

CHICAGO LITERARY HALL of FAME

PRESENTS

SCOTT TUROW

THE FULLER AWARD

FOR LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT



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AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION SURVEY

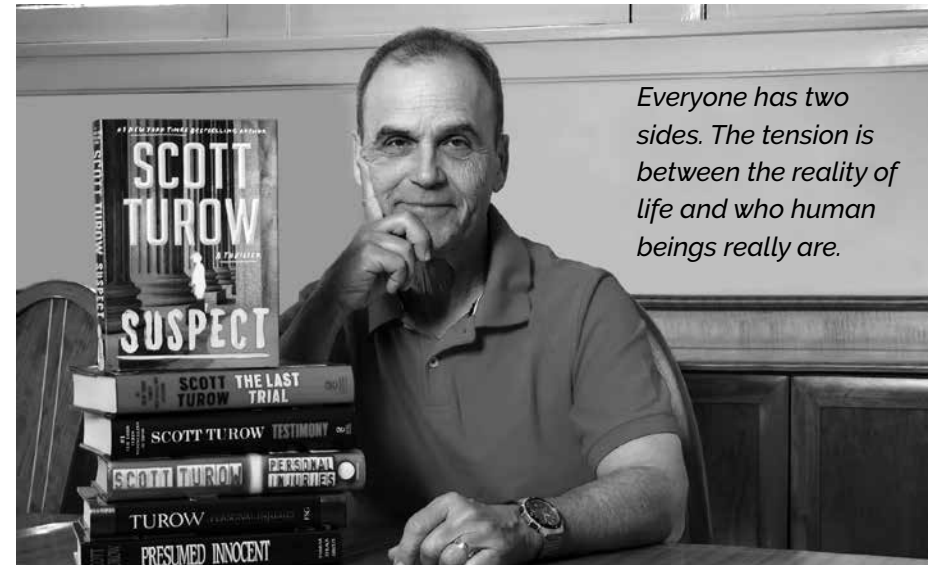
We would be grateful for your thoughts about tonight's ceremony, so that we can anticipate the future needs of our audience and continue to make all of our programs stronger. It takes only about two minutes to complete. Please scan the QR code and you can do it right on your phone or computer.



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TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

| | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| Jennifer Lizak | Welcome to Harold Washington Library |
| Dr. Richard R. Guzman | About the Fuller Award and the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame |
| Donna LaPietra and Bill Kurtis | <i>The Case for Scott Turow</i> |
| Jane Hamilton | <i>The World of Kindle County: Scott-land</i> |
| Aaron Freeman | <i>From the Horse's Keyboard</i> reading "Opening Statement" from <i>Presumed Innocent</i> |
| Christie Hefner | <i>Scott Turow: A Phi Beta Kappa in EQ</i> |
| Cornelia Grumman | <i>Scott's Side Vocations: Death Penalty Reformer (and Doula)</i> |
| Scott Turow | Accepting the CLHOF's Fuller Award |
| Elizabeth Taylor | In Conversation with Scott Turow |
| Donald G. Evans | Thanks |



Program Editor: Donald G. Evans

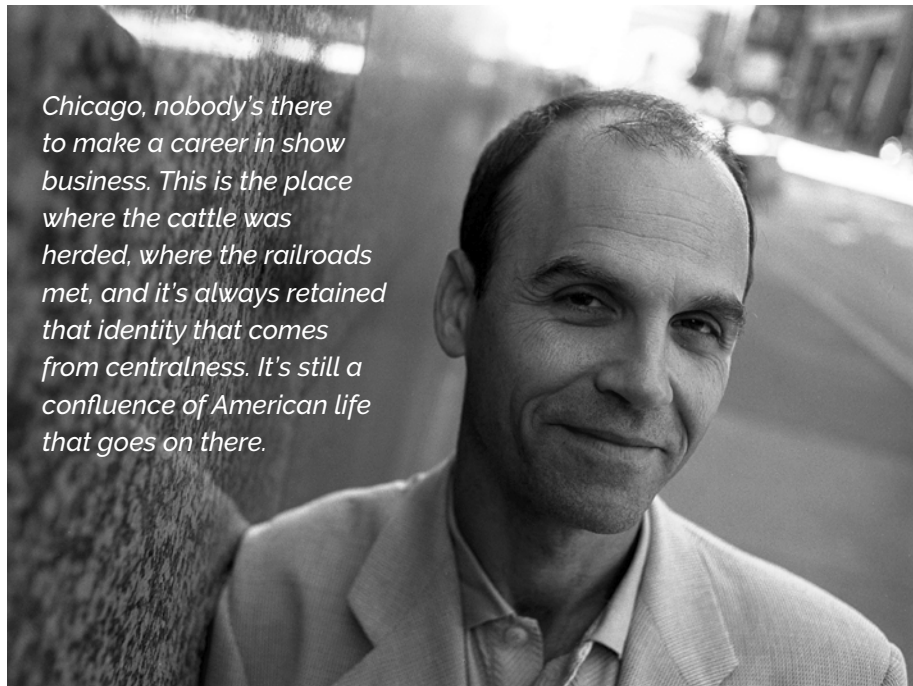
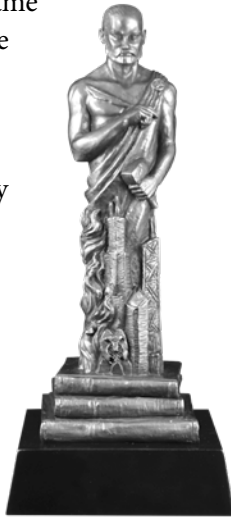
Cover Design: Mary Livoni

Program Design: Jeff Waggoner

THE FULLER AWARD

“The Fuller” is awarded by the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame to a Chicago author who has made an outstanding lifetime contribution to literature. The first 14 Fuller Awards were presented to Gene Wolfe (2012), Harry Mark Petrakis (2014), Haki Madhubuti (2015), Rosellen Brown (2016), Angela Jackson (2018), Stuart Dybek (2018), Sara Paretsky (2019), Sterling Plumpp (2019), Sandra Cisneros (2021), Reginald Gibbons (2021), Luis Alberto Urrea (2021), Ana Castillo (2022), Rick Kogan (2022), and Harriette Gillem Robinet (2023).

With the passing of Wolfe in 2019 and Petrakis in 2021, the CLHOF established a policy of elevating all Fuller Award winners to induction status, pending board approval. Thus, both Wolfe and Petrakis are now officially part of the CLHOF’s historical canon.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

FICTION:

Presumed Innocent (1987): A legal thriller that follows the trial of Rusty Sabich, a prosecutor accused of murdering his colleague and former lover. The book explores the themes of corruption, betrayal, and justice.

The Burden of Proof (1990): A sequel to *Presumed Innocent* that focuses on the personal and professional troubles of Sandy Stern, Rusty’s defense attorney. The book deals with the issues of family, suicide, and ethics.

Pleading Guilty (1993): A mystery novel that tells the story of Mack Malloy, a lawyer and former cop who is hired to find a missing partner who has stolen millions from his firm. The book examines the dark side of the legal profession and the human nature.

The Laws of Our Fathers (1996): A complex novel that alternates between the present and the past, tracing the lives of a judge and her peers who were involved in the radical politics of the 1960s. The book explores the themes of history, memory, and identity.

Personal Injuries (1999): A novel that revolves around Robbie Feaver, a charismatic lawyer who is caught in a federal investigation of judicial corruption. The book portrays the moral dilemmas and emotional struggles of its characters.

Reversible Errors (2002): A novel that follows the efforts of Arthur Raven, an appeals lawyer who tries to save a death row inmate from execution. The book questions the reliability of the legal system and human judgment.

Ordinary Heroes (2005): An historical novel that recounts the wartime experiences of Stewart Dubinsky’s father, a lawyer who served as an intelligence officer during World War II. The book reveals the secrets and sacrifices of a generation.

Limitations (2006): A short novel that centers on George Mason, a judge who faces a difficult decision in a rape case involving a pornographic video. The book examines the limitations of law and conscience.

Innocent (2010): A sequel to *Presumed Innocent* that revisits the life of Rusty Sabich, who is now a judge accused of killing his wife. The book probes the mysteries of love and death.

Identical (2013): A novel that is loosely based on the myth of Castor and Pollux, involving twin brothers who are haunted by a murder that occurred decades ago. The book delves into the themes of family, politics, and fate.

Testimony (2017): A novel that follows Bill ten Boom, a lawyer who is asked by the International Criminal Court to investigate a possible war crime involving a Roma refugee camp in Bosnia. The book explores the aftermath of war and the quest for truth.

The Last Trial (2020): A novel that features Sandy Stern, who returns to defend his old friend and Nobel Prize winner Kiril Pafko from charges of fraud and murder. The book confronts the challenges of aging and mortality.

Suspect (2022): A novel that focuses on a new generation, private investigator Pinky Granum (Sandy Stern's granddaughter), as she attempts to clear the name of police chief, Lucia Gomez, who is accused of sexual harassment. A thriller that explores the themes of corruption, power, gender, and sexuality.

NONFICTION:

One L: An Inside Account of Life in the First Year of Harvard Law School (1977): An autobiographical work that describes Turow's first year at Harvard Law School.

Ultimate Punishment: A Lawyer's Reflections on Dealing with the Death Penalty (2003): Autobiographical reflections revealing Turow's views on capital punishment, based on his experience as a member of the Illinois Commission on Capital Punishment. The book argues for reforming rather than abolishing the death penalty.

Hard Listening (co-authored 2013): An interactive e-book about Turow's participation in the Rock Bottom Remainders, a charity band of published writers, most of whom were also amateur musicians.

EDITOR:

Guilty As Charged (1996): A collection of short stories offering varying perspectives on the American criminal justice system.

The Best American Mystery Stories (2006): Annual anthology of North American mystery and thriller stories.

LITERARY AWARDS & RECOGNITIONS

1987: Silver Dagger Award of the British Crime Writers' Association for the novel *Presumed Innocent*.

1990: Cover of Time magazine with acknowledgment as "Bard of the Litigious Age."

1990: Nominee as source author for the University of Southern California Scriptor Award for *Presumed Innocent*.

1997-98: President of the Authors Guild.

1999: *Personal Injuries* named Time magazine Best Fiction Novel of the year.

2000: Inducted as a Laureate of The Lincoln Academy of Illinois and awarded the Order of Lincoln (the State's highest honor) in the area of Communications.

2003: Robert F. Kennedy Human Rights Book Award for *Ultimate Punishment*.

2003: Heartland Prize in Fiction for *Reversible Errors*, Chicago Tribune.

2007: Raymond Chandler Award, Italy's Courmayeur Noir in Festival.

2007: Illinois Author of the Year, Illinois Association of Teachers of English.

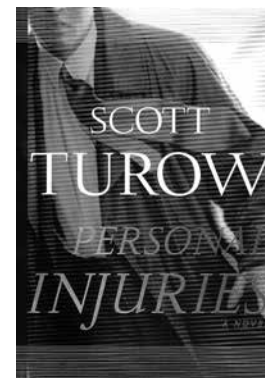
2008: Harold Washington Literary Award, Near South Planning Board.

2010: Lawrence A. Sanders Literary Award, Florida International University.

2010-14: President of the Authors Guild.

2016: Carl Sandburg Award for Fiction, Chicago Public Library Foundation.

2019: Sara Paretsky Award, Mystery Writers of America Midwest Chapter.



TONIGHT'S PARTICIPANTS



Aaron Freeman is possibly the most prolific Treadmill Dance choreographer in the world, and certainly on social media. He had a long career as a comedian, actor, and improviser with Chicago's famed Second City. For a decade, he hosted the weekly television talk show *Talking with Aaron Freeman*, interviewing luminaries, scholars, celebrities, political

analysts, authors and civic leaders. He did all of that at once in a single talk with Scott Turow. As an essayist for NPR's *All Things Considered*, Aaron wrote "Invite a Physicist to your Funeral," the most famous physics-based eulogy in the history of the Internet. He is a certified fitness professional, a science vlogger and had a blast at Burning Man 2023.



Cornelia Grumman has worked as a nonprofit and philanthropic leader specializing in strengthening federal, state and city early child care and learning systems. She is currently working on a book project. From 2000 to 2008, Grumman was a member of the *Chicago Tribune* editorial board. Her 2003 editorials on Illinois' death penalty won a

Pulitzer prize and helped spur sweeping legislative reforms, including electronic taping of police interrogations in homicide cases. Grumman earned a master's degree in public policy from Harvard's Kennedy School of Government and a bachelors' degree in public policy from Duke University. She and her husband, journalist Jim Warren, live in Chicago and have two sons.



Dr. Richard R. Guzman is professor emeritus at North Central College, where he started programs helping to shape virtually every area of the college's life. He has published poetry, music, essays and books, including two Chicago anthologies: *Smokestacks and Skyscrapers* with David Starkey, and *Black Writing from Chicago*. Guzman is involved in

homeless shelter work in Joliet, IL, and through his family's foundation, The Neighbor Project, in Aurora, IL. He's also a consultant and presenter on racial justice and equity issues for the Northern Illinois Conference of the United Methodist Church. Guzman is a board member of the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame.



Jane Hamilton is the author of literary award-winning and international best-selling novels. Two books--*The Book of Ruth* and *A Map of The World*--were selections for Oprah's Book Club. Her most recent work is *The Excellent Lombards*. Hamilton's nonfiction has appeared in the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Allure*, *Oprah Magazine*, *Elle*, and various anthologies. She lives in Wisconsin.



Christie Hefner shares Scott's passion for making government fair and honest. She has served on the board of the ACLU, on the executive committee of the bipartisan Independent Map Initiative, and currently serves on the BGA's Civic Advisory Committee and on the board of the Center for American Progress Action Fund. For twenty years, Hefner was Chairman/CEO of Playboy Enterprises, then the longest serving female CEO of a publicly traded company. For three years, Christie was named one of *Fortune's* 100 Most Powerful Women.



Bill Kurtis is an acclaimed documentary host and producer, a former network and major market news anchor, and founder of his own multimedia production company. Bill traveled the world for the Peabody Award-winning PBS series *The New Explorers*, making documentaries that have taken on the most pressing environmental issues of our time.

Currently, he can be heard on NPR as the co-host of the celebrated weekly news quiz *Wait, Wait...Don't Tell Me*. Kurtis' books include *Bill Kurtis: On Assignment*, a review of major news stories he covered, accompanied by his own photographs, and *The Death Penalty on Trial: Crisis in American Justice*.



Donna LaPietra is an award-winning television news producer and writer, and co-founder of Kurtis Productions, committed to quality informational and educational documentary programming. She chairs the Millennium Park Foundation and sits on the boards of the Chicago Public Library Foundation, Navy Pier, Inc., Chicago Botanic

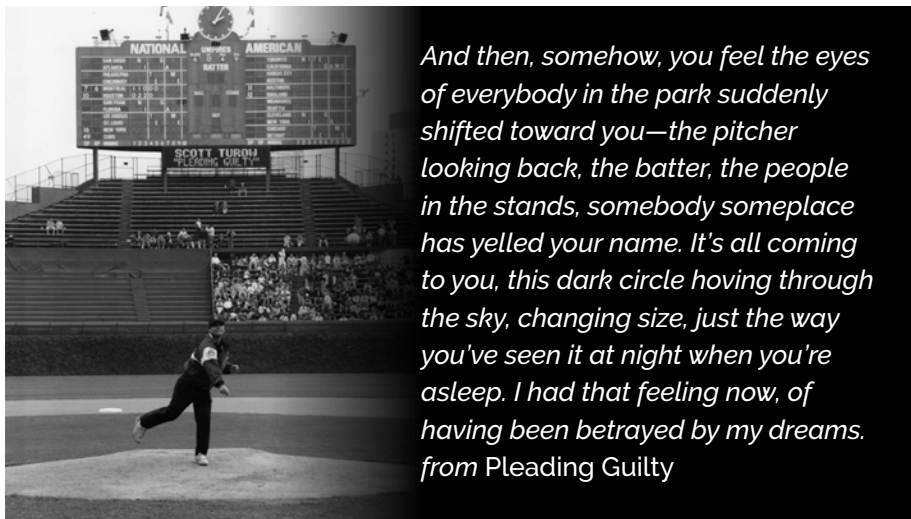
Garden, and Joffrey Ballet.



Jennifer Lizak is the Coordinator of Special Projects in the Cultural, Civic and Literary Engagement Division - Adult Services of the Chicago Public Library. She manages CPL's "One Book, One Chicago" citywide reading program for adults, curates the "Authors in the Library" mainstage series at Harold Washington Library Center, co-created and books the "Voices For Justice" speaker series, and manages a variety of other cultural and civic partnerships, projects and events throughout CPL's 81 location system. Lizak is the co-chair of CPL's 150th Anniversary celebration, happening throughout 2023.



Elizabeth Taylor, past president of the National Book Critics Circle and current board member, has chaired five Pulitzer Prize juries and is co-author of *American Pharaoh: Mayor Richard J. Daley - His Battle for Chicago and the Nation*, with Adam Cohen. Together, Taylor and Cohen founded *The National Book Review*. Taylor was a correspondent for *Time* magazine based in New York and then Chicago. She later served as the *Chicago Tribune* Literary Editor, as well as the *Tribune's* Sunday Magazine editor, continuing as Literary Editor at Large. She is working on a biography involving the Civil War and Reconstruction for Liveright/W.W. Norton.



And then, somehow, you feel the eyes of everybody in the park suddenly shifted toward you—the pitcher looking back, the batter, the people in the stands, somebody someplace has yelled your name. It's all coming to you, this dark circle hovering through the sky, changing size, just the way you've seen it at night when you're asleep. I had that feeling now, of having been betrayed by my dreams. from Pleading Guilty

A Conversation with Scott Turow

by Donald G. Evans

Scott Turow speaks in fully formed, piercing sentences, so much so that if his off-the-cuff remarks were transcribed, they would read like polished prose. I've seen him deliver truly delightful and smart lectures, pitch perfect down to deliberate pauses, with nary a notecard in sight. He is a writer and attorney—a sentence that, while true, does a grave injustice to the heights he has ascended in both fields.

Turow was born on April 12, 1949 in Chicago. After graduation with high honors from Amherst College in 1970, he received an Edith Mirrielees Fellowship and attended the Stanford University Creative Writing Center. He taught Creative Writing at Stanford as E.H. Jones Lecturer from 1972-75. He then enrolled at Harvard Law School, graduating with honors, and from 1978 until 1986 he worked as Assistant United States Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois. Starting in 1986, as a partner in the Chicago law firm of Dentons LLC, Turow devoted a substantial part of his time to pro bono matters. In the late 90s and early aughts, he served on various commissions and advisory boards addressing such matters as the appointment of federal judges, capital punishment reform, Illinois State Police personnel matters, and the representation of indigent criminal defendants.

Turow has authored 13 best-selling novels, including his latest, *Suspect*, which was published in September, 2022. He has also written three non-fiction books. These books have been translated into more than 25 languages and have sold more than 40 million copies worldwide. His essays and opinion pieces appear in all the best periodicals, like *The New York Times*, *Playboy* and *The Atlantic*.



Turow's extraordinary legal career has served as the underpinnings to so much of his literary work—creatively, intellectually, and practically. Though Turow retired from commercial practice in 2020, the stories he heard and characters he knew remain grist for his literary mill.

He breathes that rarefied air only a handful of authors even whiff: a bestseller *and* a respected literary figure. He is a celebrity, in as much as writers can be. He counts among his close friends other bestselling authors such as Dave Barry, Stephen King, and Amy Tan. Turow's novels have been adapted into a number of films, as well as two TV mini-series and a TV movie. Turow seems to neither relish his celebrity, nor downplay it, just accepts it for what it is. Fame and fortune might have factored into Turow's ambition to be a writer, but that desire never seemed to dominate his process. All along, Turow has said that nothing matters in the end but the work itself. He ascribes his success, at least in part, to luck—he seems to really believe that his status as a worldwide literary phenomenon, given a different set of circumstances, might have gone to somebody else, or at least not to him. He cites as proof the fact that it took him five tries to even get his first novel published.

But the evidence in favor of luck also provides evidence of determination. Turow's work ethic is off the charts. In the beginning, he wrote beautifully and prodigiously in the precious off-the-clock moments his legal career allowed. Even as he recalibrated the balance between literary and legal pursuits, he was raising a family, trying important cases, maintaining the aggressive touring schedule demanded of a popular author, answering calls for involvement in various cultural and political causes, throwing off brilliant essays even as he toiled away at the next big book, helping guide younger authors, and so on.

Even after Turow hit it big with his first novel, *Presumed Innocent*, he refrained from the publishing industry's siren call to write more books at a faster clip. Turow needed time to explore the human condition and psyche that makes his stories so much greater than their compelling plots. He strives, always, to create the best book of which he's capable. It's never been worth it for him to sacrifice the pride that comes with that.

The following interview took place over a series of email exchanges in August and September of this year, 2023, just before the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame's ceremony to honor Turow for his lifetime achievements. The CLHOF's Fuller Award selection committee, in deliberating its candidates, considered nothing but the work itself.

DGE: Chicago is your birthplace. Where exactly?

ST: My parents were living at Arthur and Leavitt on the North Side when I was born. The actual birth was at Edgewater Hospital, now the Bethany Home, on Ashland.

DGE: Tell me about your family. What kind of environment did you grow up in?

ST: My dad was an OB-GYN on staff at Edgewater, with an office at Devon and Sheridan. My mom was a would-be writer. I have one sib, my sister, Vicki, whose twin died in childbirth and who is almost three years younger. She is a retired clinical psychologist. Both my sister and I had a difficult relationship with my father. His mother had died when he was about four years old and he really needed my mother to himself. My mom, who had taught at Prescott School before I was born, was a very bright person and a very good reader. She wrote a psychological autobiography of herself while she was doing her Master's degree at Roosevelt. I read it after she died and wondered what happened to the honest, perceptive 23 year-old who saw much more of herself than I had realized.

DGE: You've written about your dad, and used him as a model (at least somewhat) in your fiction. You've said in other interviews that he was a spectacular liar. What did you make of him then, and later, as you became your own sort of spectacular liar, in the form of a fiction writer?

ST: It will tell you something about my relationship with my dad that your unintended comparison of the two of us raises my hackles. My dad was what the psychologists would call an incomplete personality, who used many inventions about himself (some of which I discovered in writing about him) to allay his own questions about who he was. But he was often angry and belittling to my mother, and particularly, to my sister and me. I think my own obsession with the misuse of power, which has been both a literary theme and a dominating concern in my law practice, emanated from being Dave Turow's son. As my mother would have it, he was "a good provider," and I benefited in countless ways from growing up in an affluent household. To the many people around Chicago who know or knew my dad as a caring physician, these descriptions of him are probably shocking. He was often a far better person outside the house, who did great good for many patients.



DGE: You attended Rogers Elementary School in West Rogers Park. Tell me about your childhood. What kind of kid were you?



ST: Dreamy with little inner discipline. I didn't like school generally, the whole business of staying in my seat and not talking to friends and having to learn at a prescribed pace. I contrived illnesses to avoid going, which my mom, as a former teacher, tolerated, as long as I was reading something worthwhile at home. I watched a lot of TV, but also read a good deal. But I loved the closeness of West Rogers Park,

sometimes called the Gilded Ghetto. I roamed all over the neighborhood with friends. I should also mention that I was obsessed with sports, especially the Cubs and the Bears. Ernie Banks was, of course, my hero. As a younger child, living at Sherwin and Albany in the city, I played a lot of 16" softball, where the pitcher stood on the sewer cap in the middle of the intersection and the curbs of the four corners were the bases. But I was never as good an athlete as I would have loved to be.

DGE: How did those formative years shape your future, and does that time weave its way into your fiction, or even your writing process?

ST: My mother's own interest in writing clearly had a large impact. She was always at work on something, and was a regular member of writers' workshops, although she was too often distracted by the shopping and socializing of suburban life. Both my parents wanted me to be a doctor, like my father, and as I think I've made clear, I didn't want to be like him, so I adopted my mother's ambition as a kind of divide and conquer. I certainly claimed I was going to be a novelist from the time I was 10 or 11 years old, and began my career with a story plagiarized from one of my school texts. (I was relieved recently to listen to an episode of *Selected Shorts*, where Meg Wolitzer and her mother, Hilma, both confessed to starting out as writers the same way.) I've always been a little puzzled by myself, since the ambition to write preceded any sense of what writing actually meant. I can only remember reading *The Count of Monte Cristo* at the age of 10 or 11, during one of my prolonged school absences and concluding that if that was that exciting to read the book, it must have been even more thrilling to write it.

DGE: When did you moved to Winnetka? Did you attend New Trier all four years?

ST: My parents made me the unhappiest kid in the USA by moving to Winnetka and starting me as a freshman at New Trier. It was a terrible time to move. As I said, I loved the closeness and independence of West Rogers Park. In the suburbs I was isolated. I knew no one and there was no public transportation, so I was pinned down in my parents' house. I was lost at New Trier until I started working on the high school newspaper as a junior. That became my world. And yes, I graduated from New Trier, vowing never to set foot in the place again, only to send all three of my kids to the school.

DGE: Were you always facile with language? When did you start telling stories?

ST: "Facile with language"—I suppose. I liked talking, as well as writing, and even did a little acting when I was 12 or 13, which led to me being offered a part at Goodman, which I turned down. I made serious efforts at writing short stories by the time I'd graduated high school. The stories were no good, frankly.

DGE: It strikes me as extraordinary for a young, artistic-minded person to turn down the Goodman, and all the thrills and potential acclaim that entails. Your resume documents, all along the way, success at the highest levels. Were you already, at that tender age, confident enough to be so discerning?

ST: I was 13 years old, so I really had no sense of the importance of the offer. But what struck me at that point was that I really wasn't "a theater person." I liked acting but I didn't think of myself as the same kind of emphatic personality as many of the other young people I was exposed to. I realized I was closing a door, but I had few regrets about it then, or in later years.

DGE: From New Trier High School, you went to Amherst College (1970), then Stanford University (1970-72), and finally Harvard University (1978). Were you always on a dual path to become a lawyer and a writer, or did those paths converge at some point?

ST: I arrived at Amherst determined to become a novelist, an ambition which was immediately thwarted when I discovered that no creative writing courses were taught there. Instead, I tried to learn by doing and wrote my first novel over the following summer. I called it *Dithyramb*, which probably gives you a good idea of what was wrong with it. When I was a sophomore Amherst hired its first writer-in-residence, the English poet, Tony Connor, a very fine writer and human being. Tony told me he knew nothing about how to write a novel, but said if he wanted to be a novelist, he would stuff himself with

novels. And that became my plan of attack. I read everything that anyone I respected thought was any good, and became well acquainted with the work of all the major early and mid-century novelists. In the process, I became virtually obsessed with the work of Saul Bellow, a fellow Jewish Chicagoan, often referred to in those days as the greatest living American novelist. I did not fully understand my thrall with Bellow until after he died. Only then did I recall that my father and he had attended Tuley High School at the same time. I suppose I'd hoped that by studying Bellow intensely I could learn more about the world that made my father. I remember my father harrumphing around the house about "Solomon Bellows," as the author had been called when he was in high school, which my father apparently took as proof that Bellow was some kind of impostor. It tells you something about my dad that I also learned after he died that he had graduated high school known as "David Turowetsky."

When I was a junior and senior, Amherst's writer in residence was Tillie Olsen, the exalted fictionist, who became my mentor and inspiration. As a senior, I was freed from taking classes and just read and wrote fiction under the guidance of Tillie and two other professors, the poet David Sofield, and the fabled Americanist, Leo Marx. Two of the stories I wrote that year were accepted for publication in *Transatlantic Review*. Creating one of those stories found me rising from a fever bed, inspired by an anecdote shared by a date I'd met in Boston the night before. I typed in a state of transport for 18 hours straight. It was the first time I actually felt what it was like to fuse imagination and words, the first moment when I actually believed I was a writer.

I absorbed a lot from the novelists I idolized—Updike's use of the present tense in Rabbit Run; the elegant plotting of Graham Greene; the moments of intense emotion realized by Tillie Olsen—but by now I recognize my voice as my own.



Throughout my time at Amherst, I kept close eye on the red-banded announcements of the Stanford Writing Fellowships, which were posted on the English Department bulletin board annually. Many of the writers I most intensely admired—Robert Stone, Ernest Gaines, Thomas McGuane, Larry McMurtry, Tillie herself—had been Stanford fellows and that became my dream. I was awarded one of the fellowships late in my senior year at Amherst, the Edith Mirrielees Fellowship, which allowed me to both write and pursue a Master's. I also won a fellowship sponsored by the Book of the Month Club and the College English Association. The award ceremony was a luncheon in Manhattan and I received my check from William Styron. I had never seen a person that drunk actually standing up.

My years at Stanford were both wonderful and trying. I loved the company of the other young writers who surrounded me. Some went on to solid and sometimes glorious careers—Raymond Carver, Richard Price, Alice Hoffman, Chuck Kinder, April Smith, Michael Rogers—others were waylaid over the years, especially by drugs and alcohol. But they were all committed to the same struggle I was. The trying part was my own work. I was attempting to will myself to greatness, which is not a good way to get anything on the page.

After my fellowship ended, I was hired as an E.H. Jones Lecturer, another program meant to support young writers by giving them a faculty position teaching undergraduate creative writing classes. My years around the Stanford English Department started me thinking that I didn't want to be an English professor, which was the path I was on. There were too many battles about things that I didn't think mattered at all. But I had no idea what I was going to do. I considered trying to get a studio job in Hollywood or going into advertising, but the idea that began to grow on me was shocking: going to law school. The novel I was writing throughout my time at Stanford was about a rent strike and required learning about landlord-tenant law, which to my surprise I found far more interesting than English criticism. Until then, I had no idea what lawyers did, but most of my college roommates had gone to law school. By then they'd found jobs. Their work and that of the non-writer friends I made in the Bay Area, who, by no real coincidence, also often turned out to be attorneys, called to me more deeply than anything I recognized as salaried labor, in contrast to writing which I've always experienced as entirely personal and part play. Ultimately, I turned down a tenure track appointment elsewhere to go to law school.

One problem was breaking this news to my then literary agent, who'd been

trying unsuccessfully to sell the rent-strike novel. I didn't want to get on the phone with her, and so I wrote her a letter, telling her that it was my hope to be both a lawyer and fiction writer. It sounded so lame and preposterous, that in the middle of the letter, I started spinning out an idea for a nonfiction book about being a law student, since I'd been able to find nothing like that. I didn't quite say I wanted to write that book, only that it was a good idea, but I found, after years of rejections of my four attempted novels, that an editor at GP Putnam's had given my agent a contract on the spot after reading my letter. I got my comeuppance when I delivered the ms. to him 15 months later and he asked me to remind him why he'd ever wanted to buy that book.

DGE: I love your story about the letter you sent Bellow, and his response. Do you mind sharing that again?

ST: As it happens, I exchanged a few letters with Bellow. The first came when I was a writing fellow at Stanford, and I was moved one morning to let him know how much I appreciated his work. Somehow in the letter I mentioned my belief that he had "a warm Jewish heart." That was the phrase Bellow responded to when he wrote back. But in subsequent years, I wondered if one reason he answered was because he recognized the last name, having known my father. When I was in law school, he won the Nobel Prize and a friend of mine at *Rolling Stone* commissioned me to interview Bellow for the magazine. I got no answer to my letters and finally thought of calling him person-to-person at his office. I recognized his voice immediately and began pouring my heart out and explaining my qualifications. The operator interrupted suddenly. "Wait a minute, wait a minute," she said, "is this Saul?" Bellow said yes with an air of defeat, but still said no to me during a brief ensuing conversation. The operator's insistence on doing her job, Nobel Prize be damned, reminded me of moments Bellow created, reflecting the so-called tyranny of petty bureaucrats, including a lovely reversal in *Herzog*, when an African-American police officer stops Moses Herzog on Lake Shore Drive and addresses him as "Moses."

Years later, I was invited to meet Bellow by a mutual friend and turned down the opportunity. By then I was convinced that certain writers are, in the phrase, 'better read than met.'

DGE: Your first book, *One L*, explored your law school experiences. Ten years later, already a lawyer, your first novel, *Presumed Innocent*, arose from your courtroom experiences. You've always been a lawyer/writer or writer/lawyer. I imagine your legal career could have gone forth as a solo enterprise. But what

about your writing career? What would it be without your other job?

ST: *One L* was a solid success for a first book. I'd gone to law school vowing that I would remain a writer, but I was both enchanted by the law and reluctant to relive the agonizing experiences I had at Stanford, when I felt I was trying to tear the work out of myself. So I decided to move on to practice and was lucky enough to land a job at the U.S. Attorney's Office in Chicago. Almost every current or former Assistant U.S. Attorney will tell you that it's the best legal job imaginable, full of meaningful work and talented comrades. It's also a consuming enterprise, and finding the time to write with a young family was difficult. The only periods available, when I was not engulfed with thoughts about my cases was thirty minutes on the morning commuter train and a couple hours late on Sunday nights, after everybody was asleep.

In those hours, during my first years as an AUSA, I wrote yet another unpublished novel. It attracted some interest in New York, but I shifted away from it in favor of a new effort about a prosecutor. My job left me teeming with emotion every day, feelings that I needed to explore on paper. The idea that the prosecutor in that story would end up accused of the murder he was investigating came along as I writing, and was inspired in part by a call by the same literary agent who had sold *One L*. I told her what I was working on and she interrupted me to say, "Well, there's a trial in there, isn't there?" I was always too buffaloeed by her to say no. Ultimately, I kept the idea of the trial but decided to leave the agent, in favor of Gail Hochman who had been the editorial assistant while I was writing *One L*, and who had given me solid advice throughout. She has continued to do so for more than forty years.

DGE: Courtroom lawyers need to master oratory and writing skills. You write briefs and lots of other legal documents, but I'm thinking about the trial lawyer. Your remarks, as well as your line of questioning, are meticulously

I had written four unpublished novels by the time Presumed Innocent came out. I was scared of my life as a writer; frankly, it was one of the reasons I'd left writing to go to law school.



prepared, but you must bring those scripts to life in order to persuade and move a jury. In your novels, your masterful use of dialogue sculpts characters, creates tension, moves plot, and grounds the reader in the world you've created. I'm wondering what lawyer skills you bring to the page.

ST: Practicing law immediately informed and improved my fiction. In trying jury cases I learned a great deal about how to address a popular audience, which I'd decided at Stanford the best fiction did. (I had horrified one of the senior members of the English Department by saying that the best literature should engage both an English professor and a bus driver). There were valuable practical lessons. I learned how to cut, sometimes savagely, in order to meet a judge's page limits for a brief. The milieu of the law offers constant exposure to amusing characters and intriguing plots. By contrast, as I often tell my friends, it's much easier to write cross examination than to do it in a courtroom, since the author gets to make up the answers, as well as the questions.

But nothing mattered more to my writing than the true project of the law. I always say that going to law school was the great break of my *literary* career, because the conflicts at the heart of the law reverberate so deeply in my core, as I sensed when I chose law over academia. I am ever fascinated by the law's central questions, determining what is right and what is wrong, issues which are always judged in a practical dimension, requiring the answers to be embodied in rules that are flexible but fair. As I have often said in my novels, the law is about the little bit of life that humans can actually control, and trying to submit those matters to the regime of reason. For all the law and lawyers many failings, that still strikes me as a noble enterprise.

DGE: Kindle County. Tell me about its birth, in *Presumed Innocent*, and its evolution. Why not call it Cook County and be done with it? You've told me before that at some point you created a whole Kindle County map in your office, to keep track of the geography. Thirteen novels in, that must take up all four walls.

ST: Kindle County was purely an accident. To give myself a comfortable distance from my present workplace, when I started *Presumed Innocent* I drew on my experiences in my last year of law school, when I worked in the Suffolk County, aka Boston, District Attorney's Office. But I've never been a diarist. I found as I was writing *Presumed* that I was pumping the savory details I was absorbing in the office into the novel. Eventually, of course, the city I was writing about looked more like Chicago than Boston, so I gave it another

name, a city much like Chicago but more Boston's size. My second novel was about a character from *Presumed Innocent*, Sandy Stern, the defense lawyer, so I was more or less forced to stay in Kindle County. But I found myself at home there as the lore of Kindle County expanded. My beloved former editor, Jonathan Galassi, is the one who gave me the map of Kindle County. I refer to it often, but still live in dread of contradicting myself, something I have often been saved from by sharp-eyed editors and loyal friends.

DGE: The mental image I have of your home workplace is vastly different than the one I have of you on the L as it clacks and tunnels its way south to your office and north after you leave work. How has your writing life changed, initially after the huge success of *Presumed* and over the years? What is your routine like now?

ST: You have to remember that after *PI*, I continued to practice law full-time and did until I finally asked my firm to agree to a part time arrangement in 1990. Of course, with the success of *Presumed*, we put an addition on the house, which we dubbed, with a brass plaque, “Hochman Hall,” in honor of Gail. So I finally had an office at home, where I worked for many years,



My books have all been related in the sense that they're set, either in whole or in part, in the same mythical place. I've taken enormous relish out of moving characters from the middle ground to the foreground and from the foreground to the background. That's sort of emblematic of the way that, I think none of us ever shrink into the background in our own lives, but certain people do. You see certain people from afar and all of a sudden they become your next door neighbor.

usually writing in the mornings and going to the office in the afternoon. One gift I found I had was that a client could call me at home during the writing hours and, once the call was over, I could resume writing exactly where I was when the phone rang. BUT, I still wrote on the Chicago Northwestern on my way to the Loop every day. Never on the way home, though. My head was full of law by then.

DGE: In the opening sequence of your second novel, *The Burden of Proof*, the narrator calls Chicago “that city of rough souls.” That simple line seems to capture your authorial approach to place—that the city somehow imposes itself on the interior lives of its people, and in turn the people determine the character of the city. Tell me about Chicago as it relates to your fiction and your life.

ST: When I was at Stanford, even though I liked much about Northern California, I confessed to friends that my dreams were still set in Chicago. Although we spend barely 100 days a year in the Chicago area now, it remains the emotional center for me, the city where I grew up, the city around which I raised my children, and the city about which I’ve written so much, including through the guise of Kindle County. I have always insisted the Chicago is the most American of our large cities. New York—well, how can it really be a quintessentially American city, where so few people drive? LA is high on its own glitz. Chicago has always been about work and working people, the work that most people do, whether the stockyards where my grandfather once labored, or the huge service industries that employ so many today. We are, to steal a phrase from the great William Gass, “the heart of the heart of the country.”



DGE: The adoring critical reception of *Presumed*, combined with the impressive commercial sales... many would say that this was your breakthrough. That’s true enough, in terms of your ability to dictate the terms of your career. But I knew that

you were an artistic force—one here to stay—when I read *The Burden of Proof*. You’re writing in a more-or-less prescribed genre, the legal thriller. I’ve found that an author’s first entry into such an arena is often their best—after that, the expectations and confines of the form often dull the output. I can think of many, many authors I truly enjoy, but in a limited, strictly-for-entertainment fashion. Not you. It’s not necessarily that I thought *Burden* superior to *Presumed* as much as I thought it was distinct. I knew, at that point, that the form would not inhibit your ability to tell compelling, important stories, and that there was surely a bounty of rich stories for you to tell. Go back to that time in your career and give us a sense of your artistic goals in the wake of early success.

ST: Commercial success was the furthest thing from my mind during my years at Stanford and even when I was writing *Presumed Innocent*, which I was afraid would prove too literary for the mystery crowd and too much a mystery for the literati. Its success flabbergasted me, particularly the sales. But I saw that success as an opportunity to write books that are driven by the kind of psychological realism that had always seemed to me to be the heart of the novel. I love Rusty Sabich, love his voice, love his messed-up psyche, but I knew that if I wrote another novel about him next, I would pigeonhole myself in a way that I would always regret. I have tried to do something different with each book. Friends who are far more successful commercially told me a long time ago that I was blowing it if I didn’t write a book a year. I just can’t do that and create books that I’m proud of, which, of course, is essential to me.

DGE: Your reading has always gravitated toward high-minded—*serious*, for lack of a better term—literature. You never studied or much consumed popular fiction. What impact did your reading habits have on your literary style and choices?

ST: The English novelist Carey Harrison wrote me a letter after reading *The Burden of Proof* and said he could feel the influence of Bellow, and I could not have been happier that someone finally noticed. I absorbed a lot from the novelists I idolized—Updike’s use of the present tense in *Rabbit Run*; the elegant plotting of Graham Greene; the moments of intense emotion realized by Tillie Olsen—but by now I recognize my voice as my own.

DGE: The popular fiction that gives bestsellers a bad name—at least to a certain class of readers—often feature stock characters. Characters who do what their vocation demands they should do. There is SO MUCH to say about the quality of your characters, but I’ll try to focus on just two aspects.

The first is how nuanced and varied your characters have been over the course of your writing. Starting with Rusty Sabich and going on through Pinky Granum, there is a whole population of thoughtful, conflicted, sometimes contradictory characters. I hesitate to use either the word “villain” or “hero” here, because there are few easily defined good and bad guys in your stories. Is this nuanced approach deliberate, or a manifestation of your own perspective on people and their behavior?

ST: When Sydney Pollack, a wonderful man and filmmaker, who bought the rights to *Presumed Innocent*, came to see me, he said, ‘I’ll give you one thing I won’t change.’ I answered, ‘The shades of grey.’ Being a prosecutor—and practicing criminal law, in general—has taught me a lot about the nuances of human behavior. There are people who do bad things; and some will do them again and again. But even those people often have something to commend them. Over the years, I’ve thought a lot about Brian Dugan, who committed the horrible killing of Jeanine Nicarico, for which Alex Hernandez and Rolando Cruz had been convicted and sentenced to death, when Dugan was arrested for a similar crime. Why did he tell the authorities who questioned him that he was the true killer of Jeanine, when he knew that he would skate for that crime if he kept his mouth shut? For all his psychopathy, Dugan refused to allow two innocent men to die or do time for a crime he knew he committed, and he stuck by that for years. That’s a pretty striking example of the heroism and villainy that I regard as inhering in all human beings (Dugan’s reward, by the way, for doing one truly honorable thing was that after a decade of denying Dugan’s guilt, the DuPage State’s Attorney finally reversed field, tried him for Jeanine’s murder and attempted to put him to death.)

DGE: The second aspect is vulnerability. As a reader what invites me into the worlds of your creation are the characters, particularly the narrators, who struggle to keep their own lives together. Infidelity, aging, greed, ambition, deception, lust and infatuation—these are some of the traits of your more honorable characters. Tell me about your process for shaping these complicated characters, the interplay between their surface and hidden lives, and of how you manage to still make them likeable.

ST: I start from the place we were discussing above, that no one is either all darkness or all light. Our motives are always multi-layered and even sometimes contradictory. But I never get very far into a book without assuring myself that I really understand what drives the people I am writing

about. In my most recent novel, *Suspect*, Pinky Granum, the main character, is 40 years younger than I am, female, bisexual and a little more cavalier about breaking the law than I’ve ever managed to be. But as different as she is, as far as some of her experiences are from my own, I started out with a sense of this young woman’s poignant struggle to come to terms with the fact that she was always going to strike many people as strange, and to accept that about herself without shame.

DGE: There is so much ground to cover between your first and most recent novel, but I’ll try to be compact.

Jeremy Treglown, reviewing your third Kindle County novel, *Pleading Guilty*, for *The Independent*, said it was “one of those apparent contradictions in terms, a suspense-thriller which asks to be read more than once.” He attributes this to “its psychology.” Talk a bit about the psychology of your novels.

ST: The glory of narrative is its moral dimension, its ability to teach us to do unto others because of what they share with us. And that in turn depends on being able to believe their emotional lives. The more we are persuaded by the depth of a character, the more we believe her or him, and the more we care about their struggles. The ability of fiction to stir us deeply depends on intense psychological realism. Or at least that’s true for the books I want to write. My mother’s brother, my beloved uncle, was a psychoanalyst and so I was schooled in Freudian theory, which I still accept, with some qualifications. But I have always accepted the idea that our minds work on many levels, that “feelings” are rarely unitary, i.e. we actually ‘feel’ many responses at the same time, and that often our deepest motives are suppressed or hidden to us, as incompatible with who we think we are or want to be. I hope my characters reflect all of that.

DGE: Your novels are considered “stand-alones,” meaning independent of one another. I guess the exception is *Innocent*, which you wrote as a sequel to your debut novel. Yet, Kindle County and its denizens mature almost in real time. Tommy Molto appears in at least four novels, Rusty Sabich graduates



to chief judge of the Court of Appeals, Sandy Stern pops up in many of the stories, Pinky gets fleshed out in her second appearance...then there are great characters like Dixon Hartnell, Squirrel Gandolph, Larry Starczek, Mack Malloy, and Evon Miller who enter and exit at particular moments in time. I'm reminded of Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, Hardy's Wessex, maybe even Baum's Oz, though that's a bit of a stretch. You're not just sticking to a certain imagined world, you're building it brick-by-brick, character-by-character. This has gone on decades now. What continues to drive you in that direction? Is it comfort, or do you feel there is a certain power in working this setting to its maximum advantage?

ST: I think a novel is more than itself when it gains meaning from prior books. It rewards readers who have previously been acquainted with George Smiley in LeCarre's novels when he reappears, especially since the reappearance deepens him as a character. Tommy Molto's transformation across four novels is one I took special pleasure in. He was landlocked emotionally until his mother's death, then became a husband and a father and far more compassionate human being—and a better prosecutor as a result. The fact that regular readers can understand that evolution is, I hope, a bonus to them, and also faithful to the way our understanding of the people in our lives evolves.

DGE: *Ordinary Heroes* does not follow this pattern. This 2005 novel is largely set in the European Theater. Still, some minor characters hail from Kindle County. What led you to write this novel, and what made you give these Kindle County characters a small presence?

ST: There's a Kindle County thread, as you note. David Dubin is the father of journalist Stu Dubinsky, the ostensible narrator of *Ordinary Heroes*, and a character who first appeared in *Presumed Innocent*. So I was faithful to the plan you note above. But the novel was intended primarily as a way to come to terms with my father. David Dubin, as a person, is far more like my father's older brother than my dad, but his path across Europe as part of Patton's Third Army is identical to my father's, as I traced my dad's movement from his letters. I could not understand how the man who raised me could be squared with the humble heroic figure who emerged in my father's stories about his war experiences. The answer, probably obvious to an outsider, is that many of those stories were untrue. I was chagrined, but my dad remained enigmatic to the end, because his wartime actions were far braver than any act I've performed in my life. As far as I was concerned, he had every right

to think of himself as a hero. It's a comment on his insecurities, perhaps traceable to his mother's death when he was four, that he felt the need to embellish.

DGE: You hear writers say it's impossible to choose their favorite book—it's like giving birth and so on. I understand why nobody wants to single out a child at the expense of their siblings, but your books won't be offended. Which is the one you love most?

ST: Some novels please me more in retrospect, I'll admit that. But that list remains pretty long. *Presumed Innocent*, *The Laws of Our Fathers*, *Personal Injuries*, *Ordinary Heroes*, *The Last Trial*.

DGE: In advance of the Fuller Award ceremony at which the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame will honor you for your lifetime achievements, I've watched and read many hours of interviews for which you sat down. You're ever thoughtful and interesting, as well as gracious. But all these years in, the questions get a bit repetitive; you're forced to repeat answers, re-tell the same stories. We're doing it here again. Do you recall a moment when a question surprised, maybe even stumped, you? What was it, and do you remember your response?

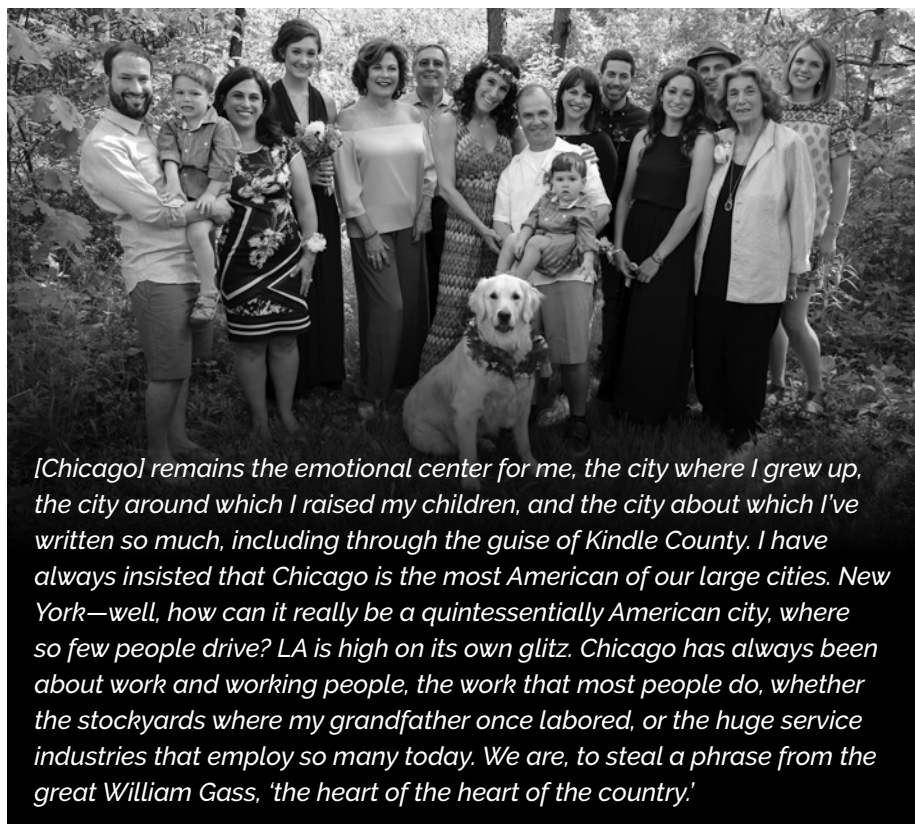
ST: I wish. I am grateful to every interviewer who takes the trouble to prepare, I truly am. Your questions, Don, have been incisive and thoughtful. And I know you weren't fishing for compliments. But your question above, about what I feel I'm accomplishing with the reappearance of certain characters is one I've been hoping to answer for a long time.

DGE: I'm delighted that the CLHOF chose you to receive the Fuller. It's meant to be a celebration of our finest, most important living writers, and you certainly belong in that class. When I first imagined these ceremonies, I thought of how writers, unlike musicians, don't have a built-in way to pay homage to their heroes. So this is a bit like our literary rock jam. As a member of the Rock Bottom Reminders, I know you know a thing or two about a star-studded jam. What are your thoughts and feelings as you approach this evening?



ST: Jeez, I'm going to have nothing left to say when I get my chance to speak. First, of course, I am very much aware that as nice as this honor is, it's also a reflection of being, well, *old*. More to the point, I spent a long time in the literary desert, logging a lot of pages with not a whole lot to show for it in terms of literary success. I am, therefore, deeply conscious of the role of luck in my career and life in general. I have worked very hard and unlike some writers, I *love* the writing process. But starting with my days at Stanford, I have known a huge number of talented writers whose outstanding work did not get the audience it deserved. I remember many of them with enormous appreciation and wish that were more broadly shared. So I approach this kind of event with enormous gratitude for my own good fortune.

Donald G. Evans is the author of a novel and story collection, as well as the editor of two anthologies of Chicago literature, most recently Wherever I'm At: An Anthology of Chicago Poetry. He is the Founding Executive Director of the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame.



[Chicago] remains the emotional center for me, the city where I grew up, the city around which I raised my children, and the city about which I've written so much, including through the guise of Kindle County. I have always insisted that Chicago is the most American of our large cities. New York—well, how can it really be a quintessentially American city, where so few people drive? LA is high on its own glitz. Chicago has always been about work and working people, the work that most people do, whether the stockyards where my grandfather once labored, or the huge service industries that employ so many today. We are, to steal a phrase from the great William Gass, 'the heart of the heart of the country.'

THE LASTING INFLUENCE OF SCOTT TUROW'S *PRESUMED INNOCENT*

by Michael Bourne

TWENTY-SIX YEARS after its publication, few would disagree that Scott Turow's bestselling legal thriller *Presumed Innocent* blazed a trail for other writer-lawyers like John Grisham and Richard North Patterson. It is also easy to see how Turow and other popular novelists of his era like Tom Wolfe and Donna Tartt provided a template for contemporary authors like Gillian Flynn, whose 2012 book *Gone Girl* incorporates literary techniques to flesh out her plot machinery. But the phenomenal success of *Presumed Innocent*, which spent 45 weeks on the *New York Times* bestseller list, was also a turning point in the decades-long process that saw highbrow literature and middlebrow entertainment, once sworn enemies, merge into the hybrid literary world we live in today, in which literary writers routinely use murder mysteries to propel their novels and genre authors routinely grant their characters elaborate inner struggles to add literary heft to their plots.

Turow did not cause this shift on his own, of course. He caught a wave set in motion years earlier by the culture at large, and in the literary world by writers like John le Carré and Stephen King, who bent the conventions of their genres to more serious ends. But if we want to understand how this cultural shift worked, and untangle the roots of today's literary and commercial fiction, there is no better place to start than the story of how Turow, a one-time Stegner Fellow at Stanford who dreamed of being his generation's James Joyce, came to write *Presumed Innocent*.

Today, at age 64, Scott Turow is a well-tuned vintage sports car of a person, small-framed and fit, nattily attired for our afternoon's conversation at the Vancouver International Writers Festival in a green-and-yellow sweater vest and an open-collared shirt. A practicing attorney for most of his adult life, Turow remains a partner at SNR Denton, the legal behemoth that recently bought out his long-time Chicago law firm, but he admits that since he became president of the Author's Guild in 2010 he rarely goes to the office.

One senses that, once upon a time, given enough open road and a subject worth the expenditure of fuel, Turow's mind could set land-speed records, but now, as he nears the twilight of his career, he hums along with the satisfied air of a man who knows he has done well, but only because he found the work

he was made for and then gave it everything he had.

Turow was born and raised in the Jewish enclave of West Rogers Park on Chicago's North Side, the son of a Russian Jewish obstetrician, whose presence looms over much of Turow's work. His father was a talented and hard-working doctor, Turow says, but also a complicated man whose mercurial personality proved something of a mystery to his son. "I really didn't know if he was a good guy or a bad guy," Turow says. "Different people who knew him well have different views. All I know for sure is that he was a phenomenal liar about himself."

Turow was already writing seriously when he arrived at Amherst College, where he attracted the attention of the college's writer-in-residence Tillie Olsen, author of the classic story collection *Tell Me A Riddle*. Olsen took Turow under her wing, and by the time he graduated, he had published two stories in reputable literary magazines, including *The Transatlantic Review*, originally founded in the 1920s by novelist Ford Madox Ford.

After Amherst, Turow began a two-year Stegner Fellowship at Stanford, then as now the most prestigious fellowship of its kind in the country. There, he found himself in the crossfire of a battle between an Avant Garde faction, which viewed art as a sort of machine that could be improved through constant experimentation, and Realists, who sought fiction that delivered "the intricate rendering of daily experience" without resorting to melodrama or narrative tricks. Turow sided with the Realists, whose guiding lights were Saul Bellow and John Updike, but found the form an awkward fit. "The problem with their work," he explains, "was, to put it bluntly, people didn't like to read it, because as I commented a few years ago in an essay about Bellow in *The Atlantic*, the plot of a Bellow novel can basically be summarized in a single sentence: 'A guy wanders around.' Or: 'A guy wanders around thinking a lot.' They were meant to be uneventful, by design."

Still, he hankered for the critical respect that seemed to go along with the moral seriousness of the Realist school, even if it meant stifling his inclination for plot-driven fiction. "There was a sort of junior Dickens hanging around inside of me," he says, "and I wanted to be James Joyce, or if not James Joyce then at least Tillie Olsen, and if neither of the above, then Saul Bellow, I guess. I think that's a really typical story of young people in the arts. You talk about finding a voice, but some of what you're talking about is finding a vision."

In retrospect, Turow sees the book he wrote at Stanford, which focused on a rent strike in a Chicago slum, as the work of a writer fundamentally at war

with his own instincts. "I was making myself crazy trying to pull out of myself the stuff that would make me the next James Joyce, and write sentences that were perfect, and a lot of it was against my own nature because my impulse was to tell this basically suspenseful story about who owns the apartment building," he says. "None of that could I see at the time."

Thus, when the rent-strike novel didn't sell, it was almost a relief for him to ditch the Joycean mantle and go to Harvard Law School. Drawn to the inherent drama of criminal law, Turow took a job with the US Attorney's Office in Chicago, and began writing fiction on the commute

into work, a habit that would last for decades. He was an extraordinarily successful prosecutor, serving as lead counsel on high-profile corruption cases, including Operation Greylord, a massive undercover investigation into widespread bribing of judges in Chicago's Cook County that netted 93 indictments and the convictions of 15 judges. This case, and others like it that he worked on during these years, turn up time and again in fictional form in his novels, including *Presumed Innocent*, which contains a subplot involving payoffs to the judge presiding over the central trial in the novel.

Turow still recalls the moment when the idea for *Presumed Innocent* came to him. It was in the early 1980s, by which time he had been promoted to a supervisory role, and he was in court to evaluate a young prosecutor he was overseeing:

There was a witness on the stand, and I knew what the guy was going to say — for Christ's sake, I'd approved the prosecution — but the suspense of whether he was actually going to say it and the inherent drama of this account of how something bad had happened was just really gripping to me. I'm unable to get myself out of my seat and I look around the room and everybody is sitting and staring at the witness stand and their mouths are hanging open. That's the grip that crime has on all of us. It's the story of transgression that's so fascinating, and I'm thinking, *I'm really interested in this stuff. This is what I ought to be writing.* I got the idea for *Presumed Innocent* right then and I started writing it.



This time, he says, the goal was to reinvent the murder mystery — a task made easier for him by the fact that he wasn't a huge reader of murder mysteries. *Presumed Innocent* begins, as all murder mysteries must, with a dead body, in this case, that of brainy blonde county prosecutor Carolyn Polhemus, who is found naked in her apartment bound in a web of ropes, the victim of a savage rape or perhaps a rough sex game gone wrong. But when Turow's narrator Rusty Sabich, who is both a colleague of Carolyn's in the prosecutor's office and her former lover, sets out to investigate her murder, he quickly finds that all the clues point back to him.

This, in effect, turns the novel into the first-person testimony Rusty never gives at his trial. We watch him quietly cover up evidence that points to his guilt even before we realize he is going to be accused of the crime. Because we are in his head, we realize he has not only the motive and the opportunity to commit the crime, but the intelligence to get away with it. By making Rusty the novel's narrator, Turow is subverting more than just the mystery genre; he's calling into question a central conceit of psychological realism, which is that, through fiction, we can come to know the human heart. Turow's point is that we can't, not really. Rusty is, like Turow's own father, unknowable. He isn't a bad man. He has strayed in his marriage, but then so have many other essentially decent people, and he loves his son, cares deeply for his emotionally unstable wife, and is passionate about justice and the law. He is also plainly lying to us. If he were innocent, why would he wait to get the fingerprint analysis done? Why would he try so hard to get the forensic pathologist to see the crime as a stranger-rape rather than a case of consensual sex gone wrong as the evidence suggests? And why on earth is he, a man still desperately in love with the deceased, investigating the murder in the first place?

As a kid, my mom wanted to be a novelist, and she never had the time and, to some extent, the discipline, to pursue that. So along the way, I guess I kind of absorbed her ambition. By the time I was 11 years old, I had announced that I wanted to be a novelist. That was based on the excitement I felt reading The Count of Monte Cristo, thinking if it was that thrilling to read the book, imagine how much more exciting it must have been to write it.

This helps explain why *Presumed Innocent* was such an explosive bestseller in 1987, and also why, in my view, it deserves to be read as a seminal novel in the history of the melding of literary and genre fiction. The novel takes the standard conceit of a murder mystery, (the reader has to try to figure out whodunnit before the cops do) and the central concern of literary fiction, (a deep psychological understanding of a central figure's soul) and wraps them both into one propulsive narrative package: if we can figure out what makes Rusty tick, we can solve the crime. But Rusty, like Updike's Rabbit Angstrom and many of Bellow's protagonists, is a man of many layers who does not fully understand himself. Rusty Sabich is, in other words, a character straight out of late-20th century American literary fiction who happens to be caught in the middle of a murder mystery.

None of this narrative legerdemain would matter, of course, if Turow couldn't bring Rusty alive on the page as a fully realized character worthy of our interest. And that, finally, is the source of the novel's lasting value. In Turow's hands, Rusty is a representative figure of his age. The child of working-class immigrants, he has by dint of hard work and intelligence risen to a place of respect in society, but like a wolf that has chewed off a limb to escape a trap, there is a piece missing in him, a wound that will never heal. His father, a Yugoslav who escaped Nazi persecution, is, to Rusty's deep humiliation, a troubled, rageful man who hasn't paid his taxes in 25 years. A scene, narrated in retrospect, in which Rusty finds an attorney to help his father fight federal charges, tells us all we need to know about the powerful fears eating at Rusty. Watching his father talk to the lawyer, Rusty sees through the old man, unshaven and plainly terrified, to his years of suffering in the Nazi camps:

They ate a horse, my cousin Ilya told me when I was nine or ten... An old nag had died. It keeled over in the night and froze. It lay in the snow for three days, and then some guard allowed it to be dragged beyond the barbed wire fence of the compound. The inmates attacked it; they pulled off the hide with their bare hands and grabbed at the flesh... My father had seen that.

This fact, that he is one generation removed from the terrors of the state, has propelled Rusty to side with the state, become the one who metes out justice, not the one subject to it — until, of course, he meets Carolyn Polhemus, who represents both an escape from the cautious trudge of Rusty's daily life as well as a sexy blonde symbol of his heightened status. His love for her is volcanic, beyond his conscious control. By the time he is accused of her murder, we know that she has destroyed his marriage and then thrown him over for his

boss, the chief prosecuting attorney, and we have little doubt that Rusty is angry enough to want her dead.

Presumed Innocent is a wildly innovative work of fiction that upends several genres at once while simultaneously creating an entirely new subgenre of its own. Those who like their formal lines brightly drawn may find it hard to see *Presumed Innocent* for the seminal work that it is, but it's time we began to appreciate the shift that Turow helped bring about. With the deaths of Updike and Bellow in the past decade, and the recent retirements of Philip Roth and Alice Munro, many lament the death of the literary giant, the author of serious books whose work speaks to the broader culture. But this lament says more about shifts in literary style than it does about cultural relevance. Writers as wildly different as Jonathan Franzen, Michael Chabon, and Donna Tartt maintain high literary standards, both in terms of language and cultural truth-telling, while still racking up impressive sales. That Chabon borrows tropes from comic books and detective novels or that Tartt structures her books as thrillers hardly makes their books frivolous pulp. It just means that our understanding of what makes for a good book has changed. Except at the margins, it is no longer enough for a writer to command a magisterial prose style or an original vision. We expect our literary giants to tell us a story, and if there's a dead body or a juicy romance at the center of it, all the better.

Scott Turow didn't create that change by himself, but he did anticipate it, and his best work, *Presumed Innocent*, deserves to be read not merely as a well-crafted legal thriller, but as a novel that helped shape the literary world we live in today.

Michael Bourne is a contributing editor for Poets & Writers Magazine and the author of the novel Blithedale Canyon. A version of this essay was originally published on December 4, 2013 in The Los Angeles Review of Books.

The inner struggle to connect words with thoughts and feelings is not something that you learn to do automatically; you don't learn to do it simply by talking. Writing is something like playing the piano that requires a lot of practice.



"OPENING STATEMENT" (FROM *PRESUMED INNOCENT*)

This is how I always start:

"I am the prosecutor.

"I represent the state. I am here to present to you the evidence of a crime. Together you will weigh this evidence. You will deliberate upon it. You will decide if it proves the defendant's guilt.

"This man—" And here I point.

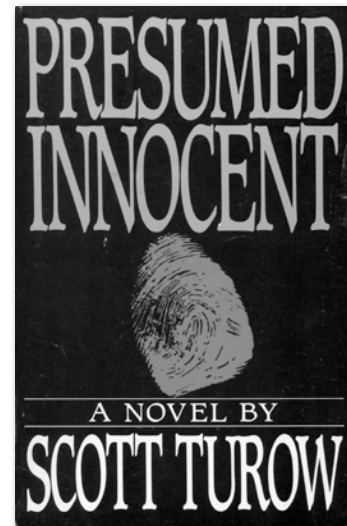
You must always point, Rusty, I was told by John White. That was the day I started in the office. The sheriff took my fingerprints, the chief judge swore me in, and John White brought me up to watch the first jury trial I'd ever seen. Ned Halsey was making the opening statement for the state, and as he gestured across the courtroom, John, in his generous, avuncular way, with the humid scent of alcohol on his breath at ten in the morning, whispered my initial lesson. He was the chief deputy P.A. then, a hale Irishman with white hair wild as cornsilk. It was almost a dozen years ago, long before I had formed even the most secret ambition to hold John's job myself. If you don't have the courage to point, John White whispered, you can't expect them to have the courage to convict.

And so I point. I extend my hand across the courtroom. I hold one finger straight. I seek the defendant's eye. I say:

"This man has been accused."

He turns away. Or blinks. Or shows nothing at all.

In the beginning, I was often preoccupied, imagining how it would feel to sit there, held at the focus of scrutiny, ardently denounced before all who cared to listen, knowing that the most ordinary privileges of a decent life—common trust, personal respect, and even liberty—were now like some cloak you had checked at the door and might never retrieve. I could feel the fear, the hot frustration, the haunted separateness.



Now, like ore deposits, the harder stuff of duty and obligation has settled in the veins where those softer feelings moved. I have a job to do. It is not that I have grown uncaring. Believe me. But this business of accusing, judging, punishing has gone on always; it is one of the great wheels turning beneath everything we do. I play my part. I am a functionary of our only universally recognized system of telling wrong from right, a bureaucrat of good and evil. This must be prohibited; not that. One would expect that after all these years of making charges, trying cases, watching defendants come and go, it might have all become a jumble. Somehow, it has not.

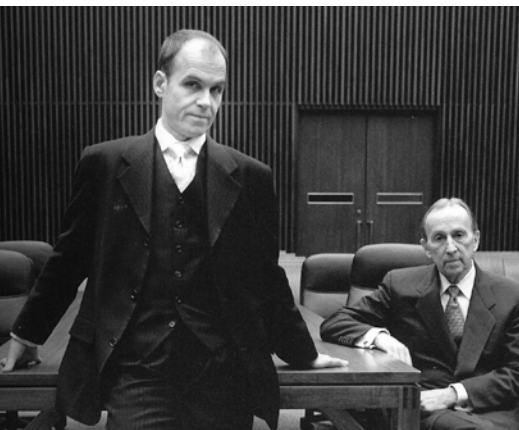
I turn back to face the jury.

“Today you—all of you—have taken on one of the most solemn obligations of citizenship. Your job is to find the facts. The truth. It is not an easy task, I know. Memories may fail; recollections may be shaded. The evidence might point in differing directions. You may be forced to decide about things that no one seems to know, or to be willing to say. If you were at home, at work, anywhere in your daily life, you might be ready to throw up your hands, you might not want to make the effort. Here you must.

“You must. Let me remind you. There was a real crime. No one will dispute that. There was a real victim. Real pain. You do not have to tell us why it happened. People’s motives, after all, may be forever locked inside them. But you must, at least, try to determine what actually occurred. If you cannot, we will not know if this man deserves to be freed—or punished. We will have no idea who to blame. If we cannot find the truth, what is our hope of justice?”

Excerpted from Presumed Innocent by Scott Turow. Copyright © 1987 by Scott Turow. Reprinted with permission of Grand Central Publishing. All rights reserved.

I always say that going to law school was the great break of my literary career, because the conflicts at the heart of the law reverberate so deeply in my core, as I sensed when I chose law over academia.



TRIBUTES

Scott Turow: *Rock God*

I belong to an all-author rock band, the Rock Bottom Remainders, whose membership over the years has included some pretty big names —Stephen King, Amy Tan, Frank McCourt, James McBride and others. It’s an exclusive group. Many authors have tried to join us, but we very rarely admit new members. This is not because we require a high level of musicianship. Musically, we suck. Our genre, as described by Roy Blount, Jr., is Hard Listening Music.

No, what we’re looking for in our new recruits is a rare combination of qualities: intelligence, literary prowess and — above all — a willingness to wear stupid wigs. Scott Turow possesses all of these qualities, which is why we instantly accepted him as a Remainder. In fact he is our lead singer on a number of songs, and although he is not a trained vocalist, his performances never fail to elicit gasps from audience members.

“That’s Scott Turow?” they gasp. “What the hell HAPPENED to him?”

But Scott does not care, which is one of many reasons why I love the guy. I’m proud to call him a friend, and I’m thrilled that he’s being recognized with the Fuller Award. I’m only sorry that I can’t be there in person to see him receive it. I know it will be a great evening. My one suggestion is, don’t ask Scott to sing.

Dave Barry

Sentencing

Scott Turow grew up north of me and became the lawyer my mother would have liked, though he blew it by becoming a novelist, too, who knows a lot of sketchy characters. He writes them, too, because he is suspiciously interested in criminality. He understands sentences—in court and on the page. He is a high moralist who can tell a compelling low-down story. His books are a thrill-ride. I find them impossible to put down. No wonder you see people reading them on the “L.” He is secretly literary, or maybe not so secretly, and he belongs out there on the street as well as with the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame’s Fuller Award. He has earned his spot in the Chicago pantheon with our greatest cosmopolitan literary toughs.

Edward Hirsch

The Gold Standard

More than anyone else, Scott Turow is the reason I became a writer. Whether we should thank him or condemn him for that is a matter of individual opinion.

When people are great at something, they make it look effortless—Michael Jordan with a basketball, Yo-Yo Ma with a cello. We know that a great deal of hard work must have gone into the preparation, but all we see is the final product, so majestic that they make it look easy. And thus, millions of children, convinced that hey, it couldn't be *that* hard to routinely sink 20-foot jumpers or perform mid-air acrobatics with a basketball.

And thus, a young lawyer like me, convinced that I could write a book, because Scott made it look so damn easy. (P.S. Turns out, it's not.)

It's just an added bonus that, as we briefly worked together on a case, I screwed up the courage to call Scott (hand shaking while clutching the phone) and asked him for advice. I'm so glad I did, because Scott could not have been more gracious with his encouragement and wisdom. And the person I consider the master of his craft became my friend, too.

Scott has always been, in my mind, the gold standard of authors. I do not limit that statement by genre. I do not categorize Scott by genre. He ventures where his heart and soul take him, from twisty legal thrillers to stories of self-exploration, tackling just about every subject imaginable with fearlessness. A new work by Scott Turow is a vacation, an immediate pause in whatever else is happening in my life. I read and re-read his books, both as a fan and a fellow author always still trying to learn. I can think of no one more deserving of the Fuller Award. Congratulations, my friend.

David Ellis

Chicago's Own Dostoevsky

Recently, a journalist asked me to pick one legal thriller that sets the bar for the rest. Took all of a half second to respond. Scott Turow's *Presumed Innocent*. Much like Dostoevsky's, Turow's novels live and breathe where the criminal justice system meets the vagaries of the human heart. Few have the ability to navigate this intersection as well as Scott, stripping characters to gristle and bone while holding his readers spellbound at every step along the way. A brilliant writer and master story-teller.

Michael Harvey

Writer Across Disciplines

Few can consistently and simultaneously remain at the top of two demanding professions: the public and private practice of law (with a specialty in criminal law) and to be for decades a successful writer of top-quality fiction. I admired Scott's work long before coming to Chicago, and knowing him, and now Adriane, over the years has deepened my respect and admiration for him as a person and for what he is able to do. To do anything very well is praiseworthy. To have accomplished so much, and to be recognized for it, in two different worlds, is remarkable, in its original meaning: worthy of note and of remarking upon, which is what this occasion allows us to do. Congratulations Scott, and thank you for giving so much of your private and public self to us, your devoted and enthusiastic readers!

Leigh Bienen

A Moral Novelist

When I read that Alabama is preparing a new form of execution in which the convicted prisoner, strapped to a gurney, will be suffocated by having nitrogen pumped into his or her lungs, I thought immediately of Scott Turow's *Ultimate Punishment*, a book that Laurence H. Tribe called "the ultimate statement about the death penalty: to read it is to understand why law alone cannot make us whole." Scott's work as a writer, a lawyer, and an anti-death penalty advocate continues to profoundly address issues of justice both on a societal and an individual level. As a literary fiction writer his work has expanded the depth of what's sometimes called the legal thriller, or maybe it's the other way around and he's come up with a genre of his own making in which the legal thriller has bent and expanded what's sometimes called the literary novel. Forget genre, Scott is a moral novelist. He's written an amazing shelf of work too various, nuanced, and inventive to be summed up by a single theme or idea. But if on this occasion of Scott Turow being honored with the Fuller Award, if a summation is in order, then Laurence Tribe's words could serve as an overall description: Scott Turow has written brilliantly on why law alone cannot make us whole.

Stuart Dybek

Shaking Pom Poms for a Badass

Scott Turow is not only a peerless literary lion--bestseller, wordsmith, plot master--but a legal titan. He's also an extraordinary citizen, a good egg who shepherded the Authors Guild as president, fighting like a banshee to get us all paid for our dreary work. He has a hot wife and his clothes are under control.

All this you can get from his website. What you can't get is what I've gotten go-go dancing next to him in the Rock Bottom Remainders--that sing-in-your-hairbrush band of authors founded by Stephen King and Amy Tan, Dave Barry and Ridley Pearson (among others) with ringers like the Byrds' Roger McGuinn and Bruce Springsteen. The Boss said of the Remainders: "You aren't bad, but if you rehearsed you'd be awful." Scott twists and shouts, he hollas, he gospels, he Dylans. He prances like Jagger and purple boas like Prince. He is hell on a pink wig. When in doubt, he whips it out, and I have been proud to spank his ass with a horse quirt on stage. All honor to his name.

Mary Karr

His Own Finest Character

As he has done with so many other readers, Scott originally hooked me with his remarkable ability to tell a story. When I moved on to the second, third, fourth book and beyond, I picked each up with an anticipation that he has never disappointed. From few writers have I learned so much about how the world--in his case, mainly the world of the law--works, an education that he integrates so seamlessly into his much broader investigation of our all-too-human nature. What I appreciate most as a reader and even more as a friend is Scott's respect for his characters, which is another way of saying the depth of his own humanity. He consistently reminds us that while the world certainly needs justice, this goal is unattainable and maybe even meaningless without empathy, generosity, and kindness. Congratulations to him on this wonderful and well-deserved award, and to all of us for Scott Turow.

Carl Smith



A Reason to Carry On

I met Scott one night during the late '80s at the Evanston Art Center, where he told me about his forthcoming first novel, *Presumed Innocent*, and the high hopes his publisher had for it. I doubt that even Scott could have predicted how spectacularly those hopes would be realized, critically and commercially.

My introduction to Scott had prepared me for the advance copy of *Presumed Innocent*, when it landed among the books for review on my desk at the *Chicago Tribune*. To review the novel, I thought almost immediately of George Higgins, another eminent lawyer/prosecutor turned novelist, who worked a parallel territory. (*The Friends of Eddie Coyle*). Higgins was aware of the advance praise for *Presumed Innocent*, and his laudatory review (I think Scott will agree) was high among the multitudes that made the book such a huge success and gave Scott a boost to his astronomical career, eventually establishing him as the founding godfather of the so-called "legal thriller," progenitor of John Grisham and dozens of other formula writers in the law-and-disorder mob.

To describe Scott as a writer of "literary thrillers," however, is to seriously diminish the depth and breadth of his later writing, exhaustive explorations not just of crime and punishment, centered in courtrooms and legal offices, but also of the labyrinthine moral and ethical issues, the psychological and philosophical burdens of those flawed individuals who practice (and malpractice) the law. That noble mission was first displayed in his second novel, *The Burden of Proof*, in which it became evident he was following in the footsteps of James Gould Cozzens, considered the grand master of the legal blockbuster in post-World War II literary precincts.

Scott and I have been casual friends in the years since *Presumed Innocent*, and I owe him an incalculable debt, not just for the illuminating expertise and reading pleasure over the decades, but for the praise he gave on the jacket of my first novel. Though I'm still awaiting publication of my second novel, 30 years later, I find Scott's encouraging words--and his enviable example--reason to carry on.

John Blades

The View from the Onetime Editorial Assistant's Desk

My last proper job before becoming a full-time writer (which is, any way you slice it, an improper job) was in 1987, when I worked as an editorial assistant at Farrar, Straus and Giroux publishers in New York. I'll gloss over the fact that I wasn't the first choice of my boss, FSG editor Jonathan Galassi (that superior applicant, legend has it, moved to the big city from the Midwest, saw his first New York cockroach in the bathtub of his new apartment, and promptly moved back), nor the fact that my annual pay for this job barely broke five figures. I was happy. I got to read people's novels all day, the good ones and the bad ones. The bad ones made me a better novelist. The good ones made me an even better novelist.

Did I mention that the year was 1987? It was an important year in my life because it happened to be the year I got married (in fact, I'm writing this on my 36th anniversary) but it was also the year FSG published *Presumed Innocent*. On the beach, on the subway – everywhere a book could be read (by which I mean a REAL book, E-Books not having been invented, quite) people were reading *Presumed Innocent*. They were racing through it, gasping at it (in public!), admiring it, adoring it.

I was one of those people. Already a capable anticipator of lesser plots, I was stunned by the power this Turow guy had to absolutely surprise me. And not only on the page – I was stunned by the fact that Turow was apparently not even a full-time writer: that he was, indeed, an attorney of some...um... accomplishment and reputation. That he was in the habit of writing fiction *while commuting to work! On the train!* (I hope, at least, that he got to ride in the quiet car.)

Thirty-six years later, I take a few minutes from my day of observing that other long relationship (my marriage, to my husband) to pay respect to a guy whose work I've been reading all through those same 36 years. Scott – and this is annoying for any novelist to have to admit – has gotten even better, deeper, and wiser since that first astonishing novel. His range, intelligence, emotional maturity and abundant love for language and storytelling are on every page of every one of his many – *so many* – novels. (And did I mention how many of them there have been? Many.) Let me be the first to admit: longevity for a writer is itself a near impossibility, and the Catch-22 of novel writing is that any good thing that makes its way into one of your novels instantly becomes a thing you can never put in a subsequent novel, a process that resembles a gradual painting of oneself into a corner. But the body of

work this writer has brought into the world is a thing of wonder, and it shows no sign of stopping. It's my honor to call Scott not just the guy whose editor I was once a lowly assistant to...but a personal icon and a friend.

Jean Hanff Korelitz

The Fact of Life

While Scott Turow is widely and rightfully renowned for his fiction, yet it is his non-fiction book, *Ultimate Punishment: A Lawyer's Reflections on the Death Penalty*, that tops my list of Turow eloquence and passion. As an appointed member of the select, distinguished group that comprised the Illinois commission to look into the rights and wrongs of the death penalty (still legal in Illinois in the early 1990s but to which then Gov. George Ryan had issued a controversial moratorium) Turow began, as he wrote in the first chapter of his brief but compelling book, that he was a "capital punishment agnostic." But then he was asked to take part in the third trial of one Alex Hernandez, who had twice been convicted of murder. "By the time I had ...looked into the transcripts... of Hernandez's trials six weeks later, I knew I had to take the case or stop calling myself a lawyer. Alex Hernandez was innocent." Turow and his team indeed won Hernandez's deserved freedom.

After continued study and participation in a dozen or more cases like that of Hernandez, Turow writes in the book's concluding paragraph "Today, I would still do as I did when...asked whether Illinois should retain capital punishment. I voted no."

I cannot imagine anyone more worthy of the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame's Fuller Award than Scott Turow. I rise and applaud.

Ira Berkow

Still

I read *Presumed Innocent* as a high-school student, in one long wintry weekend binge, and I remember thinking: I want to write like THAT. The effortless swirl of a brilliant character study with a ripping thriller felt so rare. I've had the pleasure of reading every Turow novel since, and his talent still feels rare, and I still think: I want to write like THAT.

Gillian Flynn

Butch Cassidy, Meet Scott Turow

As an academic, I know lots more about writing books than selling them. So I don't have much of substance to say about the perennial New York Times best-selling author's skill. He plays in a different ballpark. What I can discuss is the man I have been proud to call my friend for 50 years. For me, Scott the man always triggers a movie memory: the moment in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* when the bank robbers suddenly realize they are being chased by a posse of tireless gunmen. They ask, "Who are those guys?" The editor of our college newspaper told me about an underclassman from Chicago he had just met and asked, "Who is this guy? He writes like the wind but refuses to wait in line for a plum assignment." The question has been repeated many times because this super talented guy has always wanted to dive into the thick of things, figure out what is going on, and contribute to the common good. The writing is wonderful, but it is the father, neighbor, volunteer, and pro bono lawyer who trigger surprise and admiration. And that admiration has only increased as he has demonstrated again and again a willingness to spend his precious time and public persona on so many time-consuming and thankless tasks (prosecuting corrupt officials, promoting government ethics, unearthing the inequities in the death penalty, and defending free speech). My answer to the question "Who is this guy?" is simple: the guy you always want in your corner.

Frederick E. Hoxie

One of Many Writers

The first time I read one of Scott's books, I was a student at Northwestern. I picked up *Presumed Innocent* in the campus bookstore and sat down to read over lunch. Seven hours later, I was still sitting there, reading. I remember finishing the book, looking up, dazed, to see that it was dark outside and I was almost alone in the cafeteria. It was an enthralling experience.

I am one of many writers who has reason to thank Scott—at the beginning of my writing career he gave me an enormous boost, and his endorsement made so many things possible. I admire Scott's commitment to doing good in the world, and to his art, which has given so much enjoyment to readers. Thank you, Scott, for everything.

Audrey Niffenegger

One L of an Author

It doesn't take a great litigator to make the case for Scott Turow as the recipient of the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame's Fuller Award. The author of modern classics such as *Presumed Innocent* and *The Burden of Proof*, Turow has been called the father of the legal thriller. He's an author who has profoundly influenced and inspired me, and surely many, many others. Like just about every incoming law student, I read his memoir of his first year at Harvard Law. It was titled *One L*. Eye-opening, and, at times, terrifying, it is almost required reading for anyone who's thinking about studying the law. That was published in 1977. It would be ten years later, in 1987, when he would release his first novel, *Presumed Innocent*, which became a worldwide sensation and a blockbuster movie starring Harrison Ford as "Rusty" Sabich, the prosecutor accused of committing a murder in a case he was overseeing. In all, Turow has written 13 novels, most of which are set in fictional Kindle County, but which of course is only a stand-in for Cook County, and he deftly tackles many of the legal and political topics that he has faced first-hand as a highly regarded prosecutor and defense attorney in Chicago. To this day, he continues to practice law in Chicago and to write novels that are as sharp and as clever as ever. He also continues to be a tireless advocate for authors, as past president and current vice president of the Authors Guild. Be it in a courtroom or in the pages of a book, Scott Turow has proven throughout his storied, distinguished career that the pen is mightier than the sword. We in Chicago are lucky to have him on our side and, today, rightfully celebrate him for a lifetime of achievement.

Randy Richardson

Presumed Brilliant

Scott Turow is the kind of man I love to hate: someone with so many talents and the energy to pursue them that he leaves the rest of us deep in the dust. The intricacy of his novels is unmatched – to know so much about the law in both its utility and its deviousness and to be equally at home with the psychological nuances of his characters makes most "crime" novels seem one-dimensional. And then his use of a profound understanding of how the legal system works against so many of the vulnerable in *Ultimate Punishment* reminds us that great talent can be wedded to passionate conviction. This is an honor you so thoroughly deserve, Scott. I am proud to know you.

Rosellen Brown

Mr. Counterintuitive

I believe I've read every Scott Turow novel since *Presumed Innocent*. I, and a couple million of my closest friends. I admired his work from a distance for a good part of my career, and then we landed in the same author rock band together and I got to know him as a friend, something I'd never dreamed of.

What I've learned is that Scott's incredible ability to shape character and weave plot comes from a writing method that runs counterintuitively to my own. I had the opportunity to teach at the university level for five years. I *always* began the storytelling section of the semester by contrasting and comparing my writing style to that of Scott Turow's.

Scott's genius is that he writes what he is motivated to write. It might be a late scene in the story, or a particularly romantic scene, action, or contemplative. He makes notes on, and keeps track of, dozens of scenes not entirely certain where or *even if* they will play a part in his story. He often writes a chapter without knowing what comes immediately before or after. This means that we, as the readers, receive the best writing he has to offer—the writing he wants to do that day, *the writing in which he is fully invested*. Months—years—later, he spreads the work out on the floor of his office and begins the process of assembly. What fits where and why? What's missing? What's excess?

The end result is that Scott doesn't write legal thrillers; he writes fleshed-out, fully realized Great American Novels which most often have a legal setting somewhere within. His work is written and paced brilliantly, always with unexpected twists *that arise directly from a character flaw, ambition, or hubris*. Most of all: they satisfy.

Scott's work deserves *every* fiction award and belongs in *every* Hall of Fame there is, but none more appropriate now than the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame's Fuller Award for lifetime achievement. Congrats to all.

I write this on a day I'm struggling with the outline to my next crime thriller. And I curse Scott for putting the little voice in my head that keeps saying, "Scott doesn't write outlines, why should you?"

Ridley Pearson



Waiting for Turow

I remember the exact moment when Scott Turow changed my life.

I was on the Addison Street bus, a senior in high school headed to the long-gone Gordon Tech, reading *One L*, convinced that a complete education required going to law school. Power, wisdom, money—they all ran through law school. I don't know where I got this idea. There were no lawyers in my family. We didn't have a lawyer. I'm not sure I'd ever met a lawyer, but even Studs Terkel had gone to law school and if *he* went, then I should go too. It was the only path for the best and the brightest.

Right as we were passing the White Castle at Kedzie, though, and I'm reading some cruel scene about the Socratic method, I had the horrible realization that if law school was anything at all like what Scott described, I absolutely did *not* want to go. I had no interest in torts or contracts or panicked study groups and frankly probably wouldn't cut it. But the book also made it clear that this was only one, very specific path, and not everyone on it was so best and bright. Scott's voice was so direct, his writing so sharp and honest, that I could hear him asking the question I'd been too chicken to ask myself: What do you *really* want to do?

Well, I had that book in my hands. The truth was, what I really wanted to do was write. And reading a book by a fellow Chicagoan who wasn't Saul Bellow or Carl Sandburg, someone young writing a bestseller, made that feel very possible. And reading a book that made me be honest with myself, that made me understand that there was no such thing as the best and brightest, that had the power to make me grow up just a little; all that made me see writing as a calling and a responsibility, whatever you wrote.

One L sent me off into a scarier, wilder, more uncertain and more wonderful world, and from then on I put Scott Turow on a tiny little pedestal in my brain. He's still there. Sometimes when you meet your heroes—usually when you meet your heroes—it's a disappointment. But decades after that bus ride I got to know Scott and he *is* that voice I heard riding past White Castle: Brilliantly clear and honest; warm and true-hearted, and most of all, a true master of his craft. Scott writes a voice that speaks in your ear, and if you're lucky, it can even change your life.

Thank you, Scott. For everything.

Thomas Dyja

Scott's the Real Deal

It is easy to write a tribute to Scott because he is a truly great human, lawyer and author. But, if you read Dave Barry's insightful and humorous tribute, you know it is also daunting. I play no instruments and was told to mouth the words to my grade school graduation song so I wouldn't throw everyone off key. To this day, I mouth the words to Happy Birthday and the Star Spangled Banner.

Though I had read all Scott's books, I only met him when I cold-called him after reading that he was interviewing Thomas Mallon at the Printers Row Lit Fest. Of course, meeting Scott would be amazing, I had a special reason to meet Mallon. Reviews of his *Watergate: A Novel*, reported that I was a character referred to as "the bitch." In a perverse way I considered that almost as good as being on Nixon's Enemies List or being denounced in a tweet by Trump. Scott graciously took my call and arranged lunch for the three of us. I felt an immediate kinship with him, a former federal prosecutor of government corruption (Greylord) with a passion for storytelling without legalese and for the pursuit of justice.

After meeting Scott, whenever I was discouraged writing *The Watergate Girl*, I thought about him practicing law and writing compelling fiction while commuting to work. His prodigious pro bono legal work, including getting Rolando Cruz and Alejandro Hernandez off death row, and his fight against the death penalty in Illinois, also inspired me, as it has many others. Best, despite his success, Scott remains totally down to earth and true to his values. He is the real deal.

Congratulations Scott on this well-deserved Fuller Award for lifetime achievement.

Jill Wine-Banks

Galloping to the Finish

I have vivid memories of reading Scott Turow's books. There was the time I stayed up almost all night devouring *Presumed Innocent*. Another time in a coffeehouse when I was so engrossed in *Innocent* that the baristas had to shoo me out at closing time. Scott has a genius all novelists wish for, which is to combine plot, character, social meaning and psychological insight in a way that makes readers want to gallop to the finish.

Mary Schmich

There is Some Justice

I was surprised when Don Evans asked me to help celebrate Scott Turow's receipt of the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame's Fuller Award – I was sure he must have been one of the first people so honored. His body of work is impressive for both its breadth and its depth, from his thirteen novels, to his important reflections on the death penalty in *Ultimate Punishment*. He's one of Illinois's most important writers – and thinkers.

Most of the world knows Scott because of Rusty Sabich, the hero of the wildly and widely popular *Presumed Innocent*. I heard about Scott before I ever met him, because of his role as a federal prosecutor in the Operation Greylord corruption cases.

Scott's commitment to justice is an overarching theme of his life. This shows in his prosecutorial days, in his pro bono legal work – inter alia, he secured the release of Alejandro Hernandez, who spent eleven years on death row for a crime he didn't commit – and his public service on committees like the US Senate Nominations Commission, and an Illinois commission to debate reforms to capital punishment.

His work on the death penalty commission led to his writing *Ultimate Punishment: A Lawyer's Reflections on Dealing with the Death Penalty*. This book is both highly personal, for discussing his evolving thinking on crime and punishment, and an important primer for everyone concerned with our country's criminal justice system. He's performed important work for every writer in this country as president of the Authors Guild.

It's natural, then, that his fiction also reflects his commitment to justice. In one interview (Indexoncensorship.org) Scott said that in going to law school, he discovered "a route to questions that were ...at my core, about differentiating right from wrong, and the difficulty of every fully categorizing human behavior in ways that are just." His thirteen widely praised – and read – novels have given him a chance to explore nuances in why and how we humans, we frail, fallible beings, commit the crimes that keep the courts and prisons busy.

Scott's a man of great energy, great insight, and great gifts. Chicago is most fortunate to claim him as one of our own.

Sara Paretsky

A Master of Moral Quandaries

I was a raw journalist dragging along a JD when Scott Turow published *One L*, his nonfiction account of his first year at Harvard Law School. He immediately stepped into the line-up of a team I wanted to join—lawyer book writers. Who was this guy? Trying to insinuate myself a bit into his aura, I called him up at his desk at the US Attorney's Office for the Northern District of Illinois and tried to get him to write a story for *The National Law Journal*, where I worked as an editor. I can't recall the suggested topic, but he politely declined.

In 1987, with the publication of *Presumed Innocent*, he started batting clean-up on that distinguished team. His books are sometimes called legal thrillers, but that diminishes their quality. Yes, they are thrilling, but not just for their taut and dramatic plots. They thrill with the intelligence and literary style with which they convey vivid, real people confronting painful moral quandaries.

We all recognize Scott's literary achievements. But as a lapsed lawyer myself, I want to point out that he has written these wonderful novels while continuing to apply his legal skills to hard public issues—the sorts of moral quandaries his characters face, though writ on a civic scale. One prominent example: his leading role on Governor Ryan's commission on the death penalty, which led to reforms on government executions and ultimately their ban in Illinois. Scott's balance of both sides of his career—making memorable art while lending his skills to the good of the community—signals a life that deserves to be honored and celebrated.

Richard Babcock

A Singular Voice

Before I knew Scott, I read him. He enthralled me. Then I met him. He impressed me. Then I heard him sing. He - well - he stunned me. But whether writing, speaking, or wearing a crazy wig and belting out a song with our band of writers, Scott is brilliant, witty, wise and a singular voice. I am honored to call him a friend, and, like so many others, privileged to be one of his loyal readers.

Mitch Albom

Da Spokesman

For a period of time, ranging roughly from the early 1990s to, generally speaking, right now, whenever the national press needed a quote about the literary scene in Chicago, or Chicago politics, or Illinois politics, or corruption or law or the death penalty or for all I know deep dish pizza, they would call one man: Scott Turow.

This used to bother me. Certainly Scott is a civic treasure but are there no other writers or thinkers in our great city? Say, a radio host originally from New Jersey but who's been here for a while and also has some opinions on pizza and crime? Does Scott have to be the only spokesman for an entire region?

But, as I have come to understand: yes, he does. Scott never heeded the siren call of either coast, even though his success would have made him an A-lister in either New York literary circles or Hollywood. He stayed here, because this city and county is his raw material, the dross from which he spins the gold of his books. Every great city needs a bard, and Chicago is lucky in that we've boasted a few of the greatest ever: Carl Sandburg, Saul Bellow, Studs Terkel, and now Scott Turow. Plus, he's got that accent, and that's where I finally bow my head to him. However legit I might feel as an adoptive Chicagoan, I'll never sound like one.

Peter Sagal

I had a high school journalism teacher who tried to teach us all that you had to write anywhere. I can and do write on the commuter train, I write on airplanes, I write in hotel rooms, I write in the house of the woman I now live with in two different homes...no problem, the only place I won't write is the law office. But I really am not much good after, say, two o'clock.



Training

It is a truism that Scott's novels transcend genre or have even been transformative of their proximate genre. To me, the more remarkable fact is that he has lived his life in a way that transcends genre. He hasn't had just one governing passion, one beautiful talent, one defining arc, but two. He is an artist, and he is a practitioner. When I was young and read *Presumed Innocent*, I was taken out of myself entirely. It was utterly transfixing. And because of that, I went looking for more information about this author, which was a bit harder in those days, but I was compelled. When I learned that he wrote that novel on the train down to work, to his practice as an actual, functioning, real-life lawyer, a door opened within me. At that time, I was taking those same trains down to work, there in the Loop, though I was a temporary word processor for lawyers (among others), and not at all a lawyer myself. I wasn't practicing anything at that time. Sometimes I was tearful on that train, in a sort of stone-faced public way, because I hated where I was going. But here was someone whose drive was so entire, that he could transcend that train, and deploy every banal moment of life into a creative act. Eventually, I learned how, in my smaller, less consistent fashion, to sometimes do the same. I became a real-life, full-time professor, but also a maker of theater. One day, I was asked to participate in a public panel with Scott Turow and I couldn't have been more stuck had someone asked me to give a talk with a lion. That's when I met Scott and found that he'd seen some play of mine. From then on, he became one of the few whose opinion matters. One of the ones you wait to hear from when they've seen a show; that you're a little nervous about because you know they have tickets to the show that night. I have every one of those emails still. He wrote me once that my work was like a waking dream. I like that description very much. Although novels take place in our head, and theater take place at least half outside our head, they both deal with a world inside the world. Scott had access to that world even on that train; and it was he who gave me a ticket to get onboard as well.

Mary Zimmerman

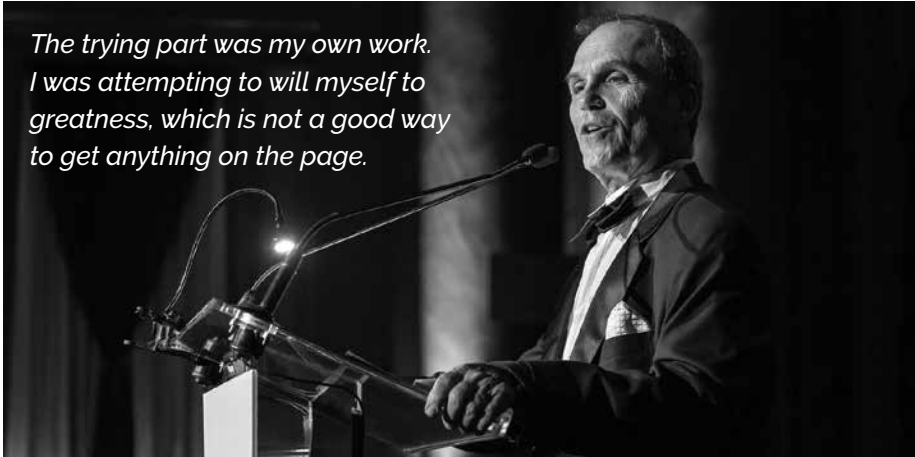
Boss, Mentor, Editor, Friend

Scott was my supervisor when I started my first "real" law job at the Chicago US Attorney's Office after my federal court clerkship. Scott taught me many things that became foundational principles for me. These included the importance of always striving for excellence and operating with integrity; that your word and your reputation are all you have and should be protected and treated with respect; and, that being an effective lawyer means accepting and using facts to your advantage, never changing, manipulating or covering them up.

Scott also edited my writing. Which was particularly challenging, not because he was a harsh critic, but because of his horrible handwriting and his persistent need to comment on everything. Imagine typewritten pages covered in red chicken scratches and you have successfully imagined one of my draft briefs. After several hours of close review, consultation with colleagues and a few choice thought bubbles, I was usually able to decipher his meaning and see how his help was making my writing, my reasoning and my impact better.

Scott was also my partner in the truest sense of that word when we worked together at the law firm of Sonnenschein, Nath & Rosenthal. Scott has been a great boss, mentor, friend and blessing in my life. Nothing surprises me less or makes me happier than seeing his many successes like receiving the Fuller Award. It is a well-deserved recognition. Congratulations Scott! And while I know they need it, please resist the urge to edit these remarks.

Andrea Zopp



*The trying part was my own work.
I was attempting to will myself to
greatness, which is not a good way
to get anything on the page.*

A Serious Subterfuge

I read Scott's books long before meeting him on the other side of a tambourine. I knew him as a smart guy who wrote intricately woven legal thrillers. He argued compellingly against the death penalty. I imagined him as a serious, introspective kind of guy in a dark suit, one who frowned as he listened for flaws in logic. Fortunately, I now know that all the serious stuff was a subterfuge. The real Scott happily wears a fetching pink wig with the Rock Bottom Reminders as he belts out a tragic love song about a runaway truck named Sue. Women all agree, he can do the white man dance better than all other white men (of a certain age). He's also easy on the eyes, as I learned when I accidentally walked into the men's locker room. None of these playful attributes overshadow his stature as one of our country's best writers. Yet he remains modest, kind, generous and so utterly charming he has captured the hearts of millions of readers, his band mates, and his perfect partner in crime, Adriane Glazier. We love you, Scott!

Amy Tan

Writing the Crimes of Fly-Over Country

The Sara Paretsky Award was established as part of the event now known as Midwest Mystery Conference (formerly Murder and Mayhem in Chicago) to honor crime fiction writing from and about the Midwest. Who better to receive that prize in 2019 than Scott Turow, whose novels made Chicago the home of the modern law thriller? Scott's books (and films adapted from them) have brought the attention of millions of people to the Midwest. We're fly-over country for much of publishing and media-makers, but in Scott's hands, Chicago is exactly as we know it to be: troubled, real, and a place to call home.

Dana Kaye and I were thrilled to hand the award to Scott, but more than that, we were grateful for the generous amount of time Scott gave to the conference. Our attendees and volunteers couldn't believe their luck, getting to hear from and meet the legendary Scott Turow. (As an event planner, you hope for that exact reaction.) Dana and I are joined by new board member and author Tracy Clark in congratulating Scott Turow, who clearly represents the very best of crime fiction and is forever listed now among the Chicago greats where he belongs.

Lori Rader-Day

A Force for Good

I first met Scott my freshman year of college. He was the teaching assistant in my English class. For nearly 50 years I have wished that I had paid closer attention in that class as I have watched his incredible career, as both lawyer and a writer. Not only is Scott brilliant and gifted in both of his professions, but he has committed his life to being a force for good. I am proud to call him my friend and wish him my heartfelt congratulations on receiving the well-deserved Fuller Award!

Valerie Jarrett

Generous Witness

While it would probably be terribly intimidating to go up against Scott Turow in a courtroom, I suspect he'd be a terrific companion on a long road trip or a great partner on a complex legal case. He makes taut, probing and compelling narratives out of stuff many of us find arcane, confusing or scary but wears his expertise in legal and literary matters lightly, maintaining the down to earth and patient air of a true mensch. His success and innovations have made him famous around the world, all while he's stayed firmly rooted in Chicago.

Turow pays deep attention to men and women at work (prosecutor, crook, cop, lawyer), as they navigate the pleasures and politics of the workaday world, then follows them home, into their equally complex and sometimes baffling personal lives. It is here, in the ordinary stuff of life, that Turow uncovers our innermost fears and dreams. Repeating or propagating these characters across novels brings their layers and contradictions up close, suggesting how the dynamics of family and the machinery of the criminal justice system can, in different ways, trap us into circumstances over which we have little control. In the face of all this human folly, he remains a curious and generous witness to how we succumb to corrupting influences even as (perhaps because) we seek to resist or challenge them.

Alison Cuddy

Chicagoan

Kindle County, huh? *Who does Scott Turow think he's kidding?* Pols and judges on the take, rivalrous families, scheming lawyers, assorted rascals and scandals, compromised but authentic heroes, all striving, falling, scratching, clawing, joking and holding on to life in a great polyglot world class, working class, tower-topped town along a lake? It's Chicago.

But Scott's astounding novels haven't just captured the core of a great city, and what makes it work. He's stocked that place of his imagination with indelible characters who become traveling companions in our own lives. I find myself often wondering: would the dapper Alejandro "Sandy" Stern wear that tie? Can I work this through with the pursuit of Tommy Molto? The commitment of Bill ten Boom? Can people still surprise me as much as does Robbie Feaver? Has there ever been a character who shows so vividly how genius can leap generations than Sandy Stern's granddaughter, Clarice "Pinky" Granum? (And can I be the only reader to notice that Scott seems to have named a character who is a Nobel scientist after a beloved former Chicago Cub?)

Years ago, I sat in a sauna across from a talkative personal injury lawyer, his bouffant wilting in the heat, a gold religious medallion the size of home plate at Wrigley Field riding his chest. "Goddamn that Scott Turow!" he sputtered. "The sonofabitch stole my life and turned it into a novel!" I reported the conversation, including the name of his accuser, to Scott. He sighed and laughed, "You know, there are probably a hundred lawyers around who say that."

Well, not just lawyers. Scott's novels have moments in which we might all stop and think, "Was he listening? How did he know? What the...?" Dickens's London, Joyce's Dublin, Rushdie's Mumbai—and Scott Turow's Kindle County. Scott can call our town whatever he wants. Just keep calling us back for more of his matchless storytelling.

Scott Simon

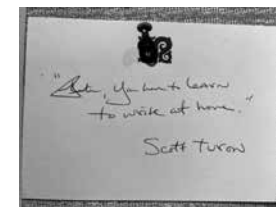


"He Didn't Have to Be so Nice . . ."

We'd have loved him anyway, as the Lovin' Spoonful song goes. And there's plenty to love him for, as others will be talking about tonight: the literary craft he brings to popular, best-selling fiction; the edge-of-the-seat scenes that serve as workshops in suspense (that water-tower scene in *Testimony*!!); the generous literary citizenship. For me—a cub in this crowd—I love him for the time he takes for career-changing conversations with new writers.

I met Scott years ago when he was launching *Innocent* at a women's club in Evanston. He had no reason to talk to me—okay, I did have him sign four copies which fulfilled my Christmas list that year. But seriously, his eyes didn't gloss over, and he didn't even sigh when I told him I was working on a novel myself. He seemed genuinely curious. When I told him it was set in 1969-1970 his eyes widened with caution. "It's hard to write about those times," he said, indulging me in a thoughtful conversation about the difficulties he'd faced writing *The Laws of Our Fathers*, a book I went on to study hard while deciding how to narrow my focus, and not try to include every historic milestone in those material-rich years. It made a big difference. I published that book, *The Fourteenth of September* in 2018.

A few years later it was a gift to sit next to him at Novel Affair, the annual benefit by the Ragdale Foundation. I was struggling with my second novel. Over dinner I admitted I had become an addicted "residency writer," prolific when sequestered from the distractions of the world, but unable to manage everyday writing. I was considering doing back-to-back residencies around the country. He listened, commiserated, shared his experiences, then summarized: "Rita, you have to learn to write at home." Duh, right? Sounds so simple, but it's been a huge challenge. I now actually have a card with that sentence pinned to the bulletin board in my home office, "signed" (in my very own handwriting) *Scott Turow*. It disciplines me every time I drift to check email, what's in the refrigerator, or otherwise waffle during a writing session. And that, as they say, has made all the difference. I'm finally finishing that second manuscript.



Small encounters, yes, but lessons freely shared from someone who thrives in the daily trenches as well in as the spotlight. I so appreciate it, and until now, have never told him. Tonight, I happily join hundreds of others who will do just that. Thank you, Scott. You didn't have to be so nice, but we're so glad you are.

Rita Dragonette

On Scott Turow

When I sold my first novel in 1991, I was a professional musician laboring under several delusions. One was that publishing remained the “gentleman’s profession” I’d read about as a student: the insular, whiskey-soaked world of Maxwell Perkins, Thomas Wolfe, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, James Jones. I very quickly learned that the new world I’d entered was almost purely commercial, an industry built around “selling units” and authors perennially making the bestseller lists. Editors held or lost their jobs based on sales figures alone, and so many compromises were made during the making of the literary sausage—so many important things simply ignored—that even as I made the *New York Times* list with my first novel, I felt an extreme sense of letdown.

It was ten years later that I met Scott Turow—the first night I sat in with the Rock Bottom Remainers, the band I would soon come to join. That first night, after playing Webster Hall in New York, Scott told me he was 52. I was 41. There was an ocean of space between our careers. He was a household name, a star author with novels, films, and television under his belt. Yet he still practiced law, which puzzled me.

The after-party that night was held at Amy Tan’s loft in Soho, and as we walked there, Scott and I began our friendship. Over too much wine, he graciously answered all my questions about his career, and also about our mutual profession. I could hardly believe I was talking to him in person. But more important, it was that night that I caught the scent of the older literary world I’d longed for and thought I’d missed. Because during that first long conversation, I discovered that Scott was that rarest of men, especially in today’s America: a gentleman and a scholar. That may sound like faint praise, but to me it is not.

Scott has been praised, and rightfully so, from the time he published *One L*, and he’s often credited with “inventing the legal thriller.” Those who know better would go back at least to 1958’s *Anatomy of a Murder*, by Michigan Supreme Court Justice John Voelker, writing under the pen name Robert Traver. Others might cite 1951, and Herman Wouk’s *The Caine Mutiny*.

Scott wrote a great novel in *Presumed Innocent*, but it is great in ways that many people miss. First, it may be the finest modern execution of the first-person-present voice in the 20th century. The prologue is an absolute triumph, and one of the many things it accomplishes is to reveal the author’s greatest gift: psychological insight into human nature—specifically human motivation, and the inner lives that all people (and of course characters)

work so hard to mask. Scott revealed his gift of insight in 1977, in *One L*. But in *Presumed Innocent* he took it to a level that made the hair stand up on your neck—actually, on millions of people’s necks. That novel contains turns of phrase many writers still recall today: of Nico Della Guardia—“a pygmy in his soul.”

Readers frequently don’t understand something essential about being an author: writing can be a difficult craft, yes—but it’s the seeing, the thinking, the processing, and the vividly remembering—where the real work is done. Writing lapidary prose is the final skill, the one that brings all the rest to life in a way that large numbers of strangers can experience something almost exactly as you did, whether that thing is drawn from the real world—as *Anatomy of a Murder* was—or from a dream.

There isn’t space to praise all the unique dimensions of Scott’s writing, or his qualities as a man. So I looked up John Voelker, to see what he did after the immense success of his novel, and of Otto Preminger’s film of it. Well, of course Voelker left the law and retired to write for a living—as anyone would, yes? Anyone but Scott Turow. Hundreds of lawyers followed Scott’s trail, and later my fellow Mississippian John Grisham’s, hoping to emulate their success and ultimately to retire from the legal world. The whole publishing industry birthed a new copycat genre, the legal thriller, and fulfilled the dreams of a few dozen of those wannabes, by giving them money and fame.

But those restless attorneys had missed something important about Scott Turow. Scott never left the law. He never stopped trying to make the world a better place, in so many ways. Scott’s work on capital punishment alone deserves a separate award. And while he’s been credited with inventing a genre—the legal thriller—I’m not at all sure that’s a crown he really wanted. Because “genre” implies formula. And while almost all the attorneys who followed him clung slavishly to the formula that gave them their secondhand successes (basically rewriting the same book every time out), Scott NEVER did that.

Scott clung to his true vocation—student of human nature—and all his novels reflect this. Scott always knew, as Heraclitus did, that “Character is fate.” Turow always cared about character more than plot, and for this reason his books are filled with real humanity—tangible blood and tears—not melodrama and action-based sequences that read like novelized films. You can certainly escape into a Scott Turow novel, but you can also be sure it was not written for that purpose.

I'll conclude by saying that Scott and I—two doctors' sons, separated by a decade and by geography—one of us a son of the North, the other of the Deep South—were granted that rare and rewarding gift of a deep friendship formed later in life, far beyond the forgiving years of childhood or even college. As a member of the Rock Bottom Remainders, I'm probably asked more about Stephen King than any other member. It's been a privilege to get to know every writer in our band, and all are surprising in their own ways. Like Scott, I spend a lot of time explaining what a normal guy Steve is. But funnily enough, people seem especially surprised to learn that Scott Turow—working with what may be the least amount of native musical talent in the band (and that's truly saying something)—has given some of the most fearless and bravura performances in the long history of the group—often dressed as a woman, and sometimes in front of people he actually knows!

You haven't lived until you've heard Scott Turow—gentleman and scholar, the inventor of the legal thriller—sing *Runaway* or *I Fought the Law (And the Law Won!)*.

Congratulations on tonight, my big brother! As always, you earned it.

Greg Iles



My Kind of Immortal

Scott has written 16 books that have sold more than thirty million copies. I have written thirty million books that have sold more than 16 copies. And yet I do not resent Scott. Because he is a great humanitarian. Also he can sing better than me, and looks somewhat better in a wig, and probably (not sure about this, but possibly) moves better than I do, and yet he will stand fairly close to me on a rock-and-roll stage. There again, humanitarian. Also, I lost an entire night of sleep to find out the murderer in *Presumed Innocent*. All night! Reading! I *never* do that. Even if I'm one of the suspects. And yet I was proud to vote for him as president of the Authors Guild, twice.

Roy Blount, Jr.

The Right Choice

Scott Turow is one of the greatest of the chroniclers of contemporary Chicago. He possesses an extraordinary range of knowledge about human beings and their entanglements, institutions (especially, of course, the law), and the city itself. And that remarkable range includes many different aspects of, and roles in, trial law. His clients have included the mighty and the weak, the wealthy and the poor. His books have been read in translation around the world, and his extensive understanding of prosecutors, judges, and defense lawyers and their clients, has probably inspired judicial attentiveness beyond the boundaries of the US. In his role as the head of the Authors Guild, he has aided and benefitted many writers and helped protect the legal rights of writers. He is one of the finest observers of the city itself—its uniqueness, its struggles, its disparities, its political life, and its grief and celebrations. He has created scenarios of many parts of “Chicagoland,” and his oeuvre as a whole is as fine-grained and thorough-going as the works of writers from Willa Cather, Saul Bellow, Nelson Algren, Richard Wright, and James T. Farrell, among others. It's a fully deserved honor for him to receive the Fuller Award for lifetime achievement from the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame.

Reginald Gibbons, co-chairman, Selection Committee

Real Characters

I'm lucky to consider Scott Turow a friend. Every so often I've reached out to him for a favor — to support one of our writing centers, or, in 2016, to join in a campaign of writers against Trump — and every time I ask, Scott says yes. Immediately he says, “Yes, when, where, I'll be there.” He is a man of great integrity and kindness.

I got to see Scott a few months ago in Boston, at another event to which he'd lent his support — this time the Boston Public Library. I got to spend some time with him and Adriane. We were all dressed up, standing at a high table in the middle of the ballroom, watching the scene, and somewhere in the conversation I realized that Scott and Adriane didn't live in Chicago anymore. They'd moved to Florida, which admittedly is a kind of Very South Side of Chicago, given how many transplants are down there. But still, it was weird to think of Chicago without Scott Turow. It's like Oxford without Faulkner, London without Dickens.

No one has chronicled modern Chicago better than Scott. And it's not just

because he knows the politics, and knows the law, and the jails and courts. He knows the people, and no one has written better Chicago people than Scott. I came upon *Reversible Errors* last year, which I hadn't read before, and found myself underlining and bracketing large swaths of it. Pretty soon I realized I was learning, or re-learning, how to write characters. Beyond his gift for suspense, I think Scott's greatest talent is in creating characters so real you hear them breathing.

Last year I read a lot of novels. Maybe too many? Between the volume and my increasing inability to remember as much as I used to, the characters I read fade more quickly than they once did. Sometimes I'll read a book over a weekend and by Tuesday, I'll have forgotten most. But not so with Scott's books. His characters are always flesh-and-bone strugglers who fail and fail again and yet occasionally do something noble in the name of the law or justice (related things, but not the same thing). They do the wrong thing just as often as they do the right thing while trying to improve a world just marginally more messed up than they are.

Last year I came across *Reversible Errors*, read it, was affected deeply by it, and had to email him about how great it was, and how vivid the characters were — especially one name Gillian Sullivan. She's a former judge, an alcoholic, and she's done prison time for taking bribes. And though her past is checkered, we feel for her, root for her, believe utterly in her as she tries in late middle age to get something right. She's not the main character, but for some reason she stuck with me. I wrote to Scott then, just telling him how good the book is, how Gillian was particularly well-painted, etc. (Sometimes we writers like to hear about those long-ago books of ours. "It holds up!" someone says, and we almost fall down with gratitude, because some books don't.)

Then had this weird experience. A few months after reading the book, an email came through to me from a Gillian. I have an old friend from college named Gillian, but the first thought I had was, "Huh. Gillian Sullivan is emailing me. I wonder what she wants." And I was thinking of the fictional character. The one Scott made up. His Gillian Sullivan had become so real in my mind that I thought she was emailing me. Does that make me a muddled mess, or make Scott an exceptional novelist?

Congratulations, Scott. There can't be a Chicago Literary Hall of Fame without you.

Dave Eggers

FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES

Congratulations to our dear friend, Scott Turow, for receiving the prestigious 2023 Fuller Award. Scott, your extraordinary literary achievements are equaled only by your unflagging commitment to social justice and generosity of spirit. With love and great affection.

Sheila and Jim Feldman

Scott, you take your rightful place tonight among the giants of Chicago letters. Representing the many creative people you have mentored kindly over the years, we offer our heartfelt congratulations and our gratitude.

Dave Reidy & Tiffany Bedwell

Congratulations to Scott, a wonderful colleague and a steadfast friend, on winning a well-deserved award.

Mitch Hollins



From Erin Hills and John Deere to Scotland we are very proud to be your friends. Always knew you were an award winner and a Hall of Famer.

Your Golf Buddies: Steve Nechtow, Bob Levin, and Sam Tenenbaum



Congratulations to our dear friend, Scott. A well-deserved honor, we applaud you! **Bill and Katie Heinz**

It's an honor to watch your brilliant literary skills be recognized, but even a greater honor to be counted among your family friends. **Frank, Sandy, Brian, Coleen Gelber Families**

The Poetry Foundation board of trustees and staff

extend heartfelt congratulations to Scott Turow for being honored with the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame's Fuller Award for lifetime achievement.



Jim Figliulo and his partners with SGR, the Chicago office of which was recently formed by combinations with Figliulo & Silverman and Freeborn & Peters, are proud to congratulate our friend, colleague, and author, Scott Turow, on his Fuller Award for lifetime achievement from the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame. Scott is truly a Chicago literary treasure.

DENTONS

Dentons celebrates its very own Scott Turow for receiving the Fuller Award for lifetime achievement. We were fortunate to have him as our partner for more than 35 years. His numerous contributions to literature, the Chicago community and the legal profession are impressive and inspiring. We congratulate Scott on this well-deserved recognition.

Congratulations to our distinguished author and friend Scott Turow on receiving this richly deserved lifetime achievement award. All of us at Grand Central Publishing and Hachette Book Group are incredibly proud to publish Scott, who created and defines an entire genre of books - the legal thriller - and is a true force in the literary world. We're inspired by his work as an author, as a lawyer, and as a vocal advocate for writers and the importance of books. Thank you to the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame for this fitting recognition of Scott and his contributions to the world of books, and to his beloved Chicago. **Ben Sevier, Executive Vice President and Publisher, Grand Central Publishing**



GRAND CENTRAL



CLIFFORD LAW OFFICES*

Robert Clifford and Clifford Law Offices congratulate Scott Turow as the 2023 recipient of the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame's Fuller Award for lifetime achievement. His significant contributions to the literary world and his enduring impact on the city of Chicago make him most deserving of this honor. Throughout his career, Scott has consistently demonstrated an exceptional ability to craft compelling and thought-provoking stories that often explore the complexities of the legal system. This award is a testament to his skill as a storyteller, and his remarkable body of work leaves an enduring influence on the world of literature. Congratulations!

THE AG Authors Guild

The Authors Guild congratulates our colleague and former president Scott Turow (1997-1998/2010-2014) for his most recent hometown honor, well deserved and a fitting reflection of both his brilliant writing career and his many contributions to protect the rights and ensure the livelihood of American authors.



Congratulations Scott on behalf of **Dr. Robert Savin**



The American Writers Museum congratulates Scott Turow on this well-deserved honor. His accomplishments as a writer are equaled by his work on behalf of fellow authors and in service to the Authors Guild, and we appreciate all that he does for the cause of American letters.



The verdict is in: Scott Turow, you've proven, time and again, to be one of Chicago's greatest literary gems. A hearty congratulations from the **Chicago Writers Association** on this well-deserved honor.

BRANDT & HOCHMAN
LITERARY AGENTS, INC.

Brandt & Hochman Literary Agents, Inc. proudly salutes our friend and client Scott Turow on the occasion of his receiving the lifetime achievement award from the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame. His work has delighted and thrilled millions of readers throughout the world, and his talents, integrity and generosity have inspired us and challenged us to be our best selves, for nearly forty years.

CHICAGO LITERARY HALL OF FAME



The Chicago Literary Hall of Fame (CLHOF) honors, celebrates, preserves, and promotes the development of Chicago's great literary heritage—past, present, and future. CLHOF seeks to realize this purpose by annual inductions of selected great writers from the past; ceremonies honoring living writers whose lifetime contributions to the literary arts warrant the highest recognition; literary awards to young people; classes, panels, and other literary endeavors designed to encourage the development of writers at all ages. CLHOF also creates written materials that record the lives and works of Chicago's most important literary figures and presents these and other materials on its website, in exhibits, author events, public art installations, literary tours, and programming relevant to the organization's goal of promoting Chicago's vibrant literary tradition and culture. CLHOF formed as a project of the Chicago Writers Association in 2010, and splintered into its own nonprofit 501(c)(3) entity in 2014.

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VISIT US AT CHICAGOLITERARYHOF.ORG

OUR HOST: CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY



The Chicago Public Library serves as a fitting host for tonight's ceremony. CPL celebrates its 150th anniversary this year, and since the beginning it has been a sprawling, energetic resource for Chicago readers and writers.

**CHICAGO
PUBLIC
LIBRARY**

The Cindy Pritzker Auditorium, where we're gathered tonight, has hosted thousands of authors, including a wide array of locals. It was here, in 2015, that the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame produced a program, keyed by Scott Turow, on the occasion of Saul Bellow's centennial. Virtually every cultural organization in the city has, at one time or another, partnered with CPL and this space for literary events. The Printers Row Lit Fest routinely opens the annual festival with a program featuring the recipient of that year's Harold Washington Literary Award, including a host of Chicagoans like Sara Paretsky, Joseph Epstein, Garry Wills, Ray Bradbury, Cyrus Colter, Studs Terkel, and, of course, Scott Turow.

The Languages and Literature Department, on the seventh floor, houses the Midwest's largest fiction collection, nearly 200,000 novels and volumes of short stories, including more than 1,500 books written by Chicago authors about

Chicago. There are three busts-- Gwendolyn Brooks, Ernest Hemingway, and Saul Bellow--outside of the Chicago Author's Room, the setting of many writers' events.

The breathtaking Winter Garden, on the ninth floor, rises over 50 feet through the tenth floor to a glass roof. The Special Collections and Preservation Division, located on the north side of this floor, houses books, photographs, artifacts, and archival material on the Civil War, Chicago theater, and the 1893 and 1933 World's Fairs. This space is open for public events, and has been the site of many literary events.

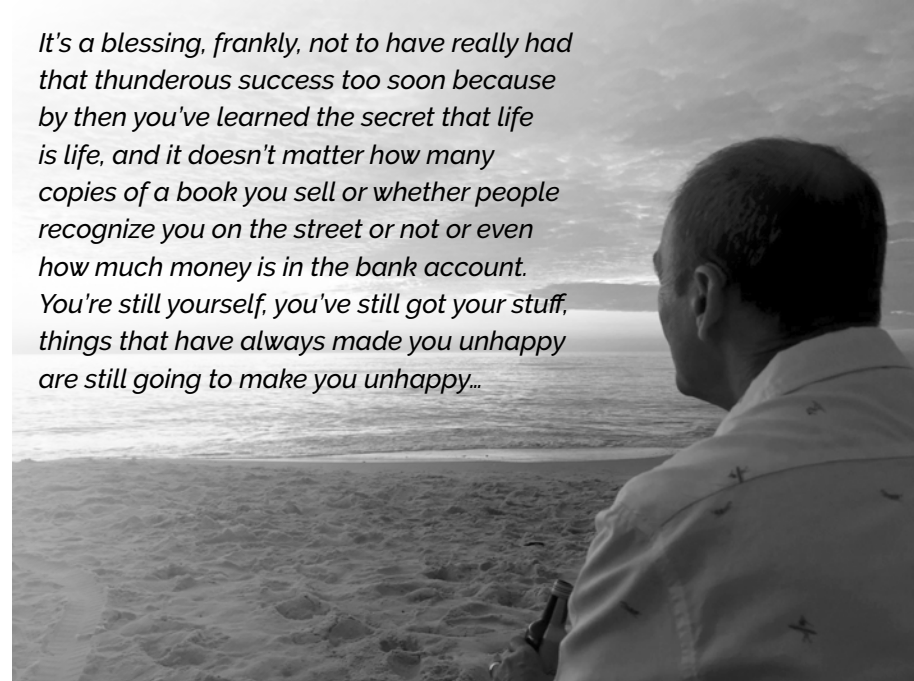
In the corridor leading to the Reception Hall, just opposite where we sit, are photographs of the CPL's Foundation Awards winners. Beginning in 2000, the CPL established two distinct awards: the Carl Sandburg Literary Award and the 21st Century Award. Eventually, this expanded to include the Arts Award and the Civic Award. Then-Chicagoan Aleksandar Hemon was the inaugural Sandburg Literary Award winner, and a stream of writers with local ties, including Dave Eggers, Roger Ebert, David Mamet, and, yes, Scott Turow, have since been honored. Nate Marshall, Eve Ewing, Erika L. Sánchez, Natalie Y. Moore, Tracy Letts and many other Chicagoans have received the 21st Century Award.



Cindy Pritzker Auditorium



It's a blessing, frankly, not to have really had that thunderous success too soon because by then you've learned the secret that life is life, and it doesn't matter how many copies of a book you sell or whether people recognize you on the street or not or even how much money is in the bank account. You're still yourself, you've still got your stuff, things that have always made you unhappy are still going to make you unhappy...



SPECIAL THANKS

Tonight, we honor Scott Turow, but also Chicago. We give homage as a community that cares, contributes, and celebrates one another. This community sacrifices so that we can collectively soar. We owe, at all times but especially tonight, a great debt to our collaborators. Many of those people are acknowledged elsewhere in this program: our wonderful speakers, our partners, the CLHOF Board and Associate Board members, the Chicago Public Library and its staff, our erstwhile Selection Committee, and more. Some bolstered this occasion so quietly that we need to speak their names out loud.

Kelley Genne, Scott's assistant, provided constant support. Jeff Waggoner designed this booklet; Mary Livoni created the cover. Rich Kono made the great slideshow. Barry Jung meticulously proofed the program. Cate Plys helped edit. Rana Segal videotaped the ceremony, and Don Seeley photographed it. CLHOF Board President Amy Danzer, Secretary Susan Dennison, and Associate Board President Carrie Muehle went above and beyond their usual duties. Rich Lewandowski and Nicole Huppenthal, from Breaker Press, did all our printing. Ron Swanson designed and produced the Fuller statue. Susie Bornschlegl of Schlegl's Bakery & Cafe made the cookies for our special guests. The Plymouth Restaurant & Rooftop Bar provided a space for our reception.

As an organization, we need funds to balance the books and squirrel away the resources to confidently go forth with the next celebration. The booklet you hold is not an "ad book." We don't promise donors space or actively promote enterprises. Rather, we invite people to participate based on their genuine attachment to the honoree. We leave the contribution amount to their discretion. This is about giving, in the true sense. A fair number of people responded to our outreach or, in many cases, made unsolicited contributions to help secure this Fuller Award tradition. Personally or on behalf of their organizations, the following people offered notable support: Randy Albers, Skip & Ellen Becker, Michelle Boone, Leah Bruno, Staci Burt, Bob and Joan Clifford, Carey Cranston, Mick De Giulio, Rita Dragonette, Jim & Sheila Feldman, Jim and Ruhan Figliuolo, Brian & Franklin Gelber, Donald Haider, Jo Ham, William and Catherine Heinz, Gail Hochman, Mitch Hollins, Ludwig Kolman, Jerry and Sandy Lewis, Sandy Long, Sara Paretsky, Dave Reidy & Tiffany Bedwell, Randy Richardson, Dr. Robert Savin, Paul Slater, J. Samuel Tenenbaum, Anton Valukas, and Caren Yanis.

Special thanks to all who helped make tonight a celebration worthy of Scott Turow's enormous legacy.

ONGOING SUPPORT PROVIDED BY

Gaylord and Dorothy Donnelley Foundation and Illinois Arts Council Agency.



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END OF THE YEAR *Fundraiser*

Celebrate the season while supporting an organization that honors, preserves, and celebrates Chicago's great literary heritage, as well as helps to foster new voices.

Saturday, Dec. 2

Beat Kitchen

1:30-3:30pm

2100 W. Belmont Ave, Chicago

\$20 admission

- Light appetizers
- Cash bar
- Chances to win prizes
- LIVE AUCTION



Email Don Evans at dgevens@chicagoliteraryhof.org about donations

ACCEPTING DONATIONS



More information and registration will be available soon on the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame website. chicagoliteraryhof.org
Direct donations can be made at chicagoliteraryhof.org/support

After Ceremony Reception

**JOIN US, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CONCLUSION OF
TONIGHT'S PROGRAM, FOR APPETIZERS AND A DRINK.**

**PLYMOUTH RESTAURANT
& ROOFTOP BAR**
327 S. PLYMOUTH CT.

6:30 P.M. - 7:30 P.M.

FIRST DRINK IS ON US.



PLYMOUTH
Restaurant & Bar
ROOFTOP

2024 FULLER AWARD RECIPIENTS:

Alex Kotlowitz and Patricia Smith

INDUCTION CLASS OF 2023

(to be honored in 2024):

Hamlin Garland, Eunice Tietjens and E. Donald Two-Rivers