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IAIN SINCLAIR has lived in Hackney since 1968, working at a variously titled London project. He has published widely through mainstream and independent presses. These crimes have been comprehensively collected in a three-volume bibliography/biography by Jeff Johnson, published by Test Centre Books. An early prose-poetry trilogy was followed by the novels *Downriver* and *Radon Daughters*. The short-story collection, *Slow Chocolate Autopsy*, was a first collaboration with Dave McKean. Sinclair was formerly a used-book dealer and never quite got over it.

AGENTS OF OBLIVION

Iain Sinclair

“How long have things been coming apart in this way??”
– The Lure of Silence

“Generally speaking the dead do not return,” pronounced Antonin Artaud. But the dead are permitted to visit those who welcome them. Their spectral, machine-made voices echo in deep tunnels under London. Voices without hosts. Without agency. They make their oracular pronouncements even when nobody is listening on the vast empty platforms of the Elizabeth Line. They have their codes and their secret meanings.

Four stories starting everywhere and finishing in madness. Four acknowledged guides. Four tricksters. Four inspirations. Algernon Blackwood. Arthur Machen. J. G. Ballard. H. P. Lovecraft. They are known as “Agents of Oblivion”. And sometimes, in brighter light, as oblivious angels . . .

As host, as oracle, Iain Sinclair moves through this quartet of tales, though a spectral London that once was, or might never have been.

Fully illustrated by Dave McKean, this limited, hardback edition is signed by both the author and illustrator.

CONTENTS

“Code 4: Agents of Oblivion”
“The Lure of Silence”
“House of Flies”
“London Spirit”
“At the Mountains of Madness”

REVIEWS

“In his unique, sinewed style. For no-one can write
Like Iain Sinclair on this planet, and indeed,
While reading one detects an empirically alien view”

– *International Times*

“Nobody can do more with a sentence’s cadence,
diction and imagery than Sinclair.”

– *Washington Post*

“With his lensman’s eye and his poet’s gift
for glowing, precise language, Sinclair illuminates
and sometimes terrifies the soul!”

– *Michael Moorcock*

