

Gene Wolfe

The Urth list — 10 messages, 10 voices, 15 Apr 2019

<https://urth.darkrealm.vip/thread/urth/6812>

Exported from an unofficial mirror of a public mailing list. Copyright in each message remains with the person who wrote it. Email addresses are obscured as `user at host`, the form the original archive published. This file was rebuilt from parsed fields rather than retained headers, so it is faithful in content but not byte-exact.

Fred Kiesche — 15 Apr 2019, 16:09

Tor is reporting that Gene Wolfe has passed away.

F.P. Kiesche III

Husband, Father, Good Cook. Reader. Keeper of abandoned dogs. Does not fit into a neat box or category. "Ah Mr. Gibbon, another damned, fat, square book. Always, scribble, scribble, scribble, eh?" (The Duke of Gloucester, on being presented with Volume 2 of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.) Blogging at Bernal Alpha. On Twitter as @FredKiesche

aaron — 15 Apr 2019, 17:56 · in reply to Fred Kiesche

I just saw this. I can't believe it. I pray for his family.

On Mon, Apr 15, 2019 at 12:09 PM Fred Kiesche <godelescherbach at gmail.com> wrote:

Tor is reporting that Gene Wolfe has passed away.

--

F.P. Kiesche III

Husband, Father, Good Cook. Reader. Keeper of abandoned dogs. Does not fit into a neat box or category. "Ah Mr. Gibbon, another damned, fat, square book. Always, scribble, scribble, scribble, eh?" (The Duke of Gloucester, on being presented with Volume 2 of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.) Blogging at Bernal Alpha. On Twitter as @FredKiesche

Jane Delawney — 15 Apr 2019, 23:33 · in reply to aaron

Very sad news. Condolences to his family.

JD

On 15/04/2019 18:56, aaron wrote:

I just saw this. I can't believe it. I pray for his family.

On Mon, Apr 15, 2019 at 12:09 PM Fred Kiesche

<godelescherbach at gmail.com <mailto:godelescherbach at gmail.com>> wrote:

Tor is reporting that Gene Wolfe has passed away.

--

F.P. Kiesche III

Husband, Father, Good Cook. Reader. Keeper of abandoned dogs. Does not fit into a neat box or category. "Ah Mr. Gibbon, another damned, fat, square book. Always, scribble, scribble, scribble, eh?" (The Duke of Gloucester, on being presented with Volume 2 of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.) Blogging at Bernal

Alpha. On Twitter as @FredKiesche

Ab de Vos — 15 Apr 2019, 23:52 · in reply to Jane Delawney

What a shock, but his life and work are complete now. I wonder how Marc is taking it.

Op 16-4-2019 om 01:33 schreef Jane Delawney:

Very sad news. Condolences to his family.

JD

On 15/04/2019 18:56, aaron wrote:

I just saw this. I can't believe it. I pray for his family.

On Mon, Apr 15, 2019 at 12:09 PM Fred Kiesche

<godelescherbach at gmail.com <mailto:godelescherbach at gmail.com>> wrote:

Tor is reporting that Gene Wolfe has passed away.

--

F.P. Kiesche III

Husband, Father, Good Cook. Reader. Keeper of abandoned dogs.

Does not fit into a neat box or category. "Ah Mr. Gibbon, another

damned, fat, square book. Always, scribble, scribble, scribble,

eh?" (The Duke of Gloucester, on being presented with Volume 2 of

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.) Blogging at Bernal

Alpha. On Twitter as @FredKiesche

Marc Aramini — 16 Apr 2019, 00:07 · in reply to Ab de Vos

I knew since yesterday when someone tweeted out his neighbor had died, but the family asked him to delete the tweet. A guy on reddit sent me a message the same hour for Gene's mailing address, so I had to tell him Gene could probably never read his letter. Then I was driving back to Vegas, where I work (two hours from where I live) and my mother called me and asked for Gene's address because she was thinking of him to send him an Easter Card, and I said I think he died today mom. I have always been superstitious of course, but I can't say I'm taking it great. I have to teach Latro in the Mist in a week and a half for my mythology class and I don't know how I will be. Here's a copy of what I wrote on Facebook about it.

I have written over 1.2 million words about Gene Wolfe, and yet here at last is one inescapable thing I am at a loss on how to write. Anyone who has ever talked books with me knows how I force Wolfe upon them, and sometimes I reveal the quite personal reasons that such a virtuoso of cryptic prose maintains such an important position in my life.

When I was a lonely child, his stories were there to keep me company. When I was a young man, his kind responses to a fan's letters made such a difference in a world that is often completely indifferent. Now that I am a man, it is infinitely clear that without Gene Wolfe, no one would ever remember my name. My professional and personal lives are so intertwined around him that I can't imagine a world without him; there is nothing I would rather write about, but there is nothing I want to write less than these paragraphs.

Wolfe passed away on April 14th. I don't want to go into details of his biography save to repeat what you can find anywhere: Gene Wolfe was drafted and fought in Korea, married Rosemary Wolfe, converted to Catholicism for her, helped invent the machine which makes Pringles, and became the most literary and erudite of science fiction writers somewhere along the way. When Rosemary ailed with Alzheimer's, Gene took care of her. I have been prepared for this day for some time, but I was ready for it to be tomorrow, or next year, and never today. Now the day is past, and all those words that I thought would save me can't do anything at all to describe how kind he was, and what a great man he will always be in my mind. There are a lot of personal stories I could relate from his nearly two-decade correspondence with me, but I would rather end it with a truth: he was a true genius with an iconic bushy mustache and an infinitely greater heart.

Of course, he would know what to say about our existences here when I falter, so I will leave it to him:

?Whether all that came to good or evil, I don't know. Until we reach the end of time, we don't know whether something's been good or bad; we can only judge the intentions of those who acted — Perhaps death is only horrible to us because it's a dividing of the terror of life from the wonder of it. We see only the terror, which is left behind.

I hope there is only wonder for my friend now when I feel that horror for myself and his family, friends, and fans. Gene Wolfe had the chance to live a full life of acclaim that was never quite loud enough; he was brimming with a kindness that was never insufficient. At the closing of the 2012 Fuller Award Ceremony I caught Gene Wolfe alone before leaving, and, with a crack in my voice and a tearful grimace on my face, kneeling down below his seated figure, I said, "You'll always be my hero, and I love you, Gene. Some things can never change, though no one can straighten what God has made crooked."

On Mon, Apr 15, 2019 at 4:53 PM Ab de Vos <foxyab at casema.nl> wrote:
What a shock, but his life and work are complete now. I wonder how Marc is taking it.

Op 16-4-2019 om 01:33 schreef Jane Delawney:

Very sad news. Condolences to his family.

JD

On 15/04/2019 18:56, aaron wrote:

I just saw this. I can't believe it. I pray for his family.

On Mon, Apr 15, 2019 at 12:09 PM Fred Kiesche <godelescherbach at gmail.com> wrote:

Tor is reporting that Gene Wolfe has passed away.

--

F.P. Kiesche III

Husband, Father, Good Cook. Reader. Keeper of abandoned dogs. Does not fit into a neat box or category. "Ah Mr. Gibbon, another damned, fat, square book. Always, scribble, scribble, scribble, eh?" (The Duke of Gloucester, on being presented with Volume 2 of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.) Blogging at Bernal Alpha. On Twitter as @FredKiesche

Gerry Quinn — 16 Apr 2019, 00:18 · in reply to Ab de Vos

Very sorry to hear it. Though having not heard anything in the past year since he entered a care facility, I cannot say it came entirely as a shock.

By chance I was shopping for Wolfe books at Amazon this morning when I heard the bad news. Picked up a collection I did not have, although I have read most of the stories in it. (I received a gift card as a birthday present, my usual habit is to browse second-hand bookshops and see what fate brings me.)? Reading some of them now. Had not read Forleson, one of my favourites, in a very long time.

- Gerry Quinn

On 16/04/2019 00:52, Ab de Vos wrote:

What a shock, but his life and work are complete now. I wonder how Marc is taking it.

Op 16-4-2019 om 01:33 schreef Jane Delawney:

Very sad news. Condolences to his family.

JD

On 15/04/2019 18:56, aaron wrote:

I just saw this. I can't believe it. I pray for his family.

On Mon, Apr 15, 2019 at 12:09 PM Fred Kiesche
<godelescherbach at gmail.com <mailto:godelescherbach at gmail.com>> wrote:

Tor is reporting that Gene Wolfe has passed away.

--

F.P. Kiesche III

Husband, Father, Good Cook. Reader. Keeper of abandoned dogs.

Does not fit into a neat box or category. "Ah Mr. Gibbon, another damned, fat, square book. Always, scribble, scribble, scribble, eh?" (The Duke of Gloucester, on being presented with Volume 2 of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.) Blogging at Bernal Alpha. On Twitter as @FredKiesche

Andrew Bollen — 16 Apr 2019, 01:19 · in reply to Gerry Quinn

A shame. Thanks, Gene Wolfe, for many, many hours of pleasure.

A little thing I wrote somewhere else:

*One of my favourite authors. A conservative mid-Western Catholic, in truth a reactionary, but ignore the politics: he could write like a big fat walrus-moustached reactionary angel. He was an SF & Fantasy writer, because he liked the genres and he liked playing around and subverting them, and also (at a guess) because an SF&F cover on a novel ensures some extra sales. But his best novel, Peace, <https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B008S0E5ZA> <https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B008S0E5ZA/ref=db_s_a_def_rwt_hsch_vapi_tkin_p1_i11> was genre-defying, maybe Mid-Western magic realism, or literary David Lynchism, or something. Mysterious, elegiac, infinitely complex under a simple skin, beautifully written. Partly it has to do with memory and its distortion.

Everybody is falsifying memories and histories, long and short, except the narrator, who is dead. Rather than lie, he omits, and the narrative has great gaps, their missing contents hinted at by a profusion of stories which shed uncertain light on each other and on the record. Extraordinarily deft. Anyway, he will be missed. *

On Tue, 16 Apr 2019 at 09:48, Gerry Quinn <gerry at bindweed.com> wrote:

Very sorry to hear it. Though having not heard anything in the past year since he entered a care facility, I cannot say it came entirely as a shock.

By chance I was shopping for Wolfe books at Amazon this morning when I heard the bad news. Picked up a collection I did not have, although I have read most of the stories in it. (I received a gift card as a birthday present, my usual habit is to browse second-hand bookshops and see what fate brings me.) Reading some of them now. Had not read Forleson, one of my favourites, in a very long time.

- Gerry Quinn

On 16/04/2019 00:52, Ab de Vos wrote:

What a shock, but his life and work are complete now. I wonder how Marc is taking it.

Op 16-4-2019 om 01:33 schreef Jane Delawney:

Very sad news. Condolences to his family.

JD

On 15/04/2019 18:56, aaron wrote:

I just saw this. I can't believe it. I pray for his family.

On Mon, Apr 15, 2019 at 12:09 PM Fred Kiesche <godelescherbach at gmail.com> wrote:

Tor is reporting that Gene Wolfe has passed away.

--

F.P. Kiesche III

Husband, Father, Good Cook. Reader. Keeper of abandoned dogs. Does not fit into a neat box or category. "Ah Mr. Gibbon, another damned, fat, square book. Always, scribble, scribble, scribble, eh?" (The Duke of Gloucester, on being presented with Volume 2 of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.) Blogging at Bernal Alpha. On Twitter as @FredKiesche

Eric Bourland — 16 Apr 2019, 02:49 · in reply to Marc Aramini

When my wife came home today I told her, Gene Wolfe passed, and she immediately came over to me and embraced me. (I married a woman who understands me.) I guess I am a little shook up. A little sad, a little wistful, and a lot regretful about the past about which I can read but upon which I can have no effect. I wish I had met him, and I wish I had read him more diligently and seriously beginning at a much younger age. -- Eric

"The snow clouds parted for an instant, and the moon touched the ocean. He, seeing that

fragment of it tossing in the silver light, knew it and knew that in some previous life he had sailed there for decades; and that this previous life was returning to him. He remained poised upon the ice, but the knowledge passed. The moonlight upon the waves became only the moon on the waves, and he grew accustomed to the salt bite of the wind, so that he no longer rejoiced in its sting, but felt only its cold. And after a time he turned away from the ocean and clambered slowly down, often slipping, gripping the ragged ice-slabs with frozen fingers, and crossed the black road with its dancing ghosts, and crossed the broad terrace with its dancing ghosts, and went at last up the steps and into the Grand Hotel."

From: Urth <urth-bounces at lists.urth.net> On Behalf Of Marc Aramini Sent: Monday, April 15, 2019 8:07 PM To: The Urth Mailing List <urth at lists.urth.net> Subject: Re: (urth) Gene Wolfe

I knew since yesterday when someone tweeted out his neighbor had died, but the family asked him to delete the tweet. A guy on reddit sent me a message the same hour for Gene's mailing address, so I had to tell him Gene could probably never read his letter. Then I was driving back to Vegas, where I work (two hours from where I live) and my mother called me and asked for Gene's address because she was thinking of him to send him an Easter Card, and I said I think he died today mom. I have always been superstitious of course, but I can't say I'm taking it great. I have to teach *Latro in the Mist* in a week and a half for my mythology class and I don't know how I will be. Here's a copy of what I wrote on Facebook about it.

I have written over 1.2 million words about Gene Wolfe, and yet here at last is one inescapable thing I am at a loss on how to write. Anyone who has ever talked books with me knows how I force Wolfe upon them, and sometimes I reveal the quite personal reasons that such a virtuoso of cryptic prose maintains such an important position in my life.

When I was a lonely child, his stories were there to keep me company. When I was a young man, his kind responses to a fan's letters made such a difference in a world that is often completely indifferent. Now that I am a man, it is infinitely clear that without Gene Wolfe, no one would ever remember my name. My professional and personal lives are so intertwined around him that I can't imagine a world without him; there is nothing I would rather write about, but there is nothing I want to write less than these paragraphs.

Wolfe passed away on April 14th. I don't want to go into details of his biography save to repeat what you can find anywhere: Gene Wolfe was drafted and fought in Korea, married Rosemary Wolfe, converted to Catholicism for her, helped invent the machine which makes Pringles, and became the most literary and erudite of science fiction writers somewhere along the way. When Rosemary ailed with Alzheimer's, Gene took care of her. I have been prepared for this day for some time, but I was ready for it to be tomorrow, or next year, and never today. Now the day is past, and all those words that I thought would save me can't do anything at all to describe how kind he was, and what a great man he will always be in my mind. There are a lot of personal stories I could relate from his nearly two-decade correspondence with me, but I would rather end it with a truth: he was a true genius with an iconic bushy mustache and an infinitely greater heart.

Of course, he would know what to say about our existences here when I falter, so I will leave it to him:

?Whether all that came to good or evil, I don't know. Until we reach the end of time, we don't know whether something's been good or bad; we can only judge the intentions of those who acted — Perhaps death is only horrible to us because it's a dividing of the terror of life from the wonder of it. We see only the terror, which is left behind.

I hope there is only wonder for my friend now when I feel that horror for myself and his family, friends, and fans. Gene Wolfe had the chance to live a full life of acclaim that was never quite loud enough; he was brimming with a kindness that was never insufficient. At the closing of the 2012 Fuller Award Ceremony I caught Gene Wolfe alone before leaving, and, with a crack in my voice and a tearful grimace on my face, kneeling down below his seated figure, I said, "You'll always be my hero, and I love you, Gene. Some things can never change, though no one can straighten what God has made crooked."

On Mon, Apr 15, 2019 at 4:53 PM Ab de Vos <foxyab at casema.nl <mailto:foxyab at casema.nl> > wrote:

What a shock, but his life and work are complete now. I wonder how Marc is taking it.

Op 16-4-2019 om 01:33 schreef Jane Delawney:

Very sad news. Condolences to his family.

JD

On 15/04/2019 18:56, aaron wrote:

I just saw this. I can't believe it. I pray for his family.

On Mon, Apr 15, 2019 at 12:09 PM Fred Kiesche <godelescherbach at gmail.com <mailto:godelescherbach at gmail.com> > wrote:

Tor is reporting that Gene Wolfe has passed away.

F.P. Kiesche III

Husband, Father, Good Cook. Reader. Keeper of abandoned dogs. Does not fit into a neat box or category. "Ah Mr. Gibbon, another damned, fat, square book. Always, scribble, scribble, scribble, eh?" (The Duke of Gloucester, on being presented with Volume 2 of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.) Blogging at Bernal Alpha. On Twitter as @FredKiesche

--

Aaron Singleton

PAUL RYDEEN — 18 Apr 2019, 17:15 · in reply to Marc Aramini

It's always sad when someone you care about or admire dies but I think we can say that Wolfe had a long productive life and his writing legacy will live on for a long time.

The other morning I was thinking about his last novel and I finally picked up on the double meaning in the title.

On Apr 15, 2019, at 7:07 PM, Marc Aramini <marcaramini at gmail.com> wrote:

I knew since yesterday when someone tweeted out his neighbor had died, but the family asked him to delete the tweet. A guy on reddit sent me a message the same hour for Gene's mailing address, so I had to tell him Gene could probably never read his letter. Then I was driving back to Vegas, where I work (two hours from where I live) and my mother called me and asked for Gene's address because she was thinking of him to send him an Easter Card, and I said I think he died today mom. I have always been superstitious of course, but I can't say I'm taking it great. I have to teach *Latro in the Mist* in a week and a half for my mythology class and I don't know how I will be. Here's a copy of what I wrote on Facebook about it.

I have written over 1.2 million words about Gene Wolfe, and yet here at last is one inescapable thing I am at a loss on how to write. Anyone who has ever talked books with me knows how I force Wolfe upon them, and sometimes I reveal the quite personal reasons that such a virtuoso of cryptic prose maintains such an important position in my life.

When I was a lonely child, his stories were there to keep me company. When I was a young man, his kind responses to a fan's letters made such a difference in a world that is often completely indifferent. Now that I am a man, it is infinitely clear that without Gene Wolfe, no one would ever remember my name. My professional and personal lives are so intertwined around him that I can't imagine a world without him; there is nothing I would rather write about, but there is nothing I want to write less than these paragraphs.

Wolfe passed away on April 14th. I don't want to go into details of his biography save to repeat what you can find anywhere: Gene Wolfe was drafted and fought in Korea, married Rosemary Wolfe, converted to Catholicism for her, helped invent the machine which makes Pringles, and became the most literary and erudite of science fiction writers somewhere along the way. When Rosemary ailed with Alzheimer's, Gene took care of her. I have been prepared for this day for some time, but I was ready for it to be tomorrow, or next year, and never today. Now the day is past, and all those words that I thought would save me can't do anything at all to describe how kind he was, and what a great man he will always be in my mind. There are a lot of personal stories I could relate from his nearly two-decade correspondence with me, but I would rather end it with a truth: he was a true genius with an iconic bushy mustache and an infinitely greater heart.

Of course, he would know what to say about our existences here when I falter, so I will leave it to him:

"Whether all that came to good or evil, I don't know. Until we reach the end of time, we don't know whether something's been good or bad; we can only judge the intentions of those who acted — Perhaps death is only horrible to us because it's a dividing of the terror of life from the wonder of it. We see only the terror, which is left behind."

I hope there is only wonder for my friend now when I feel that horror for myself and his family, friends, and fans. Gene Wolfe had the chance to live a full life of acclaim that was never quite loud enough; he was brimming with a kindness that was never insufficient. At the closing of the 2012 Fuller Award Ceremony I caught Gene Wolfe alone before leaving, and, with a crack in my voice and a tearful grimace on my face, kneeling down below his seated figure, I said, "You'll always be my hero, and I love you, Gene." Some things can never change, though no one can straighten what God has made crooked.

On Mon, Apr 15, 2019 at 4:53 PM Ab de Vos <foxyab at casema.nl> wrote:

What a shock, but his life and work are complete now. I wonder how Marc is taking it.

Op 16-4-2019 om 01:33 schreef Jane Delawney:

Very sad news. Condolences to his family.

JD

On 15/04/2019 18:56, aaron wrote:

I just saw this. I can't believe it. I pray for his family.

On Mon, Apr 15, 2019 at 12:09 PM Fred Kiesche <godelescherbach at gmail.com> wrote:
Tor is reporting that Gene Wolfe has passed away.

--

F.P. Kiesche III

Husband, Father, Good Cook. Reader. Keeper of abandoned dogs. Does not fit into a neat box or category. "Ah Mr. Gibbon, another damned, fat, square book. Always, scribble, scribble, scribble, eh?" (The Duke of Gloucester, on being presented with Volume 2 of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.) Blogging at Bernal Alpha. On Twitter as @FredKiesche

nono — 23 Apr 2019, 18:08 · follows PAUL RYDEEN

Rest In Peace Mr Wolfe.

I pray to God, that He will receive you into Heaven.