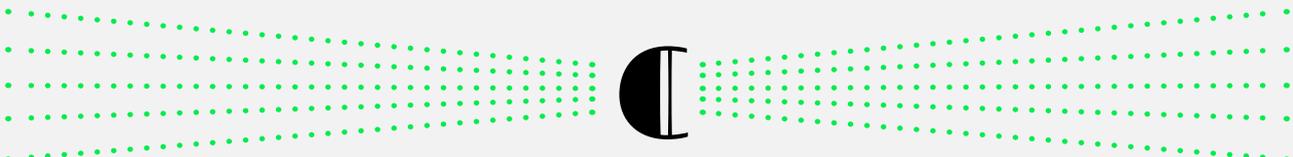


Tremolo



notes on writing WEIRD



A reason for writing stories is to give myself the satisfaction of visualising more clearly & detailedly & stably the vague, elusive, *fragmentary impressions* of wonder, beauty, and adventurous expectancy which are then conveyed to me by *certain sights* (scenic, architectural, atmospheric, etc.), ideas, occurrences, and images encountered in art and literature. I choose weird stories because they suit my inclination best—one of my strongest and most persistent wishes being to

achieve, momentarily, the illusion of some strange suspension or violation of the galling limitations of time, space, and natural law which for ever imprison us and frustrate our curiosity about the many infinite cosmic spaces the beyond the *radius of our sight and analysis*. These stories frequently emphasise on the element of horror because fear is our deepest and strongest emotion, and the one which best lends itself to the creation of nature-defying illusions. *Horror* and the unknown or the strange are always closely connected, so that it is hard to create a convincing picture of shattered natural law or cosmic alienage or “outsideness” without laying stress on *the emotion of fear*. The reason why time plays a great part in so many of my tales is that this element looms up in my mind as the most profoundly dramatic and grimly terrible thing in the universe. Conflict with time

seems to me the most potent and fruitful theme in all human expression. While my chosen form of story-writing is obviously a special and perhaps a narrow one, it is none the less a persistent and permanent type of expression, as old as literature itself. There will always be a small percentage of persons who feel a burning curiosity about unknown outer space, and a burning desire to escape from the prison-house of the known and the real into those enchanted lands of incredible adventure and most infinite possibilities which dreams open up to us, and which things like the deep woods, fantastic urban towers, and flaming sunsets momentarily suggest. These persons include great authors as well as insignificant amateurs like myself—Dunsany, Poe, Arthur Machen, M. R. James, Algernon Blackwood, and Walter de la Mare being typical masters in this field. [Continued in page 23→](#)

Black Flag

Hüsker · Du Minutemen · Sonic Youth

Damaged

Fugazi · Minor Threat · Dinosaur Jr.

Tour 1983

United States · Brazil · Canada · Laos

@Unwind

United Kingdom · France · Belgium

March 16

Isaac Asimov, the pre-eminent popular-science writer and for more than 40 years one of the best and best-known writers of science fiction, died yesterday of kidney failure at New York University Hospital. He was 72 years old and lived in New York.

Mr. Asimov was amazingly prolific, writing nearly 500 books on a wide range of subjects, from works for preschoolers to college textbooks. He was perhaps best known for his science fiction and was a pioneer in elevating the genre from pulp-magazine adventure to a more intellectual level that dealt with sociology, history, mathematics and science. But he also wrote mysteries, as well as critically acclaimed books about the Bible, physics, chemistry, biology, astronomy, limericks, humor, Shakespeare, Gilbert and Sullivan, ancient and modern history, and many other subjects.

Mr. Asimov's first book, *Pebble in the Sky* (Ballantine), a science-fiction novel, was published in 1950. His first 100 books took him 237 months, or almost 20 years, until October 1969, to write. His second 100, a milestone he reached in March 1979, took 113 months, or about 9 1/2 years—a rate of more than 10 books a year. His third 100 took only 69 months, until December 1984, or less than 6 years.

"Writing is more fun than ever," he said in a 1984 interview. "The longer I write, the easier it gets." He once explained how he came to write *Asimov's Guide to Shakespeare* (Crown). It began, he said, with a book called *Words of Science*. "Science" led to "Words on the Map," he remarked, "which took me to *The Greeks*, which led me to *The Roman Republic*, *The Roman Empire*, *The Egyptians*, *The Near East*, *The Dark Ages*, *The Shaping of England* and then *Words From History*. It was an easy jump to *Words in Genesis*, which brought on *Words From the Exodus*. That led me to *Asimov's Guide to the Old Testament*, and then *The New Testament*. So what was left except Shakespeare?"

His usual routine was to awake at 6 A.M., sit down at the typewriter by 7:30 and work until 10 P.M. In *In Memory Yet Green*, the first volume of his autobiography, published in 1979, he explained how he became a compulsive writer. His Russian-born father owned a succession of candy stores in Brooklyn that were open from 6 A.M. to 1 A.M. seven days a week. Young Isaac got up at 6 o'clock every morning to deliver papers and rushed home from school to help out in the store every afternoon. If he was even a few minutes late, his father yelled at him for being a *folyack*, Yiddish for sluggard. Even more than 50 years later, he wrote: "It is a point of pride with me that though I have an alarm clock, I never set it, but get up at 6 A.M. anyway. I am still showing my father I'm not a *folyack*." Isaac Asimov was born Jan. 2, 1920, in the Soviet Union, near Smolensk, the son of Judah and Anna Rachel Berman Asimov. He was brought to the United States in 1923 and was naturalized in 1928. He taught himself to read before he was 5 years old, using the signs on his Brooklyn street. A couple of years later, with a little help from his father, he taught himself to read Yiddish. When he was 7, he taught his younger sister to read. He skipped several grades and received a high-school diploma when he was 15. After discovering science fiction on the magazine rack in his father's store—and overcoming his father's objections to fanciful subject matter—he tried writing science fiction himself and sold his first story when he was 18.

The story, "Marooned Off Vesta," ran in the October 1938 issue of *Amazing Stories*.

Three years later, in 1941, he sold a story called "Nightfall" to *Astounding Science Fiction*, then the top magazine in the field. It was edited by John W. Campbell Jr., whose ability to find talented writers was largely responsible for what is considered the Golden Age of science fiction in the 1930's and 40's. Almost 30 years after "Nightfall" was published, the Science Fiction Writers of America voted it the best science-fiction short story ever written. *Astounding Science* paid a cent a word, Mr. Asimov once recalled. "So for a 12,000-word story I expected \$120. I got a check for \$150 and thought Mr. Campbell had made a mistake." But when Mr. Asimov called to tell him, "he said the story had seemed so good to him he gave me a bonus of one-quarter cent a word." Mr. Asimov graduated from Columbia University in 1939 with a bachelor of science degree, and earned an M.A. in 1941 and a Ph.D. in chemistry there in 1948. The next year, he accepted an offer from Boston University's School of Medicine to teach biochemistry.

"I didn't feel impelled to tell them that I'd never had any biochemistry," he recalled in a 1969 interview. "By 1951 I was writing a textbook on biochemistry, and I finally realized the only thing I really wanted to be was a writer." He was made an associate professor of biochemistry in 1955 and a professor in 1979, although he stopped teaching in 1958 and only occasionally went back to the university to lecture. Mr. Asimov's science-fiction novels and stories won many awards: five Hugos, given by the fans, and three Nebula Awards, given by his fellow writers. His *Foundation Trilogy* (all published by Doubleday) -- which takes place in a future galactic empire and consists of *Foundation* (1951), *Foundation and Empire* (1952) and *Second Foundation* (1953) -- was given a Hugo in 1966 as Best All-Time Science-Fiction Series. Among his nonfiction works, *Asimov's New Guide to Science* is considered one of the best books about science for the layman.

Reviewing *Foundation's Edge* (Doubleday), a sequel to the trilogy and the first of Mr. Asimov's books to make the *New York Times* best-seller list, the critic Gerald Jonas said in *The New York Times Book Review* in 1982: "He writes much better than he did 33 years ago -- yet he has lost none of the verve he brought to this series when he and the galaxy were much younger. What more could one ask?" *Foundation's Edge* won a Hugo in 1983 as the best science-fiction novel of the year. In recent years, Mr. Asimov wrote *Foundation and Earth* (1986) and *Prelude to Foundation* (1988). A final novel, *Forward the Foundation*, is to be published by Bantam Books later this year. Mr. Asimov himself made no great claims for his work. "I make no effort to write poetically or in a high literary style," he said in 1984. "I try only to write clearly and I have the very good fortune to think clearly so that the writing comes out as I think, in satisfactory shape."

"I never read Hemingway or Fitzgerald or Joyce or Kafka," he once wrote. "To this day I am a stranger to 20th-century fiction and poetry, and I have no doubt that it shows in my

Calligraphers

Influx Artiste

Brainwasher

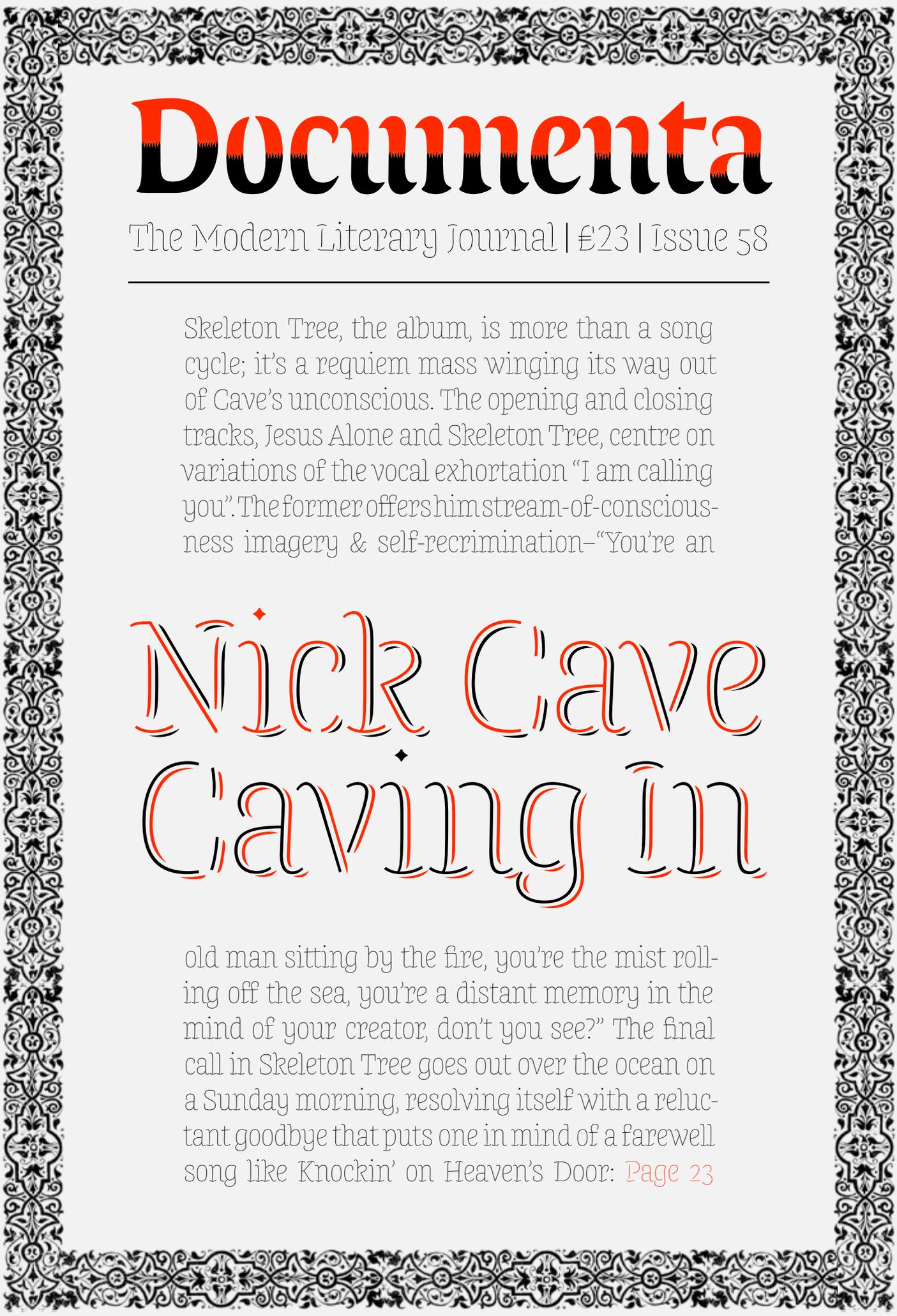
Middle Earth

Snoop Doggy

Megalomania

Revolution 46

Rock & Rolla!



Documenta

The Modern Literary Journal | £23 | Issue 58

Skeleton Tree, the album, is more than a song cycle; it's a requiem mass winging its way out of Cave's unconscious. The opening and closing tracks, Jesus Alone and Skeleton Tree, centre on variations of the vocal exhortation "I am calling you". The former offers him stream-of-consciousness imagery & self-recrimination—"You're an

Nick Cave Caving In

old man sitting by the fire, you're the mist rolling off the sea, you're a distant memory in the mind of your creator, don't you see?" The final call in Skeleton Tree goes out over the ocean on a Sunday morning, resolving itself with a reluctant goodbye that puts one in mind of a farewell song like Knockin' on Heaven's Door: [Page 23](#)

M

Editor's Note: Heaven Issue

I first watched *Houseboat* late one night while holed up in the stuffy back guestroom of my dad's house. I'd just had my wisdom teeth out, and dad was nursing me slowly back to a semblance of my old non-puffy self. I dozed in and out of glorious opiate dreams, binging in waking moments on Turner Classic Movies—the only cable channel I recall dad having back then. Time was a patchwork of rustling leaves, strips of day or moonlight peeking through dusty blinds, the creak of dad's footsteps and sudden appearance of trays of rice pudding and pureed corn. Because I watched *Houseboat* that week, that film will forever be associated in my mind with my dad's stoic devotion, and my own mushy, bloodied gums. There's a scene in which Cary Grant's character, Tom Winters—recently had returned from a stint in Europe to take charge of his three children after their mother's sudden death—talks with his young son about loss. He tries to offer some comfort, but the grieving boy only retorts: "When you're dead, you're dead." Winters then invites him to lookin' at a pitcher set on a railing of their houseboat. "See this pitcher? Try to think of this pitcher as being me, my body. Now, the pitcher of its own has no use at all—except as a container for something. In this case, as a container for the water, which you can think of as being my life force. Now try to lose that."—*Jessie Vail Aufiery*

- 03** **These Occupant**
Oliviero Coelho
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Laura Kolbe
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Rene Steinke
- 84** **Sugar, Wine & I**
Martin Ott
- 90** **My Generation**
Roger Daltrey

Tremolo is a narrow, eclectic typeface that explores new territories of type design. It can render text as austere or friendly, printed or painted—different styles and voices packed into a single design. The Gradient styles with interlocking top and bottom styles, and Shadow styles with separate styles for the top and bottom layer are designed for chromatic typography. Like all Typotheque fonts, Tremolo includes Small Caps in all styles. Additionally, Tremolo includes a wealth of other advanced OpenType features.

STYLES**TREMOLO STD****TREMOLO SHADOW**

Display
Display Stencil
Stencil Text
Stencil Text Italic
Text
Text Italic

Shadow A
Shadow A Bottom
Shadow A Top
Shadow B
Shadow B Bottom
Shadow B Top

TREMOLO GRADIENT

Gradient A Top
Gradient A Bottom
Gradient B Top
Gradient B Bottom
Gradient C Top
Gradient C Bottom

Tremolo

+ x XtypothequeX x +