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Writers' rooms: Martin Amis



My writing room is a detached building at the end of a small concrete garden. The glass ceiling is covered with leaves and squirrels. I used to have the attic in the house and Isabel, my wife, was meant to have this office, but I didn't think she used it enough so I reclaimed it. It's ideal - you can't hear the children and you can smoke.

I go in around 10 and usually clock off at seven, but I don't write all the time. A lot of it is just reading or sitting around thinking. We've been in this house for 12 or 13 years, but rented it out when we went to Uruguay. We've only been back for a few months, and I haven't got round to ripping the storage paper off the desk. I write longhand to begin with and then type it up on a laptop. There was a great drama of getting an electric typewriter when I wrote Money in the early 80s, and then I was slow to get a computer. I do think someone was looking over my shoulder when they invented them; I used to think I should get the Booker Prize for retyping. The computer is a great deliverer from all that.

The photograph on the desk is of my mother. Everyone in my generation got on with their mothers; I'm the only one I know who got on with their father. I'm very proud of and attached to my mother. As I've told her, I inherit as much from her as from Kingsley. The picture behind is of the gorge in Ronda in Spain, where she lived for many years.

I'm not a memento type of person. I don't care about first editions, I'm not a collector, I'm more frightened of clutter. My only heirloom from Kingsley is a clock on the desk, but I don't wind it up because I'm frightened of breaking it. The little bottles of water are from my younger daughter Cleo. When she was around four or five she brought them in and declared dramatically: "Now you'll never have to

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come into the house again!" **Martin Amis**



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