



I Miss The World

Violet LeVoit

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"LeVoit's work exists at the center of a glowing nexus where fever dream punk rock poetry collides with raw emotion and vertiginous talent." --Jeremy Robert Johnson, author of Skullcrack City

Set in and around Hollywood Forever Cemetery, this tense and mind-bending noir is Violet LeVoit at her finest: an unnerving, unpredictable and comic journey through deep trauma and glitzy nostalgic insanity.

"I Miss The World is a gut-punch, throat-punch, heart-punch of a novel. LeVoit knows how to seduce you with a lullaby when she's going for blood." --Danger Slater, author of Puppet Skin

"It is masterful, it is beautiful and awful, it is sweepingly and breathtakingly artistic, the impact of seeing some great natural wonder or work of art for the first time." --The Horror Fiction Review

"Revelatory, gut-punching, brilliantly anarchic perfection." --J David Osborne, author of Black Gum

I Miss The World Details

Date : Published November 18th 2016 by King Shot Press

ISBN : 9780997251845

Author : Violet LeVoit

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From Reader Review I Miss The World for online ebook

Max III says

read this in a single, uninterrupted sitting

Lori says

You get the feeling the author is messing with you throughout the entire book, like a cat who's caught a mouse, but you can't be certain and so all you can do is keep reading. You're at her mercy and she's having so much fun with that.

Austin James says

“Pain is the only polished antique we have. It’s proof that time passes.” -Violet LeVoit, “I Miss the World”

LeVoit’s created a slow-burn masterpiece. The first 80% of this book is a clinic in dialogue and character depth, whereas the final pages are fast-paced with breakneck prose and revelations you’ll never see coming.

Tiffany Scandal says

Read this book in one sitting and it blew my mind. I was a huge fan of her short stories, but this, her debut novel, was on a whole other level. LeVoit is fierce and I can't wait to read what she comes out with next.

Diamond says

I absolutely loved this book, even with some forewarning it still shocked me, and made me feel like I was reading something really special! I got sucked in at by the dialogue (there's a lot of it, like a lot a lot, but possibly the best dialogue I've read in a book!) It makes you let your guard down and feel safe before ripping you to shreds! I really loved all the snark, and the themes of identity, inability and/or refusal to forgive, and showing a dark and terrifying side to nostalgia. Definitely give this a read!

Whitney says

Wow! On the surface, this is a brother and sister talking in the Hollywood Forever Cemetery about culture and their history, working up to what led them to this conversation. This book made me think of Alice falling down the rabbit hole; falling in slow motion and describing the scenery as she goes. These characters are obviously plummeting towards something horrific, and the things they're discussing are circling around that

horror in a narrowing spiral. It's short, it's riveting, and it's a gut punch - just take the plunge.

Tim Niland says

Two siblings meet in a secluded Los Angeles graveyard to reminisce about life and their successes and failures. Vivid memories about growing up outside Baltimore in a soul crushing suburb, visiting their grandmother in Plainfield, New Jersey, her house a wonderland of kitsch, cookies and homespun love. The siblings split for the west coast to make their fortune in Hollywood, her as a casting director and him as a set designer, able to place each piece of furniture and knick knack in it's exact place and time. Something is fishy though, the sister witnesses a suicide on the drive over, a woman who just had expensive plastic surgery jumps from a tall building. The two quarrel, and it is clear that there has been a crime committed, but who did it and why? All is not as it seems, the brother's lover infected him with an STD and then dumped him, while the sister has a ravaging coke addiction and a suicide attempt under her belt. But what have they done? Something horrible, no doubt... This was a very gripping book, LeVoit has a excellent way with dialogue, and considering that much of this book consists of gripping dialogue rather than action it allows the story to grow its sense of foreboding gradually and encompass more than crime fiction, looking deeply into mental illness, the vapid nature of modern society and the price we pay for nostalgia makes it a unique and compelling story with an excellent and unexpected twist at the end for good measure.

Ian Mond says

So I'm scrolling through Facebook as you do and I come across a post from Nick Mamatas where he's provided a quote for Violet LeVoit's new novel *Scarstruck* and I think too myself who the fuck is Violet LeVoit and why haven't I heard of her? I do a little digging (i.e. I googled her name) and discover that she's an author of Bizzaro fiction, a genre I've always been aware of but have never bothered with. On reflection, I find that strange because I've always been a fan of horror, loved my splatterpunk in the late 80s and early 90s and would get irrational whenever Charles L. Grant admonished writers for using too much gore. I know Bizzaro isn't all about the blood and guts, it also dabbles in the experimental and absurd, but it should be in my wheelhouse. Anyway, I decided to purchase a copy of Violet's first novel *I Miss The World*, and fuck me if it isn't just the bomb (do the cool kids still say that?)

The plot is straight-forward. A brother and sister meet up at the Hollywood Forever Cemetery where they catch up on what they've been doing. As both of them work in Hollywood, the brother is a production designer, the sister is a casting agent, much of their conversation revolves around the Business. There's this brilliant bit where the sister talks about finding the right face for the right time period, but also how the unique features of particular actors changed the public's view on what was beautiful, what was handsome. "There's no Susan Sarandon without Bette Davis." The book is full of smart, razor-sharp observations like this, including an astonishing, hilarious dissection of one of the most famous paintings in America, Edward Hopper's *Nighthawks*. The brother and sister's discussion goes beyond Hollywood, they talk about their upbringing and then the sister launches into a story about... actually you can find out for yourself.

If I held back from giving *I Miss The World* five stars (on the old Goodreads-o-meter) it's because I have mixed feelings about the big reveal toward the end (don't worry I won't spoil it). It is subtly foreshadowed throughout the book (we know from the outset that somethings not right), but I've seen a similar trick pulled a number of times before and it's lost much of its novelty. Having said that, the twist does lead us to a couple

of paragraphs of prose that's as shocking, cruel and impactful as anything I've ever read. The horror of the scene works because it's all about context, LeVoit has done the groundwork to make sure that when you read those paragraphs you are stunned, you are disgusted and yet you read on. Fuckwit edgelords should take note.

I'm not sure if I'll ever address my Bizzaro fiction hole. What I have done is pre-ordered Violet LeVoit's next book because if there's one thing that's come out of this is that I now know who she is and I won't be forgetting her in a hurry.

Rodney says

A profound and amazing read. If you are looking at this, you have probably heard great things about *I Miss The World* already. I only have more great things to say. The only problem is that I cannot really say much about what happens without being a spoiler and I would loathe to do so. What I will say here is that LeVoit has blown my mind. To pull off a book where a majority of the content is dialogue in a graveyard between two characters is one thing. Not only was there was no problem keeping my interest throughout, the way it all wraps up is something indescribable. I am not the same person I was when I started this book.

Colleen says

An awesome gutpunch of a book. I read it all in one sitting and I advise to carve time out yourself and read it all at once--easily doable, with the book packing an awful lot of intensity in 124 pages. I knew it was set in Forest Lawn cemetery in Hollywood, so I purchased this based on good review and the expected old movie references. The book did not disappoint--and from the disturbing start, to the lengthy brother and sister monologues in the cemetery--to the slow dawning realization that crept over me at the 70% mark of what was really going on.

"It's America's Lourdes. A bunch of desperate pilgrims seeking the cure of being your ordinary, boring self. Famous people are the saints. They watch over us. St. Valentino, patron saint of stomach ailments and sex appeal. St. Monroe, our Madonna. And the martyrs--Brad Renfro, Dorothy Dandridge, Corey Haim, Sharon Tate...They're all wandering ghosts, gutted on heaven's lawn like the Black Dahlia."

As good I think as *Day of the Locust*. I'll never look at this painting the same again for sure:

David Bridges says

I went into this book without knowing what to expect from it. I have read several great books from King Shot Press this year and figured let's give it a whirl. Now that I have finished *I Miss The World*, I am glad I did not have any expectations because none of them would have been met. I don't mean that as a bad thing either. The book is so creative that it would've been impossible for me to have expectations anyways.

The book has a very brief ominous opening that I kept referring back to as I read the book. It comes around though in an awesome way. I don't want to give too much of the plot away because I truly feel like you will

get more out of this book if you go in with an open mind. Patience is the virtue with this one, or it was for me. It's a novel but it is formatted basically as a conversation between two characters that are reminiscing and telling stories. There are a lot of generational culture references, usually of the pop or artistic nature, some of them philosophical. The prose itself is poetic but there is also some real poetry weaved into some of the monologues. Like any good novel there is an ending and some twists.

The book really started to pick up for me around page 72. One of the characters is telling a story about moving to LA and it is a crazy experience. This part of the book rang like a top notch Denis Johnson short story. The book just takes off into space after this point. The rest of the book is amazing.

I have a couple of other Violet Levoit books and will definitely be checking those out. I also look forward to any new upcoming work as well. Levoit seems to be a very original voice in dark literary fiction.

Danger says

This was great!

Thing is: I was worried going in. I knew that the majority of the book (in fact, I'd say 98% of it) took place in the Hollywood Forever Cemetery and consisted of a conversation between the two main characters. I was like, HOW is this going to hold my interest. In the age of YouTube and Twitter and Vine, how can a sustained DIALOGUE possibly entertain me?

Dude, this book is more than just entertaining. It is profound.

Violet LeVoit knows where the veins are, and she knows how to seduce you with a lullaby when she's going for blood. That's what helps keep this book feeling fresh. It's disorienting and surprising in every direction you turn. And everything is tied up in knots so thick, it's almost impossible to stop reading long enough to breathe. The clash between the aesthetics of the past and the promise of the future, and the impossibly big disparity between the two, is rendered through pages-long monologues that trapeze from idea to idea with such speed (only to return again moments later) you almost don't realize that if this were a play or movie you were watching, instead of reading a book, that the character would've just been speaking for 20 minutes straight. And in these haunting speeches (and in the rapid fire back-and-forths too) we get a Rubik's cube of character development, setting, and action wide enough to encompass what is basically the TOTALITY of the human condition. I read this in awe. Like HOW are you writing like this, LeVoit? These aren't just words on a page. These are song lyrics, sung at perfect-pitch. These are spells.

I don't need to get into the specifics of the plot. It's there. Suffice it to say, this isn't *My Dinner With Andre*. We are building towards something. Something big. You know it right from page ONE. The story moves briskly and succinctly, each moment piled on to the last like the bricks in a pyramid. The conclusion is illuminating, considering the dark tone of the entire novel. I can't stress it enough: This book is not to be missed.

Pedro Proença says

Masterpiece. Full review coming soon.

Janie C. says

If you have read this book, then it has already worked its dark magic on you. If you haven't read it yet, start now. Go into the cemetery blindfolded and pay attention to the dialogue between siblings. Something has happened, but you have no idea what lies ahead of you. The pace is fast as reality untangles. Like the woman on page one, you are standing on a precipice. The truth is in the falling.

George Billions says

Teasing a story in the background

I looked out the window one day and saw flashing lights down the block. The cops had pulled over a van on my street. A few minutes later another cop car came. They pulled out the driver and a passenger, who I guessed to be a husband and wife, and questioned them separately. Somebody, a daughter perhaps, moved around inside the van. The woman cried. The man made a phone call.

The girl didn't come out of the van until the cops left with the adults in handcuffs. She looked angry as hell, scowling at everyone who walked by. Another teenager showed up and drove the van away.

Something happened. I wanted to know more but nothing I could do gave me any more information. I watched the entire thing from different windows, craning my neck and trying to make out any of the dialogue. The story was there, just hidden.

I Miss the World unfolds in a similar way. The real story is immediately hinted at: something bad has happened. Most of the book dances around this something that has happened. It remains mostly hidden in the Tarentinoesque banter that fills the pages. The characters talk much more about what it takes to make a historically accurate film set than any crime that may or may not but probably happened right before the book opened.

It's kind of maddening. I craned my neck and tried to read from different angles. I needed to know more. The story, so masterfully teased, eventually revealed itself. It sounds like I'm describing a slow burn or a shaggy dog story, but it really didn't feel like either.
