



Novi Sad

Jeff Jackson

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Set in a bombed-out cityscape, Jeff Jackson's haunting new novella *Novi Sad* follows a group of friends who take up residence in an abandoned hotel as they await the end of the world.

This melancholic dream story is filled with mysterious disappearances, floating corpses and decaying memories. Though a standalone work, *Novi Sad* is also a sister book to Jeff Jackson's acclaimed novel *Mira Corpora*.

"In a time when it's hard to say if the apocalypse is happening or still to come, Jeff Jackson gives us a tale that blurs the lines between our many possible fates. *Novi Sad* forces us to examine the consequences of adults who've run the world like children and in their folly left the world to children made to live in the rags of dignity they've stripped from the corpses about them. At once magisterial and decrepit, heartening and glum, this book will make you consider the power of our shadows, and of their dangers, too. The places of our imaginations, Jackson reminds us, are often so much more than real."

- D. Foy, author of *Made to Break* and *Patricide*

100 page book, paperback, illustrated by artist Michael Salerno. Printed on blue paper.

Limited edition only available directly from the publisher: http://kiddiepunk.com/novi_sad.htm

Novi Sad Details

Date : Published September 2016 by Kiddiepunk

ISBN :

Author : Jeff Jackson

Format : Paperback 100 pages

Genre : Fiction, Novella, Novels, Literature, American

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From Reader Review Novi Sad for online ebook

Joe says

Only available directly from the publisher.

About \$21 USD including shipping from France: http://www.kiddiepunk.com/novi_sad.htm

Tosh says

I read "Novi Sad" on the bus where my destination was at the barber for my haircut, and I didn't want to go home till I finished the book - so I ended up in a local bar to read the entire novella. It's a very moving book regarding the subject matter of imminent death, the loss of an important person in one's community, and the presence of the world that is not going to get better. A gang of young people, who are barely existing, are located in an abandoned hotel waiting for their 'leader' of sorts. They go through an abandoned and destroyed city to find the lost one. Not to give away the details of the plot, but it is very much a haunted work I think dealing with sadness and the acknowledgment of one who has passed on to the other side.

One of the characters in this short narrative is named "Blue," and the pages in this book are on light blue paper. I was reading it in a dark bar, and the blue is a nice bath for the eyes, but also in tuned with the character "Blue," as well as the story being sort of a version of the blues. It's a beautifully designed artbook by Michael Salerno and published with great love by Kiddiepunk, who works by the way, with Dennis Cooper. The images or artwork fits in greatly with the narrative. A really nice package. A great read. Now, it must be yours.

Mckenzie Ragan says

Review to come.

Tristan Goding says

This book was absolutely amazing, and I read through it twice today just to absorb it all. It's one of those books that really brings you through a wide range of emotions and summons a lot of feelings from the reader. Not all of those feelings are necessarily easy to describe either. I feel, though, that this book explores something that everyone has pondered. This is only an end-of-the-world tale as far as the story is concerned. This novella is much more concerned with bringing the reader into a purely destructive atmosphere, but it does it with the intent of illuminating the memory and the nostalgia of living in a chaotic environment without much to worry about other than survival. This is a much more intimate tale than what one is expecting. At its core, it's another coming-of-age tale, and, because it's written by Jeff Jackson, it's one that involves a lot of forbidden ideas, which, to me, is the best kind of coming-of-age story. If you enjoyed MIRA CORPORA, this is just as amazing.

Jeff Golick says

A vision of community amidst decrepitude that probably seemed a grim fantasy when conceived by Jackson, but now looms as a possible future for us all. A companion piece of a sort to his previous novel, *MIRA CORPORA*, this slim volume emanates a heavy end-of-the-world vibe, wherein the day's big activity is walking down to the docks to see suicides being dragged to shore by the harbor patrol. Somehow, though, Jackson presents it all with a lightness of tone that allows some beauty to shine through. The art that's used throughout only adds to the experience.

A warning shot, a moving elegy, an ode to fallen friendships -- there's a lot to find here.

Kris V Bernard says

From the moment I laid my eyes upon the soft blue pages I could feel a connection forming in my mind. All the lines, the imagery threaded together by memory made these people, this story timeless and RAW. My mind started to switch channels tracing lines between *Mira Corpora* in unseen photographs, faces just out of focus. This story seems very close to Jackson's heart and as such I found myself trying to slow it all down, underlining line after line in various colors, notations marked in multi hued stars.

"A crescent moon sharp as a scythe shines down on the streets around us. The wires overhead link nothing, a forgotten geometry of the sky. The only beings stirring are two Great Danes who silently follow us, their large patient faces trying to puzzle out our midnight expedition."

THIS. IS. NOT. A. STORY. ANYONE. CAN. SPOIL.

Those of you who read it will understand when you turn that "last" page to that final lingering image of post demolition.

I want to read it again and again, seeing more in those black squares every time.

Man, Jeff Jackson blows me away with admiration and respect for his courage to flesh out these lingering memories. It's what I needed and it inspires me to dig deeper into deciphering the images I subconsciously decided long ago to blur out of focus.

James says

This novella, a companion piece of sorts to Jeff Jackson's superb 2013 novel *Mira Corpora* (though it can hold its own as a stand-alone work), is set in the desolate remains of a bombed-out city, and revolves around a group of young friends who take shelter in an abandoned hotel, where, amidst compact and finely written scenes of urban collapse and apocalyptic imagery, they make a new ramshackle life for themselves while awaiting the end of the world. The narrative deals with the eventual disintegration of this group and how this

disintegration affects the narrator (here named "Jeff"). Like all of the books and products released by Kiddiepunk, the presentation here is impeccable, with quite haunting artwork and design by Michael Salerno that compliments the text itself. The decision to have the book printed on blue paper was a nice touch, and further enhances the melancholic feel of the novella, giving one the impression that the words themselves were unable to bear the collective grief of the unfolding narrative, and that this grief flowed from the words onto the very pages, staining them with an azure agony. Highly recommended, grab it while you can.

Jeff Jackson says

I wrote this, so grain of salt etc. But if you enjoy dark fiction and/or my first novel *Mira Corpora*, there's a good chance you'll like this short novella, which is a sort of "sister" book. It's also accompanied by stunning artwork and printed on blue paper - and a fairly limited edition.

Update: Picked as one of the "Best Books of 2016" in Vice, Entropy, Lit-Reactor, and Vol. 1 Brooklyn. And by Blake Butler and Dennis Cooper.

Novi Sad is both more surreal and more straightforward than *Mira Corpora*, following a group of kids who gather in an abandoned hotel in a bombed-out city to wait for the end of the world.

Here's what The Nervous Breakdown wrote: "There's been a handful of books that exemplify what post-apocalyptic fiction can achieve in terms of serving as mirrors for human nature when faced with Armageddon: *Earth Abides* by George R. Stewart, *The Road* by Cormac McCarthy, *Swan Song* by Robert R. McCammon, *Blindness* by José Saramago, and *Alas Babylon* by Pat Frank. Now Jeff Jackson has joined this elite group with *Novi Sad*, a narrative that is as profound and smart as any of the aforementioned classics but somehow manages to deliver the same punch in less than 100 pages."

Here's what Electric Literature had to say about it:

"Jackson is showing us the Future of Now. He is gazing, as Ballard did, five minutes into the future to show us a world where the news grows increasingly bizarre with each passing day. The entire book is brilliantly illustrated by artist Michael Salerno. The images are hauntingly beautiful?—decaying buildings, teenagers with their eyes scratched out. Packaged together, this book acts as a sort of found object that is so cohesive and singular that at times it almost appears to be breathing.

"*Novi Sad* is a truly singular and profound experience. It firmly roots you in the familiar while simultaneously transporting you to a soft, light-blue dream space. Much like the work of David Lynch or even Harmony Korine, Jackson's world is one that, despite all logic, you know must be true, not because it looks true, but because it feels true."

It's only available directly from the publisher: http://kiddiepunk.com/novi_sad.htm

Bud Smith says

An exceptional book. It reads like a dream. Last month I read the companion novel to this, *Mira Corpora*. Loved that. Love this. For fans of the world falling apart and landing right in your outstretched hands.

Tobias says

Echoes of Steve Erickson's surreal cityscapes and Kevin Brockmeier's A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE DEAD, so....can't really argue with that.

Ben Robinson says

Novi Sad is the story of a group of wasted youths holed up in an abandoned hotel as they await the end of the world and/or their inevitable squabbling and dissolution, whichever comes sooner. The apocalypse they live through is one that seems familiar through contemporary TV news reports and political grandstanding, although its cause remains tantalisingly unspecified. We find our gang of outcast antiheroes, led by the narrator Jeff, meeting these end times with a dazed acceptance and just getting their kicks where they can, be it via piles of pills or stacks of lovingly compiled mixtapes. These 100 blue pages rattle by thanks to Jackson's evocative, cinematic style, and the artist/designer Michael Salerno's Kiddiepunk press have produced yet another lush object here.

Nate D says

Memory realigned to unfold within its appropriate metaphysical context. Here, a blasted city in the midst of a process of ending without end. Despite this, the tethers of memory give this a sense of being more actual than surreal. The space the characters carve out for themselves, physical and narrative, is perfect -- spectral and isolated as the damaged photos of people once known and war-ravaged buildings that appear at intervals throughout these pale blue pages. A quick, probably one-sitting read, but one that burns brightly in the memory, as the images here must continue to smolder in the memory of the author.

Incidentally, I ordered this twice, once losing it to an old address with no one there to accept it or let me know. I'd like to think that it came into someone's unexpected hands there, but perhaps it's most apt if it remains in some dusty abandoned courtyard to this day, which might also be an appropriate metaphysical context for encountering this.

Liz Dom says

A great mix between prose and fine art - a book that's odd, confusing and dystopian and leaves you wondering.

D. Foy says

This is an amazing book. Here's the blurb I wrote for it: "In a time when it's hard to say if the apocalypse is happening or still to come, Jeff Jackson gives us a tale that blurs the lines between our many possible fates.

NOVI SAD forces us to examine the consequences of adults who've run the world like children and in their folly left the world to children made to live in the rags of dignity they've stripped from the corpses about them. At once magisterial and decrepit, heartening and glum, this book will make you consider the power of our shadows, and of their dangers, too. The places of our imaginations, Jackson reminds us, are often so much more than real."

Sofia says

Sort of like the ghost of *Mira Corpora*. Shades of *L'amour fou*, *Silent Hill 2*, *Salto*, *The Amber Spyglass*, *The Atrocity Exhibition*, *Cosmos*, *Deconstructionist*, M Kitchell, and Alain Robbe-Grillet.
