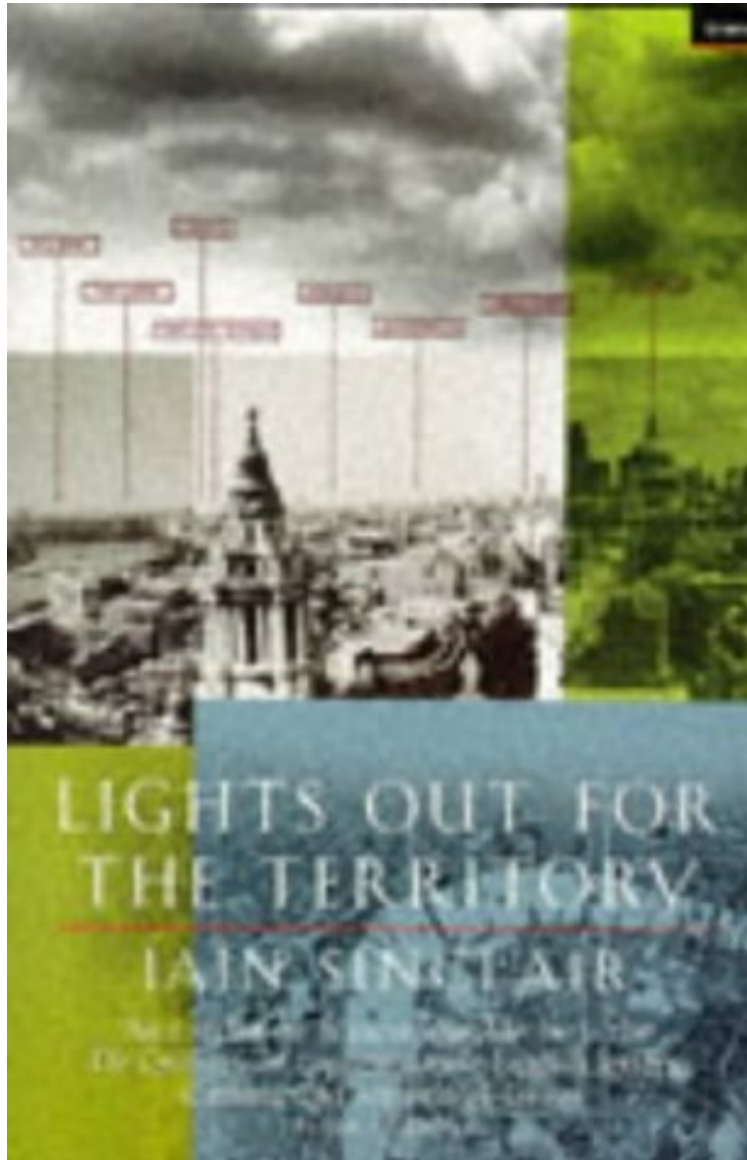


(Mobile pdf) Lights Out for the Territory: 9 Excursions in the Secret History of London

Lights Out for the Territory: 9 Excursions in the Secret History of London

Iain Sinclair

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Iain Sinclair : Lights Out for the Territory: 9 Excursions in the Secret History of London before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Lights Out for the Territory: 9 Excursions in the Secret History of London:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. One Star By Michael Privitera Actually fairly boring. Had expected it

to be better0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Kindle Version, Please.By yukiccanyitGreat Stuff. I need this in Kindle.10 of 12 people found the following review helpful. Outstanding investigator of modern London mythologyBy A CustomerAngela Carter, M.John Harrison, Peter Ackroyd, Michael Moorcock -- and Iain Sinclair. All of them have made it their business to investigate the myths and apocrypha which they believe are the psychic structure of London. Whether it's Carter's Wise Children,Harrison's Travel Arrangements, Moorcock's King of the City or Ackroyd's Dan Leno, they all display the same obsessions. What's remarkable is that all are very different. Sinclair's is the only book which is factual, but it fits so smoothly into fiction like Downriver and Radon Daughters that sometimes you can hardly tell. There is an intellectual rigour, an original eye, a beautiful poet's precision -- and the low-down on some high life characters. I can't recommend this wonderful, rich book enough. Great value, too!

This is a record of long journeys on foot, from Hackney to Chingford and down to the river, around the City in its "ring of steel", and through the heart of Westminster, Lambeth and Millbank. Sinclair writes about the graffiti and guerrilla politics of Dalston, about the cult of feral dogs, and helps to bury Ron Kray. He gains access to Lord Archer's apartment overlooking the river, and considers the novelist as connoisseur, before meeting the great man himself in one of the more unlikely encounters of recent literary history. Sinclair also meets and drags in his wake some of the artists, writers and film-makers who represent, for him, an interesting alternative aesthetic of London at the end of the century. Iain Sinclair is the author of "Downriver", winner of the Encore Prize, "Lud Heat" and "White Chappell, Scarlet Tracings".

.com Ever listened to a madman rant? Often, buried somewhere in his monologue, there's an idea that is true glittering brilliance. Perhaps you will listen for hours trying to catch another strand of his unusual logic. Or perhaps you will shrug your shoulders and walk away. Reading Iain Sinclair is like that. The idea behind Lights Out for the Territory: Nine Excursions in the Secret History of London at its most mundane level--and this book has many levels woven into its 386 dense, perplexing pages--is to reflect London by exploring its shadows: its streets, its graffiti, its anachronisms, its forgotten geniuses, and its subcultural characters. But readers, at least readers not from London, are scarcely taken by the hand on a stroll through the city. Instead, they are pushed and pulled, yanked and tossed, given little explanation of what they're reading about or why. More often, Lights Out feels like a high-speed ride in a stolen car--images recklessly thrown before you, then knocked over by sheer velocity as you pass, pedestrians run over before you've met them--and all the while you never know where you are, since sites, characters, and references are rarely set up or explained. Instead of mapping out London, its secrets, and hidden characters, Sinclair muddles the picture, leaving this image of London impenetrable except to scholars or those with free months to muck through this unbridled slop. Is it the use of peculiar British words, the liberal tossing of obscure references, or Sinclair's vastly brilliant mind that makes this book so unknowable? Whatever the reason, expect writing that bewilders, such as this chapter beginning: "The saturnine, widdershins excursion of Alan Moore's anti-solar mystagogue, Sir William Gull, as revealed in Chapter Four of the graphic novel, From Hell, begins, traditionally enough, with Boadicea...." Judging from cover blurbs, the British press loves this book. But for all its hype and glowing praise, it's hard to see why. --Melissa Rossi ...when Sinclair stretches himself, he gives the reader the same remarkable sense that "in Elizabethan London it was possible to meet everybody, walk everywhere, be in touch with all human knowledge," which is rare indeed in our time. -- The New York Times Book , Michael Hofmann