in adoration before Soviet Russia. One has to assume that the émigré political writers either were many years ahead of their time in the understanding of the true spirit and inevitable evolution of the Soviet regime, or that they possessed an intuition and a foresight bordering on the miraculous.

We vividly visualise Miss Braun's college years. Not so with the author of Conclusive Evidence, for he has nothing to say whatsoever about the classes he surely must have attended. After leaving Russia at the outset of the Soviet era, Nabokov completed his education at Cambridge University. From 1922 to 1940, he dwelt in various parts of Europe, mainly Berlin and Paris. Incidentally, it is curious to compare Nabokov's rather gruesome impressions of Berlin between the two wars with Mr Spender's contemporaneous but far more lyrical recollections (as published in the Partisan a couple of years ago), especially the bit about "relentlessly handsome German youths".

In describing his literary activities during the years of voluntary exile in Europe, Mr Nabokov adopts the somewhat annoying method of referring to himself in the third person as "Sirin" - a literary pseudonym under which he was, and still is, well known in the limited but highly cultured and discriminating world of Russian expatriates.

It is true that having practically stopped being a Russian writer, he is free to discuss Sirin's work as separate from his own. But one is inclined to think that his true purpose here is to project himself, or at least his most treasured self, into the picture he paints.

One is reminded of those problems of "objectivity" that the philosophy of science brings up. An observer makes a detailed picture of the whole universe but when he has finished he realises that it still lacks something: his own self. So he puts himself in it too. But again a "self" remains outside and so forth, in an endless sequence of projections, like those advertisements that depict a girl holding a picture of herself holding a picture of herself holding a picture that only coarse printing prevents one's eye from making out. In fact, Nabokov has gone a step further and under the mask of Sirin has projected a tertiary persona called Vasili Shishkov. This action was the outcome of a ten-year-old feud he had been carrying with the most gifted of the émigré critics, George Adamovich, who had rejected at first, then reluctantly accepted and finally admired with many an enthusiastic flourish Sirin's prose, but still kept pooh-poohing his verse. With the sporting co-operation of a review's editor, Nabokov-Sirin assumed the name of Shishkov. On an August day in 1939 Adamovich, reviewing in the Russian- language newspaper Posledni ja Novosti (published in Paris) the 69th issue of the quarterly Sovremennyja Zapiski (also published in Paris), lavished inordinate praise on Shishkov's poem The Poets and suggested that at this late date the Russian emigration might have at last produced a great poet.

In the fall of the same year, in the same newspaper, Sirin described at length an imaginary interview he had had with "Vasili Shishkov". In a groggy but still game reply Adamovich said that he doubted it was a hoax but added that Sirin might be inventive enough to enact inspiration and genius that would greatly surpass his, Sirin's, capacities. Very soon after that the World War II put an end to Russian literature in Paris.

I am afraid I cannot quite believe the author of Conclusive Evidence when, in his recollection of literary life, he stresses the perfect indifference he has always had in regard to criticism, adverse or favourable. Anyway, a ghoulish, vindictive, and sometimes rather foolish streak used to show in his own critical articles.

How do we learn the great secret wrapped in words? We see that a foreigner generally fails to acquire a perfect, native sense of their import. He has not lived from infancy in the quiet reception and unconscious study of them, and felt how one word is allied to others and how one age - with its writings, its unrecorded traditions and its common style of conversation - flows into another. In her beautiful, compassionate, intensely feminine quest in the kingdom of things past, Miss Braun has one difficulty less to surmount than Nabokov has. True, the Russian author had English governesses when he was a child and spent three college years in England. To bring up Conrad's case in reference to Nabokov's novels written in English (The Real Life of Sebastian Knight and Bend Sinister) would mean missing the point of the latter's achievement. Conrad - whose English style, anyway, was a collection of glorified clichés - had not had 20 years of intense participation in Polish literature behind him when he started on his British career. Nabokov, on the other hand, when he switched to English, was the author of several novels and numerous short stories in Russian, and indeed had gained a lasting place in Russian literature, despite the fact that his books were banned in his mother country. The only analogy in this respect is that both men might have chosen French as readily as English.

As a matter of fact, Nabokov's first attempt, in the middle Thirties, at original prose in a language not his own was a story he wrote in French (Mademoiselle O) which Paulhan published in Mesures (an English version of this, with most of the fiction weeded out by its author, appeared in The Atlantic Monthly and was reprinted in Nine Stories). The present reviewer has an odd recollection of hearing Nabokov lecture in brilliant French at a certain soirée littéraire - in 1937, I believe - in a Parisian concert hall. A Hungarian lady writer, today forgotten but then very much à la mode as the author of a French bestseller (something about a fishing cat), who was scheduled to speak that night, had wired a few hours before the lecture that she could not come, and Gabriel Marcel, one of the organisers of that series of talks, had prevailed upon Nabokov to appear as a last-minute substitute with a lecture in French on Pushkin (later published in the Nouvelle Revue Française). The lecturer's acte gratuite (as Mr Auden charmingly misgenders it) was prefaced by a curious movement, a kind of whirlpool in the audience. The whole Hungarian colony had bought tickets; some of them were leaving upon finding out about the change in the programme. Other Hungarians stayed on in blissful ignorance. Most of the French contingent had drifted away too. In the wings, the Hungarian Envoy was violently shaking hands with Nabokov whom he mistook for the lady's husband. Alerted Russian expatriates had loyally rallied and were doing their best to stitch up the ever widening holes in the house. Paul and Lucy Léon, faithful friends of Nabokov, had brought James Joyce as a special surprise; a Hungarian soccer team occupied the first row.

Today Mr Nabokov must find it strange to recall the literary vagaries of his young years. With his wife and son, he now lives in this country of which he is a citizen; lives happily, I understand, in the simple disguise of an obscure college professor of literature with spacious vacations devoted to butterfly hunting in the West. In lepidopterological circles, he is known as a somewhat eccentric taxonomist with analytic rather than synthetic leanings. In American scientific journals, he has published various discoveries of his own relating to new species or forms of butterflies; and - a scientific tradition that seems to impress so much lay reporters - other entomologists have named butterflies and moths after him. The American Museum of Natural History in New York and the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard preserve Nabokov's type specimens. On a visit to the latter institution I was shown several tiny moths - belonging to a marvellously multiform genus - which Nabokov discovered in the Wasatch Mountains of Utah in 1943. One of these McDunnough has named Eupithecia nabokovi. This is a delightfully satisfying resolution of a certain thematic line of Conclusive Evidence where Nabokov tells how passionately he had dreamed in his boyhood of discovering a new member of that particular group.

Barbara Braun's poise and taste, the purity and simplicity of her style as sparkling as a New England brook, are qualities not shared by the author of Conclusive Evidence. One cannot help being irritated by certain peculiarities of Nabokov's manner, by his casual use of terms that little-known scientists have invented for little-known diseases; by his general tendency to dabble in esoteric sensations; by his methods of transliteration (he uses one system - the correct one - for rendering samples of Russian speech, and another system, pockmarked with compromise, for transliterating names); or by such whims of his as suddenly throwing in a chess problem (without giving the key move which is Bishop to -). His admirers may, however, retort that the author of Alice Through The Looking Glass devoted his frontispiece to an excellent chess composition that surely not many of his little readers could be presumed to enjoy.

Another matter that cannot fail to offend a certain type of reader (upper-middle-class in the cultural sense) is Nabokov's attitude toward such writers as Freud, Mann and Eliot, whom tradition and good manners have taught one to respect together with Lenin and Henry James. At the oneiromancy and mythogeny of psychoanalysis Nabokov has been poking rude fun since the Twenties. Thomas Mann he places in the Jules Romain Rolland-Galsworthy subfamily, somewhere between Upton and Lewis, as he irreverently phrases it (Romain being mathematically equal to Sinclair). He is prone to throw a veritable fit of sarcastic glee when high middle-class critics place the plaster of Mann and Eliot beside the marble of Proust and Joyce.

Few people will share his contention that Eliot's poetry is essentially platitudinous.

As Mr Cleanth Brooks so ably puts it somewhere, "whether or not Mr Eliot noticed this passage (something in poor Miss Weston's work) or intends a reference, the violation of a woman makes a very good symbol (my italics) of the process of secularisation". I suppose Nabokov is merely trying to be witty when he remarks that the popular success of Eliot's recent play belongs to the same order as "Zootism, Existentialism and Titoism," and, surely, all those whose muse, née Eliotovich, is so huskily vocal in little magazines, will fervently agree that calling T S E "the Wally Simpson of American literature" is a sally in very bad taste indeed. Then, too, there is his contempt for Dostoevski which makes Russians shudder and is disapproved of in the academic circles of our greatest universities. Perhaps Nabokov's immunity to the sentimental cults American critics have preserved since the Twenties and Thirties is due to his having gone, during those years, through a Zeitgeist-less phase in the world of Russian ascetic exile far removed from "Jazz Age" and "pre-Crash" fashions.

But with all its shortcomings Conclusive Evidence still remains a significant contribution. It is "conclusive evidence" in regard to many things, among which the most obvious is that this world is not as bad as it seems. Mr Nabokov is to be congratulated on having performed a very capable and very necessary job. His memoirs will find a permanent place on the book lover's shelf side-by-side with Leo Tolstoy's Childhood, T S Elmann's Amen Corner and Barbara Braun's When Lilacs Last, which I now propose to discuss. n This is the greater part of Chapter Sixteen of Speak, Memory: An Autobiography Revisited. The book is published by Everyman at £10.99. To order a copy at the special price of £8.99, plus 99p p&p, freephone 0500 600102.

## Eat butterflies with me?

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Patricia Lockwood is a contributing editor at the *LRB*. Her novel No One Is Talking About This was shortlisted for the Booker Prize and the Women’s Prize for Fiction, and won the Dylan Thomas Prize. She lives in Savannah, Georgia.

*Think, Write, Speak: Uncollected Essays, Reviews, Interviews and Letters to the Editor*

by Vladimir Nabokov, edited by Brian Boyd and Anastasia Tolstoy. Penguin, 576 pp., £12.99, November, 78

Strong Opinions​, a collection of Nabokov’s interviews, reviews and essays published in 1973, contains an interview with the great man so brazenly bad, so shocking in each successive clause, that as long as you’re reading it, you’re dreaming of the movie version. Picture Benedict Cumberbatch hunched over a legal pad, sweating lightly, pressing Vladimir Vladimirovich Nabokov (Jared Harris) to admit that a sentence about a character paring his fingernails was inspired by James Joyce. Admit it he does not: ‘The phrase you quote is an unpleasant coincidence.’ Cumberbatch’s sweating intensifies. His jumper has been nibbled by the only moths on earth that are beneath his idol’s notice. Vladimir toys sardonically with the rook on his chessboard as Véra (Tilda Swinton, wearing the whitest wig money can buy) brings in a tray. ‘Are you aware that I saved Lolita from the incinerator?’ she asks, as she pours the tea. It is her only line.

In this new collection of ephemera, Think, Write, Speak, Nabokov identifies that industrious interviewer, Alfred Appel, Jr, as ‘my pedant ... Every writer should have such a pedant. He was a student of mine at Cornell and later he married a girl I’d taught at another time, and I understand that I was their first shared passion.’ Imagine it: erotic unification over this man, someone who hated music in public places, fascists and Bolshevists, the feel of satin; who was dolphin-like in his movements, an obsessive self-googler before easy engines existed, who could not spell ‘tongue’ correctly on the first try. Every writer should have such a pedant – every writer should have two, returning in the evenings to commune over the crucial works, the neglected fragments. Perhaps, on some hardly-to-be-hoped-for day, discovering themselves brother and sister.

A complete biography lurks behind the slow accumulation of these pages. We begin, what could be more boyish, with descriptions of the ‘wild dark-grey trousers’ of Cambridge, with paeans to Rupert Brooke, with bubbling appreciations of not very good poetry. He is an émigré, and unmistakeably happy to be at work building his name: this happiness is what finally convinces us that he truly didn’t miss all that White Russian money, gone up to heaven like vapour. Gradually he becomes famous, and is persecuted with so many questions about nymphets and Freud that some essential openness closes, the openness you see in the early letters to Edmund Wilson, in the avalanche of epithets he piles on Véra during her stay in a sanatorium before they were married. From the comfortable vantage of a Swiss eyrie, the myths and just-so stories are launched and refined. ‘What have you learned from Joyce?’ ‘Nothing.’ ‘Gogol?’ ‘I was careful not to learn anything from him.’ If Nabokov and I have one thing in common, it’s that we were both careful not to learn anything from Gogol.

In this book a soft, damp skin hardens into a polished and uncrushable carapace – reminiscent of those palmetto bugs I used to smash with a Bible in my apartment in Florida, which could be flattened to the thinness of a dime and still live. On the first page, he is enthusiastic, deferential, eager; by the last he is a triple-reinforced roach that cannot be killed. He isn’t a regular roach, though. He’s an Art Roach. He buffs and buffs himself, until the Alps outside the window are reflected in his own high shine, and entering from stage left, we see the shape of Véra.

After 1958, Think, Write, Speak contains little except interviews; when an answer sounds like an echo in a marble hall, it is because he has repurposed it from Speak, Memory. The sameness is unrelieved – until the late 1960s, when various malpractising journalists begin asking him about hippies, which is pleasant. (‘I feel nothing but contemptuous pity for the illiterate drug-dazed hoodlums I have happened to observe, but I do not assume that all hippies are violent cretins.’) We end with the hilarious statement, the fitting and most Nabokovian lie: ‘If I do have any obsessions I’m careful not to reveal them in fictional form.’

There is a static quality to Nabokov’s earliest reminiscences. The rooms of his childhood are presented as chessboards, waiting for the mysterious animating force of the game. ‘I see again my schoolroom in Vyra,’ he writes in Speak, Memory,

the blue roses of the wallpaper, the open window. Its reflection fills the oval mirror above the leathern couch where my uncle sits, gloating over a tattered book. A sense of security, of wellbeing, of summer warmth pervades my memory. That robust reality makes a ghost of the present. The mirror brims with brightness; a bumblebee has entered the room and bumps against the ceiling. Everything is as it should be, nothing will ever change, nobody will ever die.

I would remember this childhood too; we all would. It takes place in a paperweight. ‘A coloured spiral in a small ball of glass, this is how I see my own life.’ A young aristocrat, 75 per cent composed of foraged mushrooms, asks his pristine parents what an erection is, and they tell him that Tolstoy has died. Who can’t relate? But while these early impressions are documented photographically, his young adulthood is less thoroughly treated. The world, which previously creaked on its axis, has begun to gather speed. He is expelled from his nursery, a staggering inheritance from that gay leathern uncle is won and lost in what seems only a day, his father is assassinated while attempting to shield the real target. But the elision of these years has less to do with memory and more to do with the fact that to be young and unformed is embarrassing to such a man; to see the sun of your encompassing power on the horizon, but not to be able to grasp it, or even to look at it directly. In the earliest essays, we see species, categories, periodic tables; languages and countries; real and alternate histories are set before him and we see him reach out a hand towards what he is, what he is going to be. Anything is possible. His mother has been all morning in the woods and parks of St Petersburg; she lets the bounty of him fall to the floor with an exaggerated pouf!

Perhaps this is why Chapter 15 of Glory glows so among his writings. It is where he chooses, and his doppelgängers choose – even though, as he states in the preface to the later English edition, he was careful to give the protagonist No Talent. The temptation to do so must have been strong, for a man whose eyes were constructed like Aladdin’s to see dazzle in the dark. The rubies move: they are better, they are beetles.

When he entered the university it took Martin a long time to decide on a field of study. There were so many, and all were fascinating. He procrastinated on their outskirts, finding everywhere the same magical spring of vital elixir. He was excited by the viaduct suspended over an alpine precipice, by steel come to life, by the divine exactitude of calculation. He understood that impressionable archaeologist who, after having cleared the path to as yet unknown tombs and treasures, knocked on the door before entering, and, once inside, fainted with emotion. Beauty dwells in the light and stillness of laboratories: like an expert diver gliding through the water with open eyes, the biologist gazes with relaxed eyelids into the microscope’s depths, and his neck and forehead slowly begin to flush, and, tearing himself away from the eyepiece, he says, ‘That settles everything.’

After reading that I always feel a whoosh, as if I’d just stepped back from the edge of a cliff. We almost lost him to the study of viaducts. Instead, he chose literature, the only dark capable of containing all that array, as well as occasional detours into ‘the classification of certain small blue butterflies on the basis of their male genitalic structure’. Well, obviously.

Erudition is delicate to dissect. It is one of the little creatures that has learned to look like other things: bark and background, eyes. His seems as if it must have developed over uncountable years, but that is not so – we witness him learn, in these early essays, to lay his pattern precisely on a sheet of paper. To read them is to be inside his desk, in a snow of notes, among the worldly flurry of what drew his attention. We mark the sharpening of his little knife: ‘The author pretends to be an idiot, but why isn’t clear,’ he writes in ‘A Few Words on the Wretchedness of Soviet Fiction’. ‘I shall limit myself to an excerpt. Here it goes: she leaves, he immerses himself in party work. And the story ends like this: ‘“Goddammit,” he said, “we have huge economic opportunities.”’ We follow his excursions into nostalgia: ‘At a fair, in a remote little town, I won a cheap porcelain pig at target shooting. I abandoned it on the shelf at the hotel when I left town. And in doing so, I condemned myself to remember it. I am hopelessly in love with this porcelain pig.’ And we receive his unchanging thesis: ‘Though I personally would be satisfied to spend the whole of eternity gazing at a blue hill or a butterfly, I would feel the poorer if I accepted the idea of there not existing still more vivid means of knowing butterflies and hills.’

The day is visible somehow in these interviews, slanting down through tall windows, and I found myself thinking very often of what he had for lunch, perhaps because of those cutlets and compotes so frequently described in the early letters where he calls Véra ‘Pussykins’ and ‘Tufty’. To read the interviews is to see the whirlwind of index cards, the dry white fountain, the dead leaves of his prepared answers and the breeze of his off-guard ones. He is most alive in an interview with Sports Illustrated about butterflies. ‘Chort!’ he exclaims. ‘I have been doing this since I was five or six, and I find myself using the same Russian swear words. Chort means “the devil”. It’s a word I never use otherwise.’ He looks at the landscape and says: ‘It looks like a giant chess game is being played around us.’ (Everything is as it should be, nothing will ever change, nobody will ever die.) While Véra shops in the supermarket, he tells the interviewer that

when I was younger I ate some butterflies in Vermont to see if they were poisonous. I didn’t see any difference between a Monarch butterfly and a Viceroy. The taste of both was vile, but I had no ill effects. They tasted like almonds and perhaps a green cheese combination. I ate them raw. I held one in one hot little hand and one in the other. Will you eat some with me tomorrow for breakfast?

Where is the butterfly-eater, exuberant and mad in the manner of a ten-year-old naturalist, absorbed in a particle that looks like the world, in the rest of these ossified answers? And what is Véra buying in the supermarket – almonds? Green cheese?

I am not one of his pedants, yet I thought of them often as I reread his work. Nabokov and I are hardly a match made in heaven – I’m stumped by the most elementary brainteasers, every chess game I’ve ever played has lasted at least two hours and no one has been able to win, and when faced with a fictional family tree, I feel I’m trying to eat a Filofax. Still I revisit him: Speak, Memory, Lolita, my beloved Pnin, Pale Fire.

Pale Fire is a book that could be read for an entire lifetime, always on the verge of discovery, until finally, at the end, it shows up: a bigger, more respectable, more transcendental version of the assassin Gradus, walking towards the staggered flash of a million photographers. It has no solution because it is designed to work like human memory: returning obsessively to a secret passageway discovered in childhood, flight over a spine of mountains (read with the brain, the backbone, the little hairs), the hiding place of the crown jewels. The index is in the body – one reference will send us chasing after another, and the same scarlet pages crop up again and again on a darkness that is the inside of the eyelids.

Yet none of this highfaluting language conveys my bug-eyed discomfort when I actually read Pale Fire, clawing dutifully after every footnote, stuffing the commentary with post-its, triple-underlining phrases like ‘his brown shoes’, only pausing occasionally to see the white fountain of remixed and continuous life that John Shade saw when his heart stopped. Nabokov sets up problems to which it seems there should be answers, but he does not give answers, he gives rewards. That is why he is beloved, why people dedicate whole academic lives to him. White fountains at the end of the mind.

What is it about, except the foolish human feeling that literature is written directly to us, that it is a letter with an imperishable blank in the address? ‘I was holding all Zembla pressed to my heart.’ We are Kinbote tiptoeing across the lawn, holding the rubber-banded batches of index cards against our chest. We have chased down every lead, hunted down all the echoes, put ourselves in possession of the ultimate meaning. We have made a grand discovery: the story is about us. We will spirit it away, and fill in every blank with our own name.

Some of this shit is for chess people; he is a Sherlock Holmes who pops clues into his mouth for the sheer oral sensation. (It is appropriate, both in terms of his work and his profile, to think of him as an Alfred Hitchcock who insists on appearing in every frame of his movies, not just a single scene.) But how beautifully he speaks of it! ‘There is no time on the chessboard. Time replaced by a bottomless space,’ he said in one interview. ‘The knight jumps a square. But if, for example, it is at one side of the chessboard, then one wonders why it can’t jump from the other side, in the space beyond the chessboard. I have myself thought up problems which incorporate the possibility of a knight who flies off and then who comes back from that space.’ The knight is a character, the space is fiction, the flying off and the landing again is the work. ‘I suppose I am especially susceptible to the magic of games,’ Humbert confesses in Lolita. ‘In my chess sessions with Gaston I saw the board as a square pool of limpid water with rare shells and stratagems rosily visible upon the smooth tessellated bottom, which to my confused adversary was all ooze and squid-cloud.’ Conceptions of space, dimension, movement, strategy. Some of the books move on highways; some down corridors; some through wormholes; some sit stationary in the darkness of cinemas. Some go to college, where sometimes he is the student, slicing across the quad, and eventually the professor, patting his suit pocket for his notes: did he leave them on the train again? Chort!

Something curious and wonderful happens when you read his lectures: you slip into the flow and the logic of his reading. Towards the middle of them – as he is musing on a sentence from Dickens, say, which the word ‘heavy’ properly weights down – no one else is there. Certainly, there are no students, no Thomas Pynchons, no Ruth Bader Ginsburgs. The word Eigengrau means own grey, or intrinsic grey, or brain grey. It is what you see when you close your eyes. After a while you are in Nabokov’s own grey, turning down corridors, coming on the characters in their humble rooms, which are still inflected with the grandness of his childhood ones, they cannot help it. High ceilings, a patch of dazzling snow outside the window, a paperweight winking on the mantlepiece. I haven’t even read Bleak House – it is the cherished prerogative of an uneducated person, to save Bleak House for the end of the world – yet there I was, a little thread between my fingertips, following his dolphinish walk through the fog, and entering the place where Krook has spontaneously combusted.

In his lecture on Jane Austen, Nabokov uses the term ‘knight’s move’ to describe how Austen manoeuvres her characters from one side of the board to the other, emotionally. (The concept is invoked here too, less flatteringly, in a review of Hilaire Belloc.) ‘Fanny’s relief, and her consciousness of it, were quite equal to her cousins’, but a more tender nature suggested that her feelings were ungrateful, and [knight’s move] she really grieved because she could not grieve.’ What he himself does, then, might be called a queen’s move. If his protagonists are often cornered like the king, it is the language that rises up and flies diagonally across the board.

Consider the sentences we see particularly in Pnin, which collapse all distance in the final clause. ‘Dr Falternfels was writing and smiling; his sandwich was half-unwrapped; his dog was dead.’ Consider Humbert, making the leap off the board into the air:

All I know is that while the Haze woman and I went down the steps into the breathless garden, my knees were like reflections of knees in rippling water, and my lips were like sand, and –

‘That was my Lo,’ she said, ‘and these are my lilies.’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘yes. They are beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!’

‘Are you a pervert, sir?’ goes one prominent line of questioning. In the absence of a cache of erotic letters about, say, a desire to frot schoolgirls on trains, a compulsion to cum into butterfly nets, the answer seems to have settled on ‘no’, with a certain amount of disappointment: in a century that stood in the shadow of Freud, there is no richer text than a pervert. No matter how buttoned up a biographer might be, it is his secret wish to discover that a writer is in possession of a hideous Phalloides that can flourish only in damp darkness. Instead, we have Pussykins and Tufty, descriptions of compotes, hopeless love for lost porcelain pigs.

‘It’s a very tender book,’ Nabokov insists, in an interview with L’Express. ‘An American map of tenderness.’ If you read Lolita as a young girl, you feel clearly, colourfully, photographically seen – someone is paying attention to the little tendon twitching at the side of your ankle! ‘The thousand eyes wide open in my eyed blood.’ I know many women of my generation who bear a half-shamed attachment to it, for the same reason many of them love Léon; the girl still nominally the focus. It is easy – it seemed easy to me, when I was a teenager – to discard the surrounding pervert, and simply keep his eye.

If Lolita is in many ways the most accessible of Nabokov’s novels, it is because it places the labyrinth outside, in the sunlight. After all, most people who read Lolita in a swoon of desire don’t want to fuck a child, they want to go on a road trip, and read Burma Shave billboards out loud from the passenger seat. It is a commonplace by now that Lolita is the greatest novel ever written not about love, but about advertising. Nubile red-lipsticked America – revealed at the crucial moment to be already corrupt – is fondled by the hoary hand of Europe! The war is over, the country’s right pocket is unaccountably deep, the road into the future has just been repaved. ‘And I catch myself thinking today that our long journey had only defiled with a sinuous trail of slime the lovely, trustful, dreamy, enormous country that by then, in retrospect, was no more to us than a collection of dog-eared maps, ruined tour books, old tyres, and her sobs in the night – every night, every night – the moment I feigned sleep.’

I am reminded of my father-in-law (no, not like that), who once insisted on staying at a hotel called the Free Breakfast Inn simply because of the promise implicit in its name. All the other hotels also offered free breakfast, but only one of them was the Free Breakfast Inn, and that is what it means to be an American. Nabokov knew this, and seemed to delight in it, as Humbert delighted in Lolita’s banana-split vulgarity. The journey along these highways is designed for us, to keep our childish attention spans engaged so he can keep dallying with us. We stop at all the souvenir stands along the way; our side of the car is littered with movie magazines, empty Coke bottles, candy bar wrappers. We are wearing an outfit picked out and purchased for us: preposterous, gingham-checked, made to our measurements and revealing the midriff. The book is the bonbon produced so we don’t tell, and if further inducements are necessary, the movie will be playing later. Lolita is powered not just by the nostalgia that is but by the nostalgia that will be: Nabokov knows that there will be people in the future who are not just hungry for sandwiches, but want to eat tuna salad on white, at a drugstore counter, in the year 1947. If the child is pathetic for being susceptible to the image, the protagonist is more so – he lives in the belief that the mirage can be reached, that the projector playing footage of a girl directly into his eye will one day set a real cameo in the palm of his hand and he will have her. ‘Distant mountains. Near mountains. More mountains; bluish beauties never attainable, or ever turning into inhabited hill after hill.’

But what about the girl herself? ‘She cries every night,’ Véra pops in to say, ‘and the critics don’t hear her sobs.’ Véra pops in very often to defend Lolita, to underline some point of her husband’s, to deepen her with a real shadow. ‘Did you know I saved her from the incinerator?’ She rescued her once and she must keep rescuing her, for she knows something that her husband does not: Lolita in its second half is something we no longer want.

The road trips were their road trips, after all, to catch butterflies in the American west. The hotel bed in the centre of the book is their bed. If a pair of wings is fixed here, it belongs to them: by the time revenge, imprisonment and old age arrive, they are completely beside the point. In another interview with L’Express, Nabokov called America ‘the country where I’ve breathed most deeply’. It is the sky that travels down to fingertips and toes, surrounding an image which can never be held.

Such glamour accrued to him after Lolita that he is one of those 20th-century writers that readers fear to admit they don’t understand. It should not be so. Unusual minds do not always admit others, and some Pale Fires are not lucky enough to have Mary McCarthy as their first reader. Sometimes he is boring and overdazzled at the same time. Try reading Ada or Ardor with a headache and see if you don’t feel that you’re listening to the heartbeat of an overdosed magician. Try embarking on Bend Sinister – a book that seems to have been born of the trauma of once holding a Nansen passport – with a fever and see if you don’t spend the next few weeks chased by a secret policeman bent on arresting you for the crime of illiteracy. They keep crossing a bridge, it makes no sense. My head feels hot, my brain a bubble being blown by a 12-year-old girl ...\*

In​ Pale Fire Kinbote asks, ‘What if we awake one day, all of us, and find ourselves utterly unable to read?’ In Bend Sinister Nabokov speaks of ‘the recurrent dream we all know (finding ourselves in the old classroom, with our homework not done because of our having unwittingly missed ten thousand days of school)’. The books themselves often partake of that dream. Often the narrative slips into the interval just before sleep – you are following, following, and then suddenly your footprints are crossing through snow and carrying you into some grim, bureaucratically deranged, claustrophobic country. This is when it seems most futile to employ a critical lens at all: why are we applying waking standards to what are fundamentally sleepwalking works, stuffed with the jewels of little purple pills?

The problems he sets us are like the problems that Timosha, a conscientious child who will grow up to be a pedantic professor, encounters when he looks at his wallpaper with a head inflated by illness, trying to discern what governs the repeating pattern on his wallpaper:

It stood to reason that if the evil designer – the destroyer of minds, the friend of fever – had concealed the key of the pattern with such monstrous care, that key must be as precious as life itself and, when found, would regain for Timofey Pnin his everyday health, his everyday world; and this lucid – alas, too lucid – thought forced him to persevere in the struggle.

In Speak, Memory, we visit the original sickbed: ‘My numerous childhood illnesses brought my mother and me still closer together. As a little boy, I showed an abnormal aptitude for mathematics, which I completely lost in my singularly talentless youth. This gift played a horrible part in tussles with quinsy or scarlet fever, when I felt enormous spheres and huge numbers swell relentlessly in my aching brain.’

I hate it when my tussles with quinsy rob me of my abnormal aptitude for mathematics. Rather than coming alive when you are delirious, his scenes close – bookcases refuse to revolve at the touch of a button, portraits no longer conceal safes. The mind is overtaken by one panicked question: what the hell are you talking about, dude? It’s very comfortable to read him in full possession of your faculties, and it’s possible that his madcap plots, with their hint of sped-up silent movie footage, never entirely came off because he was so manifestly sane – not a madman, undeluded, not a pervert in the smallest degree. But to read him from inside a balloon, holding a passport that no longer means very much to the outside world, is a different thing altogether. Borders do close overnight, the secret police are once more on the move and you are in bed with a fever. The pedant sometimes steps from the dark of a library, from the daylong light of an interview, into a different world.

I am not his pedant. My insights are more like those of poor Joan Clements, at the party at Pnin’s house: ‘But don’t you think – haw – that what he is trying to do – haw – practically in all his novels – haw – is – haw – to express the fantastic recurrence of certain situations?’ Even so, I was up all night. There I was, cocooned in my blankets, having missed ten thousand days of school, trying desperately to guess where the squirrel would pop up again, the lily pond, the bridle path felted with fallen leaves, the old man (was it him?) hunched up on a bench.

Nabokov​ gazes at a snowy slope outside the window. He is 65 years old; his nose is perfect. With wrists and palms, like his fictional professor, he outlines a portable world. Benedict Cumberbatch raises his pen once more over his notepad. He has been physically and mentally ruined by this experience and will die soon afterwards. ‘Learn to distinguish banality,’ Nabokov advises him, just before the film fades out. ‘Remember that mediocrity thrives on “ideas”. Beware of the modish message. Ask yourself if the symbol you have detected is not your own footprint. Ignore allegories. By all means place the “how” above the “what” but do not let it be confused with the “so what”. Rely on the sudden erection of your small dorsal hairs.’

This is what he tells us again and again, to read a book with the brain and the spine, the spot between the shoulderblades – to walk back with him to that time of youth, riches, the shining array in the deep dark, and back to the moment when he chose.

Undecided what to undertake, what to select, Martin gradually rejected all that might take a too exclusive hold over him. Still to be considered was literature. Here, too, Martin found intimations of bliss: how thrilling was that humdrum exchange about weather and sport between Horace and Maecenas, or the grief of old Lear, uttering the mannered names of his daughters’ whippets that barked at him! Just as, in the Russian version of the New Testament, Martin enjoyed coming across ‘green grass’ or ‘indigo chiton’, in literature he sought not the general sense, but the unexpected, sunlit clearings, where you can stretch until your joints crunch, and remain entranced.

To travel back to that beginning is to walk with him a very long way, through green grass to sunlit clearings, from the trees of one continent to another. Your passport is this little nut you found. The symbol you have detected is your own footprint. ‘This one is an Angle Wing,’ he says, pointing out something nearly invisible to you. ‘It has a curiously formed letter C. It mimics a chink of light through a dead leaf. Isn’t that wonderful? Isn’t that humorous?’ And then his voice calls happily ahead of you, as if to the world and all the things in it: ‘Charming! Charming! Charming butterfly road!’

## Be interesting!

John Lanchester | Vol. 22 No. 13 · 6 July 2000

*Experience* by Martin Amis.

Cape, 401 pp., £18, May 2000

In the middle of the current memoir boom it is easy to forget that the novelist’s memoir is a distinct and recent genre. There are, it goes without saying, any number of first-rate writers whose main claim on our attention is their autobiographical work; there are great writers whose letters and/or diaries add up to masterpieces of self-portraiture (Byron, Woolf, Flaubert); there are, and this, too, is a contemporary phenomenon, writers who turn to fiction after an explicitly autobiographical first book. But none of those cases is quite the same as that of the novelist of established reputation and readership who at some mid or late point in his career (the pronoun is not quite gender-neutral, since for some reason it is usually a man) sits down to tell the story of his life. Nabokov’s Speak, Memory is in this and other respects an important book, and it also establishes the defining problem of the genre, which is how to give the memoir an artistically gratifying shape while remaining true to the messiness and quotidianness of lived life. It’s a problem which, to my mind, the great man outrageously flunked, settling for a spurious and cod-mystical belief in pattern, as if life were as pretty in its shapes and echoes and motifs as a work of fiction – his fiction. The much-acclaimed result, while full of astounding things, is also hysterical and, in some important sense, feels false.

The opposite approach to the problem is to make no attempt to impose a shape on experience: to let life have its messiness, and let the book pay the necessary price in terms of formal imperfection. Anthony Powell’s four-volume memoirs, published from 1976 to 1982, are something of a masterpiece in this mode, combining a deceptive casualness of manner with an almost epigrammatical density of insight. Its pen portraits are, in an unassuming way, extremely crisp.

Friendly, easy, picking up instantaneously the most lightly suggested nuance in conversation, Eliot had also just a touch of the headmaster, laying aside his dignity for a talk with the more intelligent boys, boys from whom he was quite prepared to pick up something for his own use; indeed a headmaster who had learnt deep humility from shattering experiences. None the less the façade of buttered scones and toasted crumpets – both representing a perfectly genuine taste in Eliot – was by this time all but impenetrable ... This amalgam of tea-party cosiness with a cold intellectuality, the more menacing because strictly implicit rather than explicit, gave Tom Eliot’s personality that very peculiar flavour ...

All novelist’s memoirs exist somewhere on this Nabokov-Powell continuum. Updike’s Self-Consciousness is well up at the art-over-life end of the spectrum; Philip Roth’s record-straightening and strangely flat The Facts is, perhaps surprisingly, of the other type (and his intensely focused Patrimony is somewhere in the middle). Kingsley Amis’s riotous Memoirs are lifelike, too much so for some. Terence Kilmartin once said that the book was ‘fantastically idle’ – which was part of the point. In a sense, it’s logical for a novelist to choose this second course, since a novelist more or less by definition is someone who believes in the ascendancy of fiction over fact. What that usually boils down to is a belief in the superior veracity of fiction: that you can tell more of the truth about more of life by making things up. In Rortyian terms, it’s a commitment to the idea that the kinds of sentence used in fiction do more, better and more important work than other sorts of sentence. If you didn’t believe that you wouldn’t bother writing novels. A memoir by a novelist is therefore, pace Nabokov, likely to be less artistic, less shapely, less considered and made, and in the larger sense less truthful than a novel. On the other hand, it does have going for it the very considerable glamour of fact.

Martin Amis’s memoir Experience – published to harrypotterish levels of excitement and with an amazingly clumsy serialisation – is autobiographical writing of a very high order, well towards the life-over-art end of the spectrum. ‘The trouble with life (the novelist will feel) is its amorphousness, its ridiculous fluidity,’ Amis announces at the start of the book.

Look at it: thinly plotted, largely themeless, sentimental and ineluctably trite. The dialogue is poor, or at least violently uneven. The twists are either predictable or sensationalist. And it’s always the same beginning; and the same ending ... My organisational principles, therefore, derive from an inner urgency, and from the novelist’s addiction to seeing parallels and making connections. The method, plus the use of footnotes (to preserve the collateral thought), should give a clear view of the geography of a writer’s mind. If the effect sometimes seems staccato, tangential, stopgo, etc, then I can only say that that’s what it’s like, on my side of the desk.

That’s clear enough. The engrossing result is a memoir that is almost remorselessly interesting; as if there has been an energising liberation in abandoning the constraints and demands of form. There is a famous piece of advice about all this: ‘Be interesting! Be interesting! Art is no excuse for boring people!’ This is counsel which Experience has taken:

Only a week earlier my mouth had soured a New Yorker dinner at the Caprice in London by indulging in this ‘exchange’ with Salman Rushdie:

– So you like Beckett’s prose, do you? You like Beckett’s prose.

Having established earlier that he did like Beckett’s prose, Salman neglected to answer.

– Okay. Quote me some. Oh I see. You can’t.

No answer: only the extreme hooded-eye treatment. Richard Avedon would need a studio’s worth of lights and reflectors to rig up this expression on an unsuspecting Salman. At the moment, though, a passing waiter with an Instamatic could have easily bettered it. Nobody spoke. Not even Christopher Hitchens. And I really do hate Beckett’s prose: every sentence is an assault on my ear. So I said:

– Well I’ll do it for you. All you need is maximum ugliness and a lot of negatives. ‘Nor it the nothing never is.’ ‘Neither nowhere the nothing is not.’ ‘Non-nothing the never –’

Feeling my father in me now (as well as the couple of hundred glasses of wine consumed at the party we had all come on from), I settled down for a concerted goad and wheedle. By this stage Salman looked like a falcon staring through a Venetian blind.

– ‘No neither nor never none not no –’

– ‘Do you want to come outside?’

End of evening.

There might be some sense in which that isn’t ‘literature’, but who cares?

Experience is structured around an annus horribilis for Amis, 1994-95, a period which encompassed his father’s final illness and death; the loss of all his teeth in extensive, excruciating dental work (and the lavishly hostile treatment of the event in the press); the aftermath of his divorce; a parting of ways with his agent Pat Kavanagh and her husband, his great friend, Julian Barnes; the near-death of his mentor Saul Bellow; the discovery that his maternal cousin Lucy Partington, missing since she disappeared without trace in December 1973, had been one of the victims of Fred West. To contemplate this sequence is to see how it might well have needed expression in something other than a novel – especially bearing in mind the accompaniment to all the above of a cacophony of jeering in the press.

It’s no secret that the idiot wind roars strongly in British journalism, and for some reason it has tended to blow in Amis’s direction with particular savagery. I remember in 1993 reading news of the break-up of his marriage, as enthusiastically reported in the Sunday Times by a columnist who announced that he was ‘having trouble controlling my Schadenfreude’ over the news. In those days I used to think that nothing about the papers in this country could ever surprise me again, but I did do a double-take at that. I thought: what on earth did Amis do to deserve this? What did he do to you? You thought that the thematic superstructure of London Fields was a bit top-heavy, perhaps – so you’re chuffed that his marriage has broken up? And that comment was by no means unrepresentative of the press coverage Amis was to have over the next few years. The teeth in particular got people going, and again a deliberate ill-will was hugely evident, since if someone is having to spend £30,000 on dental work (I’ve no idea if that was what it actually cost, but it was a figure much tutted over at the time), and a heart bypass costs about £10,000, then that someone is clearly going to have some extraordinarily horrible things happening to his mouth. It’s easy to see why Amis needed to write about his life, if only as a way of redescribing it to himself.

The heart of Experience is in Amis’s account of his relationship with his father. This, too, is a subject that gets people going, not least because of Kingsley’s expressed lack of reverence for his son’s fiction. Kingsley, however, didn’t like anybody’s novels apart from those of Anthony Powell and Dick Francis, and his absolute honesty about this was a crucial part of his character. As Martin says, in some absolutely central way, Kingsley refused to make allowances for anyone, ever. He never faked interest in anything. This appears to have made him a rather good father, in a now discredited style: for instance, from the age of five the Amis children were allowed to smoke a cigarette on Christmas Day. He clearly didn’t have, and couldn’t be bothered to feign, much interest in them when they were small, but, thought-provokingly, it seems as if this in some way made him closer to them when they grew up. Because Kingsley had never pretended to be someone he wasn’t, and never took on a paternal role out of a sense of obligation, there seems to have been less distance to overcome when Martin was older. It’s a portrait of a remarkably close, easy and above all honest relationship. Experience recounts tremendous arguments (‘the velvet revolutions of 1989 had left him a bit short of obvious villains and hate-figures – until, incredibly, he settled on Nelson Mandela’) and even more tremendous jokes. Amis is a much-envied man, but this relationship really is worth envying:

My father and I often had occasion to agree that ‘fuck off’ was very funny. One naturally admired its brutality and brevity – but it was also terribly good.

But the best fuck off of all time had Dad at the receiving end of it. Or at least he stage-managed it so. One afternoon, in Hampstead ... he came in through the front door after posting a letter, laughing quietly and richly to himself. I said:

– What was so funny?

– I saw a bloody fool of a dog just now ...

It was a genuine summer’s day, concerted and cloudless. On his way to the letterbox my father had passed a full-grown Alsatian apparently asleep on the boiling breast of a parked car. He looked interestedly at the dog and the dog roused itself and stared back, as if to say: I’m lying on this car – all right? On his walk back from the letterbox he looked at the dog again, and the dog stared back, adding: It may be hot but I’m still lying on this car. Before opening the garden door he turned for a final glance.

– What did it do? I urged him, because he was laughing quietly and richly to himself.

It lifted its head from its paws and straightened its neck and went ... Kingsley did one of two things. Either he made the bark sound exactly like fuck off. Or he made fuck off sound exactly like the bark.

When he made you laugh he sometimes made you laugh – not continually, but punctually – for the rest of your life.

The depiction of Martin and Kingsley’s relationship is one of the most remarkable son-father accounts we have; as good as Gosse, but without the rancour. These sections of the book also contain an important clue to something which has gone astray in Amis’s fiction since his masterpiece, Money, in 1984. The novels since then have tended to have a mix of superbly good writing with false notes and a straining for effect or largeness. They have combined brilliant comedy with serious preoccupations that often feel worked up. The solemn central concern has varied: in London Fields it was nuclear weapons (a Very Bad Thing), in Time’s Arrow it was the Holocaust (another VBT), in The Information it was man’s tininess in relation to the infinitely indifferent cosmos (not necessarily a VBT but it doesn’t half make you feel small and meaningless). Experience perhaps suggests where some of the impetus to this comes from. Amis mentions a very powerful negative review of his father by John Updike, published in 1978 when Jake’s Thing came out, and collected in Hugging the Shore in 1983. It’s a much less patronising, and more overtly hostile, review than usual for Updike, and it begins:

If the postwar English novel figures on the international scene as winsomely trivial, Kingsley Amis must bear some of the blame. Though he himself is a poet good enough to be generously represented in The New Oxford Book of English Light Verse (which Mr Amis himself edited), it is a rare sentence of his that surrenders to the demons of language, that abdicates a seat of fussy social judgment, that is there for its own sake, out of simple awe, gratitude or dismay in the face of creation. His universe is claustrophobically human, and his ambition and reputation alike remain in thrall to the weary concept of the ‘comic novel’.

Amis says that the judgment about his father’s work being ‘claustrophobically human’ – he misremembers the phrase as ‘stiflingly human’ – ‘haunts’ him, and it certainly is a sore-point verdict that’s difficult for an admirer of Kingsley’s to dismiss entirely. Amis describes himself quoting the review to his father in 1984, presumably not long after Hugging the Shore came out. It makes me wonder if the piece had an effect on Amis’s own fiction, pushing him in the direction of the extra-human, anti-comic dimensions whose presence in his work often feels so willed. These elements figure as an impulse towards inexpressibility, towards things which resist being spoken of. One could say in shorthand that he has a desire to write of those things about which Wittgenstein thought we must remain silent.

In Experience these passages largely concern his murdered cousin, Lucy Partington. Some observers and commentators have doubted Amis’s good faith in writing about someone he did not know well (as he freely says), a charge which, I would suggest, mistakes the nature of grief. Grief is as mysterious as love, and can operate with all kinds of unpredictable intensities and intermittencies; no other emotion (including love) is entirely inaccessible to volition. When someone disappears the worst thoughts involve imagining the worst possible outcomes for the missing person. In the case of Lucy Partington, the revealed truth, longed for and dreaded for over two decades, exceeded any horror her family could possibly have conceived. Add to that the circumstances of Amis’s terrible year and it would have been surprising if the discovery of her fate had not been devastating. But this is not to say that its depiction in Experience succeeds, since the writing often goes both flat and strained:

My family cannot understand the extraordinary collision that allowed him [the murderer] to touch our lives, and I have no wish to prolong the contact. But he is here now, in my head; I want him exorcised. And Frederick West is uncontrollable: he is uncontrollable. For now he will get from me a one-sentence verdict and I will get from him a single detail. Here is the sentence. West was a sordid inadequate who was trained by his childhood to addict himself to the moment when impotence becomes prepotence.

Given that build-up, the sentence about West ought to do better. Especially as there is really no need to say anything, and nothing can match the horror and pity of the bare case. There are several moments like that in Experience. Another concession to inexpressibility, and another aesthetic mistake, is the postscript visit to Auschwitz.

It would, however, be unfair to end on a note of dispraise. There are dark things in Experience but it is not a dark book, not least because of the extraordinary absence of the bitterness and anger Amis would be thoroughly entitled to feel about the British press. (He permits himself only a short but stinging appendix on the subject of Eric Jacobs, his father’s biographer.) The book is full of good humour, of the ‘gossip and jokes’ which Gore Vidal once convincingly said were the things for which people read memoirs. Experience is full of a lovely warmth about Amis’s mother (‘There were many reasons why my mother loved living in Spain, not the least of them being that you could, in most pharmacies, buy speed over the counter’), and of dead-on observations (on the 1970s: ‘It amazes me, now, that any of us managed to write a word of sense during the whole decade, considering that we were all evidently stupid enough to wear flares’). There is an antic parade of footnotes,\* of stories and asides and, throughout, an engaging and persuasive openness.

Experience also describes the one big good thing which happened to Amis during his otherwise horrible year. He returned from a trip to America to find a letter telling him that he had a daughter he didn’t know: Delilah Seale, conceived during a fling with her married mother, Lamorna, 18 years before. Lamorna Seale killed herself two years later, and Delilah was brought up by Patrick Seale unaware of the identity of her biological father – just as Amis was unaware he had a daughter. Now Delilah had been told, and it was Amis’s turn, and time for the two to meet. Except that Amis had half-known, since Lamorna had once given him a photograph of the little girl and told him she was his daughter. Amis had shown the photograph to his mother:

– Lamorna says I’m her father. What do you think, Mum?

She held the photograph at various distances from her eyes. She held it at arm’s length, her free hand steadying her glasses. She brought it closer. Without looking up she said:

– Definitely.

And then Experience goes more or less silent on the subject of the girl, until she resurfaces many years and pages later. Amis doesn’t tell us what he thought about his missing daughter, other than to say she must have been ‘in the back of my mind’. The account is all the more effective and moving for that, and the parallel between the girl who went missing, and turned out to have a terrible fate, and the other girl who was found without ever having been lost, is proof that when life does manage a bit of structure and pattern, it’s as good as Shakespeare. Amis doesn’t labour the point. He can leave things out, to great effect, when he wants to.

John Lanchester is a contributing editor at the LRB. His most recent book is Reality and Other Stories.

In Experience, Martin Amis writes of the 1970s: ‘It amazes me, now, that any of us managed to write a word of sense during the whole decade, considering that we were all evidently stupid enough to wear flares.’ By ‘now’ he can’t possibly mean in the year 2000 – I know people who took up wearing flares five or six years ago – which confirms a suspicion I’ve had for a while that Amis still thinks it’s 1989. And how odd of John Lanchester (LRB, 6 July) to pick up on it as a ‘dead-on observation’. Perhaps he meant just ‘dead’?

Jo Kelly London N7

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In John Lanchester’s review of Experience by Martin Amis (LRB, 6 July) he refers to a Sunday Times columnist who, writing about the collapse of Amis’s marriage in 1993, announced that he was ‘having trouble controlling my Schadenfreude’. This apparently caused Lanchester to do ‘a double-take’, so shocked was he by the columnist’s hostility. He goes on to express puzzlement as to what Amis could possibly have done to deserve such uncharitable treatment.

I wrote the article and the reason I said that it was ‘difficult to suppress a hint of Schadenfreude’ on hearing of Amis’s marital woes was because following the publication of Einstein’s Monsters, Amis gave several interviews in which he said that having children had been an ‘evolutionary moment’ in his life. Now that he was a father, apparently, he was legitimately concerned about the fate of the earth, particularly its nuclear fate. This struck me as a lot of cant at the time, hence my pleasure on learning that his marriage had collapsed. After all, if Amis was really concerned about the future welfare of his children he wouldn’t have abandoned their mother for a younger, prettier woman.

One final point. Lanchester’s memory also lets him down in his brief discussion of A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius by Dave Eggers. In a footnote to his review, Lanchester compares Eggers’s use of footnotes to Amis’s: ‘It’s as if he uses the footnotes to deflect, or escape from, the strength of his own feelings; which isn’t a zillion miles away from Amis’s use of them.’ I’ve just finished reading A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius and, stone me, there isn’t a single footnote in the entire book. What version did Lanchester read, I wonder?

Toby Young London W12

John Lanchester writes: I read the version of A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius available in bookshops – the one with footnotes on page xxxv and page xxxvi. John Lanchester

**Other lrb refs:**

https://www.lrb.co.uk/the-paper/v12/n10/john-sturrock/rhino-breeder

Rhino-Breeder

John Sturrock, 24 May 1990

Vladimir Nabokov: Selected Letters 1940-1977

edited by Dmitri Nabokov and Matthew Bruccoli.

“... and wrote a memoir of his early life – Conclusive Evidence, later to be called Speak, Memory – he defines it to a potential publisher as a hybrid between unqualified autobiography and a novel, the truth crossed with fiction, his life having been given ‘a definite plot’. Nabokov redrafts the old autobiographical contract in favour of the ...”