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Introduction.

If you missed the first one this is the second issue of FOR DICKHEADS ONLY. And welcome to it. This time we've got a couple of essays on *The World Jones Made*, the first written by me, Dave Hyde, yer editor and the second by Barb Morningchild. We hope you like them. Any letters of comment are welcome, of course, and we'll print them in future issues. And, if you, the fans of Philip K. Dick, have any essays of your own on *The World Jones Made* please send them in and we'll add them to this issue (which you'll notice isn't dated) and reissue it later, that way, hopefully, we'll build up a nice fat zine on *Jones*. Also, we're open to essays, drawings, cartoons, puzzles, etc. that deal with the other novels of Philip K. Dick. Mail them on in. Unfortunately we cannot pay any money at this time -- but think of the prestige!

Oh yeah, here's our address:

POBOX 112
New Haven
IN 46774

We're also looking for news of PKD and clippings, reviews, happenings, etc. that we can use to make FDO more interesting in the future. While we cannot replace the Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter (it's irreplaceable and will be sorely missed here at Ganymedean Slime Mold HQ), we'll do the best we can.

Subscriptions to FOR DICKHEADS ONLY:

We're still undecided on how best to handle subscriptions. I guess we can accept donations -- buck an issue, say -- or trade. We particularly like weird videos and good stuff to read. At this early stage in this project (we're committed to putting out an issue focusing on each of PKD's science fiction novels, no matter how long it takes) we'll send you our next or last issue merely at your request. Oh, the first FDO dealt with *Clans Of The Alphane Moon*.

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***** FAVORITE DICK BOOK SURVEY! *****

As a space filler and because we're genuinely interested, we're soliciting for the next and future issues of FDO your selections of and comments on your favorite PKD novel! As we go along we'll publish these and when we get enough we'll tabulate the results -- determine for once and all the most popular Dick book as determined by us, his fans.

So... join in the fun! (No ballot stuffing please!) Send your top three choices along with long or short comment as to why you chose the way you did to our address up above.

Thanks --- Dave Hyde/for GSM

This has been another *Ganymedean Slime Mold Prod...*

***** FAVORITE DICK BOOK SURVEY *****
FIRST RETURNS!

Just in time for this number 2 issue of FOR DICKHEADS ONLY we have our first selection of favorite Dick books! This choice sent in by Andy Watson of Denver. Here is Andy's choice:

1: WE CAN BUILD YOU. The only one of PKD's novels, in my opinion, which completely integrates the unhinged sci-fi elements of his most famous and popular works with the literary quality and depth of his "mainstream" novels. Like all his work, the generosity of his spirit invades every corner, and illuminates every character sympathetically. Yet the attention to the day-to-day details, the gentle exposition of the characters introspective struggles, set against the backdrop of simulacrums-as-plot-device, make this book enormously charming. Restraint paid off big, too, in that there are so few elements which are sf-ish, whereas in most of PKD's SF novels and stories, the wealth of gizmos, left-handed technobabble, and curiously consistent technologies intrudes slightly on the immediacy of the reader's identification with the characters. And as icing on this cake, the Lincoln simulacrum's behaviour and dialogue are unequivocally delightful.

2. THE BROKEN BUBBLE. The best of the straight novels, this one serves up more tension and anxiety than any of the others, while still managing to be playful in the manner PKD virtually trademarked. The parody of the sci-fi "fans" and the short story written by one of them, embedded in the story somewhat gratuitously, are nearly unique in all of PKD's writings, and are entirely welcome as a diversion, as a time-marking device, in order to pace the rest of the book to best advantage. This is PKD's "coming of age" novel, and as with everything else he wrote, his take on this form is utterly unique.

3. CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST. This novel is in undefined territory. Hardly SF, barely mainstream, it reads more like a comedy monologue than the depiction of grindingly sad events, but affects the reader at both levels simultaneously. This use of cognitive dissonance surfaces throughout PKD's body of work, and is especially pronounced in VALIS, but nowhere else does it have the sustained presentation it gets here in CRAP ARTIST. The sarcasm is bitter but wildly funny, the insights are startling and exquisitely expressed. The only other book in recent memory which approaches CRAP ARTIST in tone and content was/is Lew Shiner's SLAM, which borders on homage to this earlier work by PKD, but is entirely unrelated in every important sense.

So, coming out of the starting gate it looks like WE CAN BUILD YOU has the jump on the rest of the field. But can it sustain its initial lead? Or will the field be called back for a restart? Watch this space in future issues as this exciting horse race develops! SEND IN YOUR SELECTION NOW!

ACE
DOUBLE NOVEL
BOOKS

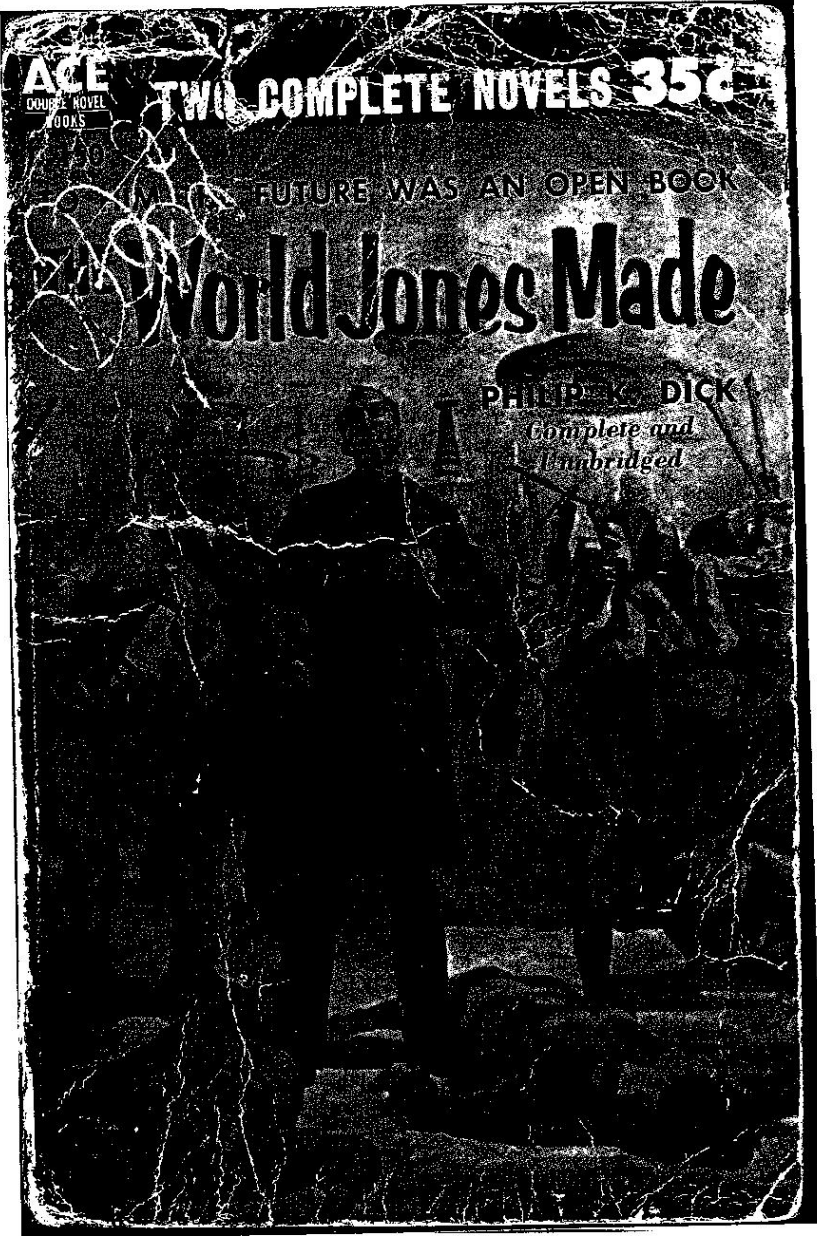
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FUTURE WAS AN OPEN BOOK

World Jones Made

PHILIP K. DICK

*Complete and
Unbridged*



ace
book

PHILIP K. DICK THE WORLD JONES MADE

To him the future was an open book



Complete & Unabridged

The World Jones Made.

When you stop and think about it *The World Jones Made* is one of the strangest of PKD's novels. Consider: It's a tale of alien invasion -- but an alien invasion no one seems to give much of a shit about. Here's these lackadaisical invaders, the *drifters*, just sorta blooming into useless existence from outer space. They laze around, frying in the sun, and every now and then they get burned up by a posse of local citizens led by a maniacal geek who can see into the future. Well, not actually see it: he lives there and the present to him is something he must remember as it exists in his past. He's somehow out of phase by a year from everyone else in the novel...

Then we've got this sort of police state wherein the authorities force everyone to adhere to Hoff's Principle of Relativism: you can think what you want but to act on it is a criminal offence. And Venusians. We've got miniature Venusians living in a biosphere and plotting rebellion... And Cussick, our hero's, matrimonial bliss... And... A whole bunch more. All the things that for me make this a great Dick novel.

But the principle of Hoff's Relativism, to get this review onto some sort of track, is, I guess, if you want to look at it semi-seriously, what the book's *about*. What then is relativism as applied here by Dick? As best we can figure it's a form of materialism: the belief that only objective reality, the fact of existence, is true. All commentary, or interpretation is subjective and to try to impose your ideas on someone else is dangerous. Not only to you because it's a crime but also to the state because it leads to fanaticism. This is the position of those in power in the book.

Now, naturally as this is a Philip K. Dick book, the authorities are not benevolent. You could get sent to the forced labor camps for making prejudicial remarks. Call a woman 'baby' in that world and you'd be making big ones out of little ones for about ten years. Sort of like a world in which the current Politically Correct ideology has conquered all right-wing opposition a long time ago and now doesn't know quite what to do with itself.

Of course there is one catch, one linchpin on which this whole philosophy depends. If you can prove what you say is true, that is, manifests in objective reality like a rock -- or a *drifter*, then you're not breaking the law. And this is the position of Jones.

Jones is exactly what he would be, what he has to be to prove the fallacy in this warped relativism. He knows the future, sees the *drifters* landing, the mobs marching. He knows the *facts*. This strikes to the heart of Hoff's Relativism which is based on the fact that no individual can decide what is true for everyone else. Beliefs aren't facts, visions aren't real. The converse of this: the power of the state to determine reality for the individual doesn't enter the minds of the Government -- no hypocritical awareness of double standards here.

The *drifters* play the role of the new idea breaking into this stagnant world. To Jones, who sees them ahead of everyone else, they are a thing to be greatly feared. Despite his extra ability he's really just an ordinary guy with ordinary xenophobias driven crazy by his twice-lived life. The *drifters* to him are what *spiders* might be to someone else. Only Jones, with his foreshortened knowledge of these true aliens, is able to mobilize a repressed populace against them. They're something new, an unknown phobia. And the populace, of course, living their furtive lives under this wishy-washy regime, are ready to leap at anything that gives them something to believe in, especially when someone else is willing to do the leading.

The old versus the new is what we're talking about here. The old, as is usual, is represented by the State. The new is represented by the *drifters*. Like all States this one is reactionary: the status quo is all that matters. The *drifters* are the unknown. The big question is, Are they harmless? Or are they to be feared? To Jones they are horrific but to the State they are no threat, as shown by their warning to the public that the 'migrating protozoa' are not to be harmed. Which of them is right?

Well, as we all know, the State in this case was right -- the migrating protozoa were harmless. Jones was wrong, disastrously so. Thanks to him humanity got locked into a few lousy star systems for who knows how long.

In this book, then -- possibly the only one of Dick's novels -- the State was in the right. The only reason I can think why this would be is that Dick saw the danger of the fanatical dictator as being worse than that of the police state. Better the devil you know than the one you don't seems to be the logic here.

And I think this explains why this book comes off, for me, as being so careless. Not careless in the sense that it was written sloppily, because it's not, but in that Dick had somehow gotten into writing a story that he didn't care about: like getting stuck at a vegetarian dinner party, if they have such things, and being forced to wax enthusiastic about broccoli or spinach.

Dick does a good job but his heart wasn't in it. Or maybe it was... There's a lot more to be considered here than the nature of the state, its opposition and the shattering effect of new ideas. What about the Venusians? What about life and love under this old new world order? And what about Jones?

Okay. The Venusians first. It just struck me what the purpose of the Venusians in the book is! When you first think back on *The World Jones Made* the Venusians seem superfluous, totally unnecessary: the story is about Jones, the cops and the *drifters*, not Venus. Venus seems only a hopelessly remote off chance to sustain life. It's not necessary to the story at all, except in one sense only: to provide a paradise for the home-grown Venusians on Earth. These *human* Venusians! The one's in the Refuge at the very start of the book, taking

precedence over the rest of the story. A precedence they deserve for it is with these modified people that we find the missing positiveness that I just got done lamenting above!

In their tiny refuge, so painfully artificial, the mutants grumbling over their lot signify the hopes of mankind. For even though our dreams may be dashed and the world is a stagnant hell-hole riven by the passions of deranged men, cold reality does give us a way out --the miracle of genetic science. For there has to be a way out in this novel; I don't think Dick could've written it otherwise. So why not Venus? It's pretty obvious that in Jones' world there's not much to stick around for, that's for sure.

The hero of the novel, Cussick, serves the classic function of the Dick protagonist, to give the story life, lug it along. With his wife, Nina, he lives the policeman's life of a rapidly disintegrating marriage due to overwork and on-the-job stress. He's caught up in the action of the novel, attempting to nail Jones, too busy for domestic mundanities to do more than nag at him while he changes clothes.

Nina is more complex. An affluent, artsy type from Denmark, she's unfamiliar with and resentful of the demands the police force make on her husband's life. And in that bored way the idle rich have she is attracted to Jones' ideology; like a new-age religion it gives her something to believe in. Plus she gets to wear a natty uniform at the secret meetings of the Women's Defense League.

I guess she typifies the kind of person, as suggested above, who must have certainties. She's the Floyd Jones wannabe screaming inside for the kind of knowledge she thinks Jones has. All this relativism is just too inane for her. If passion is against the law what fun is there in life?

But Jones' certainty does not bring freedom, only a vicious determinism. As Dick wrote in *Schizophrenia and the Book of Changes* (PKDS 14), "By being a precog, Jones ultimately lost the power to act entirely; instead of being freed by his talent he was paralyzed by it." To see the future is not necessarily a good thing. What Jones needed was what everyone else has: ordinary uncertainty. His problem was that he could not doubt what he saw -- it was true -- and he had to make it real, had to have the agreement of everyone else in the book, otherwise he'd be merely insane. Thus his crusade against the drifters.

There's a lot of ideas bouncing around in this book, but they seem to cluster around the central one of determinism. But the natural opposite of determinism, free will, is not represented in the story, unless by the theoretical benefits of Hoff's Relativism which is supposed to remove all imposed constraints on individual action. Instead we have a conflict of materialism with determinism. On the one hand there's the police state -- about as deterministic as you can get with all its laws, and on the other there's Jones' absolute certainty. No one is free to act in Jones' world and in the world of Hoff's relativism there is only the illusion of freedom, the structure of society itself is too rigid.

Both of these competing determinisms proffer solutions to their world's problems. Jones offers the *drifters* up as enemy, rallies a hatred against them as if they were outer space jews. The police state offers the technological fix: Venus. Neither one is what you'd call positive, although in the end of the story Dick has Cussick and the Venusians living happily ever after on Venus.

What it perhaps reduces to is a study of Naziism split down the middle: Jones the Nazi against the Nazi party of Hoff's Relativism. The natural, charismatic leader required by the Nazi state is at odds with that leaderless state. Normally you'd expect them to be together, united in the job of crushing out freedom. Why they're not is why we have this book.

Dick was obviously appalled at the thought of Adolf Hitler and modelled Jones on him. Hitler was certain of his fanatical dream, as was Jones. To get that certainty across Dick had Jones see it in the future. There could be no doubt. The notion Dick entertains is, What makes a Hitler? Or rather, how does a Hitler arise? In what kind of State? And: How does the state handle it?

Briefly, dictators arise in a society lacking conviction, of peurile ideas. A stagnant world, running out of *lebensraum* for its apathetic populace. An old dictatorship with its original leader long dead and now guided only by his book: Hoff's *Primer of Relativism*. The kind of world you can imagine if Hitler had won the War then died, leaving only *Mein Kampf* for his followers.

And this society is helpless in the face of Jones: The new idea or the passionate man cuts through existing structure and goes direct to the prejudices of the people. And, as in any centralised state, internal challenges are met with more repression: twenty years hard labor for burning a *drifter*. Thus the state hastens its doom.

The tragedy of the story is that the State is right, Jones is wrong. There are no winners after their struggle. No grand morals to be deduced from this book. Only the reminder of a stupid truth: a diseased society throws up diseased people. Wars are fought over ridiculous things.

In *The World Jones Made*, then, Dick takes his first in depth look at one of his fears, Naziism. Later he will return to it again with *The Man In The High Castle*, obviously, and also in one form or another in many stories, even as late as *Radio Free Albemuth*. The shadow of Adolf Hitler darkened the landscape of much of Dick's writings, as it does the world.

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Extra Note.

Talking about *The World Jones Made* with Barb has made me reconsider this book (again!). After hearing her views I'm not sure now that I would say Dick didn't care about writing this novel once he found himself into it. It has other levels than the political, as she addresses in her review, which I totally missed. Now I think it's a masterpiece!

HUGO AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR

PHILIP K. DICK

THE WORLD JONES MADE



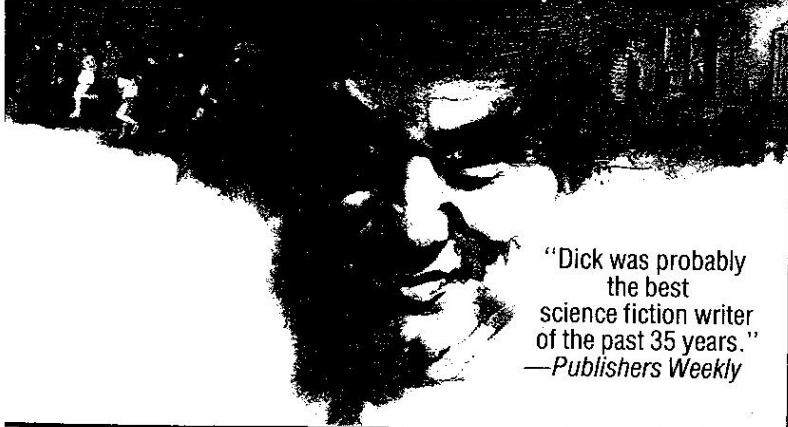
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PHILIP K. DICK THE WORLD JONES MADE

He could see tomorrow today!



"Dick was probably
the best
science fiction writer
of the past 35 years."
—*Publishers Weekly*

Introduction to the following essay:

The diagram on the previous page is the typical representation of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life' with, superimposed on it, the Phildickian referents from *THE WORLD JONES MADE*. In the essay I intend to outline how Dick wrote *THE WORLD JONES MADE* using the Tree of Life as its schematic. The essay itself begins in *Kether*, at the top of the diagram, in the Archetypal World, then descends from right to left, in the pattern known as the Lightning Bolt, until we reach *Malkuth* and the Physical World at the bottom. Then it takes the Middle Path and ends in the sphere of *Tifereth*: enlightenment of the true self.

In the essay I hope to show that Dick made the Tree of Life bear fruit, taking the main character, Cussick, on a voyage to enlightenment. Somewhat like the Greek myth of Odysseus, or Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer.

The book is also a voyage to enlightenment for the reader. As the story unfolds, Dick reveals the truth about the real world disguised in his fiction. And when the reader has finished reading s/he is able to realise the similarity and become enlightened to the truth of this reality, created by others, in which we live today. This, I believe, was Dick's intention in *The World Jones Made*.

Barb

Here's a few books on the Qabalah that may be of interest to anyone unfamiliar with this ancient and esoteric subject:

A GARDEN OF POMEGRANATES by Israel Regardie. Llewellyn 1970.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO QABALISTIC SYMBOLISM by Gareth Knight. Weiser 1978.

THE QABALAH by Papus. Weiser 1977.

ADAMANTIAL

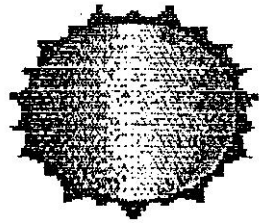


WORLD

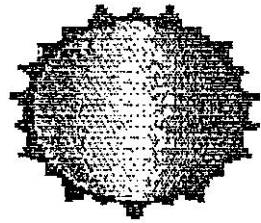
BINAH

ADULT ALIEN

CHOKMAH



CREATIVE WORLD

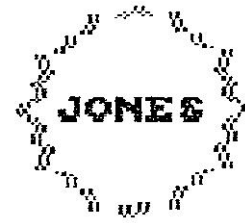


DAATH

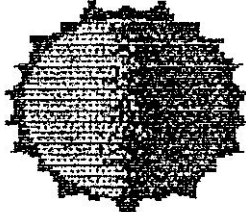
ALIEN EGG

DRIFTERS

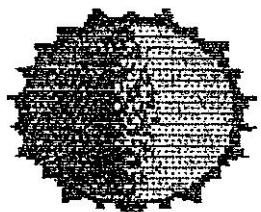
GEBURAH



CHESED



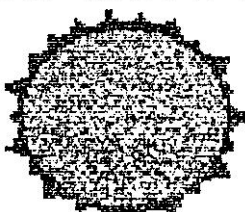
FORMATIVE WORLD



TIFERETH

7 MUTANTS

Dr. RAFFERTY



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VENUS

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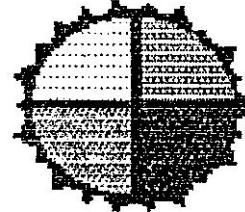
KAMINSKI



CUSSICK

MATERIAL WORLD

MALKUTH



WORLD OF
THE NOVEL

The World Jones Made.

Philip K. Dick was a master philosopher as well as a great writer and he used his philosophical insight to write *The World Jones Made*. Using fiction, he analyzed the manner in which the individual mind perceives reality and he examined the experience of self-consciousness by exploring the many dimensions of the psyche.

The structure of this book has the same pattern as the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life'. Both are diagrams symbolizing the philosophical and psychological universe of mankind, and both explain with symbols the process of spiritual regeneration.

The basic theme of *The World Jones Made* is spiritual rebirth, as symbolized by the fertile womb. The story itself demonstrates the creation and development of this new lifeform. Dick's original title for the book, before it was published as an Ace miniature in 1956, was *Womb For Another*. The emphasis of the womb in the title hints that Dick wanted a focus on the womb metaphor which he used on different levels throughout the book.

The mood of the novel reveals a sense of hopelessness and meaninglessness among the characters similar to the sociological concept of alienation. This feeling of detachment is felt by all the characters in various ways. Dick depicts the source of this alienation as the conflict between the prefabricated consciousness of a future society and the self-consciousness of the individual as experienced by his characters. With the plot and characters, Dick explores the nature of this future society, revealing the fundamental composition of the conflict between rationalism and religion. He creates each side's typical proponents, opponents and charismatic leaders as the characters of the story.

Philip K. Dick's style of writing takes the reader's mind into this alien situation and makes it real. Then, through the actions and reactions of the main characters, he leads the reader to question the legitimacy of this future prefab society. In doing this, he lets us see ourselves reflected in the lives of the characters. It's easy for us to relate to their humanity and limitations. We realise that we are a lot like them. Then we begin to question the dominant ideologies of our own world.

In the overall examination of the book, we see that it is a metaphor of Life based on the Tree of Life. It is enlightening, prophetic, and entertaining on metaphysical, philosophical and psychological levels.

The Qabalistic Tree of Life is many things, one of which is a diagram of the human psyche the symbols of which represent certain psychological traits. *The World Jones Made* is a similar structure. It is a literary diagram of the human psyche and uses elements from our conscious universe as symbols to represent these same psychological traits.

In *The World Jones Made* the Solar System and the surrounding space is used as the symbolic arena for the Dickian Tree of Life, with representations of the Ten Sephiroth and the Four Worlds molded into a story of a futuristic society. Each Sephira is represented by a character or a state of being, and each World has it's own setting in the story -- with the exception of the Archetypal World which is unmanifest in both the Tree of Life and *The World Jones Made*.

In the book, our Solar System represents a physical manifestation of the ultimate extent of human conception and perception. Everything that occurs in the mind is represented within the limits of the Solar System. The Sun, planets and everything on Earth are symbols of the limiting cognitive processes of the mind. Beyond the Solar System lies the unknown, knowledge of which, like the space outside our immediate star system for the characters in the book, is beyond our capacity to experience. For us and for the characters in the book the Solar System is a womb.

Dick also uses the Solar System as a womb for the unknown alien's reproductive process. The spore and egg, drifting through space, eventually land on the planets. Some are fertilized, others dry up and die. When the growing embryo reaches maturity, the infant alien leaves the Solar System, expelled like the rejection of a baby from a mother's womb, never to return again. Dick is creating an image of our known universe as a womb, an alien womb.

The Tree of Life is often described as a womb for the regeneration of the spirit and God-consciousness. The alien in it's three forms -- adult, spore (drifters), and egg -- match with the upper, or Supernal Triad, on the Tree of Life. The adult alien represents *Kether*, the sphere of God which exists outside of the Solar System, never manifesting in the book. It is outside the realm of human comprehension and represents the "Hidden Intelligence" of the Qabalah. No ordinary man can fathom its essence. Even Jones, the visionary, did not know of the adult alien's existence until it was too late. When he finally became aware it had already sealed the Solar System off from the rest of the universe, leaving no hope of ever attaining its true nature. Like *Kether*, the adult alien is elusive, it resides in interstellar space (the Archetypal World) beyond the consciousness limited in forms. It is something the human mind suspects exists but does not comprehend. And to the adult alien, the Earthlings were just an annoying disease, a microscopic germ attacking its reproductive cells like a venereal disease.

Kether splits into two sephiroth that are symbolic of reproductive cells -- *Binah* (female) and *Chokmah* (male) -- and each half is incomplete until it unites to produce the offspring, *Daath* (Enlightenment). The three forms of the alien are symbolic of this first triad of the Tree of Life, the Supernal Triad, in that the unseen adult occupies *Kether*, the spores or drifters are in *Chokmah*, and the egg is in *Binah*. The principle of conciliation of the Supernal Triad is *Daath*, represented by the newborn alien which goes unmentioned in the novel (occupying as it does the implied Sephira *Daath*, itself not represented on the Tree of Life).

As the adult alien reflects the qualities of *Kether*, the two alien reproductive cells have the characteristics of *Chokmah* (the spore) and *Binah* (the egg) which in this occult tradition are represented by phallic symbols and thought of as the roots of the Tree of Life. These two sephiroth occupy the Creative World of the Qabalah, which is also called God-consciousness. Our minds can only attain a small glimpse of the nature of these two sephiroth. This is the closest we can get to God in our self-conscious existence. *Chokmah* and *Binah* represent the duality and polarity of existence, the Taoist yin and yang.

At first the people on earth were only aware of the drifters as harmless, lifeless creatures. They just floated down from space like some batwing kite to eventually dry up and die on Earth to no avail. They were an incomplete lifeform doomed to a cosmic meaninglessness.

a life without a goal, impotent, serving no known purpose, drifting aimlessly in the cold darkness of space. This description of the aliens depicts alienation. The drifters express the mood of the book and represent the way most of the characters in the book felt, a sort of apathy or emasculation. They represent the feeling of hopelessness which is 'alienation' and experienced by all in *The World Jones Made*.

We begin the novel in a womblike, alien environment; the support system for the seven mutants. The atmosphere is simulated and designed to match that of Venus, for these mutated human beings were specifically bred for life on Venus: an experiment in colonization.

As soon as we enter this Venusian womb, we have entered the second triad of the Tree of Life, which is superconsciousness. This triad consists of *Chesed*, *Geburah* and *Tiphereth*. It is the place where the interaction of these three sephira and the Supernal Triad occur. This is the Formative World where the possibilities within the Supernal Triad are formed into ideas.

Chesed is the first sephira devolved from the Supernal Triad. It is numbered four and is the foundation on which all further development is based. *Chesed* is the father of all form and also the deliverer of mercy. In the book it is represented by Dr. Rafferty, the father of the mutants bred to live on Venus: the creator of hope for the human race. In the world of the novel he offers hope for mankind. His work to speed up evolution by creating the mutants enabled the possibility of escape to other worlds for the masses mired in their spoiled and overpopulated world. *Chesed*, accordingly, is the sephira that makes it possible for us to attain God-consciousness and, spiritually, to escape to another world.

The mutants are in *Geburah*, the sephira where forms are accessed and adjusted to live in alignment with spiritual reality. They are the lifeforms created by Dr. Rafferty in *Chesed*, tenderly cultivated and genetically altered to live beyond the physical reality of Earth, prepared for a better life. There are seven of them, just as there are seven sephiroth below the Supernal Triad that make up the self-conscious mind. There is an eighth mutant in an incubator, implied on the Dickian Tree of Life like *Daath* in the Qabalah. This eighth mutant is the promise of the new life, the promise of its actuality in another existence. This is the promise of *Daath*: an attainable new world. A major theme in the book.

The first scene of *The World Jones Made* portrays the interaction that takes place in the second triad of the Tree of Life. Dr. Rafferty's compassion for humanity causes him to create new life. He brings into form beings who could be free from the limitations imposed by the Physical World. From thought he creates form.

So it is with the thought forms of the Superconscience: they are free from the barriers of physical reality. The mutants symbolise these thought-forms while the Earth represents the physical reality. It's as if the mutants live on another plane of existence altogether. They can see the outside world, they know it exists, it has influence on their own shaky existence and they want to be a part of it. But they cannot live in it.

This is where Dick delves into the concept of alienation ingeniously through his characters as they express their feelings of detachment and meaninglessness. All the characters in the book, even the masses, exhibit some form of alienation. From a Qabalist point of view this would be caused by being separated from the Supernal Triad,

the separation of self-consciousness from God-consciousness. In the story the characters are alienated because they are either physically unable to live in the world, as with the mutants, or the societal ideologies at play are detached from the inner world of the characters: The accepted reality of mass consciousness is far removed from their own experience. The ideal spiritual being is repressed and unfulfilled: they feel meaningless and detached.

Where the aliens are alienated from the rest of consciousness due to a lack of human comprehension, the mutants are alienated physically. Dick describes with compassion the mutants' feelings of complete estrangement from the rest of humanity and their need to escape from their womb. Sadly, these mutants literally could not live in the outside world, just as the alienated of our own society sit in their living rooms watching a simulated life on TV, waiting for the new world.

The principle of conciliation of the second triad is Venus and it occupies the position of *Tifereth* on the Tree of Life. This is where the mutants will go to live in freedom and harmony with nature. *Tifereth* and Venus symbolise unification, the peaceful world which is the goal of all humanity. Most people are not normally conscious of anything beyond this level. The mutants go there and are born from their womb on a decaying earth into a beautiful, harmonious virgin planet. Normal human beings cannot go there unless they change their physical state or, like Cussick and his family, they create an artificial womb of their own and await a spiritual rebirth.

Tifereth serves also as the level of the superconscience of the human mind — of Cussick's mind. For the mutants *Tifereth* symbolises Venus but for Cussick *Tifereth* is symbolised by his son; the part of Cussick's life that is untouched by all the chaos of the world.

We leave the second triad of *Chesed*, *Geburah* and *Tifereth*, and enter the third triad of *Hod*, *Netzach* and *Yesod*. In this triad all the characters are symbolic of some psychological facet of the mind, particularly as experienced by Cussick, the protagonist. *Netzach* and *Hod* are his subconscious determinants where the play of logic and emotion decide his actions. In the book they are represented, in *Netzach*, by Nina, Cussick's wife, whose imagination, emotional sensitivity and love pull at Cussick's idealistic side. And, in *Hod*, Max Kaminski, Cussick's old mentor of Hoff's Relativism, with his rational, scientific mind, tugs at Cussick's conventional, conservative side. Together Nina and Kaminski represent Cussick's subconscious mind.

The realm of conscious thought occurs in *Yesod* and is Cussick himself; the experiencing individual, the protagonist. *Yesod* on the Tree of Life is the life of the mind for the physical body of *Malkuth*. It is through Cussick's consciousness that we understand the story.

Yesod is the last sephira in the Formative World. Ideas and urges, though directly operating on reality, have no actuality themselves. It is through *Yesod* that we reach *Malkuth* since *Yesod* is the conscious being.

Malkuth is the sephira where spiritual ideals are realised in physical forms. But these ideals are distorted like a reflection in a mirror distorts the true image. This distortion causes a conflict between the physical World and spiritual ideals. In the Physical World, social institutions place shackles upon these ideals and hold them in forms which are always of the past, unable to do more than react to the now.

Dick represents the Physical World in the general setting of the story. Relativism and Jonesism are the physical manifestations of *Hod* and *Netzach* -- the conflict in action. All the characters who, above, symbolise these Qabalistic ideas, have their reality here.

The world of the book is ruled by Hoff's Relativism; a form of rationalism. It is a police state, a distorted reflection of *Hod* into physical reality. But due to this overbalance to the logical side of things, the repression of the physical manifestation of the imagination of *Netzach*, the world is collapsing. On the streets is an ideological revolution.

The order of Hoff's Relativism is that everything must be scientifically proven for it to be real. The natural reaction to this is a social conflict as the long repressed imagination and emotions of the populace seek expression. But now there is a new factor: Jones, the ideological visionary and would-be Saviour who disproves the central tenet of Hoff's Relativism.

From the chaos of this conflict, Cussick, an undercover Fed Gov agent whose job is to seek out and arrest anyone who preaches an untrue doctrine, takes us, in the early part of the novel, back to the time when he first met Jones. To a nightmarish circus of side show mutants and radiation freaks. He finds Jones in a booth off by himself on the fringes of the circus. Jones is a fortune teller, proclaiming to foretell the future -- a blatant flaunter of the law which prohibits fortune telling. Immediately Cussick zeros in to investigate. Jones reveals that he can only prophesize one year into the future, and only on things regarding his own experience. But he predicts that within a few months alien Drifters will be landing on earth.

Cussick's bosses laugh at him when he tells them of his discovery of Jones. A mere fortune teller, they sneer. Except that everything that Jones predicted came true. The Fed Gov realised that Jones had challenged the system of Relativism -- and won.

It is in this second chapter of the book that we meet the character of Jones: A bitter sideshow freak, another lost soul tormented by an abnormality that makes his life a living hell. For Jones lives one year in the future all the time. Unlike everyone else who lives in the past due to the split second it takes to register impulses to the brain, Jones lived in the future, going beyond the restrictions of physical matter, beyond time and space. In quabalistic terms, he is in the sphere of *Daath*. He transcended the lower sephirah beyond *Tifereth* to *Daath* where his vision ultimately foundered. Here is where he confronted God, as symbolised by the aliens. Jones failed because he could not comprehend the ultimate nature of the alien intelligence. Although he got a glimpse of it, he could not reach beyond the limits of his perception; he could not fathom beyond the limits of the Solar System. He was still bound by his own limitations; the downfall of many a mystic.

Yet Jones is a classic tragic hero. His downfall was not his fault. He had put complete faith in his vision and accepted his destiny as infallible. He is a reluctant hero who only fumbled into failure. Even with his extra ability he could not leap the abyss that separates *Daath* from the Supernal Triad. His information was incomplete. His perception was wrong. He could not cut free from the Formative World and its materialistic articulations. Could not break out of the egocentric womb of the superconscience into a universal consciousness where the aliens are transformed from threatening entities into something requiring a completely different apprehension.

On closer examination we realise that Jones' failure was also due to his fear of God -- or the aliens. In *Daath*, one step from *Kether*, he stopped and became afraid. He feared the Drifters and campaigned against them. He turned from God; could not relinquish his firmly held vision nor realise that it might be warped. Jones reached the brink of spiritual evolution then destroyed himself. He became a fanatic, a common occurrence in *Daath* and often warned against by the Qabalists.

And so it is that his grand vision, his special ability; lost its magic and became just another version of the status quo, reflected in the physical world by the age-long struggle of ideologies. Instead of seeking to find a balance between *Netzach* and *Hod* and creating a new world, he took over the existing structure of the Police State and made it his own.

To the characters in the book both systems were false realities. Neither reflected their spiritual ideals nor allowed for their own enlightenment. Repressed as they were they yearned for a life in *Tifereth*, the paradise world where all would be harmony and unity. And although they quickly grasped at Jones' superseding vision, in the end they were disappointed. Neither Hoff's Relativism nor Jonesism addressed their needs.

But with Jones the people had someone to believe in, someone to lead them. An organized religion was erected around Jones. Dick clearly points out that the people only traded one false ideology for another. The police state structure would continue, had to continue to retain power and maintain order in a bureaucratic state. Instead of living in a world made by Fedgov relativism, they lived in a world Jones made literally. He had the power to know the future so he became the prophet king. The only problem was that it was *his* future.

When he was a nobody on the circus network his future had little effect on the world. Then he was made a leader of the people and he began to create reality through his own perception. His power was absolute. The people thought him infallible and did not question the burning of the Drifters. If Jones foresaw a war in the future, then there must be war. It was prophesized.

The parallels between Christianity and Jonesism are obvious. Christianity itself is much based on prophecy, particularly the Doomsday Prophecy: a theology rooted in fear of the destruction of the world. Jonesism was fueled by the fear that the aliens would invade and destroy the world. Christ was a prophet. Jones was a prophet; his whole rise to power was caused by his prophetic ability. Christianity was the spurring force for the Crusades, Manifest Destiny and Holy Wars. Jones had his crusade against the Drifters and, like Christ, became a martyr to his cause. It seems Philip K. Dick made them similar to point out that religions can become corrupted and misinterpreted. They may appear to be infallible but they are subject to error.

Dick questions the accepted reality of mass consciousness and he examines the spirituality of man. He analyzes every aspect of the spiritual, religious, and psychological part of our being. He explores the personal conception of perceived reality -- the *Idios Kosmos* as he would later call it -- the unique and subjective aspect of our existence which is just as real as the objective, structured environment outside ourselves. And when he is finished we find ourselves at the end of the book in *Daath*. Enlightened. In essence, Dick has taken us through the Tree of Life from *Kether* down to *Malkuth* in his construction of Jones' world and back up again with the lives

of Jones and the other characters. Cussick in *Tifereth* on Venus, creating his own environment and preparing for rebirth. He symbolises our conscious mind which has achieved a new perspective on reality. And the promise of a new life, a regeneration, an enlightenment has been fulfilled. We are now the wiser for having read the book.

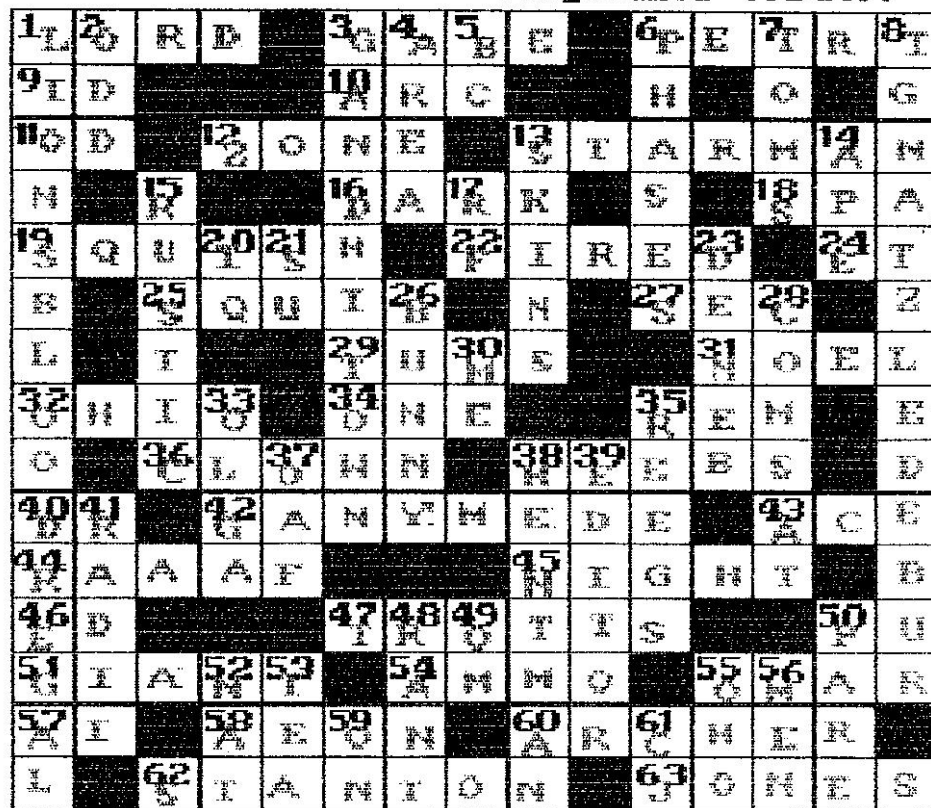
Interestingly enough, this book is truly prophetic: The maniac religious cult figure, Jones, who built a world revolving around himself turned up about twenty years later in the Jungles of South America. At a place called Jonestown this charismatic figure, along with hundreds of his followers, committed mass suicide by drinking grape cyanide Kool Aid.

Dick could even be credited as possibly the first person to use the phrase "new world order" because this is the term he used to describe Jones' "Crisis Government":

"The remaining half hour had passed. Jones was in office. The day of the Crisis Government, the new world order, had begun." [p.132 Bart]

All in all, *The World Jones Made* is a complicated book. It's mapping onto the Qabalistic Tree of Life as developed above seems quite precise. Close enough to make one wonder if Dick was a student of this ancient and esoteric theology and actually used it to plan out his novel, much as he later used the *I Ching* to plot *The Man In The High Castle* and, closer to home, much as he used Von Neumann's Game Theory to write *Solar Lottery*. We do know that he read widely in such areas and was well versed in neo-Platonic theory. So, he could hardly have missed the Qabalah.

CROSSWORDS #1: Clans Of The Alphane Moon.



ANSWER TO LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLE



This is a simple substitution code: L = Z

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from THE WORLD JONES MADE

PHILIP K. DICK

Les chaînes de l'avenir

