

Chapter 1 : Nightfall and Other Stories - Wikipedia

Nightfall and Other Stories () is an anthology book compiling 20 previously published science fiction short stories by Isaac Asimov. The book added a brief introduction to each story, explaining some aspect of the story's history and/or how it came to be written.

When I wrote it, I had just turned twenty-one. I had been writing professionally in the sense that I was submitting my stories to magazines and occasionally selling them for two and a half years, but had created no tidal wave. I had published about a dozen stories and had failed to sell a dozen others. As far as writing is concerned, I am a complete and utter primitive. I just write any old way it comes into my mind to write and just as fast as it comes into my mind. Campbell never sends letters of acceptance. He sends checks, instead, and very promptly, and that is an excellent way of handling the matter. I always found it thrilling. I received a check for "Nightfall" but my initial pang of delight was almost instantly snuffed out by the fact that Mr. Campbell had made a mistake. Standard payment at that time was a munificent 1 cent a word. No complaints, folks; I was glad to get it. It would be so simple to cash the check and ask no questions, but the Ten Commandments, as preached to me by my stern and rockbound father, made it absolutely necessary to call Mr. Campbell at once and make arrangements for a new and smaller check. It turned out there was no mistake. The story seemed so good to Mr. Campbell. I had never, till then, received so huge a payment for any story, and that was just the beginning. When the story appeared, it was given the lead position and the cover. As the years passed, in fact, it became evident that I had written a "classic. I must say, though, that as time passed, I began to feel some irritation at being told, over and over again, that "Nightfall" was my best story. It seemed to me, after all, that although I know no more about Writing now than I knew then, sheer practice should have made me more proficient, technically, with each year. The thing has preyed on my mind, in fact, until the idea of this book came to me. First appearance-Astounding Science Fiction, September 1941. Copyright, 1941, by Street and Smith Publications, Inc. I have never included "Nightfall" in any of my own collections of stories because it always seemed to me to have been so well anthologized that it must be familiar to all my readers. I can also include other stories of mine that have proven successful in one way or another but have not appeared in any of my own collections. Then you can decide for yourself why or if "Nightfall" is better than the others. Nightfall If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God? Thereupon took that fury in his stride. It had cost him bruises, black eyes, and broken bones; but it had given him an ample supply of coolness and self-confidence. So he lowered the outthrust hand that had been so pointedly ignored and calmly waited for the aged director to get over the worst. Aton 77 found his voice, and though it trembled with restrained emotion, the careful, somewhat pedantic phraseology, for which the famous astronomer was noted, did not abandon him. I will credit you with good intentions in bringing this man here; but I will tolerate no insubordination now. You have led a vast newspaper campaign against the efforts of myself and my colleagues to organize the world against the menace which it is now too late to avert. You have done your best with your highly personal attacks to make the staff of this Observatory objects of ridicule. Of all newsmen, you! It had already faded and yellowed into the horizon mists, and Aton knew he would never see it again as a sane man. Do you see it? Beta was almost at zenith, its ruddy light flooding the landscape to an unusual orange as the brilliant rays of setting Gamma died. Beta was at aphelion. Alpha, the one about which it revolved, was at the antipodes, as were the two distant companion pairs. It will do so because, as you see. Beta is the only sun in the sky. And still - it nothing happens? On the other hand, if nothing comes of it, you will just have to expect ridicule or worse. It would be wise to leave that ridicule to friendly hands. After all, this is not the century to preach "The end of the world is at hand" to Lagash. I assure you that the Cult hates us now worse than you do. Say that there is - just to see what happens. That anger might take shape into something serious. After all, you know, business has taken a nosedive these last two months. Just as soon as this is all over, the business interests will be after your hide. The sparks will fly, sir. I can handle things so that only the ridiculous side will show. In return for that, all my publisher asks is an exclusive story. We ought to take care of that, too. You will kindly refrain,

however, from hampering us in our duties in any way. You will also remember that I am in charge of all activities here, and in spite of your opinions as expressed in your columns, I will expect full cooperation and full respect - " His hands were behind his back, and his wrinkled face thrust forward determinedly as he spoke. He might have continued indefinitely but for the intrusion of a new voice. I thought you were going to stay behind in the Hideout. The place bored me. I wanted to be here, where things are getting hot. I want to see these Stars the Cultists are forever speaking about. What kind of good are you around here? They need men of action and strong, healthy women that can breed children. So why bother them with an extra mouth to feed? I feel better over here. He frowned and blew his ample cheeks out. They consist mainly of the immediate members of the families of the Observatory staff, certain of the faculty of Saro University, and a few outsiders. Altogether, they number about three hundred, but three quarters are women and children. With all of mankind insane, with the great cities going up in flames - environment will not be conducive to survival. The rest can go hang. The men about the table had brought out a multi-chess board and started a six-member game. Moves were made rapidly and in silence. All eyes bent in furious concentration on the board. Theremon watched them intently and then rose and approached Aton, who sat apart in whispered conversation with Sheerin. I want to ask some questions. It will do me good to talk. Aton was telling me about your ideas concerning world reaction to a failure of the prediction - and I agree with you. I read your column pretty regularly, by the way, and as a general thing I like your views. It has softer chairs, anyway. There were also thick red curtains on the windows and a maroon carpet on the floor. With the bricky light of Beta pouring in, the general effect was one of dried blood. I wish Gamma or Delta were in the sky. You say there is going to be a world-wide Darkness in a few hours and that all mankind will go violently insane. What I want now is the science behind it. It would be too easy to get my men drunk. He turned to Theremon, impaled him with his sharp eyes, and began. Has it been accepted as a fact? This cyclic character is - or rather, was - one of the great mysteries. All centers of culture were thoroughly gutted by fire, with nothing left behind to give a hint as to the cause. We can forget about that. Some say that there are periodic rains of fire; some that Lagash passes through a sun every so often; some even wilder things. But there is one theory, quite different from all of these, that has been handed down over a period of centuries. You mean this myth of the "Stars" that the Cultists have in their Book of Revelations. And then, they say, things called Stars appeared, which robbed men of their souls and left them unreasoning brutes, so that they destroyed the civilization they themselves had built up. Theremon rose to protest, but Sheerin eyed him sternly. I can give you all the essential math in a sentence. The Law of Universal Gravitation states that there exists a cohesive force among all bodies of the universe, such that the amount of this force between any two given bodies is proportional to the product of their masses divided by the square of the distance between them.

Chapter 2 : Nightfall: and other stories - Isaac Asimov - Google Books

The original short story "Nightfall" by Isaac Asimov is one of the great science fiction short stories of all time, and it is a fabulous work of imagination.

Contact Author Observations on the stories as a whole. I also found him to be quite the philosopher. In various stories, he has humans reacting to their place in the universe and to people beyond their planet. Also, instead of language being a barrier between humans and aliens, it is oxygen. Extraterrestrial beings are often depicted wearing some sort of pump that allows them to survive Earth and Earthlike environments. In fact, humans interacting with outer space beings is, according to Asimov, more than often not, grim. War is either a potential threat or already happening. The author often has humans killing the aliens they meet. Since his stories largely take place in the future, he uses that word to describe the era of his lifetime. In fact, he sometimes made up fictional versions just familiar enough to remind people of real life art and architecture, particularly people who have an education in art history. Then again, that is speculation on my part. Now, if you keep scrolling down, you will read my analysis of references I have found in the selected stories. I think Asimov predicted Brutalism, the architectural style known for its hard execution. According to the embedded link in the first sentence, the short story was published in I write this because Asimov labels the building where the story takes place as "Neo-Gavottian" and describes it in such a way that reminded me of Brutalist architecture. Also, if you read the Wikipedia link I embedded, it explains that Brutalism is the preferred style for places of learning and government buildings, which the building in the story the characters are in is kind of both. By the way, I looked up "Neo-Gavottian" and the search results ranged from quotes from this story and websites that looked really sketchy. Source "In a Good Cause--" This short story scrutinizes two people during interactions between humans and extraterrestrials. One person Altmayer practices civil disobedience and attempts an assassination while the other Stock works within the government and uses covert political intrigue. The tale is about the deconstruction of political ideals and what people do to maintain them. To clarify this point, it is also an exploration of how human flaws and historical facts are minimized by art that promotes ideals. To hammer this point home, Ancient Greece is referenced and the story mentions its celebrated ideals and flaws. If you want real life examples of this theme, consider the statues of historical figures in the U. To elaborate, Stock is using Altmayer as a tool because he considers Altmayer tailor made to look good in art intended to promote ideals. I have come across fiction that explores the concept of flawed people who are made ideal by art and architecture. One example is the TV show Scandal. Since it took place in Washington, D. The final episode ended with a pretty painting of the main character Olivia Pope who, from the first season to the last, committed acts that were awful. Examples of Ideals found in Washington, D. Click thumbnail to view full-size George Washington at the Smithsonian [http: Characters make claims that the arts flourished in the Netherlands while they were warring with Spain. True, there was a Dutch Golden Age. Besides this story, Asimov continued exploring this concept of cultural zeniths during strife in his book, I, Robot. From what I have gleaned from those two different stories, is Asimov is exploring a nuanced, complicated view of history. But did you like it? If you want an introduction to the history of science fiction and stories that range from thoughtful to thrilling, I recommend this book. I enjoyed these stories.](http://)

Chapter 3 : Smashwords "Nightfall and Other Stories" a book by Lea Shayde

IMPORTANT EDIT: my book says at the beginning that the anthology was called "Nightfall and other stories" in English, but the story Nightfall does not actually appear in the book I read, so I have no idea if it was published in the same form in English.

So how about this: Isaac Asimov was indisputably one of the most popular and most influential science fiction authors of the 20th century. He influenced a generation as a popular science writer, and helped shape the SF genre as an anthology editor. From the late 50s on, however, his career was diverted, and other than the occasional story and some editing, he largely put SF aside to concentrate on popular science. In the 60s, he returned in a major way to SF, with sequels and prequels to his earlier works. *Nightfall* was an anthology published in 1968. Which, in practice, basically means a bunch of stories from the early 50s, a few later stragglers, and *Nightfall*, which Asimov, out of pique, had refused to allow to be anthologised until that point. Asimov notoriously avoided ever writing about aliens, but four or five of these stories have aliens in them. Although the stories are all very different, some things can be said about the generality of them. Which unfortunately he had no ear for "and which in any case quickly became dated as styles of speech developed over the years. The reliance on dialogue, with descriptive passages mostly used to set scenes, clarify actions and bolster the atmosphere here and there, brings to mind a screenplay. Instead, Asimov is writing stories people can read on their morning commute, that will stay latched in the back of their brain uncomfortably for the rest of the day. That said, how do these particular stories measure up? *Nightfall* "Astounding If the stars should emerge one night in a thousand years" With his iconic *Nightfall*, Asimov begins with a bang "or rather, with a slow but consuming fire. And to be honest, Asimov might be right. But you know what? The core of it is just a really great concept, but beyond that I think the execution is very accomplished: Asimov builds the claustrophobic tension up at almost exactly the right rate, until the final explosion, allowing no real moments of slack. Indeed, Asimov manages to sketch out his characters quite clearly, and uses them to effectively hammer home the stakes of his story. And that story is "while superficially unlike anything else he ever wrote " in its own way a perfect distillation of what he was trying to do as a writer. Some dialogue is a bit out-of-date but then again, these are all aliens speaking! Maybe, relying more on dread than on thrills, it needs that slow, deliberate drumbeat of a pace. To that end, its human crew is entirely male, and its holds are filled with female animals, monitored night and day. But why are humans so warped, so damaged, to want to avoid the best of all possible fates? Its also only half the length " but although it maybe could be longer, it makes its brevity work in its favour. And she has some questions to consider. Why, for example, is a hay-eating alien medical researcher visiting Earth all alone? Why does he want to stay at her house? Why does he want to visit the Missing Persons Bureau? Why is her husband being so boorish about it all? And why DID he marry her, anyway? John Campbell insisted that when his Astounding writers write stories about aliens, they must make clear that humans are unique and racially superior an ideology that has remained ubiquitous in most SF ever since. As a result, Asimov generally refused to write about aliens. In the USA in 1968, however, going as far as this was already rather radically feminist for the pulp fiction market. Did he find that out only now that he needed her? The result is an interesting piece for fans of the era, genre or author, but not a must-read for the general public. Breeds There A Man? How dare reality start having cool things like nuclear apocalypses " SF authors had been into them WAY before they were physically possible! Lovecraft stories that H. There are, of course, no tentacles. Indeed, the suggestion of a similarity between the two authors seems, on the face of it, absurd. That said, the story itself is not brilliant. It misses at least two possible better endings that Lovecraft would have spotted " Asimov never had the instinct to cut deep that good horror needs. And, like a lot of his stories, it feels perhaps too long my back-of-envelope estimates suggest that *Nightfall*, *Hostess*, *Breeds There A Man*? That said, *Breeds There A Man*? *C-Chute* " *Galaxy Five* men remain on a captured starship, waiting for imprisonment on the alien homeworld. Each has their own desperate reason to escape and to return home to Earth " but can any reason be powerful enough when only an act of heroism can save the day? Another alien star wars story, of the kind popular in the era, but that Asimov never wrote. The real surprise,

however, is how he goes about writing it. Except that he decided to take on this genre byâ€ minimising the action, magnifying the claustrophobia, and concentrating on character and description! The former is hit-or-miss. The characters are the heart of the piece, not novel perhaps, but nonetheless relatable. Human planets are engulfed in continual internecine conflict, while the hay-eating Diaboli construct a vast, homogenous, empire; one man stands up to unify mankind. Unfortunately, the ambition of the story outpaces the time and attention given to it. The key incidents that make up the story are perfunctorily conveyed, the broader worldbuilding that is needed to provide the stakes is lacking, and so, so much is conveyed through as-you-know-Bob infodumps and political lectures. That it works at all is an accomplishment â€ and it does, in a way, work. Ironically, this was a commission with only one request: Would their lives be different? One day, Asimov and his wife were on a train together, and to pass the time his wife dared him to make up a story about the journey they were on. This is the result at least, the resulting story was typed up and presumably edited a little to produce this. Instead, they send it to live on a farm upstate. There, a custodian looks after them, repairs them, upgrades them, admires them. Most beautiful of them all is Sallyâ€ Nothing, as the saying goes, ages faster than the future. Science fiction has a way of rapidly becoming dated. It was all carefully and deliberately inserted by my conscious mind, because I wanted to. Perhaps there are some things man was never meant to knowâ€ Asimov always had a bit of a chip on his shoulder about style. The value in the story â€ other than seeing the misanthropic side of Asimov more clearly than almost anywhere else â€ is in the writing, as he forced himself to focus on characterisation and to deliver a string of bitter, jaded, epigrammatic observations. The problem is, while there are a lot of quotable lines in this story, the unremitting succession of them, paired to an almost complete lack of any actual story, quickly becomes tiresome. Asimov, unlike many of his contemporaries, never wrote characters like that â€ except just this once. The result of this is essentially a parody of a s B-movie: How could a woman the sex motivated, at least in America, only by the higher spiritual and emotional passions possibly be attracted to a male representing, as it were, an intellectually lower life-form? This has a terrible psychological impact on her son. Forget the mechanics of teleportation, or even the philosophy: The un-Asimovian element here is simply that a teleporter failure could be entertained as anything other than a catastrophe â€ Asimov hated the outdoors almost to the point of agoraphobia, and a teleporter would be a wonderful contraption for him. The story is straightforward, the pleasure being in the unpacking of the concept, rather than the concept itself, and there are some evocative passages. But to what extent can the happiness, indeed the very safety, of society be permitted to rely on the unhappiness of even one man? On the surface, you can see why: The final piece, however, is missing something. This version, by contrast, is tied up in questions of pragmatism and idealism, castes and taboos, the moral position of anthropologists, industrial relations, the nature of harm and so forth. It makes it a very interesting story, for its length, but perhaps saps some of its impact. I also think that, while Asimov found a clever ending, he failed to find the even cleverer double twist that the story is crying out for. Mention must be made, incidentally, of the title. There is absolutely no reason whatsoever for this in the story. Possibly the idea of strikebreaking was so controversial that he felt audiences needed to be soothed by a comforting reminder of masculinity? Asimov, in any case, quite rightly re-imposed the original title whenever he could. Some way that could be narrated in words or fewerâ€ The structure of a short story is often very similar to the structure of the joke. Lengthen the joke, or shorten the story, and the line between the two becomes blurred. And this is a very short story. A professor invents a love potion. Not being enough of a Gilbert and Sullivan fan to recognise the in-jokes, this is an unobjectionable but rather pointless story for me. Very little happens, and then everything suddenly takes a sharp left turn for no reason. I actually quite like the effect, like reading genuine folk tales: What is this Thing Called Love? So Playboy discovered a little-read semi-pornographic sci-fi magazine that ran for a few issues in and , and pretended it represented all of science fiction. Asimov, in turn, wrote a parody of the parody, which is also a parody of the target of the original parody. Which is surprising, because, as the Chief Programmer and Chief Interpreter of the machine discuss with the Executive Director of the Solar Federation, the process has a number of small flawsâ€ This story is not actively awful. It makes some nice points and is moderately amusing. Its greatest virtue is its brevity. The most interesting thing about it is actually its copyright notice â€ copyright was held by an electronics company, because it was

published originally not as a story per se, but as a covert advert:

Chapter 4 : Nightfall (Asimov novelette and novel) - Wikipedia

Nightfall and Other Stories by Asimov, Isaac and a great selection of similar Used, New and Collectible Books available now at racedaydvl.com

Please use the follow button to get notification about the latest chapter next time when you visit LightNovelFree. Use F11 button to read novel in full-screen PC only. Drop by anytime you want to read free "fast" latest novel. Part 22 "Well, then, jail it is. On June 17, , of the atomic era, after a short trial in which Richard Sayama Altmayer refused to present any defense, he was sentenced to jail for the term of three years or for the duration of the war, whichever should be longer. He served a little over four years and two months, at which time the war ended in a definite though not shattering Santannian defeat. Earth gained complete control of certain disputed asteroids, various commercial advantages, and a limitation of the Santannian navy. The combined human losses of the war were something over two thousand s. The fleets of the two contending powers had been sufficiently strong to restrict this bombardment to the outposts of their respective systems, so that the planets of Earth and Santanni, themselves, were little affected. The war conclusively established Earth as the strongest single human military power. Geoffrey Stock fought throughout the war, seeing action more than once and remaining whole in life and limb despite that. At the end of the war he had the rank of major. The projection posters and the newscasts of the Federalist party made that abundantly clear to any who were unaware of that. Over and over, they repeated the chronology of events. It was toward the beginning of the century that human explorers first came across the Diaboli. They were intelligent and had discovered interstellar travel independently somewhat earlier than had the humans. Already the galactic volume of their dominions was greater than that which was human-occupied. At that time, outposts of Diaboli power were already within twenty light years of the outermost human centers. Their missions went everywhere, drawing trade treaties, obtaining concessions on unoccupied asteroids. And now they were on Earth itself. They were treated as equals and perhaps as more than equals by the rulers of the greatest center of human population in the Galaxy. Although the number of living Diaboli was somewhat less than the total number of living humans, humanity had opened up not more than five new worlds to colonization in fifty years, while the Diaboli had begun the occupation of nearly five hundred. The crowds that lined the streets along which nearly daily the five Diaboli of the mission traveled from their specially conditioned suite in the best hotel of the city to the Secretariat of Defense were, by and large, not hostile. Most were merely curious, and more than a little revolted. The Diaboli were not pleasant creatures to look at. They were larger and considerably more ma. They had four stubby legs set close together below and two flexibly-fingered arms above. Their skin was wrinkled and naked and they wore no clothing. Their broad, scaly faces wore no expressions capable of being read by Earthmen, and from flattened regions just above each large-pupilled eye there sprang short horns. It was these last that gave the creatures their names. At first they had been called devils, and later the politer Latin equivalent. Each wore a pair of cylinders on its back from which flexible tubes extended to the nostrils; there they clamped on tightly. These were packed with soda-lime which absorbed the, to them, poisonous carbon dioxide from the air they breathed. Their own metabolism revolved about the reduction of sulfur and sometimes those foremost among the humans in the crowd caught a foul whiff of the hydrogen sulfide exhaled by the Diaboli. The leader of the Federalists was in the crowd. He stood far back where he attracted no attention from the police who had roped off the avenues and who now maintained a watchful order on the little hoppers that could be maneuvered quickly through the thickest crowd. The Federalist leader was gaunt-faced, with a thin and prominently bridged nose and straight, graying hair. He turned away, "I cannot bear to look at them. He said, "No uglier in spirit, at least, than some of our handsome officials. These creatures are at least true to their own. Are we entirely ready? I will remain here to give the signal. This fact could not be evident to any human, no matter how close. To be sure, they could communicate by making ordinary sounds to one another but that was not their method of choice. The skin between their horns could, by the actions of muscles which differed in their construction from any known to humans, vibrate rapidly. The tiny waves which were transmitted in this manner to the air were too rapid to

be heard by the human ear and too delicate to be detected by any but the most sensitive of human instrumentation. At that time, in fact, humans remained unaware of this form of communication. A vibration said, "Did you know that this is the planet of origin of the Two-legs? More of our people should do so instead of insisting so firmly on the complete worthlessness of Two-leg culture. For one thing, we are in a much better position to deal with the Two-legs if we know something about them. Their history is interesting in a horrible way. I am glad I brought myself to view their spools. Certainly there is no veneration of this planet, Earth, or any memorial rites connected with it. Are you sure the information is correct? The lack of ritual, and the fact that this planet is by no means a shrine, is perfectly understandable in the light of Two-leg history. The Two-legs on the other worlds would scarcely concede the honor. It would somehow lower the independent dignity of their own worlds. It would seem that, originally, when interstellar travel was first discovered by the Two-legs, they lived under a single political unit. This was an unusual stage in their history and did not last. After the colonies on the various worlds grew and came to reasonable maturity, their first interest was to break away from the mother world. The first in the series of interstellar wars among these Two-legs began then. My digestion has been upset for days. My cud is sour. In any case, the various colonies gained independence, so that now we have the situation of which we are well aware. All of the Two-leg kingdoms, republics, aristocracies, etc. This Earth is the strongest among them and yet less than a dozen worlds owe it allegiance. Do they not have a tradition of the single government that existed when they consisted of but one world? The single government had existed only a few decades. Prior to that, this very planet itself was split into a number of subplanetary political units. It is simply the nature of the beast. The five Diaboli stood side by side along the table. They stood because their anatomy did not admit of anything that could correspond to "sitting. It would have been more convenient for the humans to sit but, understandably, there was no desire to make the handicap of smaller size any more p. The table was a rather wide one; the widest, in fact, that could be conveniently obtained. This was out of respect for the human nose, for from the Diaboli, slightly so as they breathed, much more so when they spoke, there came the gentle and continuous drift of hydrogen sulfide. This was a difficulty rather unprecedented in diplomatic negotiations. Ordinarily the meetings did not last for more than half an hour, and at the end of this interval the Diaboli ended their conversations without ceremony and turned to leave. This time, however, the leave-taking was interrupted. A man entered, and the five human negotiators made way for him. He was tall, taller than any of the other Earthmen, and he wore a uniform with the ease of long usage. His face was round and his eyes cold and steady. His black hair was rather thin but as yet untouched by gray. There was an irregular blotch of scar tissue running from the point of his jaw downward past the line of his high, leather-brown collar. It might have been the result of a hand energy-ray, wielded by some forgotten human enemy in one of the five wars in which the man had been an active participant. Their strict sense of hierarchy was disturbed. The Secretary was only a Two-leg, but by Two-leg standards, he outranked them. They could not properly conduct official business with him. The Secretary was aware of their feelings but had no choice in the matter. For at least ten minutes, their leaving must be delayed and no ordinary interruption could serve to hold back the Diaboli. Actually, a Diabolus might be said to have two mouths. One was hinged at the outermost extremity of the jawbone and was used in eating. In this capacity, the motion of the mouth was rarely seen by human beings, since the Diaboli much preferred to eat in the company of their own kind, exclusively. A narrower mouth opening, however, perhaps two inches in width, could be used in speaking. It remained open during speech, the necessary consonantal blockings being performed by the palate and back of the tongue. The result was hoarse. The Diabolus said, "You will pardon us, already we suffer. We must ask for larger poison-absorbing cylinders. Perhaps you would do us the honor to eat with us. He scribbled rapidly on a piece of paper and pa.

Chapter 5 : Art History in "Nightfall and Other Stories" by Isaac Asimov | Owlcation

Nightfall & Other Stories collects published sf short stories by Isaac Asimov. He adds a brief introduction to each story, explaining aspects of its history. The main criteria for inclusion were that they had to be quality stories not in anthologies edited by him.

It is not, however, necessarily a recipe for his best writing. There are twenty stories here although the first five provide half the pagecount. They are blurbs my own To that end, its human crew is entirely male, and its holds are filled with female animals, monitored night and day. But why are humans so warped, so damaged, to want to avoid the best of all possible fates? And she has some questions to consider. Why, for example, is a hay-eating alien medical researcher visiting Earth all alone? Why does he want to stay at her house? Why does he want to visit the Missing Persons Bureau? Why is her husband being so boorish about it all? And why DID he marry her, anyway? Breeds There A Man? But he may not have a choice "because there are some truths in the universe that man was never meant to know" C-Chute Galaxy Five men remain on a captured starship, waiting for imprisonment on the alien homeworld. Each has their own desperate reason to escape and to return home to Earth "but can any reason be powerful enough when only an act of heroism can save the day? Human planets are engulfed in continual internecine conflict, while the hay-eating Diaboli construct a vast, homogenous, empire; one man stands up to unify mankind. What If " " Fantastic A man and his wife meet a very peculiar stranger on a train, and consider an unusual question: Would their lives be different? Instead, they send it to live on a farm upstate. There, a custodian looks after them, repairs them, upgrades them, admires them. This has a terrible psychological impact on her son. But to what extent can the happiness, indeed the very safety, of society be permitted to rely on the unhappiness of even one man? A professor invents a love potion. What is this Thing Called Love? My pick of the non-Nightfall stories would be the unsettling "Sally". Most of the longer stories are solid, second-tier stories, while the shorter ones tend to be disposable - although are couple are entertainingly so. The good and the bad sort of cancel out. However, he was also an author with limitations - limitations he can transcend in his best stories, but that drag down the rest. This anthology gives us the whole range, from a masterpiece like "Nightfall", through a range of flawed but still powerful stories, into a realm of disposable but adequate page-fillers, all the way down to a couple of clunking failures. There are half a dozen or more stories that should interest the genre fan here

- Isaac Asimov *Nightfall and Other Stories: Eyes Do More Than See* - Isaac Asimov *Nightfall and Other Stories: Segregationist* - Isaac Asimov *Media and religion struggle with science. Still. 4 out of 5 Lack of grouping relief.*

It was the 32nd story by Asimov, written while he was a graduate student in chemistry at Columbia University. Campbell asked Asimov to write the story after discussing with him a quotation from Ralph Waldo Emerson: He and Asimov chose the title "Nightfall" together. Greenberg suggested Asimov find someone who would take his year-old short story and "keeping the story essentially as written" add a detailed beginning and a detailed ending to it. As Asimov relates in the Robert Silverberg chapter of his autobiography, "Eventually, I received the extended Nightfall manuscript from Bob [Silverberg] Bob did a wonderful job and I could almost believe I had written the whole thing myself. He remained absolutely faithful to the original story and I had very little to argue with. Lagash has areas of darkness in caves, tunnels, etc. A skeptical journalist visits a university observatory to interview a group of scientists who warn that civilization will soon end. One of the researchers explains that they have discovered evidence of numerous ancient civilizations on Lagash, all destroyed by fire, with each collapse occurring about 2, years apart. The religious writings of a doomsday cult claim that Lagash periodically passes through a dark cave where mysterious "stars" appear. The stars are said to rain down fire from the heavens and rob people of their souls, reducing them to beast-like savages. The scientists use this apparent myth, along with recent discoveries in gravitational research, to develop a theory about the repeated collapse of society. Having evolved on a planet with no diurnal cycle, Lagashians possess an intense, instinctive fear of the dark and have never experienced a long period of total darkness, but the eclipse will last for "well over half a day". The scientists theorize that earlier civilizations were destroyed by people who became insane during previous eclipses and "desperate for any light source" started large fires that destroyed cities. Present-day civilization is doomed for the same reasons, but the researchers hope that detailed observations of the eclipse will help to break the cycle of societal collapse. The scientists are unprepared, however, for the stars. Because of the perpetual daylight on Lagash, its inhabitants are unaware of the existence of stars apart from their own; astronomers believe that the entire universe is no more than a few light years in diameter and may hypothetically contain a small number of other suns. But Lagash is located in the center of a "giant cluster," and during the eclipse, the night sky "the first that people have ever seen" is filled with more than 30, newly visible stars. Learning that the universe is far more vast and Lagash far more insignificant than they believed causes everyone, including the scientists, to become insane. Outside the observatory, in the direction of the city, the horizon begins glowing with the light of spreading fires as "the long night" returns to Lagash. Setting[edit] The system of Kalgash has six stars named Alpha, Beta, etc. In the novel, Onos is the primary sun of Kalgash and is located 10 light-minutes away, similar to the distance from Earth to our Sun. The other five suns are minor in comparison, but provide enough light to prevent the inhabitants of Kalgash from defining "night". The only other distance given is that Tano and Sitha form a binary star system about 11 times as far away as Onos. Onos, in turn, orbits around the binary system Trey and Patru, the other binary system Tano and Sitha, and the red dwarf star Dovim. Kalgash Two follows an eccentric orbit around Kalgash and every years it eclipses Dovim, during a period when from one part of Kalgash, Dovim is the only star that would be visible. The characters of Nightfall travel to three separate locations on Kalgash. Most of the book is set in Saro City, which is situated near a large forest with trees, bushes, and graben scavenger animals. As stated in the introduction, the weather in the book is analogous to the meteorologic experiences of the characters in the book, and the region of Saro City receives rains that last several days. The first major weather fluctuation mentioned in the book is the sandstorm that Siferra 89 avoided by hiding under a tarpaulin with her crew. The other weather event was the monsoon-like rains that occurred after Sheerin returned from a consultation in Jonglor, which is described as a northern city. Siferra 89 travels to Beklimot, which is described as half a world away from Jonglor. Beklimot is located on the Sagikan Peninsula, near mountains. Beklimot is in a sandy, arid desert region. Adaptations in other media[edit] In the s, the story was adapted for radio programs

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Dimension X and X Minus One. After the story, it includes a dialog between Isaac Asimov and Ben Bova. In , Nightfall , a low-budget movie, was produced based upon the story. Another film version, Nightfall , was made in

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Nightfall and Other Stories is at times a frustrating collection. It's likely to be the first thing of Asimov's that many people read, but that's.

Thomas Alva Edison Foundation Award winner. Blakeslee Award winner from American Heart Association. Worldcon Special Award winner for Non-fiction. Isaac Asimov is honored as the James T. Grady Award winner from the American Chemical Society. Hugo Award winner for Best Novel. Nebula Award winner for Best Novel. Locus Award winner for Best Novel. Ditmar Award winner for Best International Fiction. Locus Award winner for Best Reprint Anthology. Hugo Award nominee for Best Non-fiction Book. Hugo Award nominee for Best Non-fiction Book. Isaac Asimov is honored with the naming of an asteroid Asimov after him. Nebula Award nominee for Best Novel. Hugo Award nominee for Best Novel. Locus Award runner-up for Best Novel. Locus Award nominee for Best Collection. Selun Award nominee for Best Foreign Novel. Locus Award 3rd-place winner for Best Art Book. Hugo Award winner for Best Non-fiction Book. Locus Award winner for Best Non-fiction Book. Isaac Asimov is honored as a First Fandom Award winner. Isaac Asimov is honored with the naming of a crater on Mars Asimov in his honor. Isaac Asimov is honored as the U. The tribute is as follows: Isaac Asimov was clearly one of the best, most important, most famous, most influential, and most collectible science fiction authors of all time. Isaac Asimov obtained his Ph. Naval Air Experimental Station alongside L. Sprague de Camp and Robert A. He soon developed a strong relationship with John W. By the young Asimov had already written or had clearly embarked upon the three works or sequences with which his name would be most associated for the following half century: For five decades his was the voice to which science fiction came down in the end. I describe all faults. If you sell books on EBAY or anywhere else , it is de rigueur not to list 1st printings of book club books as 1st editions unless they ARE the 1st edition, which occurs only occasionally ; also, a 1st edition, 7th printing, is not a 1st edition. Ex-library books must be noted as such since generally they are of little value to the collector of 1st editions. Condition is also very important to those collectors. Books and dust jackets must be described in detail. The book is tight and square in its blue full-cloth binding with gilt lettering on the spine of the book. The book has the correct plum-colored endpapers. The gilt lettering on the spine of the book is somewhat rubbed, but remains quite readable. There is no writing in the book; no bookplates; no remainder marks. There are no chips or tears to the dust jacket. The dust jacket has undergone some minor, archival no tape restoration which has been accomplished by a professional paper conservationist. The restoration is virtually undetectable when looking at the outside of the dust jacket. This is a nicer copy of this book than is usually encountered; very collectible. Additional photos are available upon request. I am continuing to list some of my best books especially science fiction, fantasy, and horror 1st editions on EBAY not so much as auctions due to the fact that EBAY charges quite a bit to list items for reserve auctions , but more along the lines of listing my "catalogue" of books that I have for sale. Stay with me; I always have a number of important, collectible, cornerstone science fiction, fantasy, and horror 1st editions listed. All items are being offered for sale elsewhere; I reserve the right to end this listing early if this item sells elsewhere. I have thousands of books for sale that may or may not show up in my EBAY listings. Buyers who wish to have packages sent to addresses outside of the U. I am happy to set up flexible payment and layaway plans if these options make it easier for you to participate in bidding and winning. Please e-mail me if you have any questions. See my other auctions on EBAY for excellent science fiction, fantasy, and horror 1st editions and a few other items. I specialize in science fiction, fantasy, and horror 1st editions: If you prefer payment methods other than PayPal as I do , I am happy to arrange for a different payment method for you. Before you buy from others, check out their return policies and their guarantees and compare them to mine. Shipping and handling This item will ship to Germany, but the seller has not specified shipping options. Contact the seller- opens in a new window or tab and request a shipping method to your location. Shipping cost cannot be calculated. Please enter a valid ZIP Code. Lincoln, Nebraska, United States Shipping to: Worldwide No additional import charges at delivery! This item will be shipped through the Global Shipping Program and includes international tracking. Learn more- opens in a new

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Among the other stories, "Segregationist" is a tale which has grown on me somewhat, and "The Up-to-Date Sorcerer" one I understand much better having discovered (at Asimov's prompting) Gilbert and Sullivan.