

THE CHICAGO LITERARY HALL OF FAME PRESENTS

AN EVENING TO HONOR

# GENE WOLFE



Saturday, March 17, 2012  
Sanfilippo Estate, Barrington Hills, IL

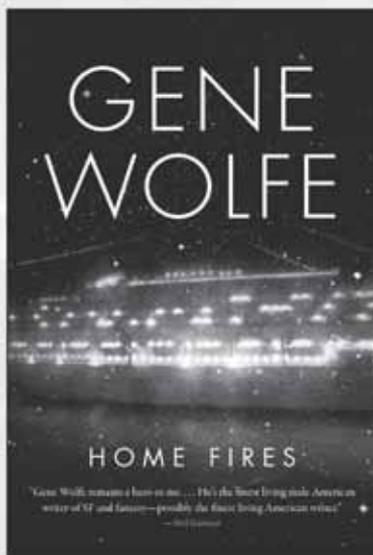
Congratulations to

# GENE WOLFE

*for his outstanding lifetime  
contribution to literature*

"Possibly the finest living  
American writer."

—Neil Gaiman



After returning from her military tour, Chelle and her husband Skip go on a Caribbean cruise to resume their marriage. Yet their vacation rapidly becomes a complex series of challenges, not the least of which are spies, aliens, and battles with pirates who capture the ship for ransom. There is no writer in SF like Gene Wolfe and no SF novel like *Home Fires*.

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# AN EVENING TO HONOR GENE WOLFE

## *Program*

4:00 p.m. Open tour of the Sanfilippo Collection

5:30 p.m. Fuller Award Ceremony

Welcome and introduction: Gary K. Wolfe, Master of Ceremonies

Presentation of the Fuller Award to Gene Wolfe:  
Neil Gaiman

Acceptance speech: Gene Wolfe

Audio play of Gene Wolfe's "The Toy Theater," adapted  
by Lawrence Santoro, accompanied by R. Jelani  
Eddington, performed by Terra Mysterium

Organ performance: R. Jelani Eddington

Closing comments: Gary K. Wolfe

*Shuttle to the Carousel Pavilion for guests with dinner tickets*

8:00 p.m. Dinner

Opening comments: Peter Sagal, Toastmaster

Speeches and toasts by special guests, family, and  
friends

*Following the dinner program, guests are invited to explore the collection in  
the Carousel Pavilion and enjoy the dessert table, coffee station and  
specialty cordials.*

# AN EVENING TO HONOR GENE WOLFE

*By Valya Dudycz Lupescu*

A Gene Wolfe story seduces and challenges its readers. It lures them into landscapes authentic in detail and populated with all manner of rich characters, only to shatter the readers' expectations and leave them questioning their perceptions. A Gene Wolfe story embeds stories within stories, dreams within memories, and truths within lies. It coaxes its readers into a safe place with familiar faces, then leads them to the edge of an abyss and disappears with the whisper of a promise. Often classified as Science Fiction or Fantasy, a Gene Wolfe story is as likely to dip into science as it is to make a literary allusion or religious metaphor. A Gene Wolfe story is fantastic in all senses of the word.

Sometimes esoteric, often symbolic, and nearly always unpredictable, Gene Wolfe explores the moral ambiguities of human nature. In his books and stories, a torturer can be redeemed, a priest can be a hero, a man can reunite with a dinosaur from his childhood, and a puppet can be the puppeteer.

For the last two years, the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame has honored historical writers: Carl Sandburg, Gwendolyn Brooks, Studs Terkel, Nelson Algren, Lorraine Hansberry, and others who have helped to define Chicago Literature. With the creation of the Fuller Award, we begin to expand that definition, looking at the contributions of writers living and working in Chicago.

Gene Wolfe is a master of artistry and imagination, and he has earned his place among the greatest of living writers. Tonight we honor him in the context of Chicago's literary community. We point to the incredible volume of Gene Wolfe's work, the elegance of his prose, the lyricism of his language, and the complexity of his characters and plot.

In this Commemorative Program, we have collected tributes from colleagues, friends, family, and fans of Gene Wolfe. The pages are filled with their inspiring and heartwarming accounts of how the man and his writing have touched so many people. A Gene Wolfe story is a gift that presents its readers with a world of possibilities, and that's something we could all use in our lives.



# Gene Wolfe: 'ONE BEAUTIFUL SENTENCE AFTER ANOTHER'

by Donald G. Evans

Photography by Mimi Ko



Writing in the Washington Post in 2002, Nick Gevers asked the rhetorical question, "Could a former engineer who helped invent Pringles be our greatest living writer?"

An impressive array of literary luminaries, including Michael Swanwick, Neil Gaiman, Harlan Ellison and Patrick O'Leary, would, unabashedly, say, "Yes!"

"The point is Gene Wolfe writes Gene Wolfe but he also writes

science fiction," said science fiction editor, critic and biographer Gary K. Wolfe, who is no relation. "There's never a word out of place and it's one beautiful sentence after another."

Gene Wolfe has the hardware to support all the bold claims. His induction into the Science Fiction Hall of Fame, as well the World Fantasy Award for Lifetime Achievement and the Edward E. Smith Memorial Award, were the culmination of 30 years producing world-class stories. Starting in 1974, when Wolfe captured the Nebula and Locus Awards for his novella *The Death of Doctor Island*, his work has been at the top of every literary jurists' manuscript pile; along with his two Nebulas and six Locuses, he has knocked down the Rhysling Award, British Science Fiction Association Award, World Fantasy Award (four times), August Derleth Award and Campbell Award. He has been honored for poetry, short stories, novellas and novels.

Now, Wolfe is the recipient of the first Fuller Award, presented by the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame.

"It means recognition here, recognition from the people I live among," Wolfe said. "Awards like the Nebulas are voted on largely by people who live on the coasts—New York and LA and their regional neighbors. This comes from the heartland."

Wolfe left behind a career in engineering development when he moved to Barrington in 1972 to work as a senior editor on *Plant*

*Engineering Magazine*. It was his first and thus far only time living in a major urban area, despite having been born in New York City and raised in Houston. (The first he left when he was very young and the second had yet to grow into the metropolis it is today.)

“Chicago brought me in contact with other writers, editors, and others in the publishing business,” Wolfe said. “It also brought me back into contact with live theater. I’d had a bit of that in Houston, but had lost it when I left there. And of course there was, and is, the Field Museum and the Adler Planetarium. Houston had boasted a good art museum even when I was a boy, a museum (like the public library) within bicycle reach; I had gone there three or four times a year when I was a boy. But nothing like the Field Museum or the Planetarium.”

Though Wolfe was 40 when he set down in Chicago, his storied writing career lay mostly ahead of him. He’d published two books, *Operation Acres* and *The Fifth Head of Cerberus*. The rest would come after he’d settled in Barrington. Within 12 years, Wolfe’s literary success would be such to allow him to retire from *Plant Engineering*.

“The move contributed a great deal,” Wolfe said. “Most of all a sense of freedom and the confidence of success. It meant that I had more time to write and more to write about.”

To date, Wolfe has written some 50 novels, as well as dozens of story collections, novellas, chapbooks and several non-fiction books. His *Book of the New Sun* series, featuring former professional torturer Severian, ranks as Wolfe’s best known and loved work, though he is partial to *Peace, Free Live Free*, *The Wizard*, *An Evil Guest*, and *The Sorcerer’s House*.

As a speculative writer, Wolfe naturally sets his stories in wildly imagined places. But in *Free Live Free*, Chicago readers can surely detect the sites and smells of their own city, even if it goes unnamed. Wolfe modeled the strange, desperate house of that novel on one that was soon to be demolished to make way for a Dan Ryan freeway ramp.

“Great writing is writing that can be reread with increased pleasure and clearer understanding,” Wolfe said. “Some simple truths are almost always rejected, anathema to the modern mind. One of these is that a good book can be written on any subject. And that a bad book can be written on any subject, too. A great writer is not merely great himself; he makes his readers great. Subjects are not good or bad, the writing makes them so.”

*Meghan Owen contributed to this profile.*

# HOW TO READ GENE WOLFE

By Neil Gaiman

*I wrote this in 2002, for the World Horror Convention, when Gene and I were guests of honour. The numbers have changed—you can add ten years to every date I mention in it—but my affection for, respect for, and love of Gene Wolfe, the man and his work, has only grown in that time. And the reading advice I give is as pertinent now as it was then. We in the strange half-worlds of science fiction and fantasy and horror and whatever the hell else it is that we do have always known how good Gene was and is. It is peculiarly gratifying to see it acknowledged by the wider world as well. ~ Neil Gaiman, January 2012*

Look at Gene: a genial smile (the one they named for him), pixie-twinkle in his eyes, a reassuring moustache. Listen to that chuckle. Do not be lulled. He holds all the cards: he has five aces in his hand, and several more up his sleeve.

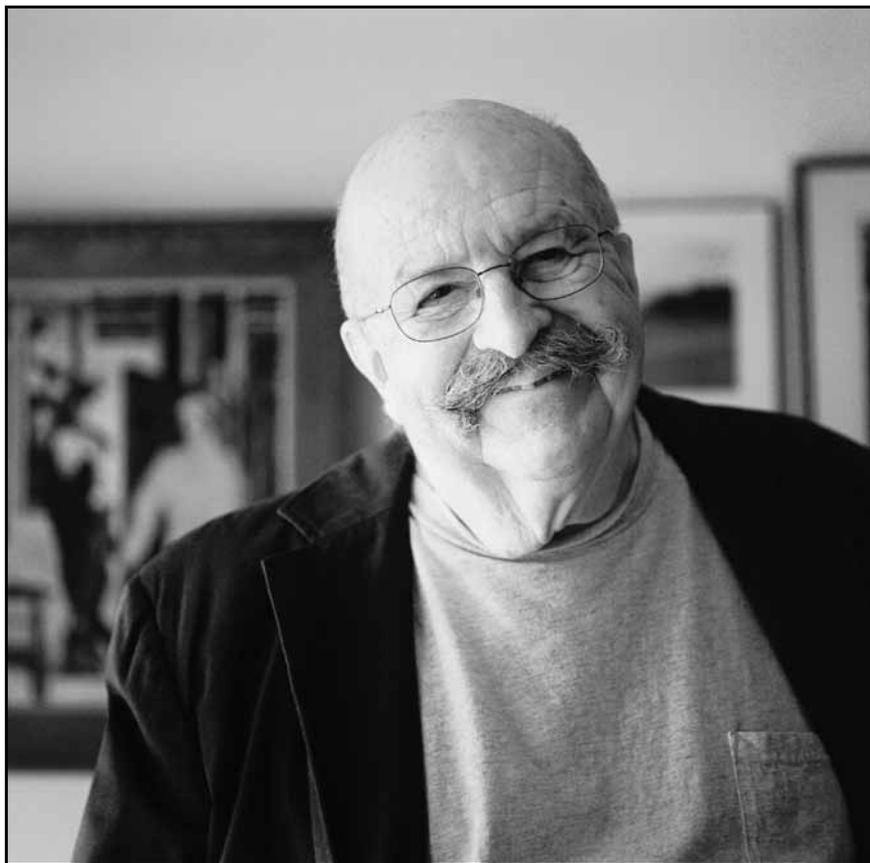
I once read him an account of a baffling murder, committed ninety years ago. “Oh,” he said, “well, that’s obvious,” and proceeded off-handedly to offer a simple and likely explanation for both the murder and the clues the police were at a loss to explain. He has an engineer’s mind, that takes things apart to see how they work and then puts them back together.

I have known Gene for almost 20 years. (I was, I just realized, with a certain amount of alarm, only 22 when I first met Gene and Rosemary in Birmingham, England; I am 41 now.) Knowing Gene Wolfe has made the last 20 years better and richer and more interesting than they would have been otherwise.

Before I knew him, I thought of Gene Wolfe as a ferocious intellect, vast and cool and serious, who created books and stories that were of genre but never limited by it. An explorer, who set out for uncharted territory and brought back maps, and if he said Here There Be Dragons, by God, you knew that was where the dragons were.

And that is all true, of course. It may be more true than the embodied Wolfe I met 20 years ago, and have come to know, with enormous pleasure ever since: a man of politeness and kindness and knowledge; a lover of fine conversation, erudite and informative, blessed with a puckish sense of humour and an infectious chuckle.

I cannot tell you how to meet Gene Wolfe. I can, however, suggest a few ways to read his work. These are useful tips, like suggesting you



take a blanket, a flashlight and some candy when planning to drive a long way in the cold, and should not be taken lightly. I hope they are of some use to you. There are nine of them. Nine is a good number.

### **How to read Gene Wolfe**

- 1) Trust the text implicitly. The answers are in there.
- 2) Do not trust the text farther than you can throw it, if that far. It's tricky and desperate stuff, and it may go off in your hand at any time.
- 3) Reread. It's better the second time. It will be even better the third time. And anyway, the books will subtly reshape themselves while you are away from them. PEACE really was a gentle Midwestern memoir the first time I read it. It only became a horror novel on the second or the third reading.

4) There are wolves in there, prowling behind the words. Sometimes they come out in the pages. Sometimes they wait until you close the book. The musky wolf-smell can sometimes be masked by the aromatic scent of rosemary. Understand, these are not today-wolves, slinking greily in packs through deserted places. These are the dire-wolves of old, huge and solitary wolves that could stand their ground against grizzlies.

5) Reading Gene Wolfe is dangerous work. It's a knife-throwing act, and like all good knife-throwing acts, you may lose fingers, toes, earlobes or eyes in the process. Gene doesn't mind. Gene is throwing the knives.

6) Make yourself comfortable. Pour a pot of tea. Hang up a Do Not Disturb sign. Start at Page One.

7) There are two kinds of clever writer. The ones that point out how clever they are, and the ones who see no need to point out how clever they are. Gene Wolfe is of the second kind, and the intelligence is less important than the tale. He is not smart to make you feel stupid. He is smart to make you smart as well.

8) He was there. He saw it happen. He knows whose reflection they saw in the mirror that night.

9) Be willing to learn.

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## WHAT IS 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 award was inspired by the literary contribution of Henry Blake Fuller, one of Chicago's earliest novelists and author of *The Cliff-Dwellers* and *With the Procession*. Both novels use the rapidly developing city of Chicago as their setting and are considered by many to be the earliest examples of American realism.

Theodore Dreiser called *With the Procession* the first piece of American realism that he had encountered and considered it the best of the school, even during the days of his own prominence.

Fuller, in his literature, rebelled against the commercialistic tendencies of post-Chicago Fire Chicago, questioned the wisdom of upward sprawl, and explored themes of homosexuality in a time when to be so was strictly unacceptable. His boldness and commitment to high literature made him one of, if not the, most important first Chicago writers.

There are additional layers of meaning to the word "fuller."

A fuller is also a tool used to form metal when it's hot, an important part of building and a nice metaphor for Chicago, home to the "First Chicago School" of architecture that rose up from the ashes of the Chicago Fire of 1871. Between 1872 and 1879, more than ten thousand construction permits were issued. Chicago emerged as a resilient city that took risks and made bold decisions—using iron and steel to frame its buildings, giving rise to the world's first skyscraper. The fuller was one such tool that made it happen, a symbol of possibility and perseverance.

Inspired by the sleek lines and art deco style of Chicago sculptor, John Bradley Storrs whose sculpture Ceres is on top of the Board

**The Virginia Kidd Agency, Inc.  
is proud to send our heartfelt  
congratulations to you, Gene!  
We couldn't be happier that  
you're receiving the Fuller Award,  
and that we have been lucky  
enough to represent you  
these many years.**

**All our best wishes,  
Vaughne & Chris**



*Artwork by Murray Ewing*

of Trade building, the award statue for the Fuller was based on Hephaestus, the Greek god of the blacksmith's fire and patron of all craftsmen. According to legend, Hephaestus was the only god who worked, and he was honored for having taught mankind that work is noble and one should excel at their craft. The patron of artists and craftsmen, he seemed a fitting symbol to capture the spirit of excellence embodied by the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame's Fuller Award.

At this time, the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame only inducts historical writers into the Hall of Fame, and so the Fuller was created as a way to acknowledge our greatest living Chicago writers. Gene Wolfe is the first to receive this award. His body of work distinguishes him as one of Chicago's finest literary treasures.

## FOR GENE WOLFE

*Friends, colleagues, and fans share a few words  
about the man they love and respect.*

### **Marc Aramini**

Gene Wolfe is special. From my first reading of his work in childhood, it had a profound impact on me. Rereading it years later proved that unlike most youthful experiences, Gene's unique qualities (the shifting symbols, metonymic patterns of meaning, religious intonation, subversion and transformation of literary tropes, not to mention a beautiful style) only improved on re-examination. He deserves the immortal recognition reserved for figures like Homer and Shakespeare.

Years later, I had the chance to correspond with Gene, and that early reverence proved completely warranted. For over a decade, he has spent personal time and effort getting to know me, a mere fan. Even if he had never put pen to paper, though the world of letters would be much poorer, he would still be a great man. Gene Wolfe justly deserves all the recognition he has received and much more.

### **Greg Bear**

Gene Wolfe has challenged, amused, and elegantly entertained us with a dizzying variety of excellent stories and novels. Here's my all-too-brief note of thanks for the years of exhilarating fun! And many more to come!

## Joe Bushong Taylor

### *My Friend, Gene Wolfe*

Gene Wolfe knows things. Like how to wear a walrus above your lip, how to use a cane, how to wear a hat, and how to smile, smirk, and twinkle an eye all at the same time.

He knows how to speak things. Be careful when you let his words into your ears. They are tricky. They will shimmer and shift and they seldom mean only what they say. And he will use words you didn't know you knew.

He knows how to recite a poem and make you duck as the Jabberwocky sails over your head. Even out in public at a breakfast table.

He knows how ancient gods walked among us, how pirates trim a sail, how wizards and sorcerers work a spell, how the dead will be remembered in space, and what will happen to the sun.

He knows war. Not the shiny scrubbed-up sanitized kind, but the dirty noisy horrific real kind. And so he also knows a little about peace.

He knows some stories that no one else knows, and he is writing them down. Be careful when you read them because they will make your brain hurt if you are not used to using it.

When he reveals the secrets of alien alchemists turning lead into gold, do not be fooled. The lead is the printer's ink you hold in your hands. He will get you to read. I mean really read. And reread. And reread.

He knows about knights, how they stay true, and how to be one. Rosemary told me this.

He knows a lot of people. He knows someone who never lies, and someone who always does. I think they are the same person.

He will give you some friends. He has given me one who remembers everything, and one who never can. If you are fantastically lucky, he might even give you himself as a friend. I count that honor atop my highest riches.

Gene Wolfe shares with us his vision, which sees through the dark glass and the mist. He merits his place as leader of the pack. He merits even more than what we can possibly represent to him here tonight. I say to him *Benedictus*.

## Rebecca Bushong Taylor

I came late to the party. In my younger years I had read a few of the novels, thought they were impressive but not the kind of thing that really caught me up (remember, I was young) and moved on to other writers.

Jump to 2006. Balticon 40 was steamrolling into town, and the Guest of Honor was flying in last-minute from Melbourne. He suggested that a backup be arranged in the event he was detained. The Con chair emailed me in a panic and asked who on earth could be asked to “backup Neil Gaiman”? I thought about it for a few minutes and then whimsically responded, “You know, he recently wrote something with Gene Wolfe. From what I understand, they had a blast doing it. Wouldn’t it be cool if Mr. Wolfe would be the Special Guest of Honor?” Her response was “roflmao.” A week later, she called. In a hushed voice, she said, “He said yes. Gene Wolfe said yes.” She had announced it to the Baltimore Society and a silence fell over the room. Someone softly said, “Whoa.”

Then she paused and asked, “Would you be his GOH liaison?” I hesitated, because I was in need of hip replacement surgery, and walking was a chore. I needed a cane to get around. Then I said yes. Who wouldn’t?

I started to read Wolfe in preparation. The quickest and easiest thing to do was short stories. Gene Wolfe has written lots of short stories. Amazing, shivery, make you cry short stories. Who knew at my age I could fall in love again?

Those four days at Balticon 40 with Gene and Rosemary were some of the most remarkably splendid of my life. We all had canes. We laughed, a lot. My husband and I found a mirror for our own wonderfully romantic love story in Gene and Rosemary’s marriage. We stayed in touch after Balticon. We became friends. I’ve been moved and honored by Gene’s honesty, strength and personal integrity. And I’ve rediscovered the books. Oh, the books and stories.



You have been a joy to have in my life, and I plan on being in yours when you turn 90, and “You Win.” I love you, dear friend. Congratulations.

### **Hyle Cassidy**

When you read Gene Wolfe you realize *he’s doing six—he’s controlling six marionettes at once!*—and you’re astonished. One sings, one dances, two conspire with hushed voices in a corner, one plays the trumpet while walking a tight rope, another sings opera. It’s inconceivable that one artist could have so much going on, so you cheer, you applaud, you stamp your feet, you shout bravo! because it’s the sort of thing you thought impossible. And then you turn around and realize that everyone else in the vast theater, everyone around you, as far as the eye can see, is also a marionette and he’s controlling them all, at once, for you.

### **John Clute**

Gene—The last time we met, a year or so ago at Readercon near Boston, I sat down for a moment with you and Rosemary as you were finishing breakfast. Rosemary turned to you and said (I think these were the exact words), “You’re a treasure.” This was thirty years after we’d all met for the first time, here in London, in the flat where I’m writing these words today. At Readercon, I thought enough time had passed for me to be allowed to say something embarrassing to you. I turned to you and said (I think these were the exact words), “You’re a treasure, Gene.”

In your face, which was already aglow with foreknowledge, I thought I detected, for an instant, something resembling a blush. Perhaps nothing more than empathy with an ageing epigone trying to say it all, and say goodbye too.

I did have another phrase in mind, which I did not quite dare utter; it is one of your great slingshot endings that tell us, when we’ve finished a new novel for the first time, that we’d better start again: that perhaps the greatest American writer of the past half-century is telling us to look again. Greatness in a novel is having to look again. It is also, perhaps with unique force in the hundreds of stories you’ve written over the past half century, a key that turns and opens a door we had not known was locked. Maybe we hadn’t even known it was a door. So every time we go back again to read again and learn, it is like a slingshot, or sunrise. All I can wish for you, Gene, therefore, is good

fishing. Good fishing! Good fishing! Good fishing! Good fishing!  
Good fishing!

### **Monte Cook**

Gene Wolf scares me. When I was a teen, I stared at the copy of *Shadow of the Torturer*, scared to read it. Something about it frightened me in a way no other book had, just sitting on a shelf. But I gathered my courage and opened it and it redefined fantasy for me. And then, reading further, it redefined science fiction for me. Along the way, it taught me the beauty and magic of language.

When I was a fledgling writer, I stared at a notice that Gene Wolf was teaching a writing class, scared to sign up. I was intimidated by self-doubt. But I gathered my courage and joined the class and found myself awash in valuable lessons about writing, some that I didn't fully understand until years later.

Thank you, Gene, for terrifying me throughout my life.

Please continue.

### **C.S.E. Cooney**

*For Gene Wolfe, Honorary Grandfather*

"Small writers borrow; great writers steal," you once alleged  
The glint in your eyes like steel, but with laughter edged  
Then admonished when I vowed to trunk a story away:  
"Wash her face, change her dress, send her out to fight another  
day!"

How to write a cover letter, how to make a stupid sentence better  
The brisk and bask of your attention, what in heck you meant by  
"convention"

Brunches and road-trips, Gilbert and Sullivan  
Ancient Greece, Nubia, Kipling and Chesterton  
My first Sandman comic, three knives, a whole book-heap  
More memories than mere mortal memory may keep

### **John Crowley**

When I first began thinking of writing fiction there were names that were held up as writers who transcended the genre, writers who could (at last) be considered as standing on the same plane as the greatest modernists. The only name that I remember being on everyone's list of these was Gene Wolfe. He was then and remains now the man who broke the bank, and created the possibilities that I and a

hundred others have been able to build on. My warmest greetings and deepest respects.

### Charles de Lint

Reading Gene Wolfe is always a treat but my fondest memory of him is spending a few hours together with him and his wife at a con in Winnipeg. Such a sweet couple; such a talented writer!

### Michael Dirda

Nearly 30 years ago, I tried to summarize Gene Wolfe's *Book of the New Sun* in a sentence: "If Proust, while listening to late Beethoven string quartets, had written I, Claudius and set it in the future, the result might resemble this measured, autumnal masterpiece." That's the kind of sentence only a young reviewer could write, but it's not one that this older reviewer would disagree with. In half a lifetime's engagement with new books, I've found only a handful of novels that possess the serene strangeness of truly great works of art. Wolfe's *Book of the New Sun*, it seems to me, belongs on the same shelf as Cormac McCarthy's *Blood Meridian* and Marilynne Robinson's *Housekeeping*. That said, nobody owns just one Gene Wolfe book. He is an artist of enormous energy and ambition, one who has been producing not just single works but a true oeuvre, the whole greater than the individual parts. Yes, Gene Wolfe is a great science fiction and fantasy writer, but he's also a great writer, period.

### Dave Drake

My first two Military SF stories were published in the October and November, 1974, issues of *Galaxy* magazine. In January, 1975, *Galaxy* published "Straw," by Gene Wolfe, which was also Military SF. I read "Straw." The first thought that went through my mind afterwards was, "Why the hell would anybody read me when Gene Wolfe is writing?" That's still a fair question.

### Phyllis Eisenstein

I really got to know Gene back when George R.R. Martin and I were running the Windy City Science Fiction Writers Workshop. Not only

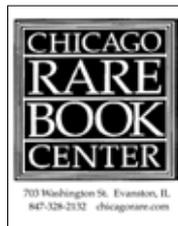


was he a great workshopper, but he also brought his wonderful, enigmatic, challenging fiction to the group, and we had a fascinating time talking about it. We even got to see chunks of the first incarnation of *The Book of the New Sun* (my personal favorite), then called *The Feast of St. Catherine's*, and I could see that it was going to be a fascinating, top-quality work. Ever since those days, Gene and his fiction have inspired me to be a better writer, and for that I will always smile when I see him or read his work.

### Harlan Ellison

Sadly, the universe has not existed long enough to grow wise enough, or kindly enough, to coin words sufficiently magnificent to codify the size, shape, depth or value of Gene Wolfe. To speak of him as a man is the easier part: outwardly, he is endless in his urbanity, kindness, gentleness and courtesy. Oh, there's a scimitar wit there; not a mere sense of humor--amoeba can be funny—you want laughs, scan the risibilities of the paramecium—anyone can be funny. But wit! Ah, there you have Gene Wolfe: quietly cutting, smoothly softly sibilantly savage; a wit one mentions in the same breath with Wilde or Whistler. The harder part of the endless encomia due him, is summoning up the verbiage to approach the mythic land of his Talent. Gene Wolfe is sui generis. This is not the first time I've been asked to dumb encomia upon him, nor will it be the last. When all the foofaraw has been shushed away, Gene Wolfe will remain as one of the most memorable, most enjoyable, most . . . Wolfein writers of Our Time.

## Chicago Area Independent Booksellers



### **Murray Ewing**

To a wizard, and a knight, (and perhaps a bit of a literary torturer, too?), congratulations on receiving the Fuller Award. You are now our Autarch!

### **Bill Fawcett**

Having the pleasure of living near and often seeing Gene Wolfe socially I can best offer a warning. Do Not let this man near a Pun. Any Pun in his hands is both a dangerous verbal weapon and an inevitable groan. He can find puns in Middle English Sagas and Engineering textbook footnotes. No Pun is safe in his presence.

Gene, for myself and so many other readers: Thank you for so many great hours spent reading your many wonderfully varied and imaginative books and stories.

### **Raymond E. Feist**

Gene Wolfe? What can one say about a guy who was a legend already when I was first published . . . for a first book published one year before my first book. *Shadow of the Torturer* had that kind of impact. I thought at the time that I might catch up, as such things go, and here I am 30 years later thinking I may still catch up. Seriously, you don't catch up with a writer like Gene, because he brings a unique voice to the craft, and has a way of looking at storytelling that is as iconic and original as anyone you're going to read in the field. I never counted Gene an inspiration, because we were contemporaries, and I didn't read him until I had finished my first book, which was a good thing, because had I read him I might have given up before I finished my first novel, thinking, "Hell, if you have to be that gifted to do this, I might as well stop now." I've heard others say he's the best writer in the English language alive, or that he has been a major influence or that he's as literary a writer of speculative fiction as exists, or a bunch of other things with which I will not argue. I will only say he's one hell of a writer and his accolades are well deserved. So let me add my one little bit to the mountain of praise and say, "Gene, you did good."

### **Nicholas Gevers**

Congratulations, Gene, on receiving this splendid award! It is deeply deserved. I've been reading your work since 1986, when I bought the four Arrow paperbacks of *The Book of the New Sun* in a small bookshop in Cape Town. Starting to read them, I quickly realized I had come upon *The Book of Gold*. Since that time, your novels and stories have

been for me the measure of what the speculative genres, and literature in general, can achieve in profundity of theme, intricacy of technique, splendor of language, and richness of characterization. You are The Master, and more: the Autarch, the Caldé, the Rajan of SF and fantasy.

### **Therese Goulding**

Dear Pops,

Thank you for bringing me into a world filled with magicians, shape shifters and thieves and for sharing your strength and knowledge of the arcane to help navigate the way.

With all my love,

Teri

### **Elizabeth Hand**

Many years ago, during the summer I was nineteen, a boyfriend and I traded our favorite books. I don't recall what mine was, but his was *The Fifth Head of Cerberus*. I read the three novellas in one (long) sitting, then immediately read them all again, and finally a third time. I felt as I did when first encountering an extraordinary piece of music: I couldn't bear to stop hearing Gene Wolfe's voice inside my head. I can honestly say that since then, I never have: His fiction rewired my brain in the best possible way. Gene's literary brilliance is matched by his generosity and warmth. I feel privileged to share a planet with him, and wish I could be there to watch him receive this honor.

### **Vaughne Hansen and Chris Cohen**

Congratulations, Gene—and well deserved! Working with you has been one of the highlights of my life.

Love, Vaughne

What Vaughne said! All my best wishes and congratulations to you, Gene.

Love, Chris"

### **David G. Hartwell**

One of the reasons I have devoted my life to being an editor is to have the privilege of working with writers of true excellence. I have worked with Brian Aldiss and Robert A. Heinlein, Frank Herbert and Philip K. Dick, but Gene Wolfe is the writer with whom I have had an editorial relationship for the majority of my career, longer than with any other writer. I am certain that part of my reputation as an editor derives from the fact that I am Gene Wolfe's editor. Gene has been a loyal

companion on the trail, and I have tried to do my best for him always. I am proud on his behalf every time he gets an award, or is honored in any way for his literary achievements, and I am proud for him now. Gene is the best.

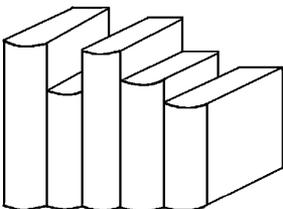
### Steve Hockensmith

Gene Wolfe is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside your Uncle Fred. His prose is beguiling, his plots delusive, his addiction to puns avuncular (and, because he's such an imp, forgivable). He's the best writing teacher I ever had. I'll never forget the day one of my fellow students passed on advice he'd received from another writer: When you can't figure out how to bring an antagonist to life, just think of the character as Sydney Greenstreet in *The Maltese Falcon* and the scene will write itself. There were smiles and nods around the table. And then Gene, who'd been quietly preparing to start the class, suddenly thundered, "That . . . is . . . HORRIBLE!" I don't even remember what he said after that. Not much, I think. There was no need. We'd been tempted, for just a moment, by the siren song of the shoddy short cut, the pulpy cliché, the lazy "homage"/ripoff. Gene reminded us to aim higher. That's what he's always done, really. That's the message writers should take from his work. As the great Jean Shepherd used to say: "Excelsior, you fathead!" Gene would probably drop the "you fathead." (He is avuncular, remember.) But the "Excelsior!" rings out loud and clear in everything he does. And that . . . is . . . WONDERFUL.

### Elizabeth Anne Hull

Before we married, Fred Pohl warned me: "Watching a writer work is as interesting as watching paint dry." Even though I've known Gene for forty years, I've never watched him work.

However he or she does it, readers judge a writer by what appears on the page: we don't care how the writer creates the magic, how much



*after-words books  
congratulates Gene Wolfe  
for this<sup>18</sup> much-deserved award*

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effort went into the process. Science fiction critics often discuss whether we'd rather read a story "well told," one that keeps the reader turning pages to see what happens next, or a tale "well written," that may have gracefully formed sentences in a pleasing variety of patterns, vivid imagery, fresh metaphors, and complex characterization, raising important questions, but not necessarily engaging the reader emotionally. Luckily there is a third kind of writer: the few who don't make us choose, the kind like Gene Wolfe, not only an engrossing storyteller, but also a fine craftsman of words and ideas and moral precepts.

Congratulations on receiving this well deserved award, Gene!

### **Kathe Hoja**

Once there was a man, and he walked in a wood. Dawn or dark, every day he trod the paths, he observed the fauna, he plucked a blossom here and there - astringent lady's mantle, rosemary for remembrance. Sometimes he carried a walking stick made of hawthorne, sometimes a GPS. Sometimes he was followed by a small, irritable dog, and more rarely, by a larger loping hound who never made a sound, but sat facing him on the path with bright intelligent eyes.

He carried a mirror, facing outward. He carried a little flat sack, to gather what he felt was useful, for later sorting and dispersal. He noticed everything, and he wrote down what he saw. When he slept, dreams came; when he woke, he walked on.

He has been walking for some time now. The wood is the world. Consult his great unspooling cartography, if you wish to know the way through the wood.

### **Nancy Kress**

I first met Gene in 1982, when we cotaught a week-long, Clarion-style workshop at the State University of New York at Brockport. I was adjunct faculty and the unknown author of one novel, and he was *Gene Wolfe*. To say that I felt intimidated is to say that Everest is a mountain. But—I found out that I needn't have been.

**Congratulations to Gene Wolfe!**

*Thank you for all the stories.*  
[www.wolfswordpress.org](http://www.wolfswordpress.org)



Gene was staying at my house. On the second day of the workshop, I was giving a dinner party for students and other faculty (I had courage in those days but not much sense). That was the day my seven-year-old son fell off a stone wall at daycare and broke his arm. From the hospital I kept calling Gene: Could you please put the ham in the oven at 325 degrees? Could you please shuck the corn and start a big pot of water boiling? Do you think you could cut up some fruit? Gene did it all, I arrived home with my son a half hour before the guests, and I had found not just a brilliant colleague but a friend.

Congratulations, Gene. No one deserves this more.

### **Ellen Kushner**

Gene Wolfe taught me about how the raffish dress. This was not by observation, nor yet by example. He told me. Gene Wolfe talked to me when I was young and in need of someone to listen and respond. He refused to judge my manuscript, but told me to trust myself. He embarrassed me hugely by praising my newly-published work in public, reading it aloud on a panel we were both on. When he read it, it sounded good. Gene delighted and uplifted me. He inspired me and challenged me. He probably knows how grateful I am. But I want you to know, too.

### **Roy C. Lackey**

Congratulations, Mr. Wolfe, for another honor well earned! I wish you and Rosemary all the best, and look forward to many more wonderful works of fiction from your strong heart and hands and brain. Thank you for all those you have already blessed us with.

### **Joe Lansdale**

Well-deserved Gene. You're still standing and the pretenders are gone. More power to you, and congratulations on a career well played.

### **Ursula and Charles Le Gum**

Dear Gene: Our heartiest congratulations on receiving the Fuller Award. If there were an Even Fuller Award—if there were a Fullest Award—an Overflowing Award—you would be entirely worthy of it. We are so glad you are being recognized and honored. And it's a rare prophet who is honored in his own country, so, bravo, Chicago, for appreciating your most absolutely, recalcitrantly original and imaginative writer.

God bless, Gene!

Larry Niven

Congratulations, Gene!

Patrick O'Leary

Gene Wolfe. A sequoia camouflaged as pulp. It is my honor to call you friend.

Frederik Pohl

Despite having lived within easy driving distance of Gene Wolfe's home for the last quarter century—and having read compulsively in those seriously addictive novels he keeps writing—I hesitate to say I know Gene Wolfe. He's one of those people whom you think you know really well, and then, without warning, some new side of him shows that you never suspected was there and all of a sudden you discover there are important parts of him that you've never known at all.

In the case of Gene Wolfe I thought I had him pegged as a literate and gentle guy who just had this strange writing trait of making the nicest character in his first great novel a full-time professional torturer whose skill was measured by how much agonized screaming his clients produced. All right, that's a facet of his character that I could accept; because literary people are expected to explore contradictions in the characters they invent.

But I wasn't aware that he invented other things than story-book characters until I learned that one of his inventions was a critical part in the machine the Pringles people use to make their potato chips. And then the most unexpected insight of all that came when he and I were invited to discuss our military experiences. My own report wasn't very exciting, but when Gene's turn came he spun this scary yarn of the kid he was when the Korean War took him away from aiming to be an engineer at Texas A & M and repackaged him as a teen-aged Marine swept from basic training to the south side of a Korean hill whose north side was populated by a large number of Chinese troops whose main mission in life was to kill everybody on the other side.



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He's a treasure, this Gene Wolfe is, and not just an admired writer but a valued friend.

**Nigel and Catherine Price**

Dear Gene,

I am delighted that the city of Chicago is honouring your work. Since the day when I first opened *The Shadow of the Torturer*, your books and stories have been a source of wonder and inspiration to me. Your characters, words and worlds haunt my imagination, colouring my waking hours and echoing through my dreams. I am thrilled to have read your works, proud to have met you and pleased as Punch at the dedication to *Home Fires*. On behalf of Catherine and myself, I say thank you, Gene, and well done.

**Mike Resnick**

Getting honored must be old hat to you, but they wouldn't keep doing it if you didn't deserve it. On behalf of all us other Balding Old Guys, thanks for carrying the torch for us.

**Judi. Byron and Bekah Rohrig (aka Li'l Pirate)**

We've already established James Whitcomb Riley was writing about you:

"An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,  
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:  
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,  
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers the'rselves:  
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,  
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,  
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can  
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!  
Er Ma, er Pa, er The Raggedy Man!"

Congratulations to our Raggedy Man for a most deserved honored!

**Lawrence Santoro**

I owe more to Gene Wolfe than any other writer. I don't mean I learned craft by reading him, though he has helped in that way. Gene's gener-osity of spirit nudged my life onto a path I wouldn't have found for myself. Thanks, Gene. You are not only a great writer, you're a good man.

## Nisi Shawl

### *Cookies and Kindness: Meeting Gene Wolfe*

Early in my writing career I received lots of horrible advice. One thing I got told in no uncertain terms: "You must attend the World Fantasy Convention." So in 1983 I went. From Ann Arbor, Michigan to Chicago, Illinois was only about 250 miles. I had already been to ConFusion, a science fiction convention held in nearby Detroit. Why should this one be any different, any harder on me?

It was, though. I felt lost and lonely. I knew no one. No one. I had nothing in the way of publication credits. My hotel room cost twice what I'd expected to pay, leaving me without any money for food. And I was the proverbial "fly in the sugar bowl," an isolated person of color in a crowd of whites.

Gene Wolfe was a 1983 World Fantasy Guest of Honor. He took pity on me. He sat beside me in the lobby and gave me home baked gingerbread cookies and spoke with me as if I were a person of consequence. Regency heroines smiled upon by Beau Brummel must have experienced that same exhilarating sense of elevation.

When I went home I read all the Wolfe I could find. What an excellent writer! He fully deserves the honors bestowed on him today. But more than that, what an excellent man: how thoughtful, how kind. How memorable it was to meet him, and how inspirational to me and many other writers his continuing example of loving greatness. For that I bless his large heart and immortal soul.

## William Shunn

Dear Gene:

I must have been 18 when I first stumbled across your work, in the form of the four volumes of *The Book of the New Sun*. To say those books changed my conception of literature would be understating the case. I'm still parsing their mysteries and discovering new questions to ask about them after five or six readings, but to my younger self, working desperately to become a published writer, they opened up a world of possibilities I had not before imagined.



You're among my five or so all-time favorite and most admired writers, but to this day I can't pick up one of your novels or stories if I'm in my early stages of one of my own projects. If I do, an ineffably Wolfean quality will infect my writing, and I fear I'm not yet a good enough writer for my work to bear that weight. Maybe one day.

My best wishes and fondest appreciation on this occasion.

### **Steven H Silver**

I was first introduced to Gene in the pages of *The Shadow of the Torturer* and was blown away by his prose. I next met him when we were on a panel together at Rivercon in the mid-90s and despite the sense of awe, I think I even said a few words. A month later, I found myself taking a writing class with Gene as my instructor, an experience all should be able to have, but an opportunity afforded to too few. I'm proud to call Gene my teacher, and grateful to call Gene a friend.

Congratulations, Gene!

### **Dan Simmons**

Gene Wolfe is the kind of writer who makes other writers envy him for his casual-seeming brilliance, yesterday's and today's readers love him for his uniqueness, and future generations find him because his work will last.

The word unique may be the most overused and abused word in the English language these days (often used with a modifier like "very" by the preliterate, since uniqueness never requires, nor cannot accept, a modifier of any sort) – but Gene Wolfe is unique: unique in his powerful vision, unique in his style, unique in his discipline as a writer, and unique in the high place he has carved out for himself both within and outside the worlds of speculative fiction.

### **Lisa Snellings**

During the time Gene and I worked together on *Strange Birds*, we got into a habit of exchanging emails, once a day. Every morning I'd wake to find a note from Gene. These were unique bits that could've been strung together like beads for a strange necklace. I applied that layer of Gene to his work and began to understand why it and this marvelous and brilliant human resonated so strongly with me. He told me the stories he wrote for *Birds* were the darkest he'd ever written.

Gene's work taught me a lot about symbols, layers and subtlety. It took me into new territories. In an interview later, Gene said he was a

little scared of me and suspected that secretly I was a cannibal. Maybe he thought that or maybe he didn't, as Gene is a bit of a jester and I a bit of a fool.

The funny thing is, I *am* a cannibal, in engineering terms. I repurpose objects into symbols, and it might well be Gene's work that pushed me in that direction. My dear Gene, you may be surprised to learn that it was you who turned me into this sort of cannibal. Your work is in mine. Deepest admiration and congratulations, my friend.

I will love you always and, in my dreams, you are delicious.

### **Rebecca Spizzirri**

Congratulations, Gran'pa! I'm so happy to share this special day with you. Love, Becca

### **Jennifer Stevenson**

Thank you for you old world courtesy. Thank you for your terrible, terrible jokes. Thank you for being good with the dog, and for knowing what's on his mind. Thank you for throwing hatchets at wooden targets and nowhere else. Thank you for your years with Rosemary, which belong to you, but nevertheless you both have shared with the rest of us, and we are richer for it.

### **Peter Straub**

*For Gene Wolfe*—Everything I might say about tonight's honoree of the first Fuller Award by the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame is an adumbration of a single concept: that I am seriously in awe of Gene Wolfe. No one else does what he does. Given its difficulty almost miraculously, he has simply, even obdurately kept on doing what he does—writing novels of such intelligence and depth that they demand to be read at least twice. As I once said of his friend Neil Gaiman, Wolfe is in a realm all his own. He does not so much transcend science fiction and fantasy as demonstrate in book after book how much beauty, subtlety, and complexity these genres can attain. I believe Ursula LeGuin once called him “our Melville,” and I have no wish to



Terra Mysterium is a Chicago-based collective of musicians, actors, dancers, poets, magicians, and fire performers; creating, producing, and performing experiential works of music, theatre, and performance art that are rooted in the Earth mysteries. Join us August 30-September 9, 2012 at the Chicago Fringe Festival for the world premiere of *The Alembic*, a steampunk romantic tragedy!

contradict a writer of such distinction, but for at least a couple of decades I've been thinking of Wolfe as our Nabokov. I prefer Nabokov to Melville (um, except for "Bartleby, the Scrivener") for precisely those qualities I find embodied, however differently, in the work of Gene Wolfe: playfulness, passion, wit, straight-up majesty, a transformational sense of form, and an absolute, core-level willingness to be astonishingly experimental. No one deserves the first Fuller Award and a celebration like this more than he.

### **Michael Swanwick**

For a long time I wondered what it was about the mingled genres of science fiction and fantasy that had drawn Gene Wolfe to them. Not that I don't love those forms or understand their special virtues. But why should the single best writer in the English language alive today be working alongside my buddies and me? It's like discovering that the guy who lives down the block is Mozart. Why here?

Your work utterly transformed fantastic literature. You raised the mountains higher, made the seas broader, and took the lid off the sky. For which, those of us who love the stuff, who love the magic of words, who love the power of great writing will always be in your debt.

### **Jack Vance**

Dear Gene, here's wishing you lots of luck!  
Sincerely, Jack Vance

### **Vernor Vinge**

Best wishes to Gene Wolfe on his receiving the Fuller Award, and looking forward to all his future work.

### **Gary K. Wolfe**

*Gene*—One of the great pleasures both of reading and reviewing is discovering a great new writer, someone who's saying things you hadn't quite thought of before in a way you hadn't really thought possible. This may happen every few years with a short story writer, even more rarely with a novelist. But for some decades now you've given that gift just about every time out. It's rather astonishing.

I think I'd read *The Fifth Head of Cerberus* before I ever met you and Rosemary, and as it is with many writers who first impress me as a name on a title page, I didn't have a picture much clearer than a blob of amorphous wisdom. Later, I always enjoyed the game of

reconciling the wry and warm dinner companion with that blob, but the wisdom stayed pretty much intact.

We've been at each other's homes a couple of times, but seem to see each other more often at conventions than here at home. Occasionally we'd meet up at Pappadeaux in Arlington Heights when some visiting mutual friend was in town. I hear that Pappadeaux is closed now, but every time I read a new novel or story, or collection of stories, I'm still discovering a great new writer I'd like to have dinner with. So I suppose we'll need to find a new place.

Meanwhile, thanks for showing me all those doors.

### **James Wynn**

How I learned to read Wolfe: A friend gave me four paperback volumes of the *New Sun* series. By the third volume, my wife remarked that I sure was "spending a lot of time on those books. What are they about?" I told her I had no idea. "Then why are you reading them?" "I *have* to find out how it ends!" I didn't know yet that Wolfe stories have no ending. Nor a beginning or middle.

Years later, I finally got around to reading *Peace*. Half way through it, my wife asked, "Is it good?" "Oh, yes!" "What's it about?" "Well, that's really the point of reading a Gene Wolfe story."

Thanks, Gene!

### **Jane Yolen**

Ode to Gene Wolfe  
Gene is sui generis,  
his own genre,  
the cuckoo in the nest,  
the once and future  
king and kingdom,  
not doggerel nor dogma,  
but the doggone best.

## CHICAGO WRITERS ASSOCIATION

The Chicago Writers Association is a creative community of more than 300 Chicagoland writers whose purpose is to share information, experiences, and encouragement with those for whom written expression is an integral part of life. Since its establishment as a nonprofit organization in late 2006, CWA has demonstrated its commitment to its literary, education and cultural purposes through many accomplishments, including development of the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame. Earlier this year, CWA launched a Books of the Year Contest, celebrating the best books of the organization's members. Learn more at [chicagowrites.org](http://chicagowrites.org) and CWA's blog, [windycitywriters.com](http://windycitywriters.com).

## CHICAGO LITERARY HALL OF FAME

The Chicago Literary Hall of Fame's mission is to promote and celebrate Chicago's rich and proud literary tradition by honoring the authors whose words have best captured the essence of our city. Since its founding in 2010, the Hall of Fame has honored Nelson Algren, Saul Bellow, Gwendolyn Brooks, Cyrus Colter, Theodore Dreiser, Lorraine Hansberry, Harriet Monroe, Mike Royko, Carl Sandburg, Studs Terkel, Ida B. Wells and Richard Wright at annual induction ceremonies. The third ceremony will take place on November 30 at the Chicago Cultural Center's Claudia Cassidy Theater, with an announcement of the new class taking place at Printer's Row Lit Fest June 9-10. For more information about the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame, visit [chicagoliteraryhof.org](http://chicagoliteraryhof.org) or contact Don Evans, Executive Director, at [donaldevans@chicagowrites.org](mailto:donaldevans@chicagowrites.org).

# LITERARY EVENTS CALENDAR



MARCH 18-23, 2012  
FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

March 23, *Chicago Classics*: CLHOF will participate in a reading created to celebrate Chicago's literary heritage. Part of the Story Week

Festival of Writers, the reading will be 6-8 p.m. at the Museum of Contemporary Art.



## SANDBURG DAYS

*festival for the mind*

Galesburg, Illinois April 18-21

April 21, *Stormy, Brawling, Husky Chicago: Sandburg's Literary Influences in the City of the Big Shoulders*. CLHOF Executive

Director Donald G. Evans will lead Paul Durica and Stephen Cogil Casari in a discussion about the profound impact Carl Sandburg made on Chicago's literary landscape, as well as the people who influenced him. Sandburg Historic Site Barn, 313 E. Third St., Galesburg, 10 a.m.



May 16, *Studs Terkel 100th Birthday Party*: Free event at Chicago's Newberry Library sponsored by CLHOF, Haymarket Pub & Brewery, the Illinois Labor History Society, and *The Chicagoan*.



Chicago  
June 9-10

June 9-10, *Printer's Row Lit Fest*: CWA book signings and announcement of the 2012 CLHOF inductee class at a special presentation. For more information, visit [windycitywriters.com](http://windycitywriters.com).



November 30, *CLHOF's third annual induction ceremony*: Chicago Cultural Center's Claudia Cassidy Theater. More information at [chicagoliteraryhof.org](http://chicagoliteraryhof.org).

Sponsors are needed to help artist Margot McMahon complete a portrait bust of Studs Terkel for the CLHOF permanent collection. For information, contact Don Evans at [donaldgevens@chicagowrites.org](mailto:donaldgevens@chicagowrites.org).

## SPECIAL GUESTS

**Kyle Cassidy** has been photographing American culture since the 1990s. His bestselling collection of portraits of gun owners, *Armed America*, was named as one of the 10 best art books of 2007 by Amazon.com. He's done collaborative projects with Michael Swanwick, Elizabeth Bear, Emma Bull, Caitlin R. Kiernan and Neil Gaiman, as well as photographs of authors in their work spaces for a project called *Where I Write*. *War Paint*, a collection of portraits of soldiers, comes out in April. [kylecassidy.com](http://kylecassidy.com)

**Michael Dirda**, a weekly book columnist for *The Washington Post*, received the 1993 Pulitzer Prize for criticism. He is the author of the memoir *An Open Book* and four collections of essays: *Readings, Bound to Please, Book by Book* and *Classics for Pleasure*. *On Conan Doyle* (2011) is part of Princeton's "Writers on Writers" series. Dirda is a regular contributor to many periodicals, including *The New York Review of Books*, as well as a frequent lecturer and occasional college teacher.

**Bill Fawcett** has edited or co-edited more than 40 science fiction anthologies, including last year's Nebula anthology. As "Quinn Fawcett," he has co-authored the Mycroft Holmes and Madame Vernet mystery novels. His non-fiction books include two oral histories of the US Navy SEALs and a number of books on mistakes in history. He is also a game and computer game designer. <http://historymistakes.squarespace.com/>.

**Neil Gaiman** is the *New York Times* bestselling author of the novels *Neverwhere*, *Stardust*, *American Gods*, *Anansi Boys* and *Good Omens* (with Terry Pratchett); the Sandman series of graphic novels; and the short story collections *Smoke and Mirrors* and *Fragile Things*. He is also the author of books for readers of all ages including the #1 bestselling and Newbery Medal-winning novel *The Graveyard Book*, the bestselling novels *Coraline* and *Odd and the Frost Giants*; the short story collection *M is for Magic* and the picture books *The Wolves in the Walls*, *The Day I Swapped My Dad for Two Goldfish*, and *Crazy Hair*, illustrated by Dave McKean; *The Dangerous Alphabet*, illustrated by Gris Grimly; and *Blueberry Girl*, illustrated by Charles Vess. He is the winner of numerous literary honors, including the Hugo, Bram Stoker, World Fantasy Awards, and the Newbery Medal. Originally from England, he now lives in America. [www.neilgaiman.com](http://www.neilgaiman.com).

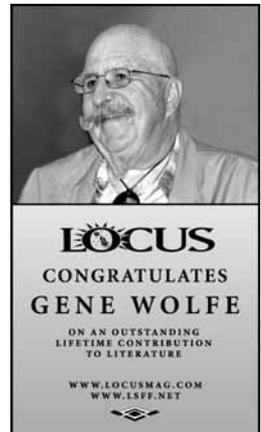
**Therese Goulding** is a copy editor at G2 USA Marketing, the managing editor of Cheeky Frawg Books, and the special projects manager for the Shared Worlds Science Fiction & Fantasy teen writing camp. She resides in the Chicago area.

**David G. Hartwell** is a senior editor of Tor/Forge Books. He is the proprietor of Dragon Press and the president of David G. Hartwell, Inc. He is the author of *Age of Wonders* and the editor of many anthologies. He is on the board of the International Association for the Fantastic in the Arts, co-chairman of the board of the World Fantasy Convention, and an administrator of the Philip K. Dick Award. He has won the Eaton Award, the World Fantasy Award, and three Hugo Awards.

**Audrey Niffenegger** is the author of the novels *A Fearful Symmetry* and *The Time Traveler's Wife*, which was an international best seller. She is also the author of two graphic novels, *The Adventuress* and *The Three Incestuous Sisters*, both published by Harry N. Abrams. Niffenegger is a professor in the Interdisciplinary Books Arts MFA Program at the Columbia College Chicago Center for Book and Paper Arts. She is the founding member of T3 or Text 3, an artist and writer's group that also performs and exhibits in Chicago.

**Jody Lynn Nye** writes fantasy and science fiction books and short stories. Since 1987, she has published 43 books and more than 100 short stories. Over the last 20 or so years, Jody has taught in numerous writing workshops and participated on hundreds of panels. She has also spoken in schools and libraries.

**Patrick O'Leary** is a poet, novelist, songwriter and photographer. His first novel, *Door Number Three*, was chosen by *Publisher's Weekly* as one of the best novels of the year. His second novel, *The Gift*, was a finalist for the World Fantasy Award and The Mythopoeic Award. *The Impossible Bird* was his third novel and *Other Voices, Other Doors* his first collection. *The Black Heart* is a collection of his newest stories. O'Leary wrote the poem "Nobody Knows It But Me," which was used in the popular 2002 advertising campaign for the Chevrolet Tahoe and read in the commercial by James Garner. [http://web.mac.com/paddybon/Site/Patrick\\_O'Leary\\_-\\_Books.html](http://web.mac.com/paddybon/Site/Patrick_O'Leary_-_Books.html)



**Peter Sagal** has been the host of the National Public Radio game show, *Wait Wait... Don't Tell Me*, since 1998. One of the most popular shows on public radio, *Wait Wait...* is heard by two and a half million listeners a week, on 450 public radio stations nationwide and via a popular podcast. A native of New Jersey, Sagal currently resides in Oak Park, Illinois. He is the author of numerous plays that have been performed in large and small theaters around the country and abroad, and he has written a number of screenplays, including *Savage*, and *Cuba Mine*, an original screenplay that became, without his knowledge, the basis for *Dirty Dancing: Havana Nights*. A native of New Jersey, Sagal currently resides in Oak Park, Illinois.

A regular author/narrator on Great Britain's *StarShipSofa.com*, **Lawrence Santoro** is the author of the novel *Just North of Nowhere*, a collection of short fiction, *Drink for the Thirst to Come*, and the Bram Stoker Award-nominated novella *God Screamed and Screamed, Then I Ate Him*. His audio adaptation and production of Gene Wolfe's *The Tree Is My Hat*, gave him a second Stoker nod.

**Jennifer Stevenson** met Gene Wolfe when she invited him to be Special Guest at Chimera, a sercon she ran in Chicago in 1991. Since then she has become an author, but the fangirl's still in there somewhere. She has published novels with Small Beer Press, Ballantine, Book View Cafe, and has just contracted for four books with Musa.

**Peter Straub** is an author of seventeen novels, including the classic bestseller *Ghost Story* and fantasy-horror collaborations with Stephen King *The Talisman* and *Black House*. His fiction has been translated into more than twenty languages and has received numerous literary honors such as the Bram Stoker Award, World Fantasy Award, and International Horror Guild Award. He lives in New York City with his wife, Susan, director of the Read to Me program.

**Michael Swanwick** is the author of eight novels, including *Stations of the Tide*, winner of the Nebula Award. Several of his shorter works have won awards as well: the Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award for "The Edge of the World," the World Fantasy Award for "Radio Waves," and Hugos for "The Very Pulse of the Machine," "Scherzo with Tyranno-saur", "The Dog Said Bow-Wow," "Slow Life," "Hello, Said the Stick," and "Legions in Time." Swanwick has also published essays on the state of science fiction and fantasy, and is a frequent contributor to the *New York Review of Science Fiction*.

**Sam Weller's** book *The Bradbury Chronicles: The Life of Ray Bradbury* was a *Los Angeles Times* bestseller, winner of the 2005 Society of Midland Authors Award for Best Biography, and a Bram Stoker Award finalist. The companion book, *Listen to the Echoes: The Ray Bradbury Interviews*, was published in 2010. With Mort Castle, Weller co-edited the forthcoming anthology *Shadow Show: All-New Stories in Celebration of Ray Bradbury*. Weller is a professor in the Fiction Writing Department at Columbia College Chicago.

**Gary K. Wolfe** is contributing editor and senior reviewer for *Locus* magazine, where he has written a monthly review column since 1991 and currently sits on the board of the Locus Science Fiction Foundation. Wolfe received the Pilgrim Award from the Science Fiction Research Association and the Distinguished Scholarship Award from the International Association for the Fantastic in the Arts. In 2007, he received a World Fantasy Award for criticism and reviews. A graduate of the University of Kansas and the University of Chicago, Wolfe is Professor of Humanities at Roosevelt University in Chicago.

## ARTISTS • WRITERS

*Some of the creative people who helped to make  
An Evening to Honor Gene Wolfe possible.*

**Jeramie Campana** is the owner/chef of Wild Asparagus in Barrington. Former Sous Chef for prominent Barrington caterer Tastefully Yours, Chef Campana has built his business based on exceptional customer service, extraordinary cuisine, and a dedication to his clients.  
<http://www.wildasparagus catering.com>

**Madeline Carol Matz** is the Chicago artist who created the beautiful poster and cover for the Commemorative Program. Madeline's head bubbles with thoughts and images, and her artworks are what spill out: vintage-looking humanimals, fantastical creatures and other improbable beings worked in water media, ink, and acrylic.  
[www.mcmatz.com](http://www.mcmatz.com)

**Ron Swanson** is the Chicago-area sculptor who made the Fuller Award statue. Ron's pieces range from toy sculptures and model making, to fine art and large-scale public sculpture.

**Lawrence Santoro** is the award-winning Chicago writer and narrator who adapted Gene Wolfe's story "The Toy Theater" for the dramatic reading. [blufftoninthedriftless.blogspot.com/](http://blufftoninthedriftless.blogspot.com/)

**Terra Mysterium** are the performers who brought to life Gene Wolfe's "The Toy Theater." A Chicago-based collective of musicians, actors, dancers, poets, magicians, and fire performers, their experiential works of music, theatre, and performance art are rooted in the Earth mysteries. [www.terramysterium.com](http://www.terramysterium.com)

**Debra Ann Miller** has been a working actress in Chicago for more than 20 years. She is currently touring as Mary Todd Lincoln, as well as her one-woman show, Just Jane, an evening with Jane Austen. [www.talklikejaneausten.com](http://www.talklikejaneausten.com)

**R. Jelani Eddington** is the organist for the Gene Wolfe event, performing on the world's largest restored theatre pipe organ at the Sanfilippo Estate. Jelani has established himself as one of the most prominent and sought-after artists on the concert circuit. [www.rjeproductions.com](http://www.rjeproductions.com)

**8 Eyes Photography** are the official photographers for An Evening to Honor Gene Wolfe. Pat and Ellen Prather are married photographers that love to work together and want to conquer the world one picture at a time. See their work on their website: [www.8eyesphotography.com](http://www.8eyesphotography.com)

**Interrobang Photography** is one of the videographers. Punk rock roots. DIY ethics. Serious lighting skills. Oh, and a love for obscure punctuation. [www.interrobangme.com](http://www.interrobangme.com)

**Murray Ewing** is the artist who created the Gene Wolfe sketch. Born in Reading, Berkshire, in the UK, Murray has a BSc in Computer Science from the University of Kent, Canterbury, wrote book reviews for one of the first SF & Fantasy webzines (Cybernet2000), and has



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had fiction published in Dark Horizons, Cyäegha, Cosmorama, Saccade and Start-Up. [murrayewing.co.uk](http://murrayewing.co.uk).

**Valya Dudycz Lupescu** earned her MFA in Writing from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Her novel, *The Silence of Trees* (Wolfsword Press, 2010) is available in print and ebook, and soon as an audiobook. Since being published, it has been a Kindle Bestseller, breaking into the Top 10. [www.vdlupescu.com](http://www.vdlupescu.com)

**Donald G. Evans** is the Executive Director of the Chicago Literary Hall of Fame, author of the novel *Good Money After Bad* and editor of the anthology *Cubbie Blues: 100 Years of Waiting Till Next Year*. His short story collection *An Off-White Christmas* will be published by Simon & Schuster in 2013.

A special thanks to these and many others who helped to make this day possible: publication designer Roberta Richardson for program book design and layout, and artist Drew Baker ([drewbaker.com](http://drewbaker.com)) for printing commemorative posters; also Carl Hertz, Gregory Leifel, Meghan Owen and Randy Richardson.

## WOLF FLASH FICTION CONTEST

*Congratulations to Jake Bourbon for winning the 2012 Wolf Flash Fiction Contest. Jake won two dinner tickets to An Evening to Honor Gene Wolfe. Nearly 75 entries were submitted from across the United States and Canada. Gene Wolfe chose Jake's entry from these four finalists:*

### Unraveling

*by Jake Bourbon, Fair Oaks Ranch, Texas*

The first thing he noticed when he awoke was her hair in the dappled light, hanging loose around her face like he had never seen before.

"Ow."

"Hold still, I'm almost done." She was sewing. She tugged firmly on the thread, closing a stubborn loop.

He groaned as he felt the knot tighten. "They'll be looking for you."

"They won't be looking for you. They'll be certain you're dead." She managed a grim smile. "They don't know your body like I do." She pulled gently on the silk.

"Hrnnng, this would not have happened if I were one of you."

"You would not have survived if you were one of us."

"Unnh, they blame me for every wrong, every lost chicken, now this."

"Calm, this is going to be crooked enough." She knotted the silk with practiced skill then pulled another strand from the cloth in her lap.

"Heh, your Gram's face when she caught us in her bed."

"She wasn't laughing."

"Things she said."

"She ran out screaming. That woodsman wasn't laughing either."

"They'll be talking about us for a long time. They'll say I forced you."

"I'm sure the tale will grow in the telling. I don't care. We'll be gone." Shadows were lengthening across her face. "Done."

He bent awkwardly to see her handiwork. Dozens of neat scarlet stitches held tight the long wound across his belly.

"That thread, you ruined your bonnet."

"It doesn't matter. I'll make a new one, grey like your eyes."

### Lupina Revenant

by Paulette Livers, Chicago, Illinois

The gibbous moon is a frayed heel wanting mending. Wanda stands in her mother's footprints at the kitchen window, nearly unmindful of the occupation, and in her mind mimes Loretta's morning routines:

1. Fill the old chipped goblet with cold water
2. Unscrew the accursed childproof caps
3. Slip between lips the variously colored tablets whose names they both quit trying to pronounce at some point.

They'd invented stories for the most outrageous ones. *Belimumab*, Loretta smirks behind Wanda, *a village of large-breasted women deep in the Amazon*. Loretta had met her lupus diagnosis years ago with the same humor. Wanda sees her mother grip the banister, crab sideways down the stairs saying, *Old Beowulf crawled into bed with me last night*, her face ravaged by the butterfly rash under her eyes. The mask-like rash is what gave the disease its name. As a girl, Wanda had failed to see any resemblance to the markings of a real wolf.

"I won't survive your going," Wanda says out loud. When Loretta doesn't answer, Wanda throws her mother's goblet at the window,



# Fantastic FICTION

FROM TOR AND ORB



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**A Forthcoming Wizard**  
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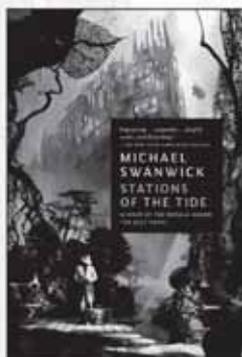
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— *New York Times Book Review*

lifts the dented sash, and thrusts her head into the breaking dew. From her gut erupts a raging howl that startles the neighbor's rooster into silence.

The moon rises anyway, its pallid white fading into the new day's blue. Behind her, in the dark of the empty kitchen, she pulls Loretta's old cardigan from its hook by the door and draws it over her shoulders.

### The Hunt

*by Justin Shelton, Bowling Green, Ohio*

She floats imperceptibly through space. She is hungry but she waits patiently for her prey. When it comes she must move quickly. She must not hesitate.

As with any good hunter, she is aware of her limitations. Her food and oxygen holds are small, her engines constructed for speed over economy. A Wolf-Class cruiser like her isn't built for deep space, she must feed regularly to maintain her strength.

She senses the arrival of her quarry.

Then, from nothingness, her prey appears. The name *Cervus* is visible along its side. It hesitates, almost as if sensing danger. Finally it lowers its shields, confident of its isolation.

She strikes.

She is on the *Cervus* before it can react. She targets the neck of the ship where the oxygen line is most accessible. Using her vice-like clamps she latches on and begins to gorge herself on the precious gas.

Its opportunity to flee gone, the *Cervus* desperately attempts to shake her off but her jaw-like clamps are powerful and she easily maintains her hold.

Her prey finally grows silent as she saps the last of its oxygen. It is over, she has won. She will survive to hunt another day.

And she must hunt, that is her nature, that is the nature of all predators. It is her one inescapable instinct and she will act on it until she finds herself unable to go on, and then she will die.

But for now the hunt continues.

## Little Red Riding Wolf

*Jackie Reuter, Fremont, Illinois*

The woodcutter was not invited to the grandmother's funeral. It was said that whenever she saw him, Little Red would scream and run away. Why this was the townspeople did not know, but they felt much sympathy for the little girl after her ordeal.

The grandmother's funeral was held a month after the tragedy, on the night of the full moon. In her place in the coffin were the remains of the wolf who, it was believed, had eaten her up. The family remained by the grave until late in the evening, long after the townspeople and undertaker had gone home.

The townspeople discussed the poor women's fate in whispers around their fires. In their beds, they sighed with sympathy for the poor child who had witnessed the terrible event. They fell fast asleep, until they were woken by the howling of wolves. Husbands got out of bed and grabbed their axes. Wives and children peered out windows. In the town square, the mayor and his family looked out of their window to see seven or eight wolves running straight through town. When the howling subsided, and the wolves were long gone, the townspeople, returned to their beds, but many were unable to return to sleep.

In the morning, the grandmother's family was in good spirits. Little Red chased other children around the square, pretending to be a wolf. When the woodcutter's bloody corpse was discovered that afternoon, none of them shed a tear.

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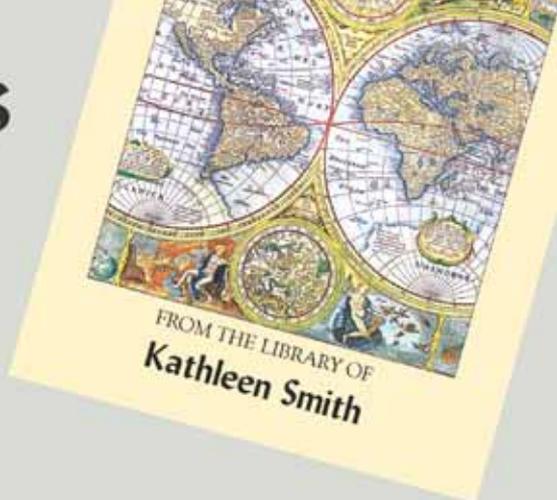


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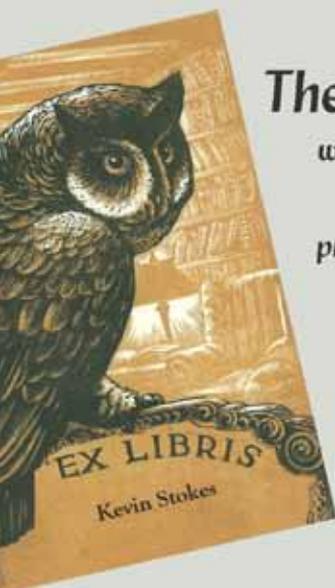
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