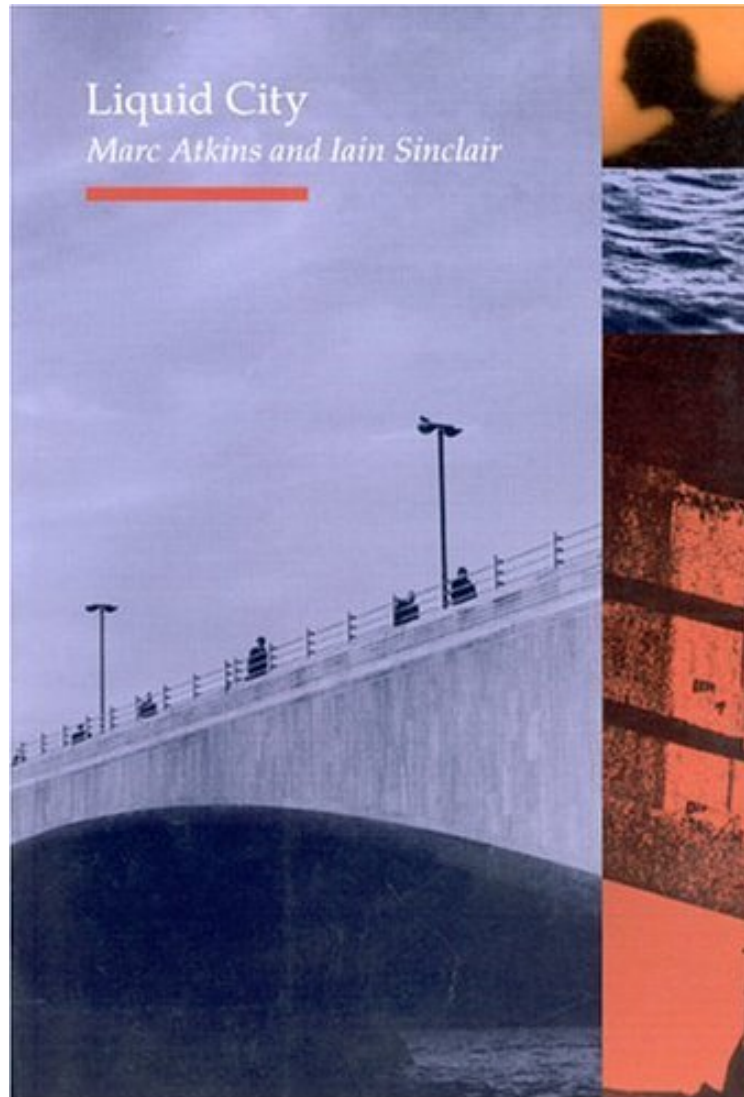


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Liquid City

Iain Sinclair, Marc Atkins

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#4259530 in Books Reaktion Books 1999-10-15 Original language: English PDF # 1 .65 x 6.18 x 9.28l, 1.45
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Iain Sinclair, Marc Atkins : Liquid City before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Liquid City:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Great idea but mediocre execution By Jan Reber Atkins is a genius and many photographs are great. The book format is ill-conceived: standard book size format is too small to appreciate many of the photos. Paper quality is not good enough for photo reproduction. Project is a great idea, but the execution is mediocre at best. 3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. The London only a Londoner can know By A Customer This book told me more about London and Londoners than a million travel books or books about the legends

and myths of London. Sinclair and Atkins are interested in the scenery and people that nobody ever notices. The spaces between highways, for instance, and what kind of people live in them. I read his book on Ballard's Crash and it seemed to me then that while Ballard is noticing the abstract geometry, the beautiful curve of the elevated highway, Sinclair is more interested in who lives under that curve. If you think you know London, think again. You'll know it a lot better after you've read this book. I did and it's a city I've lived in. A book which will become, I suspect, a cult classic. 0 of 5 people found the following review helpful. The lack of gratitude in me is staggering. By Gooch McCracken IAIN SINCLAIR ON JOHN HEALY'S CRITICS: "The thing that really disturbed them was this: if the man was alive and well, chipper as a cricket, cranking out novel after novel, then the emotion they had invested in the lowlife was misplaced. An early death, coughing his guts up, was the least they could expect. The lack of gratitude in this creature was staggering. The reviews had been written under false pretences. The raves were disguised obituary notices." Uh-huh. Well at least Wilfred Owen had the good manners to get himself croaked by Krauts. And thank God that Sylvia Plath clinched her lit cred by offing herself. But then there's Iain Sinclair. Who cranks out the sort of cartoon-paranoia fiction that's otherwise associated with Don DeLillo Thomas Pynchon. And it's just a darn shame. Cause some of us are just plain noided out (as it were). Fortunately, LIQUID CITY is a temporary respite from Sinclair's usual subject-matter.

The eccentric, manic, often moving collaborative explorations of London's hidden streets, cemeteries, parks and canals by photographer Marc Atkins and writer Iain Sinclair were first recorded in Sinclair's highly acclaimed 1997 book *Lights Out for the Territory*, praised in the *Guardian* as "one of the most remarkable books ever written on London". *Liquid City* documents Atkins and Sinclair's further peregrinations, focusing on the city's eastern and south-eastern quadrants. An array of famous and lesser-known writers, booksellers and film-makers slip in and out of Sinclair's annotations, as do memories and remnants of the East End's criminal mobs. The title *Liquid City* is meant to evoke the Thames, which flows silently through the photographic and textual narrative, and to suggest the changes London has undergone and, like all cities, is constantly undergoing.

.com In their previous collaboration *Lights Out for the Territory*, Marc Atkins's few dark, brooding photographs focused writer Iain Sinclair's dense, impressionistic formulations about London, the city he loves to drift through. Here Atkins's penetrating black-and-white portraits and his beautiful, troubling shots of a London we forget we know dominate. Sinclair contributes essays in a lighter, more journalistic prose than readers of his wonderful, overwrought novels might expect. In them he discusses Atkins, or one of his photographs, and their mutual project of attempting to pin down London's story. And he writes about other writers (Peter Ackroyd, Michael Moorcock, John Healy) who share his fascination with one of the world's great cities. As the title of their book suggests, it is nearly impossible to articulate absolute truths about a space as dynamic as this city, and equally difficult to hold a fixed position on it. Despite that (Sinclair praises his friend for creating flux whereas his writing tries to "mould wriggling chaos"), the pair's project is worthwhile, as it has produced words and some remarkable pictures that only such a troubled engagement could create. This is a visual feast of contemporary photojournalism, in which Atkins's visions and Sinclair's words help the reader perceive a London that can easily be walked past daily without a second glance. -- Mark Thwaite, .co.uk From Library Journal Freelance photographer Atkins and Sinclair, author of *Downriver* and *Radon Daughters*, portray, through words and photographs, a London few visitors would ever want to see. This is a dark, downtrodden, dirty, and damp London of canals, riverside factories, cemetery monuments, and people who match the scenery. The text A short essays, poems, and conversations A is less about the places photographed than about the various people Atkins and Sinclair met on their rambles on the fringes of the city. The photographs, all black-and-white, are only occasionally interesting and provocative, and the fragmented narrative wanders. For comprehensive photography collections only. A Linda M. Kaufmann, Massachusetts Coll. of Liberal Arts Lib., North Adams Copyright 1999 Reed Business Information, Inc. stunning photographs ... Atkins's use of eye, paper and chemicals is an alchemical homage to the mystery of light and dark' - Jah Wobble, Independent on Sunday *Liquid City* is ... Alice in Wonderland for urban intellectuals, a book that just gets curiouser and curiouser. Which is what makes it so particular, of course, and so utterly alluring.' - Melanie McGrath, London Evening Standard In their previous collaboration *Lights Out For The Territory* Marc Atkins' few dark, brooding photographs added focus to Iain Sinclair's dense, impressionistic, psychogeographical formulations about the city in which he loves to drift. Here Atkins' penetrating black and white portraits and his beautiful, troubling shots of a London we forget we know dominate. Sinclair adds occasional pieces in a lighter, more journalistic prose than readers of his wonderful, overwrought novels might expect, discussing Atkins, or one of his photographs, and their mutual project of attempting to pin down the story that is London. And he writes about other scribes (Peter Ackroyd, Michael Moorcock, John Healy) who share his fascination with one of the world's great cities. This attempt to articulate a truth about a space is an impossible project, and it is impossible to hold a fixed position on it - as the title *Liquid City* suggests. Sinclair and Atkins know this (Sinclair praises his friend for creating flux whereas his writing tries to "mould wriggling chaos") but the project proves worthwhile as it has produced words and some remarkable pictures that only such a troubled engagement could

engender. This is a visual feast of contemporary photojournalism, in which Atkins' visions and Sinclair's words help the reader perceive a London that can easily be walked past daily -- Mark Thwaite The London landscape that Atkins and Sinclair conjure up is a haunted one, and I suspect their imagery will continue to haunt readers long after they close this book. I have no doubt that this will become accepted as one of the most essential texts for anyone who cares for London. -- Joe Kerr Blueprint Magazine