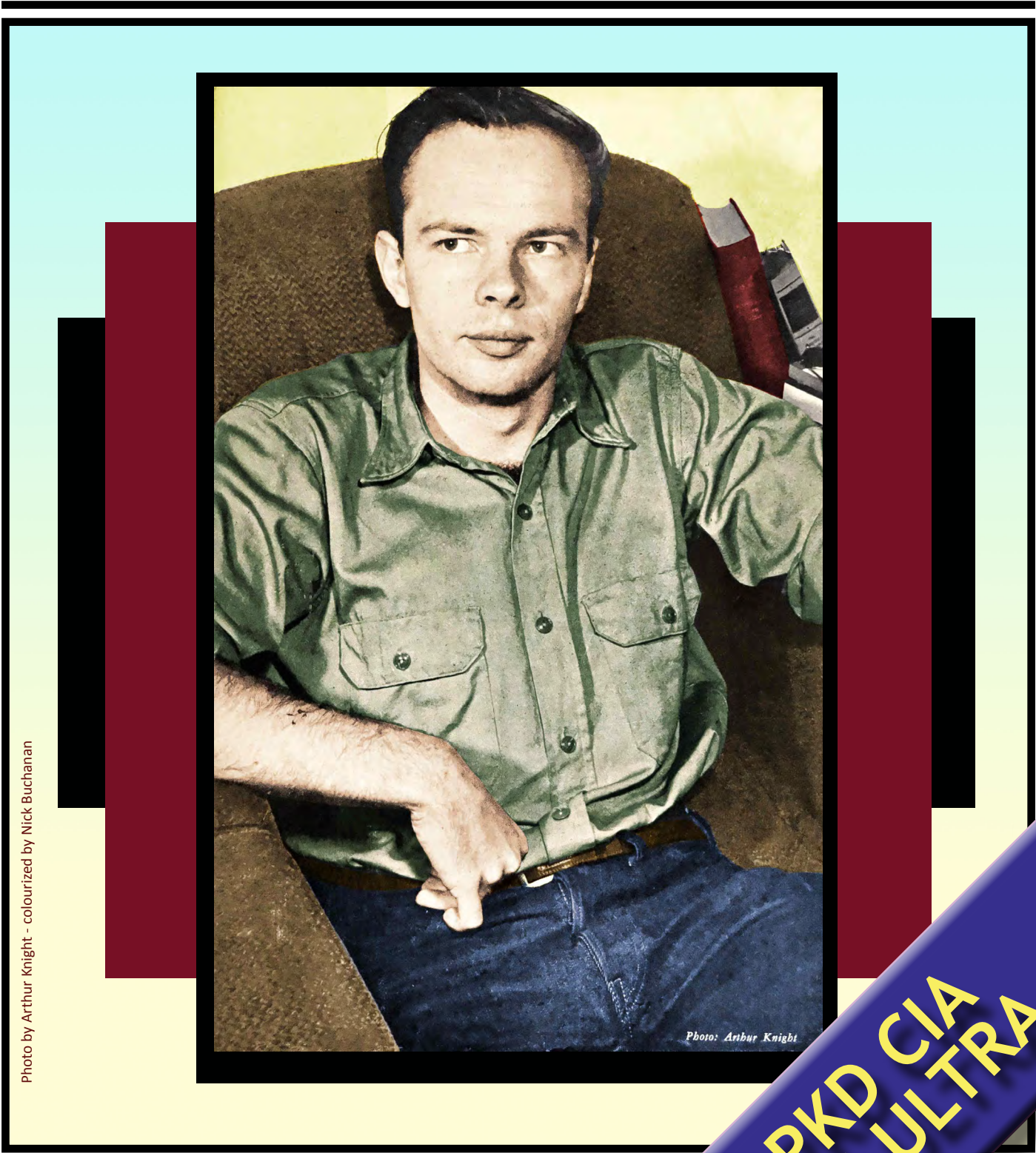


Above Photo of Phil © Tessa Dick, by kind permission

April 2018



PKD CIA
MK-ULTRA

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PKD **Otaku** is a zine made by fans for fans.

It exists to celebrate, explore and discuss the work of Philip K Dick.

The PKD Otaku Team have enjoyed the writing and ideas of Philip K. Dick for decades, and continue to do so.

The subject of Philip K. Dick benefits from diverse perspectives, opinions, and insights.

In this zine we hope to explore the Novels, Short-Fiction, Non-fiction and ideas of Philip K Dick.

If you would like to contribute (a letter of comment, an article, essay or review) please make your submission in MS Doc, Rtf or Txt form to the Otaku Team c/o Patrick Clark via email:

pkdotaku@gmail.com

All submissions are welcome and considered, but we cannot promise that all will see print.

Thank you for maintaining the dialogue!

-- The PKD OTAKU Team

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Editorial

by Patrick Clark

Dick” to see what emerges. This time, buried beneath dozens of predictable posts, was a reference to a dream Phil had about a doomsday weapon called...Valis. I pulled out the cinder block that is the Exegesis and found this:

[41:31] Dream:

G-2 has created a “doomsday device,” an artificial life form. I mention, “KGB contacted me.” I am with G-2 (which is my code for U.S. [Army] intelligence). A man named Jim shows me the doomsday device. And then quickly runs upstairs. Analysis: doomsday device is what I call Valis. It is a construct invented by humans, specifically U.S. military intelligence.... [p. 513]

Well, that was certainly unexpected. Phil had some very weird dreams. Edgar Allan Poe and Sigmund Freud would have been interested. What I like about this dream – and later on he decided that the dream was true...until later still he decided that it wasn’t – is the idea that Valis was the creation of the US military. That it was an actual weapon of war, an actual Doomsday Device (cue the image of Slim Pickens riding the bomb down at the end of *Dr. Strangelove*). Imagine what Phil’s novel would have been like if he has stuck with that idea.

Myself, I find the Exegesis too long and crazy to deal with excepts in little snippets, like this. They pique my curiosity for a brief time but then the, umm, “heroic tedium” kicks in as Phil chases his own theological tail. Better for him

had he used the time to just get a good night’s sleep, which he sorely needed to do if he was going to keep that high blood pressure at bay. Plus, I’m pissed off that Phil poured so much of his energy into this White Whale when he could have used that time to write new novels. Or (My friend Laura says I will never get over this. She’s right). The Exegesis makes abundantly clear that for hours at a time every night for the last five

years of his life, Phil was clearly off his rocker. It also appears that he could turn that off-and-on at will, like a light switch, since these same five years he did write some of his most astonishing books and stories. Go figure.

I actually dread this “editorial” chore every issue, mostly because I never know what to say. In truth, I don’t really think of myself as an “editor.” Instead I feel like I’m just one person in a group of Philip K. Dick enthusiasts who together create the issue. I don’t even do that much editing; mostly I just collect the material and turn it over to far more competent hands than mine to create this zine. It’s sort of like sending a kid off to college – except I don’t have to pay any tuition or have to worry about the police showing up at my door, miscreant offspring in tow, telling me how much trouble it is in. Once upon a time I did actually produce the issues but PKD Otaku grew up, left home, made new friends, created a life of its own. Every once in awhile it calls home and we talk and a new issue emerges. When that happens, an editorial is more or less expected.

But what to talk about? It’s a problem. Luckily, something typically comes to my attention. So I was reading this 2012 collection of essays called *Strange Divisions & Alien Territories, the Sub-Genres of Science Fiction* by Keith Brooke. One essay, by Adam Roberts, is called “does god need a starship? science fiction and religion”. (Umm, yeah, the title is all in lower case...some homage to e.e. cummings maybe.) Not surprisingly most of this particular essay concerns Phil. I mean, who else is a report on science fiction and religion going to discuss? Phil and maybe C.S. Lewis are all we have. Though he calls Phil “the God-emperor of uncertainty and creator of some of the most ontologically challenged unsettling works in all SF”, Roberts’ take on Phil is mostly negative, with special invective trained on VALIS, which is dismissed as “massively boring...a novel of prodigious, almost heroic tedium.” I think we can imagine what he might have thought of the Exegesis.

The Exegesis came up in another context soon after reading Robert’s essay. I will, from time to time (usually when I am avoiding some other task), simply Google “Philip K.

“Phil poured so much of his energy into this White Whale”



Post-Truth PKD in the Here and Now

by Frank Hollander

It seems we have reached the point where decades of hype have piled up so high that the most basic facts about the career of Philip K. Dick can be turned completely upside down in the service of yet again more hype. For a reference point from 2011, consider the Pamela Jackson/Jonathan Lethem version of the *Exegesis*, in which the editors declare that “[i]t is difficult to overstate the degree to which Dick’s reputation had gone underground in the 1970s and 1980s; it had never been very far overground to begin with, and his stature with publishers was nonexistent.” This statement is almost self-refuting, because Dick had several new books published during those years by ...publishers, which is just a basic fact, and, well, I’ll get back to that. But since the editors are apparently suggesting that Dick’s “literary” stature was lacking, then okay, no need to gripe about exactly how tiny that reputation was in those various years. But behold this paragraph from a recent academic call for papers:

*“Philip K. Dick, Here and Now reinitializes and extends the study of a major American sf author whose reputation has undergone a profound transformation since his death. At Dick’s death, exactly one work was in print—Bladerunner, the movie tie-in, with its original title in small letters underneath. Now? Everything is in print. The Library of America collects Dick’s novels and more, even the hard to find, once-unpublishable *Exegesis*, so important to Dick, that has received scant critical attention. We live in a phildickian present.”*

Okay, Dick is a major science fiction author, and his reputation has undergone a profound transformation since his death. Fair enough. Canonized in the Library of America, even the *Exegesis* was published, wow, it has been quite a ride, huh? Gloss over the details in that paragraph and it seems to fit. But no, the sentences tell a different story. Totally neglected by publishers, and humiliated by the movie tie-in *Blade Runner* being his only book in print, Dick dies, and only then does his reputation rise from the ashes. The problem with that notion is that it is completely, utterly false.

“-it astounds me that a supposed source of scholarly expertise about Dick could be so completely oblivious to this basic fact-”

In case you don’t know, I am going to tell you the truth. When Dick died in early 1982, he was recognized as a major science fiction author. *Locus*, the fanzine that had

already grown into “*The Newspaper of the Science Fiction Field*,” stated it unequivocally: “Philip K. Dick, 53, one of the great writers of science fiction, died at 8:20 a.m. on

March 2 following a series of strokes.” And the mainstream press published obituaries as well. But was he a great sf writer of the past, whose works had fallen out of print? NO!!!! Dick had over thirty novels published during his career, an average output of more than one a year. Not all of them were in print, but according to a volume of *Books in Print: 1980-1981* that I consulted, thirteen of Dick’s books were available from various publishers in mass market paperback editions within the year before his death. And at least as many could be acquired in small press editions.

Most galling of all--it astounds me that a supposed source of scholarly expertise about Dick could be so completely obli-

vous to this basic fact--one of Dick’s most celebrated novels, *VALIS*, anchoring its own thematic volume in the Library of America, WAS NOT PUBLISHED UNTIL 1981! And



it went through multiple printings in the same year. **The Divine Invasion**, the followup, also was first published in 1981. Dick's last novel, **The Transmigration of Timothy Archer**, appeared shortly after his death. Reprints of minor works such as **Dr. Futurity**, and the small press classic **Confessions of a Crap Artist**, were already in the pipeline. There simply was no letup in publishing Philip K. Dick books before his death. A quick look through any reasonably competent Dick bibliography confirms all this.

Looking through the cloud of hype, there is usually some partial truth within. Dick's reputation with publishers slipped a bit during the 1970s, but only due to his (previously uncharacteristic) failure to turn in his books on time. There was no lack of books to publish, however, owing to Dick's large backlist, which was spread among several publishers. And the books did fall in and out of print, including some of the novels considered masterpieces by folks such as Lethem. I assume that Lethem internalized this complaint while participating in the PKDS with Paul Williams during the 1980s, because the issue was discussed in the newsletter periodically. And the problem was real, though prone to exaggeration. In an academic sf course I took in 1983, I read **Martian Time-Slip** and **Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?** as exemplary works by Dick--not at all bad choices--but quite possibly because those two happened to be available in quantity from the publishers.

But there is more to the story of the 1980s. First, in case you don't know, the PKDS was part of a deliberate marketing strategy. In a 2016 eulogy for David G. Hartwell, Patrick Nielsen Hayden states that in 1983 he witnessed Hartwell and Williams as they "invented the Philip K. Dick Society and planned Dick's wildly successful posthumous Hollywood career." This sounds like hyperbole, but it is consistent with the record, even though Hartwell mostly kept quiet about it. If you have the first issue of the PKDS newsletter, the plan is pretty much spelled out right there. As literary executor, Williams was trying to promote Dick's works, get the unpublished novels in print, and figure out

how to sell more stuff to Hollywood. (Fun fact from the Heinlein Archives, available online for a price: in a July 1983 letter to Robert and Virginia Heinlein, Tessa Dick complains about management of the Dick Estate, and plans for PKDS: "Would you want to be a dead man's fan club member?")



So what took so long to get all those novels back in print, including some of the major works? Again, it was partly a deliberate strategy, noted as such in PKDS Newsletter #25, from December 1990. With the announcement of the first contract with Vintage--the fruits of "eight years of effort"--to begin publishing Dick in a prestigious trade paperback line, Williams quotes agent Russell Galen in Locus: "The idea was to accumulate a large number of major Dick works ... so that a publisher could buy them as a group. With the reversion two months ago of a large cache of former Doubleday titles, we finally made our move. Vintage was the only publisher we approached."

In case you don't know, Vintage did not publish all those Dick titles at once--almost all of the science fiction novels other than **Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?** --but in small batches, over the course of fifteen years. This left many titles languishing out of print for even longer than before, and not because Dick's reputation with publishers was suffering. And one final thing. Contrary to that grossly erroneous call for papers quoted above, the "Blade Runner" edition of **Do Androids** was not even in print when Dick died. Or rather, it may have literally been in print, but it had not yet gone on sale. The first edition has a stated publication date of May 1982, preceding the June 25 release of the movie. Even allowing for typical variations in timing, the book would not have been available until well after Dick died on March 2, 1982.

Frank Hollander has been a "big fan" of Philip K. Dick since 1983, and was an early member of the Philip K. Dick Society.

Prince Myshkin in California: Dostoyevsky and Dick

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Introduction to a Prince

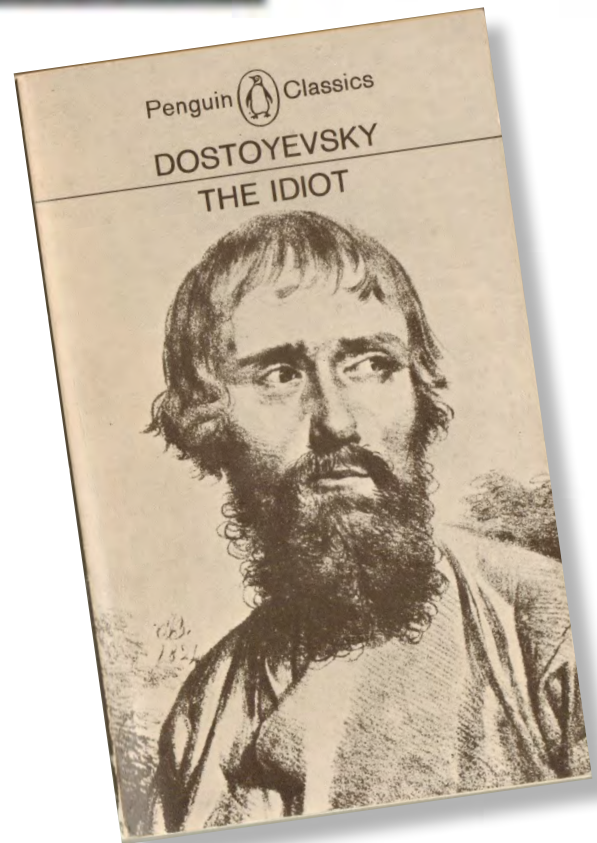
The following is a slightly edited version of a talk I gave at a 2012 memorial to Philip K. Dick, a memorial that properly enough took place in Berkeley, California, on the thirtieth anniversary of his death. Its existence as a talk explains its opening line: I actually held up the battered paperback I reference here, a sign of its historicity, à la the role played by FDR's cigarette lighter in *The Man in the High Castle*.

Reading my talk again, for the first time in many years, I note some phrases I recycled for a discussion of *The Man Who Japed* in my forthcoming book, *The Films of Philip K. Dick*, which is being published by Arrowfilms in the U.K. later this year. Only there, the context is the varyingly good and bad movies spun off from Mr. Dick's imagination, a less compelling context perhaps than the comparison I make here between the two writers.

Just to quickly clarify – no, there's not a film version of *The Man Who Japed* you don't know about. Although my new book is nominally about Ridley Scott and his friends, and tired old questions about Deckard being a replicant are, palsied, helped out of their sickbeds for a walk around the infirmary before being once again retired, what *The Films of Philip K. Dick* is really about is PKD's posthumous career, his miraculous transformation from OOP (Out of Print) to IP (Intellectual Property), from dead prophet to live profit. He rose from the dead in his spare time, and so can you!

This still doesn't explain how *The Man Who Japed* comes to figure in a book at least nominally on the films of Philip K. Dick. Maybe if you read the book you can figure it out; I didn't really discover its theme, as given above, until I was writing it. It's a commissioned project, and as such written quickly to a deadline, as opposed to the long form labors of love that comprise my increasingly large trove of Philip Dick-related manuscripts... which explains the overlap in phrasing between this 2012 talk and my 2018 book. In both cases I drew from a third manuscript, a completed piece on *Japed*. Like a lot of Phil's mid-1950s work, that novel is overlooked in the rush to get from "Roog" to the 1960s. But it's a rich, complex work, which – like most of Phil Dick's work, not to mention Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot* – deserves your rereading.

Gregg Rickman: © 2018



I found this book at a jumble sale. It cost me 25 cents. It's beat up, dog-eared, yellowed, and swollen due to contact with water, a dousing that took place at some time over the 42 years since this particular copy was printed in 1970. It's the Fyodor Dostoyevsky novel *The Idiot*, a classic of world literature, reduced by time and chance to what Philip K. Dick called the trash stratum: where, he famously told us in *VALIS*, "The symbols of the divine show up," amid, as he put it in *Radio Free Albemuth*, "flattened beer cans and papers and weeds and junk mail." Its translation is by David Magarshack, dating to 1955, which is appropriate as much of my discussion today will be on Philip Dick's short stories and novels of the 1950s, particularly *The Cosmic Puppets* and *The Man Who Japed*. Those stories and novels may now be printed on fine paper in deluxe uniform editions, but they are still pure emanations from the trash stratum – the pulp fiction – of its day.

The Idiot, by contrast, has always been accepted as great literature, even as it has baffled generations of readers. It was, according to Dostoyevsky scholar Joseph Frank, "the most personal of all his major works, the book in which he embodies his most intimate, cherished, and sacred convictions. Readers who took this work to their hearts were, he must have felt, a select group of kindred souls with whom he could truly communicate." (Frank, 316) That secret communication between author and audience was at

the heart of Dick's fandom while he was alive, and obviously is still very much with us today.

Reading *The Idiot* – and I did read the beat-up paperback I encountered by chance – I was struck by one passage in particular. The saintly, epileptic Prince Myshkin, on the verge of a seizure, is struck by something “that interested him exceedingly. He remembered that at the moment when he became aware that he was looking for something, he was standing on the pavement in front of a shop window and examining the things in it with great interest. He felt he simply had to find out whether he really had stood just now before that shop window, perhaps five minutes before, or whether he had imagined it all, or got it all mixed up. Did that shop and the things in its window really exist?”

Compare this passage from *The Cosmic Puppets*, Philip Dick's novel of 1957. Ted Barton has returned to his hometown of Millgate. But nothing is as he remembers it. “All strange. Alien,” he thinks. He looks at “the hardware store next to the bar. It was old, an ancient wood building, leaning and sagging, its yellow paint peeled off. He could make out a dim interior, harnesses, farm equipment, tools, cans of paint, faded calendars on the walls. Behind the fly-specked window was a display of fertilizers and chemical sprays. Dead insects lay in heaps in the corners. Spider webs. Warped cardboard signs. It was an old store – old as hell.”

But the store hadn't existed in Ted's childhood, and he goes on to discover that what had once been Doyle's Leather Goods was now a run-down bar, a radio store a hand laundry and what had once been his boyhood town decayed and isolated.

Both Ted Barton and Prince Myshkin are forced to wonder as to whether what they are looking at is real. Both Barton and the Prince use a display of consumer goods as an anchor to reality. But what is real, and what illusion? Both authors' probing of these questions is central to their achievements.

“Reality,” Philip Dick famously said, “is that which, when you stop believing in it, doesn't go away.” One of *The Idi-*

ot's secondary characters, the dying atheist Ippolit, puts it this way: “reality has been trying to catch me too.” (Dostoyevsky, 433) Late in the novel the prince observes, “the most fantastic dream became suddenly transformed into the most vivid and sharply defined reality.” (Dostoyevsky, 609) But, what is reality? That's Philip Dick's great question. While writing *The Idiot* Dostoyevsky responded to a friend who had queried the extreme developments in his novel-in-progress. He wrote his reader not to worry, he just had “a different conception of reality” than his critics – “a fantastic reality.” (Frank, 301-2) Dick and Dostoyevsky both wrote novels of a fantastic reality. “But realism for Dostoyevsky never meant the acceptance of the factual and literal *in itself*; it meant, rather, its transformation in the light of what he called ‘the beginnings and ends’ of factuality, its significance in a larger framework of moral-religious meaning... Dostoyevsky's realism... inevitably became “fantastic’ because he was always reaching out to grasp the ultimate meaning of both beginnings and ends.” (Frank, 315)

Philip Dick and Fyodor Dostoyevsky are very different artists operating in very different times. Yet they have enough in common to be worth looking at what they shared. Both, quite obviously, were visionary novelists who suffered inordinately in their lifetime and died too soon. Both men's reputations soared after their deaths. Both had equivocal relationships with their powerful governments.

Both acquired intense cult followings. And both shared certain themes.

I'd like to return to the items Ted Barton observes in the window of the town in *Cosmic Puppets*. This use of ordinary household objects is a marker of reality and how reality can change in Philip Dick's writing. In *The Idiot* Prince Myshkin, peering through a similar window, looks worriedly for an article worth “no more than sixty kopeks.” Its existence will be proof that he had indeed stood in front of the shop and looked at that item; if that item isn't there then the Prince will be lost in “utter confusion.” No wonder he retraces his steps “looking almost in anguish.”

This links up with another recurring theme in Dick's writing, his fondness for small scale entrepreneurial capitalists, who, as he once phrased it, after the apocalypse will

“Both Ted Barton and Prince Myshkin are forced to wonder as to whether what they are looking at is real”

be crawling out of the rubble ready to sell you a rewired radio. These good capitalists produce worthy pieces of jewelry, like Frank Frink in *The Man in the High Castle*, while a system's phoniness is illustrated by the junk it produces that falls apart, that is subject to entropy, like the copies that "puddle" in the short story "Pay for the Printer." This can be generalized to a critique of the shift promoted by large scale, industrialized capitalism, a process that was already underway at the time, the 1860s, when Dostoyevsky wrote *The Idiot*. Indeed, a minor character in that novel, Lebedev, identifies the "star that is called Wormwood" – from the Book of Revelations – "with the network of railways spread all over Europe." As he complains, "They hustle, they roar, they rend the air with their noise, they hurry, they say, for the happiness of mankind." (Dostoyevsky, 413)

What caused the shift from handmade goods to mass-produced junk? Those very engines of progress Lebedev complains of. More specifically, in Dick's writing, it's the forces of consumerism, in particular advertising, that forces this transition. Several of Dick's early stories overtly satirize the high-pressure salesmanship of 1950s television and mass media generally – as for example "Sales Pitch," wherein the new, self-aware product the fasrad chases down and forces itself on its target. (The flipside of this are Dick's "creditor jet balloons," which follow credit card debtors around demanding money – I'm sure we'll be seeing those in our lives before too long.)

Dick's most thoroughgoing critique of 1950s consumerism is his 1956 novel *The Man Who Japed*, one of several works by Philip Dick in which ad men are the Madison Av-

enue manipulators of the future. Allen Purcell, the Don Draper of the future – and like the protagonist of *Mad Men* possessed of two identities – is the protagonist of *The Man Who Japed*, an ad man who devises propaganda for a future authoritarian state. As such he is a recurring figure in Dick's fiction, to be seen again as the tormented

"yanceman" Joseph Adams in *The Penultimate Truth* (1964), and as a simulacrum of Philip Dick himself in *Radio Free Albemuth* (written 1975). Purcell unconsciously revolts against his social role by, while in his sleep, "japing"—splashing with paint, decapitating, and later stealing the head of—a statue of his society's hero figure, Major Jules Streiter. His unconscious conscience forces him to revolt. Streiter's name is a direct reference to the Nazi Julius Streicher, a notorious sexual pervert. In Dick's novel, Major Streiter is the founder of his government's ideology, the puritanical and repressive "Morec" (moral reclamation, based on a popular 1950s mass movement). Prince Myshkin and some of the other positive characters in *The Idiot* also advocate such a movement for Russia, a marker of Dostoyevsky's ambiguous relationship with the state.

Purcell's separation, while unconscious, of Major Streiter's head from Major Streiter's body is a brilliant visualization of the separa-

tion of mind and body central to western culture since at least Descartes – and everyone who's studied *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* is aware of the call-out to Rene Descartes in the character of Rick Deckard. The novel also anticipates the author's embrace of the youth culture of the 1960s: the totalitarian world of Morec is presented in this novel as the end result of the eating of the young by the old. This future society's sullen adolescents and children are Allen Purcell's hopes for the future. The teenage boys Allen meets during an amnesic spell are anxious to



escape Morec; late in the book a nine-year-old boy, initials R. P. (the initials of Dick's one-time pseudonym "Richard Phillips"), is apprehended for scrawling pornographic words on a bathroom wall. It are these teenagers, and the boy, who are the book's true hope for the future, even as Dick would appeal to the hell-raising capability of anarchist youth in his Vancouver speech of 1972 as his hope for Vietnam-era America's future.

The Man Who Japed builds to Purcell's ultimate jape against the government, a coordinated ad campaign that reveals to the public, to much whipped up attention, that Major Streiter had advocated and practiced "active assimilation"—cannibalism—as part of his post-atomic war program. Cannibalism, of course, is perhaps the ultimate dehumanizing crime. Seeking to outrage, the provocateur Lebedev, in *The Idiot*, compares his times with that of twelfth century Russia, ridden with famines. He dilates on the confession of a ne'er-do-well from that era who had survived multiple famines in his long life "through cannibalism, killing and consuming in secret sixty monks and several lay infants" — but no more than six of them. (Dostoyevsky, 414)

Morec, meanwhile, is defined by Allan Purcell as "gobbl[ing] greedily at the human soul," and thus can be defined as at least spiritual cannibalism, as in another of Dick's novels, Palmer Eldritch's religion of himself. Allen Purcell remarks of Streiter's statue that it was designed to always appear "looking into the future," while in *The Man in the High Castle* Nazis are said to control the future, to be as God. "God has eaten man," that book tells us. Thus we have a recurring theme, that of time, a theme also common to both authors. Prince Myshkin perceives time as slowing down to a stop just before one of his seizures, and I would direct you to his brilliant description of that state in Part II, Chapter 5 of *The Idiot*, and ask you to compare it with Philip Dick's description of the Valis event. (I take no position here on the claim that Dick suffered an epileptic seizure himself in February 1974.) Rather, I instead point to the claim by the dying Ippolit later in the

book: "'To-morrow 'there will be time no longer!'"

Joseph Frank writes: The Prince incarnates "the soul of the primitive Christian ethic, whose doctrine of totally selfless agape [of love] was conceived in the same perspective of the imminent end of time." (Frank, 321) The end of time. Dostoyevsky wrote *The Idiot* concerned with trying to present the dilemma of the purely good person in a less than perfect world. One here compares Dostoyevsky with the Dick of the VALIS period and after, particularly Dick's

last months with his predictions of the imminent return of Christ. "Myshkin's life ends tragically; but for Dostoyevsky, poised to write his final pages, this in no way undermines the transcendent ideal of Christian love that he tries to bring to the world, and whose full realization is beyond the power of any earthly human to achieve." (Frank, 310)

Compare the Prince's sufferings with that of Tagore

in the letter Philip Dick sent to the 85 people in his address book less than a year before he died.

Perhaps one day Philip Dick will be thought of as being to his own time what such a witness-victim-genius as Fyodor Dostoyevsky was to his. Today when we think of Dostoyevsky, we think of the social democrat sent to Siberia for ten years, a powerful witness to the sufferings of the dispossessed. We may not remember the later Dostoyevsky, the mystic who all but worshipped the forces that had exiled him. Contradictory? Yes, but equally so was Philip K. Dick.

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The Doctor Will See You Now: the Evolution of Dr. Futurity

By Patrick Clark

(for Perry Kinman)

Part One: Time Pawn

Paul Rydeen once wrote an article called “The Worst of PKD.” He surveyed various opinions as to which of Phil’s novels was, well, the worst. Perhaps “least successful” would be a kinder way to phrase it. Everyone has an opinion about this and the choices are all over the map: Paul picked *A Maze of Death*; Gregg Rickman said *The Crack in Space* is the worst; and Phil himself once chose *Vulcan’s Hammer*. Even a poor PKD novel generally has some interesting idea or character to redeem it at least somewhat. So “worst” is relative. For me, *Dr. Futurity* is, hands down, the least successful or all the novels. And unlike other candidates for the designation it is one that seems to lack many redeeming qualities at all.

Dr. Futurity began life as a 23,200-word novella entitled “Time Pawn.” It was received by the Scott Meredith Literary Agency on June 5, 1953. A sub-agent there remarked that the story was “very disappointing” though there had been “high hope for abt 1/3rd of the way.” Nevertheless the tale found a publisher appearing in the Summer 1954 issue of *Thrilling Wonder Stories* with an interior illustration by Virgil Finley. *Thrilling Wonder Stories* was the lineal descendent of Hugo Gernsback’s *Wonder Stories*; under this new title it published from 1936 to Winter 1955. Despite its usually garish covers (it apparently created

the “BEM” motif) the magazine was home to a number of important writers. Van Vogt’s *Weapon Shops* of Isher first appeared in its pages in 1949. The April 1953 issue contained Philip Jose Farmer’s controversial short story “Mother.” Jack Vance debuted there and Ray Bradbury was a regular contributor. “Time Pawn” shared the Summer issue with Theodore Sturgeon’s “The Golden Helix” (both were billed as “novels,” by the way) as well as verse by Philip Jose Farmer. Phil wrote only one other piece for the magazine, “Prize Ship,” in the Winter 1954 issue. This was a prolific time for Phil. Twenty-eight of his stories appeared in 1954 including “The Golden Man,” “Breakfast at Twilight,” “Adjustment Team,” and “The Turning Wheel.”



“Time Pawn” has the unusual distinction of having never been reprinted after its initial appearance. There have never been any translations of the story, as opposed to the novel itself. When the multi-volume *Collected Short Stories of Philip K. Dick* was assembled, “Time Pawn” was not included, presumably because the editors did not wish to duplicate material available in the novels. “Cantata 140,” for example, was also excluded. But “Cantata 140” is contained, word for word, as the first part of *The Crack in Space*. The situation with “Time Pawn” and *Dr. Futurity* is quite different.



The plot of “Time Pawn” is as follows. James Parsons, a doctor living in 21st Century New York, is on his way to work in his remotely controlled car one morning. The controls suddenly fail and the vehicle crashes. Parsons is thrown clear and into some field of force. When he regains consciousness he finds himself at

night outside a strange city. The city is unlike any he has ever seen – the spires were not his own” – and the stars are unfamiliar. He rather quickly realizes that he is in the

future and he accepts this extraordinary fact without too much discomfort. He is still holding his medical case and assures himself that, no matter where he is, the civilization will need a competent physician. Indeed, he is excited by the idea and makes his way toward the city via a multi-ramped highway.

Parsons is picked up by a youth named Wade who wears strange robes and an Eagle emblem. He offers to drive Parsons into the city. Wade is no more than 20 years old. More significantly, he appears to be a full-blooded American Indian. He speaks a strange polyglot language, a bizarre combination of Latin and Anglo-Saxon that Parsons has little trouble understanding him. Indeed, Phil rather rushes over a good number of points that might make a discerning reader raise an eyebrow. Phil had laboriously constructed this new language and clearly wanted to try it out. The chances of Parsons really being able to understand such an improbable tongue are nil and Phil quickly drops the whole matter and switches to regular English. After hearing Parsons' story Wade confirms that this is indeed his future. It is 700 years after "the War" in the 21st Century and a new society has grown up, one that barely remembers Parson's era. This society is organized into clans grouped around animal totems such as Eagle, Wolf and Bear. The population is now very young and all of full-blooded American Indian stock. Parsons is White and the people he meets are all repelled by his skin color.

Wade takes Parsons to a place in the city and introduces him to a young woman named Icara. She questions the two of them and it is here that a number of strange terms appear: "Soul Cube," "the Fountain," "the Lists," and "Loris." Other people enter the room including a young man named Kem who insists that Icara leave with him. She refuses and the two struggle. Kem shoots Icara with a terrible weapon that cuts her to pieces. This scene of graphic violence is quite shocking given Phil's usual restraint in this matter. As she lies dying the other sends for "the Euthanor" but Parsons immediately opens his medical case and attempts to save her. Using 21st Century medical technology he is able to stabilize her. But when the crowd realizes that he is actually saving her life they react in horror and beat Parsons into unconsciousness.

Parsons regains consciousness in a new place surrounded by white robed young men and women. A hospital? But he realizes that this society has no hospitals and no doctors. They use euthanasia. Parsons is in a government center called the Fountain. The Director of the Fountain,

a man named Stenog, questions him. At thirty, Stenog is the oldest person in the room. From him Parsons learns that healing is a crime in this society and that he will be sent to a prison colony on Mars as soon as his interrogation is complete. Parsons eventually learns that the average age in the future is fifteen. Society revolves around the operation of the Soul Cube – an immense "cold-pack" unit in which is stored the total reproductive future of mankind in the form of arrested zygotes. When a person dies a new zygote is allowed to begin developing. Meanwhile, at the other end of the process, a fully formed fetus, frozen until needed, emerges from the Cube and goes to the tribe that suffered the death. In this way the population of the planet is stabilized. Contribution of gametes to the Cube is regulated by the Lists – contests of physical and mental ability arranged among clan lines with the winners donating the majority of the new gametes to the Cube for future fertilization. In this way only the best and the brightest gametes are available and so the human race continuously improves. Stenog remarks that the Wolf Clan had recently triumphed in the Lists and made a major contribution to the Cube. This is the sole form of reproduction permitted. "Unauthorized zygote production" is both illegal and impossible as males are sterilized at birth. The Cube has the only source of male gametes, frozen within the Cube for later fertilization. (Phil is at great pains to avoid the terms "sperm" and "ovum" for some reason. Maybe he thought "gametes" sounded more futuristic.) To the people of the future, earlier societies' use of birth control – "rassmort" ("race death," presumably) – is an incredible perversion.

The reason medical science and the healing arts are illegal is that this society looks upon death as something to be embraced for the good of the clan. When a person dies a superior individual replaces him or her, hence the clan as a whole is strengthened. By saving Icara Parsons saddled her clan with a person who, because of her injuries, would drag them down in the Lists. Her continued existence damaged the clan's chance to contribute their gametes to the Cube. In this society such an action is intolerable. Indeed, after swearing out a legal action against Parsons, Icara immediately had herself euthenized. The details of this brave new world allow Stenog and Parsons to discuss the whole concept of death within their different cultures, with Parsons coming out rather the worse in the debate. Stenog and his colleagues make an effort to understand Parsons and his profession as a healer but the concept is too alien to their manner of life. They bear him no ill will but he has no place in their society, has transgressed their

most basic laws and so must be exiled to Mars.

Parsons is stuffed into a one-way rocket and launched into space but something goes wrong and the rocket crashes back to Earth. When he recovers (this is the third time he's been rendered unconscious since he left home in the 21st Century) he finds himself a prisoner of the Wolf Clan and their leader, a beautiful 35-year old woman named Loris. She and her group are responsible for Parsons' predicament. It was they who transported him into the future via a time-dredge and later caused the rocket to crash land. They had originally planned to meet him when he first arrived by time travel is an imperfect technology and so Parsons inadvertently entered the city and came to the attention of the authorities. The reason for this elaborate conspiracy is simple: the Wolf Clan needs a doctor. They have a medical problem and want Parsons to help them.

Loris takes Parsons to a secret chamber within the Wolf Clan stronghold. The Clan has a miniature Cube. Within its cold-pack field is the body of a man, perfectly preserved. Loris explains that he is Corith, the head of the Clan and her father. He died 35 years ago but was placed in cold-pack immediately after death. The Clan lacks the expertise to resuscitate him but hopes that Parson can do so. If he succeeds, Parsons will be returned to his own era. If he fails, he dies.

Parsons is still recovering from the crash landing and so is allowed some time before attempting the operation. He has many questions. How had Corith died 35 years before? How did the Clan acquire cold-pack technology, which is a government monopoly? How did they happen to have a Cube ready at the exact moment they needed it to preserve their deceased leader? But Loris refuses to give him any answers and Parsons is reluctant to press her. He is already developing strong emotional and sexual feelings toward her. He also realizes that this whole situation is highly illegal and that the Clan is desperate. In any case, the Wolf Clan is the only group who can return him to the 21st Century. So, despite his misgivings, Parson agrees to help them.

A large number of people gather to watch Parsons work, including a very old woman of nearly 70. She is Jepthe, Loris' mother and the wife of Corith. Parsons notes a strong resemblance amongst all three and, indeed, all of the conspirators share the same general look. A *family* resemblance, Parsons realizes. But he has no time to dwell on this, nor how it happens that a 70-year old woman

continues to survive in this future society, nor how a *family* resemblance can exist in the randomized reproductive system of the Cube. He plugs in the various devices necessary to restore life to his patient – a mechanical lung, a heart pump. Doctors in the 21st Century operate more like mechanics than in the manner we normally associate with physicians. (Eric Sweetscent, in *Now Wait For Last Year*, works in much the same way. In this sense even doctors resemble the typical working class protagonists of Phil's world along with squibble repairmen and tire regroovers.) The operation is a success and Corith revives. He is taken away to recover. Parsons then sees still another old woman in the crowd and she quite the oldest one of all. She is Nixina, the *Urmutter*, nearly a century old and the progenitor of all the conspirators. Jepthe and Corith are her children and *their* children are the secret group within the Wolf Clan. They have created an actual family, albeit incestuous, in a society that neither permits nor understands the very concept of a biological family.

Dazed by these revelations, Parsons visits his patient and explains the details of his resuscitation. Corith shouts out "You damn fool! I died *once* to get away. Wasn't that enough?" Then the whole story tumbles out. Nixina and Jepthe are plotting to spawn a new race by carefully manipulating the Soul Cube. They are mutants, as is Corith, and have isolated the Wolf Clan mutant gametes from those of the other tribes, forming zygotes only within their own Clan's genetic material so that the strain breeds true. Once they have reached sufficient numbers they will overthrow the government and destroy the Soul Cube. The mutant Wolf Clan alone will be permitted to reproduce and so will inherit the Earth. But they still have to use the official Soul Cube to breed; their own Cube failed in its reproductive function but could be used to preserve Corith. Corith and Jepthe bred nearly 80 children, some of whom are still in the Soul Cube waiting to be released. When Corith realized the nature of this insane conspiracy he killed himself rather than go on. Corith is crucial to the plot because he had not been sterilized; Nixina was able to spirit him away from the Fountain as a child before the operation. Corith is the only fertile male on Earth and when he committed suicide the plot was stuck in its track. But Corith was preserved in cold-pack and could be revived. For more than 30 years the conspiracy has been on hold as the Wolf Clan sought a way to bring Corith back to life. Finally they kidnapped Parsons from the past to perform the necessary procedure. Now Nixina and Jepthe plan to mate Corith with Loris and continue their breeding program. Corith begs Parsons to escape and alert the

Government.

Unfortunately a guard overhears them talking and calls for reinforcements. They are about to shoot Parsons when Corith pulls the heart pump from his chest and begins bleeding to death. Horrified the guards rush to help him and in the confusion Parsons escapes from the stronghold. The Clan pursues him but he manages to kill four of the guards. There is not much violence in "Time Pawn" but what there is is quite savage. For a doctor, Parson is quite a ruthless and efficient killer. He escapes finally by hijacking a car driven by a young couple (he does this by threatening to kill the girl unless her boyfriend follows his orders, by the way) and manages to reach Stenog in the city.

Stenog is not quite sure what to believe but orders the Cube to be ready for a possible attack. A Cube official tells him that Loris is already in the facility. Stenog and Parsons rush to the Cube and discover Loris calmly destroying a tape file. She admits to Stenog the details of the Wolf Clans' plot. It's moot now. Corith died when he tore out the pump and there is no way to save him a second time. Without his fertility and with the government now alerted the conspiracy cannot continue. There are still a number of mutant Wolf Clan zygotes in the Cube which will emerge from time to time over the next 40 centuries. Perhaps they will begin the conspiracy again. There is no way to identify them from the normal zygotes; the file she burned was the only record.

And with that, "Time Pawn" draws to a close. The Wolf Clan are rounded up and exiled to Mars. Parsons is to be sent back to his own time. On the way to the time-dredge Stenog and Parsons discuss the ramifications of the mutant zygotes still in the Cube. Will Earth have to exile any unusually talented humans who emerge from the Cube to be on the safe side? But that undermines the whole point of the Lists and the Fountain. Stenog wonders if humanity will have to go back to normal reproduction, "unify reproduction and sexual intercourse into one act" again. Parsons doesn't care. He's returning home to his wife. Stenog shudders. "A wife. Well, almost any kind of society can exist. Almost any system of morals." Parson

smiles and says, "Just about any. I guess you have to take the broad view of it."

While certainly enjoyable as a sci-fi action story with some kinky (for 1953) subtexts, "Time Pawn" has more than a few logical lapses. For example, if all males are sterilized at birth, why do they participate in the Lists? They have no gametes to contribute to the Cube. By sterilizing male at birth the future undermines its own agenda to improve humanity; only half of the human race, the females, can contribute. The supply of male gametes in the Cube freezes male contribution to evolutionary progress to the time when the supply was first preserved. Stenog need have no fear of mutant revolutionaries climbing out of the Cube to overthrow his civilization. Any Wolf Clan zygotes that emerge will be, first, sterilized at birth if male, then distributed to whatever Clan has suffered a recent death. Without a group of conspirators operating within the Fountain the Clan will not be able to isolate these zy-

gotes and monopolize them for their own breeding purposes. In the normal course of events, Wolf Clan genetic material will be contributed to the Cube via the Lists and their heritage either strengthen the total human gene pool or be diluted though fertilization with normal gametes. In no sense do they pose a threat to the future of humanity or

the society of the Cube. And why would the future be horrified by the use of artificial birth control in the 20th and 21st Centuries? The Cube itself is a gigantic birth control system and about as "artificial" as one can imagine. It would make much more sense if they were deeply repulsed by the concept of natural impregnation and natural childbirth – things that do not ever happen in the 28th Century.

Beyond these issues, the story as a whole is something of a disappointment. Characterization is weak. Most of the people in the story are mere cardboard. Parsons has a bit more depth but he must be the most unlikable protagonist Phil ever conceived. The pacing is off; events are too hurried and there is too much jumping around. There is too much "pulp fiction action" and the violence is fairly gratuitous. The whole American Indian idea doesn't make sense nor *why* so unlikely a society as the Cube evolve from what must have been a genocidal world-wide war.

"Most of the people in the story are mere cardboard."

But perhaps we need not be too critical. This is a short story written for the pulps and likely written in a hurry. And perhaps, too, with the intent to be rather shocking speaking, as it does, of sex, birth control, euthanasia, eugenics, and incest -- not, we may imagine, typical fare for SF readers in Eisenhower's America.

"Time Pawn" is perhaps more significant as being one of Phil's longest science fiction story to date. At 23,200 words "Time Pawn" easily out-distances his other lengthy tales in the same period: "Paycheck" (13,000 words; received at Meredith 7/31/52), "Second Variety" (16,000 words; received 10/3/52) and --just barely-- "Vulcan's Hammer" (22,800 words; received 4/16/53). Quite possibly Phil was gearing up to write a full-length novel in 1953 and teaching himself the technique, testing the best way to create a more sustained work than he had heretofore ever attempted. 23,200 words would be about 60 pages in an Ace paperback -- only about half of a novel length. He's not there yet but he is learning the craft. The plot itself went about as far as it could go with the ideas it had and there is certainly nothing to indicate Phil had any intention of doing anything more with this sprawling novelette. But strangely enough, within a few years "Time Pawn" would return to become an actual novel.

Part 2: Dr. Futurity

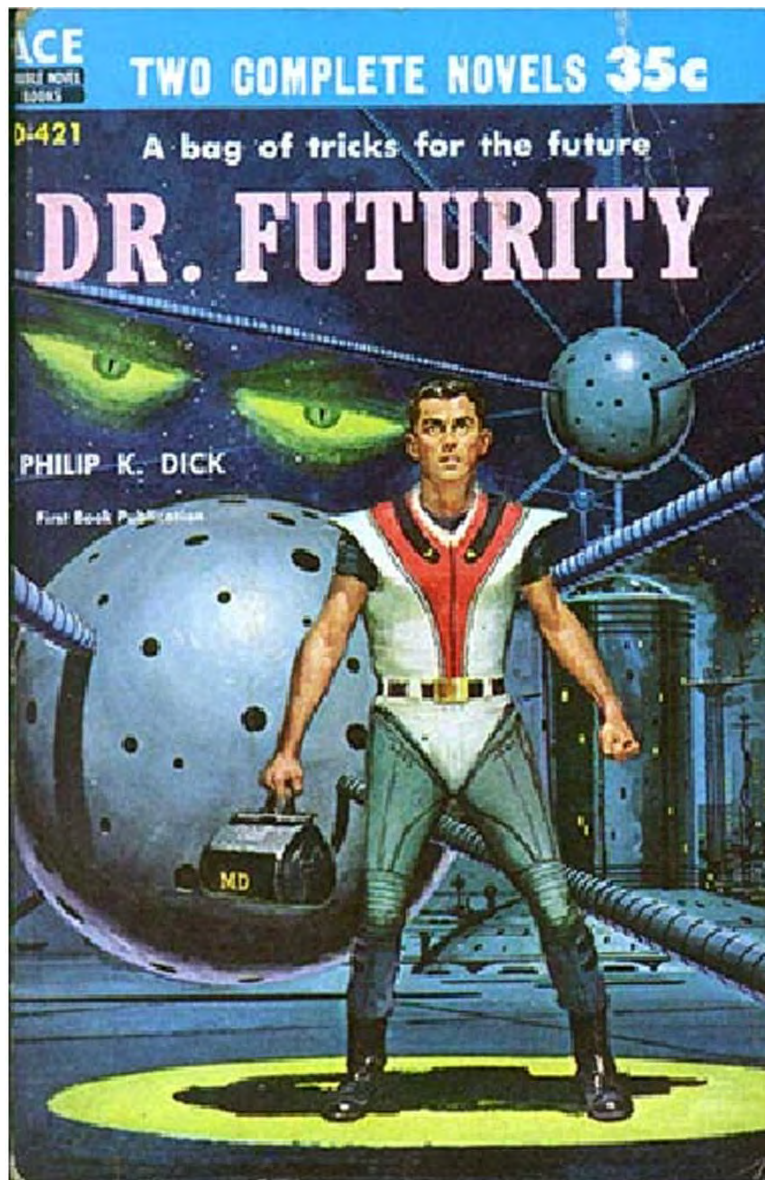
After "Time Pawn" Phil continued to write short stories but in 1955 he turned his hand to full-length novels. So-

lar Lottery appeared in 1955, *The World Jones Made* and *The Man who Japed* in 1956, *Eye in the Sky* in 1957 and finally *Time Out of Joint* in 1959. These novels brought a fair amount of critical attention from Damon Knight in his seminal collection *In Search of Wonder*. Reviewing *Solar Lottery* Knight wrote

"Dick has caught and intensified the bare-nerve tautness of our own society at its worst, and put it on paper here so you can see, hear, feel and smell it." Knight concludes, "at his intermittent best, Dick is still one of the most vital and working science fiction writers." But by now Phil was ready to abandon science fiction for mainstream works. He had completed at least eight such novels and finished the manuscript for the ninth, *Confessions of a Crap Artist*, in 1959. None of these works were accepted for publication at the time. *Crap Artist* wasn't published until 1975, the others not until after Phil's death. Phil was seen as a science fiction author and it was his science fiction works that sold. So, unsurprisingly, it was to SF that he returned.

At some point, probably 1959, Donald Wollheim

at Ace Books suggested that Phil expand his old "Time Pawn" story to novel length and Phil agreed. He probably needed the money after the failure of his realistic novels to find a market. He heavily revised and enlarged Jim Parsons' adventures in early 1959, the manuscript reaching Scott Meredith on July 28 of that year. We learn from some of Phil's correspondence that Wollheim had reservations about the new version. Apparently Wollheim felt he had been "stuck or stung" in the deal. In a letter to



Meredith, dated January 4, 1960, Phil denies this, saying he had been completely candid with Wollheim about the changes he planned and the new direction he intended to go with the material. Anyway, he continues, Wollheim “had the legal right to reject my work entirely [or] to request any amount of changes he wished.” Phil also remarked “that TIME PAWN rework almost killed me; it was the hardest job I’ve done to date.” In a November 1977 interview Richard Lupoff asked Phil if Wollheim had ever messed with his copy. Phil replied, “Oh, once. He made a lot of cuts in *Dr. Futurity*, but outside of that he never messed with them. Because in *Dr. Futurity* I had Christianity dying out and interracial marriages. Don disapproved of Christianity dying out or talk of it dying out. And he definitely disapproved of the interracial marriages.” We do not have Phil’s outline and letter to Wollheim nor Wollheim’s objections so the details are unclear. In any event, Ace published the novel in February 1960.

Ace, as was their habit, changed Phil’s title. Phil seemed unaware of this as he still referred to the novel as *Time Pawn* as late as January. But it was as *Doctor Futurity* that the book appeared being one half of an Ace Double (D-421). (The other half of the book was John Brunner’s *Slavers of Space*.) It carried an unimaginative cover by Edward Valigursky and the teaser line “A bag of tricks for the future.” The price was 35 cents. It was re-issued as another Ace Double (15697) in September 1972, (this time with Phil’s *The Unteleported Man* as the second half), sporting a truly dreadful cover by “Bergman” and the legend “HE WAS THE PUPPET OF THE FUTURE’S WOLVES” across the top. The price had gone up to 95 cents. In January 1979 Berkley Books purchased a package of Phil’s novels for \$14,000. These were *The Cosmic Puppets*, the complete version of *The Unteleported Man* and *Dr. Futurity*. Mark Hurst, who arranged the sale, later told Paul Williams that there were plans for a “heavily revised *Dr. Futurity* (changing the title to *Time Pawn* and adding some sex)” but this never took place. The Berkley edition was finally published, unchanged, as *Dr. Futurity* in August 1984, more than two years after Phil’s death. It contains the banner “HIS CHILLING TIME TRAVEL CLASSIC” and another lackluster cover illustration. The price tag had reached \$2.75.

There have been a number of foreign language editions over the years. An Italian translation, *Il Dottor Futuro*, was published in 1963 and again in 1995; one French translation under the title *Le Voyageur De L’inconnu* published in 1974, and two more as *Docteur Future* in 1988 and 1993; at least one German edition, *Schachfigur im Zeitspiel*,

published in 1983 and a Greek edition, *Tajidi mesa sto horo kai to chrono* in 1976. There do not appear to be any Japanese or Russian editions – even *Vulcan’s Hammer* has a Russian edition. There were also at least four British editions, the most recent in an omnibus of three early novels (*The Man Who Japed*, *Dr. Futurity* and *Vulcan’s Hammer*) published in 2000. When Vintage and, later, Del Ray republished many of Phil’s novels in the 90s they skipped *Dr. Futurity*. The Berkley is the last American edition.

Phil did not think very highly of his novel. In 1981 he told Gregg Rickman, “**Dr. Futurity** – Well that’s just worthless. Again, it was an attempt to turn out a novel to make money. It was the state of the art at the time. That was the state at which science fiction was at that point.” Nevertheless, he later explained to Scot Apel, “Whenever I write a book, I really write as well as I can. That even includes *Vulcan’s Hammer*, *Dr. Futurity* and *The Unteleported Man*. It isn’t that I say, ‘Well, I’m only paid three cents a word; what the fuck; crummy pay, crummy book.’ I really try to write a good book, but they don’t all come out good. The intent is not sufficient to guarantee a good result.”

Reviewers at the time were of much the same mind. Damon Knight, somewhat surprisingly, gave it the most positive evaluation. Writing in the June 1960 issue of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, Knight, while deploring the “less than plausible” plot and “frequent stylistic howlers,” nevertheless praised Phil’s “unexpected vividness and power.” He remarked that “almost alone among s.f. writers to make the politics of his future worlds sound like more than perfunctory pieties.” P. Schuyler Miller, in the October 1960 issue of *Analog*, thought “Some of the details of the future culture are brilliantly drawn; others, like the Latin-German-whatsit language, just don’t convince. By the end it’s a little hard to work out the score or even who’s up.” In *Worlds of If* for July 1960, Frederik Pohl concluded, “Dick’s narrative is neither bald nor unconvincing. It is quite convincing. It is even hairy. What flaws the story is a really excessive troweling-on of time paradoxes, so that most everybody turns out to be almost anybody else.”

These less-than-enthusiastic views were codified in the first edition of *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia* (1979). The citation for Phil includes the judgment, “PKD is a complex writer who sometimes seems to lose control of his work. He occasionally becomes trapped in ideative mazes and sidetracked, unable to find any kind of resolution – cardinal examples are *Dr. Futurity*...which leaves most of

its questions unresolved and *The Unteleported Man...*” Lawrence Sutin dismisses the novel as “a potboiler that barely bubbles.” Gregg Rickman, usually Phil’s most generous readers, merely says “The book is probably most interesting in its play on the themes of motherhood, abortion, sterility and genetic engineering, all concerns of Dick which the book rather unpleasantly hastens through.” And Jonathan Lethem, while reviewing *The Dark Haired Girl* in the Spring 1979 issue of the *PKDS Newsletter* remarks, “I’m more comfortable imagining a new reader stumbling across, say, DR FUTURITY, than this...” I don’t believe he meant that as a compliment.

When it came time to expand “Time Pawn” into a novel, Phil recycled a great deal of his original work. The first five chapters of *Dr. Futurity* are essentially the same as the short story. The future is better defined, there is more detail about the society and the narrative is more logical. There are certain changes in the basic structure. Parsons is now in California rather than New York. He is only 400 years in the future instead of 700. Males are sterilized at the onset of puberty instead of at birth – someone must have pointed out the flaw in Phil’s earlier scheme. Gametes are still harvested based on success in the Lists – and the fact that the participants are pre-pubescent children continues to be ignored. To further the expanded plot the nature of the Cube government is changed. In “Time Pawn” it is essentially decent, even humane. In the novel it is much less so. It is now something of a police state using specially trained juveniles called “shupos” as vicious storm troopers. The woman, Icara, is shot not by a companion but by the shupos during a raid on a clandestine political meeting. The title “Stenog” is now a name, Al Stenog, and he is depicted as vaguely sinister and decadent, rather like an SS official. And the Cube government is aware of time travel. They initiated the experiments but abandoned it as unproductive.

Most of the key elements of the short story -- the culture of death, the operation of the Cube, Parsons’ “crime” of restoring the injured and his sentence to exile on Mars – remain intact in the novel, sometimes uncomfortably so. It would appear that Phil had no desire to begin his novel from scratch and by using most of “Time Pawn” he had nearly a third of the novel written before he started.

The big changes begin in Chapter Six. Parsons is launched into space in an automated ship. But instead of being immediately knocked out of the sky the flight proceeds deep into space. Parsons is looking at Mars approaching

on his view port when the planet suddenly disappears. After a time a second space ship comes along side. Two men enter and tell Parsons they are there in a time ship to rescue him. They explain they have transported Parsons’ ship into the future to avoid interference from the Earth government. But before they can continue both men are gunned down by a shupo hidden in the walls of the cabin. One of the rescuers manages to kill the shupo before dying, leaving Parsons totally alone, lost in space and time.

Parsons makes his way to the time ship and experiments with the controls. Eventually he lands the ship on a desolated planet that he assumes to be Mars. Searching the surface he discovers a stone marker with a message etched on metal addressed to him! It contains instructions for operating the time ship. A moon rises in the sky and Parsons sees that it is Earth’s moon. He is on a far-future Earth grown old and nearly lifeless, abandoned by mankind. Perplexed he returns to his vessel. Following the instructions he sends the time ship back into the past and emerges in the Wolf Clan’s stronghold to be met by Loris and much of the plot of “Time Pawn” continues. Again, Loris wants Parsons to revive the cold-pack preserved Corinth. The difference this time is that Corinth has been killed by an arrow through his heart. The arrow is still protruding from his chest. Once more Parsons is successful in restoring Corinth to life.

At this point, *Dr. Futurity* leaves behind the “Time Pawn” material and becomes a completely new work, albeit containing many of the previous characters. While Corinth is recovering from surgery he is killed again by an unseen assailant and once more by means of an arrow through his heart. Nixina then explains to Parsons that Corinth had originally been killed in 1579. He had been obsessed with stopping the English from colonizing North America and, using the time travel equipment, had gone back to the past to assassinate Francis Drake when he landed on the California coast. Dressed as an American Indian of the period, complete with bow and arrows, but armed with modern weapons, Corinth planned to kill the Englishman and so frighten off further incursions to the New World by Elizabethan explorers. Instead, he planned to populate the past with the Wolf Clan. In this way he hopes to prevent the near annihilation of the North American indigenous population by the English colonists. But alone on his way down to the beach he himself had been mysteriously killed. The Wolf Clan had brought him forward to his own time and put his body in cold-pack while they sought medical attention. His second death leads them to

believe that his death is immutable by some law of time they don't understand. However, an analysis of the original arrow, which Parsons' had removed, shows that the weapon had been made with materials not available until the 20th Century. Corinth had been killed in the past, but not by someone from the past. His assassin had, like Corinth himself, come from the future.

In an attempt to discover who had killed Corinth, another expedition to 1579 is organized. They land at a slightly different spot so as not to meet themselves from the first attempt. Parsons goes down to the beach and meets Drake. Only it is not Drake; it's Al Stenog. Stenog has come to 1579 to stop Corinth. The Soul Cube government had finally perfected time travel for itself and, somehow learning of Corinth's plot to alter history has taken measures to prevent him so to preserve their culture. Shocked, Parsons runs away. As he climbs up the bluffs he meets Corinth. Parsons tries to stop him from reaching the beach where Stenog, armed with sophisticated weapons from his own era, awaits. But Corinth doesn't believe him and, seeing that Parsons is a white man, jumps to the conclusion that he is an enemy. He attacks Parsons and in the struggle Parsons accidentally kills him with one of Corinth's arrows. Parsons, horrified, realizes that he was the "assassin." He had come back in time to investigate the death of his patient only to become the instrument of his patient's death.

Loris and the rest of her party, now understanding the truth, abandon Parsons in the past. They drop him off slightly later in time, after Drake/Stenog has departed. Parsons wanders the beach for a day when suddenly a time ship appears. It is Loris, come back to rescue him. Parsons is not completely surprised. He knew he would somehow have to get back to the future because he realizes that he will also kill Corinth the second time. He is to be the unknown assailant who plunges a second arrow into the man as he lies recovering from surgery. He must do it; otherwise when Corinth awakes he will identify Parsons as the man who stabbed him in 1579.

Loris and Parsons return to the future. Seizing an opportunity, Parsons steals a time ship and returns to the evening of Corinth's surgery. He enters the room with an arrow ready to kill the helpless man. But he can't do it. He is unable to deliberately murder another human being, even to save his own life. He returns to the time ship but then realizes that *someone* did kill Corinth the second time. But who? Fine-tuning the controls of the time ship

he returns to witness the murder and sees two strangers, a man and a woman, plunge the arrow into the victim's heart.

Finally, all is revealed. The strangers are Parsons' own grown-up twin children. Loris had returned to find Parsons in the 16th Century because she discovered she was pregnant with his children. After the children grow to adulthood they realize they must return to the near past to save their father by killing their grandfather. The society in which they live is much different from the culture Parsons first encountered. The medical arts were being clandestinely revived and a new ethical era was about to start. Forced sterilization of males would end; the Soul Cube would become voluntary and natural childbirth would be allowed. His children and their colleagues are responsible for this change and, using the time ship, have gone farther into the future and so know that they will ultimately triumph.

But Parsons himself will not be a part of this. He must return to his own time, albeit with access to a time ship so he could visit the future from time to time. He will have two families (and two wives), one in his "present" and one in his "future." Parsons does go back home. The book ends with him carefully constructing the stone marker that he will take to the far future on a dead Earth, the marker that will instruct him on how to operate the time ship after he escapes the Mars shuttle. For it is Parsons himself, knowing that someday he will need it, who will now create it in the first place.

In part one of this essay I suggested that *Dr. Futurity* ranked as Phil's "least successful novel." I base this opinion, in the first place, on the many internal inconsistencies in the work. Corinth's ultimate plan to prevent the colonization of North America by the British by assassinating Drake and his fellow explorers one by one is really ludicrous. How is this supposed to frighten the English? The death of one man or several could not possibly hold back ultimate colonization. Especially so as the Spanish have already taken Mexico and were exploiting its great wealth to solidify their power in Europe. Even supposing Corinth's plan had worked, such a vast alteration of the past would completely change the course of human history and negated the events that eventually lead to Corinth's own existence, not to mention the society and technology that make time travel possible. Parsons brings this issue up but Loris brushes him off. She claims the far future would not be terribly altered. This is absurd. If the British fail to colonize North America there would be

no Thirteen Colonies, hence no United States. The world would certainly go on but to say history would not be radically changed makes no sense. Paradox is always an issue in sf time-travel stories. Phil notes that but, breathtakingly, moves right on, totally unconcerned.

The time ships are another problem. Do they work well or don't they? Bringing Parsons into the future was so inexact the conspirators actually lost him. But later on they can fine-tune their machines to an incredible degree, moving back and forth by minutes to arrive at a particular point in time. With all the jumping around from era to era it's sometime hard to keep track but, in biological time, Parsons' adventures unfold over the course of only a week or two.

What about Al Stenog? Is he Francis Drake or only impersonating him? Loris tells Parsons that Stenog "remained in Drake's place for ten years or so" in case Corinth made another attempt to change the past. If he is "Drake" born in the 25th Century than what happened to the real Drake, the one born in 1541 who fought the Spanish Armada? The character of Jim Parsons does undergo a moral advancement. Unlike the fairly cold-blooded killing he performs in "Time Pawn," in the novel he harms no one, except accidentally while defending himself. Indeed, he consciously refuses to take Corinth's life a second time, even though it may well mean his own death.

The other problem with *Dr. Futurity*, in my view, is that the plot from the "Time Pawn" and the plot for the novel-length version simply do not adhere. "Time Pawn" is fundamentally about the future "death society." But the expanded material is not concerned with that aspect at all. Indeed, we never hear of it again until, perfunctorily, at the very end of the novel.

In retrospect it would have been far better for Phil to have scrapped his original novelette and begun the novel fresh. But it is clear that Phil's heart simply wasn't in this work. Unsatisfactory as the final results were, by recycling "Time

Pawn" he already had one third of the novel out of the way. The remaining two-thirds really do have a "what the fuck; crummy pay, crummy book" feel to it. No wonder Wollheim was annoyed. And no wonder Vintage and Del Ray declined to ever bring it back into print.

This makes Mark Hurst's plans to "heavily revise and add some sex" plan for *Dr. Futurity* in 1979 rather problematic. Could Phil have done so? It seems unlikely. He remarked to Gregg Rickman concerning a planned re-write of *The Unteleported Man*, "I can't get back into the action-adventure stuff." *Dr. Futurity* would have been even a worse problem.

Phil began revising *The Unteleported Man* in 1979. Remember that *UTM* was part of the package of novels, including *Dr. Futurity* purchased that year for revision. What if he had attempted a revision of *Dr. Futurity*, as Hurst desired? Conceivably he could have concentrated on the "death society" elements of "Time Pawn" and totally recast the whole plot to change history. He had written on both elements in the not-too distant past. "The Pre-Persons," written in 1973, certainly depicts a "death society" and he tackled the time-travel theme again in "A Little Something for us Tempunauts" also written in 1973.

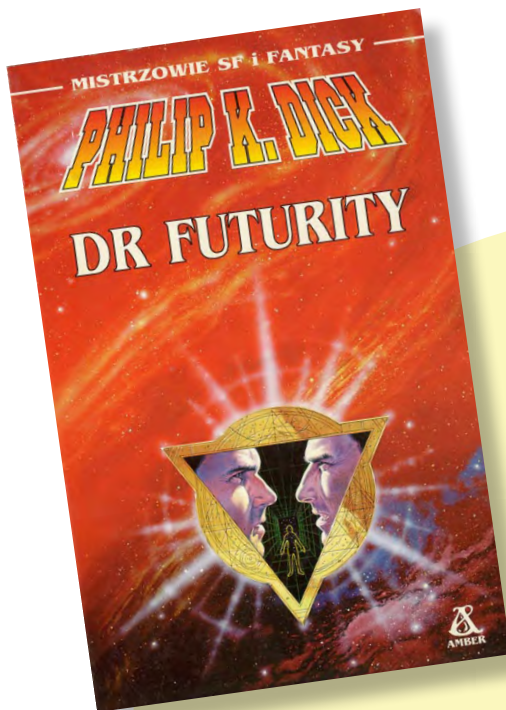
Consider what Phil was writing circa 1979. He completed *VALIS* in 1978. The next year he wrote "The Exit Door Leads In" and "Chains of Air, Web of Aether." In 1980 he completed *The Divine Invasion*, "I Hope I Shall Arrive Soon" and "Rautaava's Case." *Timothy Archer* was finished in May 1981. In the winter of 1981 he returned to the revision of *UTM*, writing what became the first chapter of *Lies, Inc.* in which Rachmael ben Applebaum dreams he is a rat (or a rat dreams he is Rachmael ben Applebaum). Given these writings, was there any way Phil could have returned to *Dr. Futurity* and written a satisfactory revision? I don't know. There are certainly old-fashion sf tropes in some of the short stories from that time and in Phil's novel *The Divine Invasion*. *Lies* both raises and dashes one's hopes.

"it would have been far better for Phil to have scrapped his original novelette and begun the novel fresh."

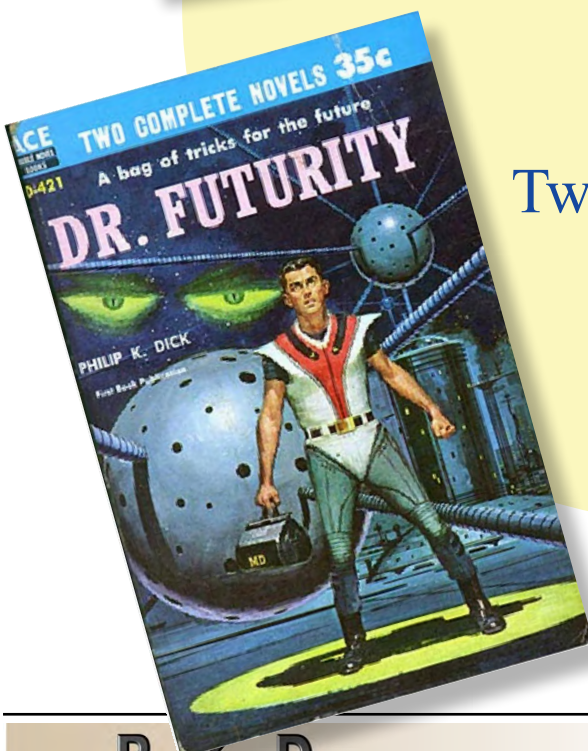
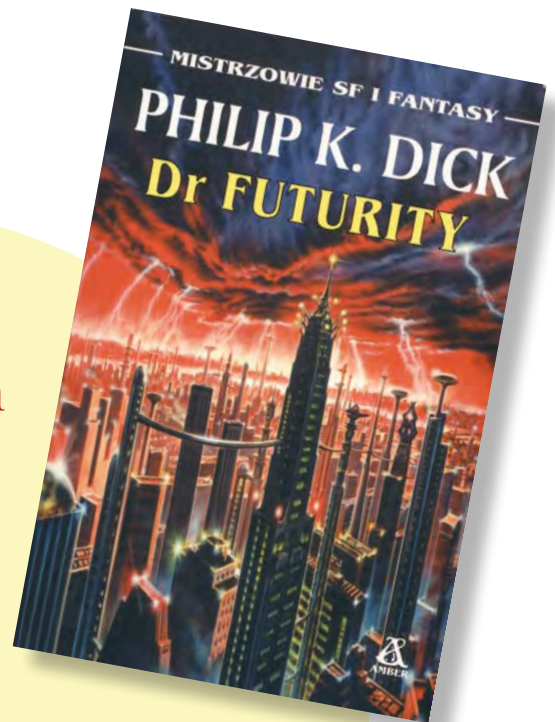
Much of it is, to me, incomprehensible. What revisions Phil did make only confuse the plot even more than in the original. But I find that first chapter to be wonderful, one of the funniest things Phil ever wrote. If Phil had seriously wanted to rewrite *Dr. Futurity* he would have to do exactly what he refused to do in 1959: scrap most of it and start fresh with a few key elements. In effect, he would have to write a brand new book. So, much as I would have loved to see "a heavily revised *Dr. Futurity* (changing the title to *Time Pawn* and adding some sex)," better by far if he had

spent the time working on *The Owl In Daylight*.

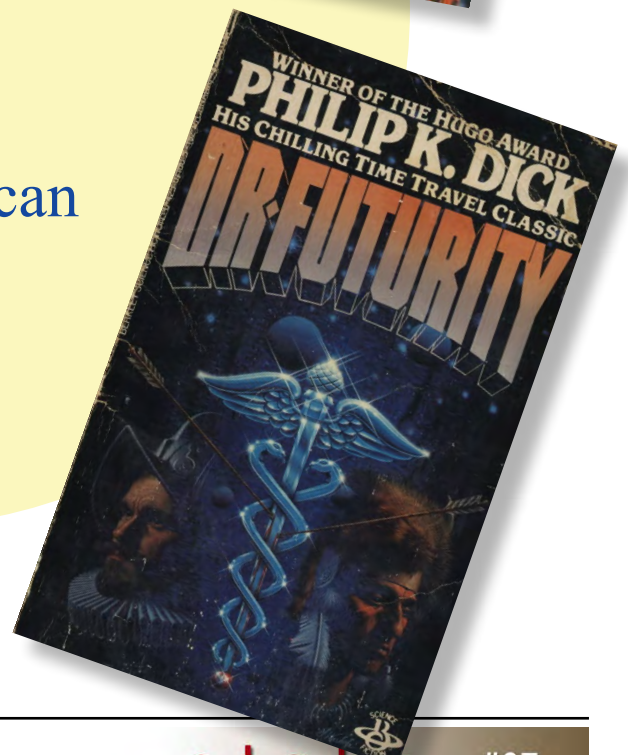
Phil had reused one key element from this failed novel. In 1964 Corinth appeared again in the form of David Lantano of *The Penultimate Truth*. In a neat plot reversal, Lantano is a Cherokee Indian from the Sixteenth Century brought to the future to save society (in part by assassinating a man). Was Phil conscious of the parallels? Was he rehabilitating Corinth? If so, what a curious end to his old story.



Two Polish Editions



Two American Editions



POSTSCRIPT

This article was originally conceived some years ago for Dave Hyde's fabulous PKD zine, *For Dickheads Only*. Each issue of FDO concerned itself with one of Phil's novels or short stories. Dave had just finished with *Eye in the Sky* and announced that *The Man Who Japed* would follow. I wasn't really interested in *Japed* and it takes me forever to write anything anyway so I skipped ahead and told Dave I'd have something for him concerning *Dr. Futurity*. Alas, FDO went into cold-pac soon after and remains there still. I continued to think about *Dr. Futurity* and in 2001 decided to write the promised piece for the second issue of my PKD zine *Simulacrum Meltdown*. "The Doctor Will See You Now" originally appeared in *Simulacrum Meltdown* issues 2 and 3. It appears here revised. Perry Kinman very generously photocopied "Time Pawn" for me. This essay is dedicated to him with my great thanks. I am also indebted to Frank Hollander for saving me from the error of calling "Time Pawn" Phil's longest story. His letter (printed in *Simulacrum Meltdown* number 3) is as follows:

"... I'd like to correct some statements in SimMelt #2 about the timing of "Vulcan's Hammer". First of all, there is definitely a long sf story that predates "Time Pawn", and that is "The Variable Man", from the pre-SMLA period. It is easily the longest story not later expanded into a novel (and I believe only because it was already used as the title story in a collection was it not ripe for such treatment). And I think "The Variable Man" (quite incorrectly listed as 2600 words in Levack, it probably should be 26,000) is even a little longer than the original "Vulcan's Hammer", which was substantially expanded for the novel version—it's a 60 page paperback story in the original version, 135 Ace double pages for the novel.

"As for the timing of "Vulcan's Hammer", Paul Williams dates it as "possibly 4/16/53", but Gregg Rickman reverses the dates, and lists 4/16/54 as the "alternate date of receipt". I've spent a bit of time trying to figure it out, and I think 4/16/53 is much more likely. PKD's production in 1953 was as follows (***) by the notable long stories):

- "The Trouble with Bubbles" (1/13/53)
- "Breakfast at Twilight" (1/17/53)
- "A Present for Pat" (1/17/53)
- "The Hood Maker" (1/26/53)
- "Of Withered Apples" (1/26/53)
- "Human Is" (2/2/53)
- "Adjustment Team" (2/11/53)
- "The Impossible Planet" (2/11/53)
- "Imposter" (2/24/53)
- "James P. Crow" (3/17/53)
- "Planet for Transients" (3/23/53)
- "Small Town" (3/23/53)

- "Souvenir" (3/26/53)
- "Survey Team" (4/3/53)
- "Vulcan's Hammer" (4/16/53 [or 4/16/54]) ***
- "Prominent Author" (4/20/53)
- "Fair Game" (4/21/53)
- "The Hanging Stranger" (5/4/53)
- "The Eyes Have It" (5/13/53)
- "Time Pawn" (6/5/53) ***
- "The Golden Man" (6/24/53)
- "The Turning Wheel" (7/8/53)
- "The Last of the Masters" (7/15/53)
- "The Father-Thing" (7/21/53)
- "Strange Eden" (8/4/53)
- "A Glass of Darkness" (8/19/53) ***
- "Tony and the Beetles" (8/31/53)
- "Null-0" (8/31/53)
- [gap]
- "To Serve the Master" (10/21/53)
- "Exhibit Piece" (10/21/53)
- "The Crawlers" (10/29/53)
- "Sales Pitch" (11/19/53)
- "Shell Game" (12/22/53)
- "Upon the Dull Earth" (12/30/53)
- "Foster, You're Dead" (12/31/53)"

"Vulcan's Hammer" fits almost as comfortably in sequence as "Time Pawn" and "A Glass of Darkness."

"I believe that the 'gap' above is when he first starts slowing down with stories and working seriously on novels. He was working on *Voices from the Street* ca. 1952-53, and I think major work on that novel fits the 9/53 gap. He finished *Solar Lottery* by March '54, and I believe he was working on *Mary and the Giant* during a long gap in the Summer of '54. *The World Jones Made* was also finished by the end of the year. A longer short story like "Vulcan's Hammer" is not the focus of his writing by the time of *Solar Lottery*. It fits much better as an early longer sf work that never came together, and written before he was concentrating on making it as a novelist."

Frank's remarks about "Vulcan's Hammer" are in response to my original footnote which read: "Paul Williams dates "Vulcan's Hammer" as being received by Meredith as of "4/16/54 – or possibly 4/16/53" but it's hard to see how Phil could have managed the earlier date. Between January and May, 1953, Meredith received nineteen short stories in addition to "Time Pawn." Plus an additional fourteen by the end of December and the manuscript for what became *The Cosmic Puppets*. (On the other hand the manuscript for *Quizmaster Take All* (a.k.a. *Solar Lottery*, Phil's full-length novel) arrived on 3/23/54 and if the latter date is indeed correct, he pounded out "Vulcan's Hammer" in little more than three weeks." In retrospect the 1953 date doesn't seem out of the question.

MK-PKD: Was Philip K. Dick the Victim of the CIA's MK-ULTRA Mind Control Experiments?

By Charles C. Mitchell

"Between November 1951 and November 17, 1971, Philip K. Dick wrote the most mind-boggling fiction ever to escape from the surrealist underground into the domain of commercial science-fiction. After November 17, 1971, he came to live, more and more, in the world he had himself created. On November 17, 1971 - a date that the future may remember as we remember July 4, 1776 - somebody broke into Phil's house, stole many of his literary files, and did enough 'pointless' damage to leave a clear threat: malice, more than any commercial motive, had inspired the invasion." - Robert Anton Wilson, **The Cosmic Trigger Volume 3**

Robert Anton Wilson put emphasis on the break-in at Philip K. Dick's home in San Rafael, California because he saw that it was a major turning point in Phil's life and his work. He saw that Phil now justly could, and would, put validity in the thought that someone was out to get him. It would also serve as a push toward Phil losing validity in reality itself. Phil had many theories as to who was behind the break-in. He con-

sidered everything from a shady government organization to himself. This led Phil to an attempted suicide and landed him in a Canadian rehabilitation center called X-Kalay. A few years later, in 1974, Philip K. Dick and Robert Anton Wilson both experienced an eerily similar phenomenon that allowed them to save their children from harm. Both men described being beamed information, with Phil often referring to this as his, "pink beam experience," or his, "2-3-74 experience." These events were just the highlights of the strange reality Phil lived in. Phil also used speed for several years, experimented with LSD, and believed to be a pawn in military operation called Solorcon-6. What does all this have to do with the Central Intelligence Agency's project to find the best technique to mind control an in-

dividual? Hopefully, nothing, but the possibility that Phil was manipulated by a few agency goons is there and worth examining.

Project MK-ULTRA was officially sanctioned in 1953 by then CIA director Allen Dulles and continued until 1973. It was a massive research project that involved hundreds of people, companies, organizations, universities, hospitals, prisons, and even orphanages; with most unaware of the true agenda behind the research. Torture, sensory deprivation, and various drugs were used in an attempt to crack the code in human programing. Particularly, the drug LSD was administered to unlucky candidates they wished to mind control. In June of 1953, the projects leader, Sidney Gottlieb, approved MK-ULTRA's Subproject 8; an extensive look at the biological and psychological effects of LSD, projected to exceed a budget of \$40,000 over a two year period. This turned out to just be the beginning and ultimately the reason acid hit American streets. MK-ULTRA experiments revealed that intense trauma could create dissociative identity disorder within a subject. Essentially, these goons would give someone LSD to induce a hyperactive emotional state. While in this vulnerable state, something horrible would happen to them. Often this would cause the subjects mind to shatter into two or more per-

sonalities. Many subjects were then given black-out drugs which caused some to forget the horrific mind-splitting event even occurred. The Agency goons had the upper hand on

"In the 1980's, nine Canadians successfully sued the CIA for physical and psychological abuse"

these individuals. They had cracked the code and pulled enough strings to find their marionettes. They knew what set them off; what triggered them.

"There exist, for everyone, a sentence - a series of words - that has the power to destroy you. Another sentence exist, another series of words that could heal you. If you're lucky you will get the second, but you can be certain of getting the first." - from Philip K. Dick's **VALIS**.

Phil was no stranger to the concept of trigger words. When I spoke to his last wife, Tessa Dick, at the PKD Festival in Fort Morgan, Colorado, she mentioned that they had once

received a letter in the mail that Phil had her open. He had insisted that it contained a hidden message; a trigger intended for him, and that it would be best for him not to look at it. Tessa mentioned that the assassination of John F. Kennedy led Phil to watch the film, "The Manchurian Candidate", which he became a big fan of, and if you've ever seen it, you'll know that it features mind control and trigger images. Phil was also no stranger to government organizations. An FBI agent named George Scruggs mentored Phil in the early 1950's, and even taught him how to drive. Phil's relationship with George ended after a few years when the FBI asked Phil and his then fiancée, Kleo, to spy on the University of Mexico. "Nobody knows who Phil really was because he was more than one person, in a quite literal sense. Anyone who knew him for more than a few days eventually would encounter extreme cognitive dissonance," wrote Tessa Dick in **Remembering Firebright**, her book on her life with Phil. Her book includes a story about the infamous break-in at Phil's. Tessa heard the story from Phil and it closely mirrors the letters that Phil sent to the FBI, with both mentioning a possible military operation involving popular science fiction writers called Solarcon-6.

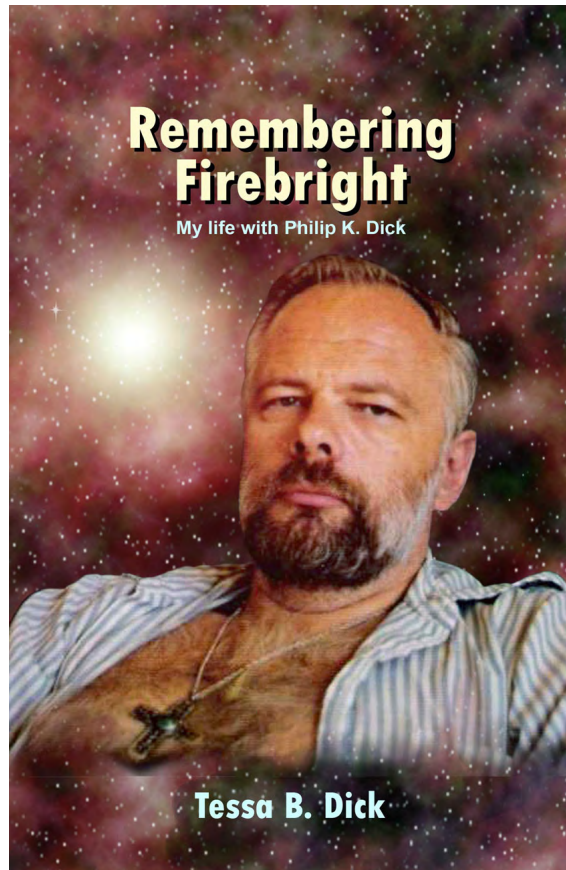
The Agency's puppeteer goons opened a whole new market in the exploitation of human lives. Assassins and sex slaves existed long before MK-ULTRA, but its research ushered in a new insidious era where a puppet could devotedly be just that, while completely unaware. Imagine living your life, as normal as it might be, and one-day someone flips a switch, turning you into a simulacrum lackey for the man. This is a reality for some. In the 1980's, nine Canadians successfully sued the CIA for physical and psychological abuse. This helped shed some light on the existence of the project. Several major news outlets covered the trail while other stories surfaced. An Atlanta based attorney then sued the CIA on behalf of victimized prison inmates, forcing several MK-ULTRA documents to be released into the public domain. MK-ULTRA hasn't gone away either.

References to the agency project have made their way into several popular television shows, films, and video games. The character Eleven in the show **Stranger Things** is a victim of MK-ULTRA experiments. The film **American**

Ultra features triggered assassins. Stanley Kubrick's **Eyes Wide Shut** gives us a glimpse into the elite sex slave industry. The main character in the video game, **Call of Duty: Black Ops**, is an MK-ULTRA programmed soldier. This is a video game that sold 5.6 million copies in the first day. The list goes on and on. A commonality among celebrities and dissociative identity disorder seems to be prevalent as well. Perhaps an alter-ego attached to a blossoming celebrity personality is natural, or even just a current trend, but some people suspect foul play within the entertainment community. Rumors of Marilyn Monroe, Madonna, and Britney Spears having undergone programming developed through MK-ULTRA buzz around conspiracy forums. As ridiculous as it may sound, it would be naive to think that there isn't someone out there at least attempting to manipulate celebrities, and for

the same reason popular writers were targeted in Philip K. Dick's time: They are a megaphone to the ear of the masses.

Solorcon-6 was brought to Phil's attention when someone attempted to pressure him into including coded messages in his writing. This happened just before the break-in. These same goons are present among the many theories of what happened that night in 1971. Just as Phil thought, the malice presented in his home could have been a response to his refusal to cooperate. Later, Phil would go on to discover the 'King Felix' cypher hidden in one of his novels; something he had not included himself. Phil as aware that other writers were being used and that some were much more involved. In his letters to the FBI, Phil wrote, "Within the last three days I have come across a well-distributed science fiction novel which contains in essence the vial material which this individual confronted me with as the basis for encoding. That novel is **Camp**



Concentration by Thomas Disch.” Some authors were less aware of their involvement. When Ken Kesey wrote **One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest**, he based it on his time taking LSD as part of a research project. At the time, he had no idea that the project was MK-ULTRA. The popular science fiction authors of that time seemed to be some of the first individuals in possession of LSD. After all, it was friend and fellow writer, Ray Nelson, that first gave LSD to Phil. Robert Anton Wilson was among these writers and in his first installment of **The Cosmic Trigger** wrote,

“Phil Dick and I had a long conversation one afternoon at Santa Rosa, and it was only a year later that I found out that he and I had exactly similar experiences at approximately the same time, which left both of us wondering if we’d been contacted by god, by the devil, by an extra-terrestrial from Sirius

or by some evil parapsychologist working for either the CIA or KGB, or if we had just gone temporarily crazy. Then I realized this whole conversation was Phil’s attempt to find out how crazy I was. If I was sane, there was a chance that he was sane too. But if I was crazy, that increased the probability that he was crazy.” - **The Cosmic Trigger vol. 1**

So, was Philip K. Dick the victim of the CIA’s MK-ULTRA mind control? With only having scratched the surface, the possibility remains, but the best mysteries will always remain just that; a mystery. Phil fought for the weak and the broken. Despite agoraphobia, he stood proudly atop a moral high-ground. Despite those out to get him, Philip K. Dick kept on. He was very aware of the evil in our universe and if he was sure of anything, it’s this: The empire never ended.



The Weapons Shops of Philip K. Dick, Part 2: **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN (again)** *The True Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland in the Age of Trump*

By Lord RC, March 2018

As we move into the second year of Donald Trump's presidency the outré novels of Philip K. Dick become more important to an understanding of the times in which we live. Fake news, conflicting realities, androids masquerading as humans. What are we to make of it all? Surely, as fans of Philip K. Dick, the most imaginative and politically conscious of our great science-fiction writers, we can elucidate the daily happenings on our television, computer and cellphone screens?

This we certainly can do, but, lest we be thought mere pikers; selecting some obvious novel of Dick's to compare our current reality too, such as *THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH* with its awful comparisons between Palmer Eldritch and Donald Trump, or *RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH* wherein a Russian conspiracy has taken over the united States government and the president, Ferris F. Fremont, is himself a Russian mole, (I could go on) we shall, instead, return again to one of my favorite PKD novels: *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* (Berkley version, 1983).

In *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* the human race is at war with the alien Mazdasts of the Planet Whale's Mouth in the Fomalhaut star system. This war has been going on for sixty years and it is only in the time of the novel that humans are realizing the truth of their situation. Or, rather,

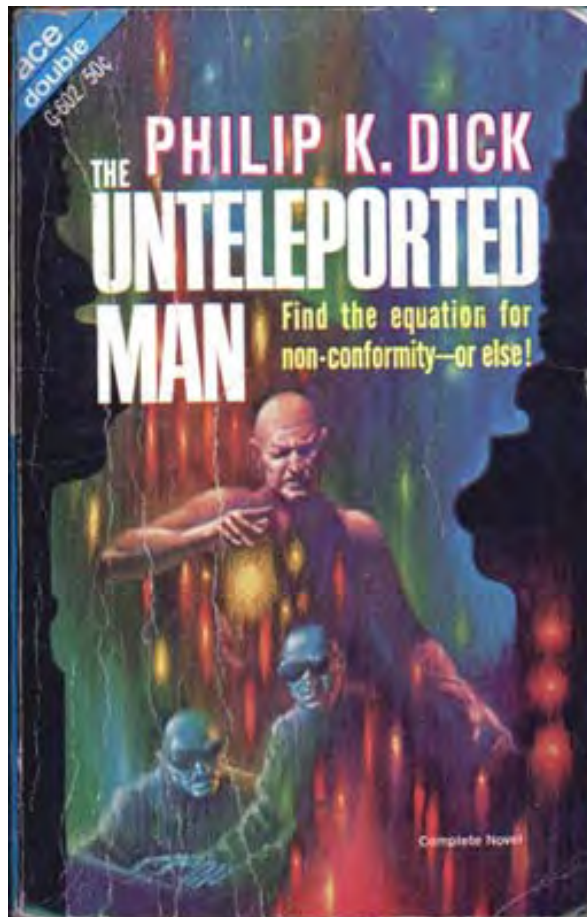
not the truth as this is something that the characters in the novel never find, but, instead, a realization that what has been given to them as the truth is false. In several of Dick's novels, such as *THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH*, for an example, there are two realities, the above ground and the under ground – this is literal in *THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH* but is also found in other novels like *THE ZAP GUN* wherein we have the 'cogs' and the 'pursaps' – those in the political know and everybody else. In *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* this situation of conflicting realities takes the form (as it does in *THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH*) of the Big Lie. In *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*, the corporation, Trails of Hoffman, Ltd., or THL, has been teleporting the unwanted masses of humanity to the settlement of Newcolonizedland on Whale's Mouth where – so the propaganda implies – they live a joyful life in a 'holiday camp'-like environment.

The actual situation on Whale's Mouth is uncertain but most likely is more of a 'concentration camp'-like one than a holiday camp. To decide on what 'reality' is on Whale's Mouth is a main problem for Rachmael and, indeed, humanity, in the story. But how is it that the Earth government – the United Nations in the novel – has only recently started to doubt the given 'truth' of Whale's Mouth?

The Big Lie

Perhaps the delay is because the Big Lie is so massive and so enduring that to question its veracity is almost inconceivable. Plus, of course, the Lie solved some problems for the society in the novel: the unwanted masses are sent to a far distant planet and are no longer a problem for the Earth authorities: no more poor people clogging up the streets wanting to vote and have health

care and bitching about everything continuously. Nope, they're gone to Newcolonizedland and an unknown fate because, despite the propaganda, not one of them has ever come back to Earth! Out of sight, out of mind, seems to be the head-in-the-sand response by the Earth govern-



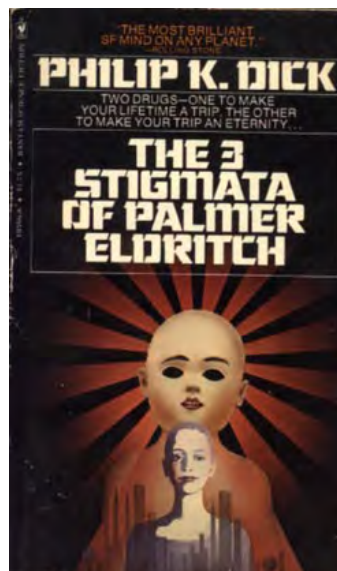
ment. Until Rachmael ben Applebaum, the hero of the story, decides to take his obsolete spaceship on a solo 18-year journey to Whale's Mouth to find the truth there. Needless to say, he doesn't find it. His plans are short-circuited and, instead, he finds himself in a battle, tripping on LSD and hallucinating hateful alien 'eye-eaters' – the Mazdasts -- and ends up in a clinic somewhere on Whale's Mouth watching the President on TV turn into a mechanical construct which takes a personal interest in him!

So, then, here we are in *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*, caught in a world of a given (electronic) reality being false for the pursaps, but unknown to them and taken as true, and, for the cogs, the knowledge of falsity without the comfort of seeming truth. (Yes, I know I'm mixing novels). Reality, asks Philip K. Dick, What is that?

Well, we don't know. We have only the Lie to deal with. Here in America – this once beacon for the unwanted masses yearning to be free – we have a Newcolonizedland led by an electronic President Donald Trump bent on convincing us that our long-agreed-upon reality is 'fake news.' But Trump's reality is his reality. Like Palmer Eldritch in *THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH* the only reality is his, all people, places and things, are contained within Eldritch's world. For Trump there is only his world. To him, the rest of us are merely his viewers, little mirrors reflecting millions of little Trumps back to him on TV and miniature screens.

You see what happens when we start altering reality? Nothing is real, everything is fake. And it is wise to note that 'truth' or 'reality' may merely be, but falsity has purpose: it is meant to cover up the truth. So fake news. Can we call BS on Trump when he calls our traditions and institutions fake news? Are they?

Only when questioned do they become fake. But if fake what, then, is real? Philip K. Dick says Reality is that which, when you stop believing in it, it doesn't go away. In Trump's case it's the Special Prosecutor, Bob Mueller, who hasn't gone away! And so we have this, to use another current term, 'narrative' that attempts to undermine and replace societal institutions with a new agreement on truth bolstered by 'alternate facts.'



Russian Interference

Let's take a look at how one truth can move to supplant another as seen in *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*, noting particularly PKD's 'weaponization' of a communications medium – the book – and see how this *term du jour* was applied by the Russian agitprop designers to other communications media such as the television, personal computer, tablet and cellphone.

The book *The True and Complete Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland* in *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* is a device much like a computer or cellphone with the critical exception that it only works one-way: the reader reads about current events related to him/her personally. Every copy of the book is individualized. Each is different from all others and each bonds with its owner. Elsewhere, I've said this about this book:

The True and Complete Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland is a UN weapon... It is not to be trusted in any respect. Indeed, it turns out in the end to be a Ganymedean life-mirror – a despicable lifeform on Ganymede that feeds one's own thoughts back to someone caught in its trap.

And we should note here what it is about *The True and Complete Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland* that makes it an effective weapon: It destroys the viewer's connections to others while supplying the illusion of a shared reality. A reality thought to be shared by everyone else but not realised by each reader personally. Each individual experiences their own personal Lie and believes this reality is the same for all.

This reminds one of the cellphone and social media on the computer. People's attention is glued to the screen by personalized news and chatter from their friends. The whole world of information is open to the cellphone and computer user but the nature of the feedback circuit between the user and all that is available is that the feedback relies on what has gone before. A

user may see a Facebook post about a carnival coming to town, click on it and before you know it the user will see ads from Carnival Cruise Lines and is thinking of booking a boat trip to Jamaica via the handy United Airlines ad

that occupies the lower tenth of the screen in the corner. Perhaps a viewer sees something about 'Crooked Hillary', taps the play button and sees Donald Trump calling her names from 2016. Into the user's profile stashed on several different servers depending on what someone is selling, goes the datum 'Crooked Hillary' and as the Republicans are more likely to use this phrase than Democrats, the user gets more feeds from Republican-leaning interests than Democrats. And by a multitude of these small decisions the nation becomes divided on highly-charged political lines. Just as in *The True and Complete Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland*, each user gets their own personalized reality.

A problem with this way of thinking, that is, of destroying the societal ties that bind, is that what gives strength to any reality are the very institutions and traditions the new reality is endeavoring to depose. That's why the new Republican reality – Trump's reality – is so threadbare. It lacks depth. The only institutions and traditions the supplanters can find to bolster their reality hark back to the days of pre-Civil War white gentility and pre-World War 2 fascism and Nazism.

How To Build A Reality That Lasts One Year And Counting

But, of course, Trump's reality is only supposed to last long enough for the Russians to completely gut the social infrastructure that has held the United States together for 242 years and keep Trump as President for as long as possible. In this regard the Russian interferers obviously read Philip K. Dick's speech "How To Build A Universe That Doesn't Fall Apart Two Days Later."

This speech is fascinating in many ways but for our purposes now, we find, just a few pages in, this: "And that

led me to wonder, If reality differs from person to person, can we speak of reality singular, or shouldn't we be talking about plural realities? And if there are plural realities are some more true (more real) than others?" – PKD in TSR 261

And Dick goes on to say "The problem, then, is that if subjective worlds are experienced too differently, there occurs a breakdown of communication.... And there is the real illness." – ibid

A breakdown of communication, a divide among the people... Imagine, then, cold-eyed Russian nerds in the windowless basement of a Soviet-era building on Dzerzhinsky Square in Moscow, reading Dick's speech and thinking, hmmm... Stupid Americans will destroy themselves. Up with Ivan, down with Joe! All we have to do is subvert their beliefs in Gangsterism by increasing the already present political and social divisions and building a cheap structure on which to hang new truths. It doesn't have to be good. Barely credible will do. Dumb Yankees will believe anything. And so, they transmit their ideas up the line until they reach Vlad the Impaler himself. Putin reads over their notes and thinks, What idiots! No wonder we keep them in the basement! He pays them a visit, tosses a few in the dungeon – actually a couple floors up from their usual basement abode – and glares at the rest through steely blue eyes. You idiots! He snarls, I ought to have you all shot, in fact I think I'll start right now! He pulls out a heavy

Great Patriotic War-era Nagan and blows the head off the nearest nerd. He screams at the rest: Get to work! They scuttle back to their computers and shakily resume sending nonsensical posts to American Facebook users. All of which are

received with complete amazement and shared all over America until even President Trump himself says, "I heard that the Democrats held satanic masses in the Oval Office while Obama was President. Hilary Clinton was down on

her knees! Everyone is talking about it! I think the Democrats are Devil Worshipers. It's a fact Hilary is a Satanist. I don't know why she hasn't been locked up already!" And the crowd chants "Lock her up! Lock her up!"

And so it goes. Putin, shooting icicles from his eyes, prowls the Kremlin while the Russian nerds, in desperation, read the stories of Philip K. Dick. They read *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*, someone wrote about them reading it, no one's saying they didn't read it, in fact, I know they read *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* and when they did they glommed on to *The True and Complete Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland* and saw how this science fiction weapon – one of the strangest in all of Science Fiction – could be used against the despised Americans. It took a little while. They didn't figure out how to completely fuck America politically overnight. But *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* has been around now for almost 60 years. Long enough for time-travelling Russians to figure it all out. First thing we need, they realised, is someone to front for us in America. Who do we have on our list? Whoever that asshole was before Putin (or perhaps it was a younger Putin... in fact, it was a younger Putin) scrolled down the list and spotted the name of our Donald. Aha! He went, this is the man we want, he's been lording it around long enough! Living high off the hog with our money! Time to put his Capitalist ass to work. How much is this Trump in our pocket for? 2.3 billion? Good! We'll see him next month for the Miss Universe Pageant. He'll be here for that.

After allowing him to fondle and grope the Miss Universe contestants, Putin pulled Trump into a side room, bent over so Donald could kiss his ass, and then cracked the whip "Donald, you're looking a little plump these days, been eating good, Da?" Trump patted his belly, "I do like those cheeseburgers and Diet Cokes." He grinned like a fucking idiot and Putin eyed him coldly, his cheek twitched – a gesture that passed for a big grin on the face of Vladimir – and he said. "You will lose weight starting immediately. You will return to shithole America and prepare for your next reality tv star role: President of the United States!" Trump's eyes popped – they're still that way today, you can see him on tv – and he gasped "President!? People have said I'd make a good President, it was on Fox News too. I'd be a good President, the best and bigliest! I'd go down in..." "Don't get carried away, Donald," Putin cut in, "you'll be our president. You'll do what I tell you to do. I'm a subtle man, as you know, some say even a subtle genius. So subtle, in fact, as to not mention a few

facts. You owe me 3.2 billion dollars. I can call you in at any time." Trump stuttered, "B-but. But. It was 2.3 billion an hour ago?"

"Times change, Donald. You better get with the program, or else. You are running for President in 2016. Pick up your script on your way out the door. Oh, and Donald", his cheek twitched, "don't let the door hit you in the arse on your way out."

After that, of course, it was easy. Send in Stone, Manafort and Gates. Alert the bimbos. Crank up the crazies. Steal Hilary's emails and put them on Wikileaks, oh, and make sure you tell Team Trump they're there and ready when they need them. Send them all an email just to make sure they get the message, after all, these are not the brightest capitalists we've ever dealt with... And to make sure the Yanks truly understand the position they're in, promote Mr. Magoo for Attorney General!

And that's how it is that Philip K. Dick's novel *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* inspired the Russians to hack our elections, hijack our communications, divide our people and elect Donald Trump President of the United States of America.

Futuristic Weapons Update

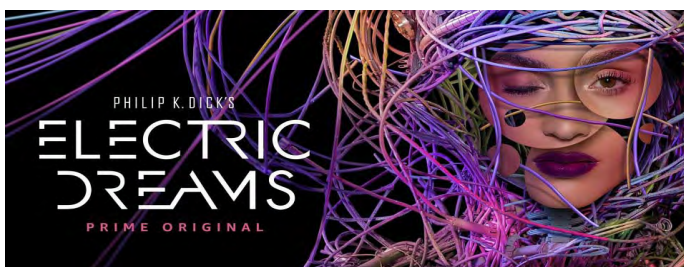
In *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* there is yet another weapon conceived by Dick that is now becoming a reality. Recall when, in the novel, THL's master tacticians, Sepp von Einem and Gregory Gloch, are attacked by the UN with the weapon known as Good Ol' Charlie Falks. This weapon – essentially a continuous babble of bullshit -- distracts and dulls the thinking of Gloch in his prolepsis chamber. Only just in time does Von Einem disconnect the Charlie Falks feed to Gloch before he is completely lost in nonsense. Von Einem directs that a homotropic foil be sent along the signal's carrier wave to attack in some way the signal's sender. Von Einem suspects it is Jaime Weiss himself at the UN.

Details of this weapon are not described. Dick tells us in his make-it-up-as-he-goes-along fashion that it is 'homotropic' (meaning it goes towards a man) and a 'foil', which can be taken in its meaning of following the tracks of a hunted quarry. Once it reaches its target the homotropic foil destroys it in some way. Elsewhere in *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* (and other novels) Dick writes of a 'cephalotropic' dart tuned to an individual's brainwaves. In its crudest form – no cephalotropy needed -- such a device could be

as simple as a mini-drone affixed with mini-camera and optical facial-recognition software and a high-speed 5 mm drill at the front end. In use, an individual enemy is spotted in some location and a local operator calls up one of these drones from a supply near the target, programs it with recent target recognition and location data and sends it on its way. Off goes the foil and locates its target and flies directly between its eyes and drills a neat 5 mm hole 50 mm deep into its forehead. Such a device is already under investigation in the United Kingdom. And why not? It is definitely superior to present-day attack drones which cost millions and cause much collateral damage – dead civilians – when they are deployed against terrorist targets. This crude device could easily be improved on with range increases and better point-of-attack ordnance; perhaps a squirt of deadly poison in the targets eyes.

It is said that the prophet has no honor in his own country and this is true of Philip K. Dick who, as a political critic gets little respect from the Swamp in Washington. However, and this has been noted before, Dick gets more thoughtful consideration in such countries as France and in former Soviet block countries like Poland and Czechoslovakia. Certainly, in Russia they have read the stories of Philip K. Dick and instead of dismissing them intellectually maybe they've paid attention to such novels as THE UN-TELEPORTED MAN with its sophisticated notions of cyber weaponry. And have turned them against us.

Next month's installment: 'How we stopped the Russians' by A War Veteran.



[For form's sake, it seems that we really ought to say something about the new television series "Philip K. Dick's Electric Dreams". I haven't seen it but long-time otaku Andre has and he provides the following report. – JPC]

Electric Dreams Reviewed

by Andre Welling

Here's my ranking of Philip K. Dick's Electric Dreams episodes (special applause for the always nice intro sequence with the PKD facebot).:

1: Safe and Sound - Why are you so dead-stupid, Foster, you twat? Also fake news, too much screen time, fortified schools, and "working dicks".

2: KILL ALL OTHERS - Road rage swallows the last good citizen in our proud meganation. He tried but he could not see any sheep.

3 The Father Thing - Kids always tease you in school if your father is a space mutant zombie shapeshifter parasite.

4: Autofac - "Prime-olution": The post-doomsday future of Amazon.com. With delivery drones, help desks, and AI-exarchandroid.

5: Crazy Diamond - Steve Buscemi is trapped on and in a broken PKD movie set. Also snouty pig persons.

6: The Commuter - Whimsical British train people. This would have been better as a Wallace & Gromit episode, with crackers.

7: Real Life - Can a lesbian super cop in the future who hunts a criminal mastermind named "Colin" even be real? Guess not.

8: The Impossible Planet - A sweet Dr Who webisode (without the Docta) about an old lady's quest for a nice cup of Earth. With space fools.

9: The Hoodmaker - How to make scary Halloween masks "in your spare time" that shield from 50s telepathy waves.

10: Human is - Captain Heisenberg Kirk comes back from the mirrorverse and is less oafish, so Uhura has to save his ass before the court-martial.

I (only) recommend the first five (the fifth one mainly for weirdness). All in all I cannot understand how this was viewed as a contender to Black Mirror. Very different production values in PKDED, some entirely forgettable episodes.

[To which we might add this remark from Thomas Disch: "Hollywood and television have proved more eager to assimilate sf ideas into film and video than the writers originating those ideas. It may well be that a different degree of professionalism is required, or (if this is not a tautology) of cynicism. Would Philip K. Dick's two posthumous hits, 'Blade Runner' and 'Total Recall', have succeeded at the box office if they had not been dumbed down by show-biz pros?" – JPC]





A Visit to Wash-14

by Frank Hollander

Way back in Radio Free PKD #7 (August 1998), Eric “Sweetscent” Johnson reported in detail on what remained of Wash-35, the Washington, D.C. neighborhood of Dick’s youth, immortalized in NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR. As a plot turn in the novel, Wash-35 was a bit of a dead end, but it was a real place where Dick lived as a child (1935-38), of which he had substantial memories.

I made a visit there in 2014. Wash-14 seems a lot like Wash-35, and it’s an easy trip for any Dick tourist who happens to be in D.C. (unlike the Chicago birthplace, which a report in Radio Free PKD #3 strongly cautioned should be approached only with the aid of one familiar with the South Side). Although my time there was short, and I did not uncover anything surprising, advances in fan-zine technology since the twentieth century allow me to present, for the first time ever, color photographs of Dick’s Washington, D.C. for the Dickhead record.

The apartment building where Dick lived with his mother, 3039 Macomb St. NW, is in the Cleveland Park neighborhood, near Metro stations and the National Zoo. Map it using a device of your choice. According to Johnson’s research, the long three story red brick building was completed in 1921 (and converted to a cooperative in 1985). Other than the look of the cars and the garbage and recycling bins, the tree-lined street may not look much different than in Dick’s day, with the much smaller single-family houses causing Dick’s building to appear quite out of place.

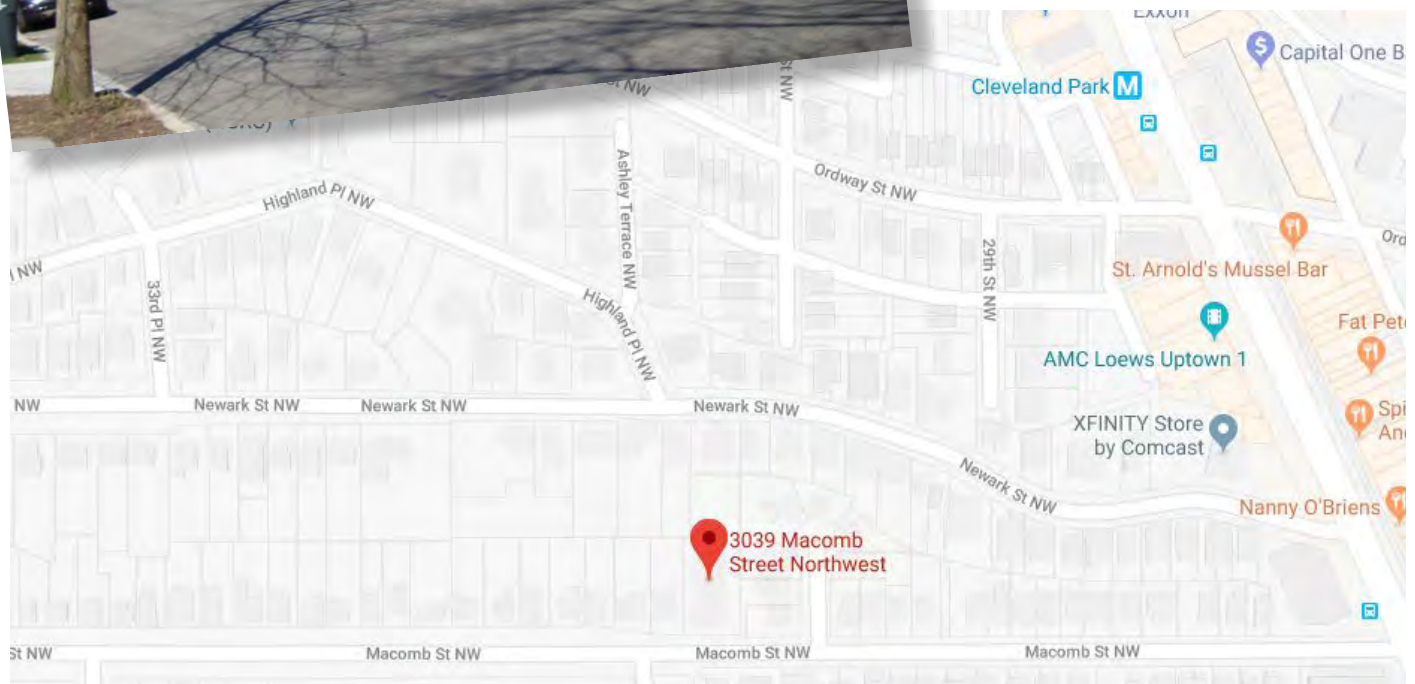
The main commercial road at the end of Macomb is Connecticut Ave. NW. The Uptown theater, which opened in 1936, is still there. Probably just about all of the other businesses have changed one way or another, but nothing glaringly “updated” intrudes. A deco style post office still operates.

Dick’s school, Eaton Elementary, with its playground at the other end of Macomb, off of 34th St. NW, was founded in 1911 according to the signs. The school is still in opera-

tion, but the original building has sprouted modern extensions. A large panel high up on the side denotes (presumably no longer accurately) that it is the “BOYS” zone. From that spot it was easy to imagine how Dick’s universe for a time consisted of this one long street: from the school, to home, to the stores and theater, back and forth over and over again. Walk it if you get the chance.

This article is dedicated to the memory of Perry Kinman, who joined me on a similar visit to the Dick buildings in Fullerton in 2016.

All photographs © Frank Hollander





Chinese Covers

Way back in 2004 a province level education publishing company bought about fifteen PKD novels (including 2 mainstream ones). However, the translations were low quality and the marketing was poor. They didn't sell well.

In 2013 a major publishing house, Yilin published four PKD novels (*The Man in the High Castle*, *Flow My Tears the Policeman Said*, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*, & *Ubik*) and one short story collection. All in paperback form.

In 2015, another major publisher, and also an SF magazine (Science Fiction World) bought another 5 PKD novels (*Maze of Death*, *Dr. Bloodmoney*, *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, *The Gameplayers of Titan*, & *The Penultimate Truth*), and published all of them in paperback form. This same year, SFW also published the first volume of a PKD story collection.

To commemorate the recent release of *Blade Runner 2049* (not written by PKD) a major publishing house, Yilin reissued four PKD novels (*The Man in the High Castle*, *Flow My Tears the Policeman Said*, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, & *Ubik*) and one short story collection. These were all released in Hardcover and on high quality paper.

Qiangpan was kind enough to send us the above information together with some photos of these new PKD hardcovers from China.

Qiangpan Chen (a.k.a Chen Zhuo as 陈灼) is a long time PKD fan from China, and also the translator of the Chinese version of *Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said*.



Book Reviews from the Time Scoop: *The Fifties*



Leslie Flood: New Worlds October 1955, p. 126

Another collection of short stories, by American author Philip K. Dick, is a surprise offering, being I think the first hard cover publication of a writer who deserves to be more widely known. **A Handful Of Darkness** (Rich & Cowan, 10/6d.) contains fifteen pieces in which evenness of writing is secondary to new plot-twists and punch-line endings (several rely desperately on nothing else). The influences of Collier and Bradbury are equally evident in "The Little Movement," "The Builder," "Expendable" and "The Cookie Lady," but Dick excels in his own individual style of combining scientific implausibilities with mounting suspense or horror (such as in "Colony," "Impostor," "Progeny," and "Upon the Dull Earth.") and in near-normal stories like "Prominent Author," "The Impossible Planet," "Planet for Transients," and "Exhibition Piece." Two oddities, "The Preserving Machine" and "The Indefatigable Frog," seemed ineffectual, but there's a beautiful tongue-in-cheek dig at the perpetrator of dianetics in "The Turning Wheels." If you like the unusual in science-fantasy try this excellent collection.

Anonymous: Authentic Science Fiction October 1955, p. 155

Rich & Cowan have published two science fiction books that are good for the quick read when you don't want to think too much about what it all means. **A HANDFUL OF DARKNESS**, by Philip K. Dick, is a collection of stories, many of them fantasy, concerned with various aspects of this world. They are all good—and many of them *can* be thought about if you wish to. Unfortunately, they are rather two-dimensional, as though Mr. Dick has not yet reached the degree of worldly experience that makes a writer write with depth. Even so, we recommend this book. It costs 10s. 6d.

of the second book, by John Robert Haynes. This is all about the investigation by a group of Earthmen of a planet called Diana. Diana "made her first startling appearance in the solar system" eight years before the story opens in the year 2020. Astronomically and scientifically, the whole book doesn't make sense, but if you are not worried about that sort of thing, and if you like sprinkling of meaningless alien terminology in your reading then you may enjoy the peculiarly adult space opera. It costs 8s. 6d. Both this and the previous title can be obtained from Rich & Cowan (Stratford Place, W.1).





Infinity's Choice

By DAMON KNIGHT

In each issue, Mr. Knight will review a new book which he considers outstanding enough to rate special consideration.

SOLAR LOTTERY, by Philip K. Dick. An Ace Double Novel Book (with Leigh Brackett's "The Big Jump"); 35c.

Philip K. Dick is that short-story writer who for the past five years has kept popping up all over—in one year, 1953, he published 27 stories—with a sort of unobtrusive and chameleonlike competence. Entering and leaving as he does by so many doors at once, he creates a blurred impression of pleasant, small literary gifts.

The surprise of a book like "Solar Lottery" from such an author is more than considerable. Roughly, it's as if Robert Sheckley should abruptly turn into a combination of Alfred Bester, Henry and Catherine Kuttner, and A. E. van Vogt.

This book is remarkable, to begin with, in the way its extrapolations have been handled. Dick writes of a future world in which the radio-and-tv quiz has evolved into a sys-

tem-wide game with all power as its stake: the tyrant, the Quizmaster, is chosen by a random twitch of the bottle that contains an equivalent of everybody's "power card." In theory, therefore, anybody might rise to the top, at any time. In practice, most people are "unks"—unclassified—and have no p-cards; of those who have, most surrender them to the bosses of the Hills, the great industrial complexes, under medieval fealty arrangements. The masses of the people, without any cause-and-effect principle to sustain them, have fallen back on "Minimax"—the Theory of Games made into a nihilist philosophy.

In a science-fiction magazine serial, this framework would be crudely exposed and bunged into the reader's eye at every opportunity: the lead character would have long solemn thoughts about "how wonderful the System is—or is it?"—and we would all

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grow so tired of waiting for the boob to make up his mind that any distraction would be welcome.

Nothing of the sort happens here; Dick states his premises, gives you enough of a look at his crowded, complex world to let you find your bearings—and then puts away his maps and charts for good. You are in the world of the bottle and the Quizmaster, the Hills and the legal assassins, and you see the living surface of it, not the bones.

This is not the end of the wonder. There's the tension: Dick has caught and intensified the bare-nerve tautness of our own society at its worst, and put it on paper here so you can see, hear, feel and smell it.

There's the plot—like van Vogt miraculously making sense as he goes along: each new development not merely startling—anybody can startle—but *startling and logically necessary*. This is architectural plotting, a rare and inhumanly difficult thing; and who in blazes ever expected Dick to turn up as one of the few masters of it?

And the characters: Verrick, the deposed Quizmaster, whose single-minded aim to assassinate his successor gives this story its tremendous

INFINITY'S CHOICE

drive; Eleanor Stevens, the telepathic secretary who renounces her gift to stay with Verrick; Pellig the golem-assassin, and more. These people are real; they carry conviction. Not the least of Dick's virtues is that he shows the shock to the human nervous system of violent events; he fobs you off with no icy supermen.

Some of the small excesses and awkwardnesses of this book are perhaps traceable to the same cause. The bare-breastedness of all the women in Dick's world is hard to account for on climatic, social, moral, esthetic or other grounds, except as a simple reaction of the author's against magazine prudery. And the burning of surplus goods and the use of medieval charms seem to me errors in dialectics.

Yet even in the summing-up, that place where the author has got to try to say what his novel means and where he thinks it leads, never quite satisfactorily—because all novels with any life in them end too soon—Dick acquires himself wonderfully well.

Cartwright, the new Quizmaster, is explaining how he gimmicked the bottle—making the whole M-Game system meaningless—in order to get

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himself selected as the tyrant:

"Was that ethical?" Bentley asked. "That kicks over the board, doesn't it?"

"I played the game for years," Cartwright said. "Most people go on playing the game all their lives. Then I began to realize the rules were set up so I could not win. Who wants to play that

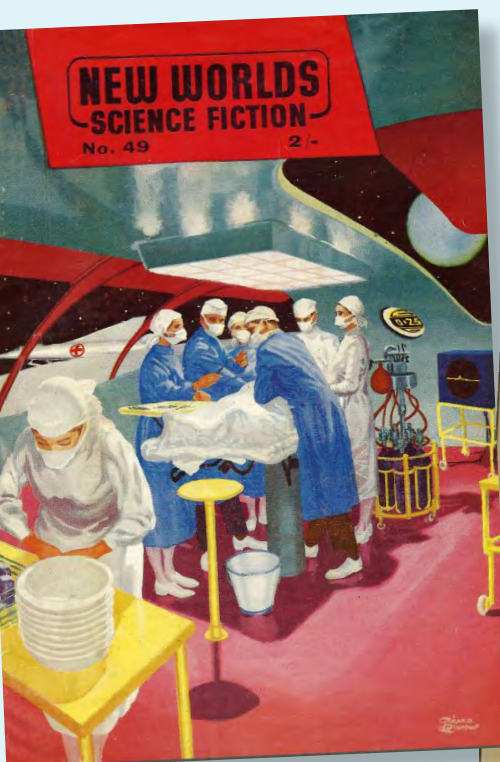
kind of game? We're betting against the house, and the house always wins."

Unanswerable. . . . And then you realize, while that speech resonates in your mind, that it isn't only the imaginary society of "Solar Lottery" that Cartwright is condemning: it's all societies—including our own.

∞ ∞ ∞

Damon Knight: *Infinity Science Fiction* November 1955, pp. 128-30

SOLAR LOTTERY, by Philip K. Dick. An Ace Double Novel Book (with Leigh Brackett's "The Big Jump"); 35c



The promise shown by American author Philip K. Dick in his recent meteoric progress as an unusually gifted short story writer (his collection *A Handful of Darkness* appeared last year) is handsomely fulfilled in his first novel **World Of Chance** (Rich & Cowan, 9/6d). Its highly original theme and exciting action won wide acclaim in the U.S.A. when first published there in 1955 as one half of an "Ace Double" pocketbook under the title of *Solar Lottery*. The new version is severely edited—some Americanisms are pruned and the more meaty passages cleaned up, but the secondary theme (of the Preston Society expedition) is considerably revised even to the extent of two new characters, one an obnoxious type with my surname (for the first time in science fiction I believe!).

However apart from these attempts to make the somewhat taut and complex story palatable for the British market—although to the uninitiated (i.e. non-readers of the regular magazines) I fear it will be rather incomprehensible—it is basically the same extrapolation of the Theory of Games, in particular the random strategy of the "minimax" principle (authentic) used as a method of government and for the social structure of the inhabited solar system in the 23rd Century. The gradual disintegration of our present-day social and economic system was achieved (says the author) by overproduction in the Western world and a grim extension of the Quiz game for dispensing unsaleable merchandise leading to less material but more powerful prizes—privilege and position culminating in the supreme authority, the Quiz Master, backed by telepathic police, and unopposed administrator of the whole nine-planet structure complete with its autocratic industrial combines, Quizzes and lotteries for the people, classified serfdom, and the Challenge Convention which allows the venal sport of assassination of the reigning Quizmaster on the "No despots, no crackpots" principle of protection. Yet another credible and frightening future, an ingenious but corrupting system to explode into a welter of intrigue

Continued on Page 128

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NEW WORLDS

and action involving the deposed Quizmaster, Verrick, and his successor Cartwright; apparently chosen at random. Against this background, a biochemist, Ted Benteley, becomes an unwilling participant in the struggle to attain a solution for mankind's cynical retrogression.

This is science fiction of a high order which can be enjoyed both for its exciting Van Vogtian plot (the attempted destruction of Cartwright by a multi-mind-controlled synthetic assassin is superbly done), and for its thoroughly thought-provoking ideas.

Leslie Flood: New Worlds July 1956, pp. 126, 128

Book Reviews

FICTION

WORLD OF CHANCE, by Philip K. Dick, published by Rich & Cowan, 178-202 Great Portland Street, London, W.1, at 9s. 6d., is a novel by an author who has gained an enviable reputation in the science fiction field.

Unfortunately, interesting as this book is, it does not do justice to the given theme, which is that positions of power in a future civilization are determined by sheer chance and that the Quizmaster, the supreme authority, can be disposed and replaced at the whim of, apparently, a glorified raffle.

I say "apparently" because the workings of the system are not made clear aside from vague references to things which are never explained. Instead, the action revolves around the efforts of the deposed Quizmaster to assassinate his successor by means of an android which becomes more and more versatile as the story progresses, finally winding up as a self-contained spaceship able to reach beyond Pluto.

The new Quizmaster has devoted his life to launching a spaceship filled with colonists to a mythical world far out in space. He has also cheated to obtain the coveted position, something which seems to have no real bearing on the story, and doesn't seem to know what to do with his authority when he gets it. The main character, Ted Bentley, suffers the usual vicissitudes and winds up with the usual reward.

TROUBLE ON TITAN, by Alan E. Nourse, published by Hutchinson & Co., same address as above, at 10s. 6d., is a juvenile of the "new school" in that it can be read and

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Anonymous: Authentic Science Fiction September 1956, p. 153



THE VARIABLE MAN AND OTHER STORIES, by Philip K. Dick. Ace, 35¢.

The first American-published collection of the shorter works of Philip K. Dick, author of *Solar Lottery*, *Eye in the Sky*, and several other fine Ace-published novels in recent years.

This generous (252-page) book offers a short novel and four novelets: the title story and "Second Variety" from Lester del Rey's defunct *Space Science Fiction*, "The Minority Report" from *Fantastic Universe*, and a pair of *Galaxy* novelets, "Autofac"

and "A World of Talent." All five demonstrate amply Dick's imaginative fertility and brisk pace, as well as his ability to juggle complex concepts (particularly well in "The Minority Report," which brings some new approaches to the familiar science-fictional theme of detecting crimes before their commission).

Tension mounts admirably from page to page of these five stories; each is long enough to allow Dick to create a definite mood and a fully-detailed background. The title story is probably the most stimulating; the last, "A World of Talent"—a routine psi story—is the weakest. But each of the five is an exciting experience in itself. Very highly recommended.

Calvin M. Knox: Science Fiction Adventures June 1958, p. 92

Bladerunner 2049: Did you miss me?

A Review by Tessa Dick

Before I begin my review of *Bladerunner 2049*, let me point out that this film is not the vision of Philip K. Dick, whose novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* inspired the 1982 film *Bladerunner*, which Ridley Scott directed. Despite the homages to Dick's original novel, such as the origami sheep and the dog who might or might not be real, this film must stand on its own. This sequel presents the vision of Ridley Scott as interpreted by the director Denis Villeneuve. I like this movie, but I see why it flopped at the U.S. box office. The first two hours present an artistic masterpiece with stunning visuals, marvelous music and a leisurely stroll through an alien world. Although Los Angeles provides the setting, it is nothing like Los Angeles today; this is Los Angeles rising from the ashes of nuclear war.

The final 43 minutes (actually about 30 minutes of action plus 13 minutes of closing credits) punches the subplot of slavery in the guts. While Officer K's situation leads us to question his place in society as a tool serving his human boss, the close-up view of a small company of renegade replicants drives the point deeply into our psyches.

Two problems doomed this film in the U.S. Box office. First, the previews and promos failed to reveal enough about the plot to persuade people to part with \$20 in order to see it on the big screen. This marketing ploy, keeping it all secret, backfired. Second, The first two hours moved so slowly that many audience members grew impatient. And without an intermission, many were forced to miss a few minutes in order to use the restroom.

Future students of the cinema will marvel at the noir atmosphere, but the stunning visuals fail to make up for the flaws of this film. First, it requires the viewers to read text at the opening of the film. Many will not bother to read it. As annoying as a voice-over can be, it would be appropriate here. Better yet, they might have filmed a brief scene in which Tyrell is informed that he has lost everything because of the rebellion of his replicants. One of the

most basic rules of storytelling is, "Don't tell it if you can show it."

I object to the many scenes of full or partial female nudity, when the men never so much as take off their shirts. The nudity isn't even relevant to the plot; it is mere eye candy. Even when Officer K supposedly has sex with a prostitute, we never see him unclothed. His jacket is removed, and then he is making coffee while the prostitute gets dressed.



While the film succeeds in creating a noir atmosphere, it offers little else for the first two hours. Villeneuve seems to have forgotten that atmosphere is background, not foreground. On top of that, the theme of what makes us human gets short shrift. K's virtual wife seems more human than his human boss, and some of the replicants show more compassion than the humans. However, Niander Wallace's replicant assistant seems to be nothing more than a killing machine. Her identity, which is revealed at the end, makes her character both shocking and unbelievable. In fact, I don't believe it.

In many ways, the subplot of replicant rebellion is more fascinating than the major plot of K's search for the special child. Relegated to the last third of the film, this subplot hints at a sequel but never is fully developed.

The ponderous plot, punctuated by brief scenes of instant violence, runs for almost two hours before Officer K finally finds something to hold the interest of the average audience member. Unfortunately, the first two hours seem to be directed at art students, not movie-goers. Too many scenes are dark blue, while many more scenes are dark

"The subplot of replicant rebellion is more fascinating than the major plot"

orange. Although the darkness might enhance the noir atmosphere, it also prevents us from seeing what the characters are doing. Furthermore, the plot is anything but noir.

The underlying story goes like this: Officer K is sent to find a child, and he comes to believe that he is that child. When he learns that he is not that child, he tries to kill the child's father. This, folks, is a morality play. The characters are condemned for their sins, and they lose at the very point where they thought they had won.

Conversations with Philip K. Dick by Tessa B. Dick

Reviewed by Patrick Clark

Another collection of reminiscences by Tessa much like her two previous books, *The Dim Reflection of Philip K. Dick* and *Philip K. Dick: Remembering Firebright*. *Conversations* reads like a collection of notes. The information is not in chronological order and sometimes it's hard to know what year she is speaking of. In that sense, it is more a series of stories than a memoir. Tessa speaks sometimes in the third tense where she is "Tessa" (very rarely is she "I") but mostly she uses the second tense. Sometimes "you" is a hypothetical reader being brought into a scene or conversation with Phil but sometimes "you" is Tessa herself. It's usually, though not always, clear who is who here and this can be a bit disorienting from chapter to chapter. It is a kind of interesting way to engage the reader in this manner, as if he or she was sitting in the room with Phil and his friends overhearing their conversations.

There are a lot of conversations and a lot of memories here. Some we have heard before but there is a fair amount of new material, too. She relates a few of Phil's dreams as he told them originally to her. There is a bit more on the planned, but never written, sequel to *MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE*. Phil also planned a sequel of some sort to *PENULTIMATE TRUTH*, also never written, to be called *The Ultimate Truth*. The plot, as she tells us, has to do with an interplanetary war, which may or may not be real, and Earth's alien allies who may

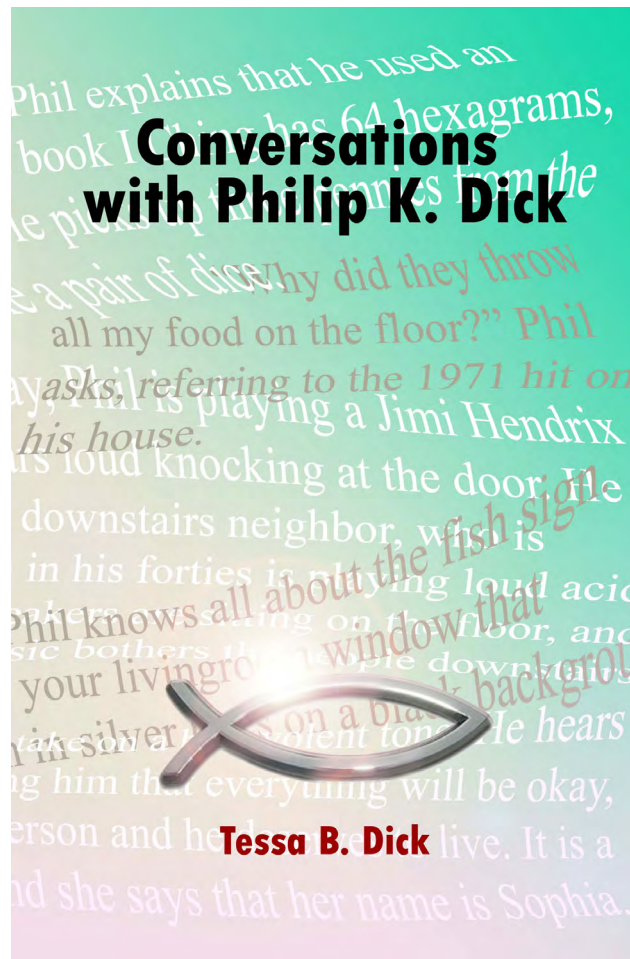
not be who they claim to be. I wonder if Phil didn't recycle some of this into *NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR*. Then there is the revelation that Phil had written a novel to be called *Beyond Vision* but the sole manuscript of this was stolen during the famous 1971 break-in. It would have been written between *FLOW MY TEARS* and *A SCANNER DARKLY*. I have not heard this before. Phil did say some manuscripts were taken but I can't recall him describing those manuscripts in any detail. I'm trying to imagine what *Beyond Vision* might have been.

All in all, a worthy addition to our knowledge of Phil. It is available through Amazon.

Reviewed (on the hop)
by Frank Bertrand

This seems more like a diary or journal than anything else. Rambling at times. Disjointed. Repetitive. And in that she has mentioned more than once that since her accident(s) and head injuries she no longer has a memory like a steel trap, misremembers sometimes, or partly remembers (Has she given a clear account of this anywhere yet????), just how she went about writing *Conversations With Philip K. Dick*. I've asked her if she kept any kind of journal and/or diary while married to Phil, but haven't gotten any answer yet. So, I'm a bit suspicious of its contents. One thing that is evident is Tessa doesn't much like Maer Wilson. And if you read Maer's memoir *The Other Side of Philip K. Dick*, she really doesn't like Tessa at all. But I found Maer's book far

more interesting and useful than Tessa's book. One thing that Maer's book calls into question is just how prevalent Phil's agoraphobia was in his later years, if at all.



The Matrix Control of... something...

When I first became aware of this work, my first thought was, "What the hell?" After sharing this thought with a few correspondents Frank Bertrand sent the following:

...As for the **What The Hell** item, the book with the oh so clever and witty title *The Matrix Control System of Philip K. Dick and The Paranormal Synchronicities of Timothy Green Beckley*, it is a 438 page anthology edited by Beckley and Sean Casteel. Published May 2017 by Inner Light – Global Communications, of which Beckley is president, meaning the book was self-published.

The first half of the book contains 13 "essays" by such well-known and stalwart PKD scholars as Tim Swartz, Nick Redfern, Diane Tessman, Brent Raynes, Joseph Green, and last but not least Hercules Invictus. (Yes, for real, Hercules Invictus!!!!) Some of these classic essays have the following titles: "Are We Living In A Computer Simulation?"; "Philip K. Dick's Phylogenic Memory And The Divine Fire"; "The Ubik Of Reality"; and "Divine Invasion: 'Alien Contact' In The 1970s."

But wait.... It gets much more surreal and like a jape. Timothy Green Beckley is also the editor of *Conspiracy Journal* and *Bizarre Bazaar*. He's a well-known UFO and paranormal pioneer, has been described as "the Hunter Thompson of UFOlogy," and over the years has written and/or edited over 30 books (most were self-published)

on everything from rock music to the secret MJ12 Papers.

Now, the second part of the anthology is taken up by Beckley's memoir of his various experiences with synchronicity, which began in childhood and continues to the present day.

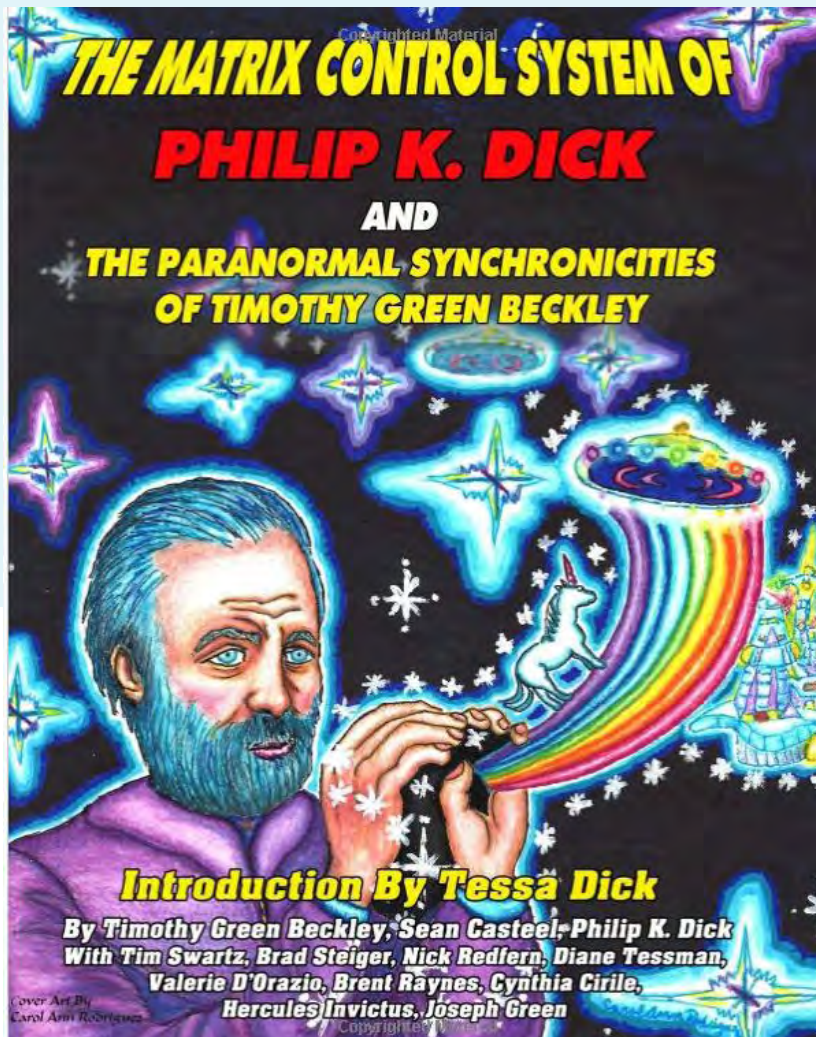
And, finally, there is an "Introduction" by none other than Tessa B. Dick. That is available for reading on the Amazon page for the anthology book.

So, what we've got, in my ever so humble informed opinion, is the latest entry from the fringe element of the Phildickian landscape, those ever so determined and desperately trying to make Philip K. Dick into some kind of Gnostic Guru, Mystical Alchemist, and/or alien influenced

crazed drug addict prophet, with absolutely no independently verifiable empirical evidence for their wild claims.

And for those who crave even more fringe element raucous rumors about Philip K. Dick try some of these recent podcasts: *Magical Mystery Radio Conspiracy & Paranormal Review* podcast, episode 89, "Flat Earth Theories, Vegas Conspiracy Revisited, Philip K. Dick Communist Conspiracy, UFO Disclosure (Again!), Hollywood Depravity, 10-12-2017; The Paranoia Podcast, episode 20, "Tim Swartz, Philip K. Dick and Synchronicities," 7-1-2017; *Exploring the Bizarre* Podcast, "The Matrix, Philip K. Dick, Synchronicities, Roswell Crash, Maine UFOs,"

5-21-2017; *See You On The Other Side* Podcast, episode 109, "Androids, Angels, and Albemuth: The Paranormal Mind of Philip K. Dick," 9-12-2016.





Letters to the Editor

A Tale of Two Sentences

Dear Patrick,

My sincere kudos and accolades to you, eminent editor, for a truly prestigious issue of your most important serconzine (serious content fanzine), *PKD Otaku*, No. 36, June 2017. Not only is it exquisitely pleasing eye-candy but also bulging with words of great import, wit, and wisdom about Philip K. Dick, in particular those by the feisty and sly jami morgan (lower case indeed, just like e.e. cummings!).

But therein lies a tale.

Once upon a time the American writer Philip K. Dick wrote a novel titled *The Penultimate Truth* which was first published by Belmont Books in September, 1964. The edition of it that I have is the 1984 Bluejay Books Inc. One with the essay "Afterword" by Thomas M. Disch and provocative front cover artwork by Barclay Shaw.

In that specific edition, on page 1, in the opening paragraph, is this second sentence of the novel:

"At the long high window of his library – an Ozymandiasian structure built from concrete chunks that had once in another age formed an entrance ramp to the Bayshore Freeway – Joseph Adams pondered, watched the fog, that of the Pacific."

I have checked a couple of other editions and that is indeed a sentence that Philip K. Dick wrote for *The Penultimate Truth*, all 39 words of it. I could not find any variants of it.

Now, here is a second sentence, written by Professor Evan Lampe from his essay "The Penultimate City," in *PKD Otaku*, No. 36, June 2017, pg. 19:

"The novel begins in the gated community, made up of "Ozymandiasian" buildings constructed from old highway entrance ramps."

So, my question to you kind sir is: **Just where in the novel that Philip K. Dick wrote, *The Penultimate Truth*, are the actual words printed on a page that support and justify the second sentence, the one written by Professor Lampe?**

I realize this is probably a very mundane and unimportant question for you, eminent editor, but trying to compare the second sentence with the first sentence and the rest of Phil's novel has given me a slight case of cognitive dissonance.

My sincere thanks to you for any factual help you can provide in answer to my question. That is all. Over and out.

Yours in kipple,
Frank C. Bertrand



Artwork by Barclay Shaw for *The Penultimate Truth* Book Cover (Bluejay 1984)

Disching the dirt?

At almost 73 years youthfully challenged (Oct. 26), I'm not sure which is worse for the life and works of Philip K. Dick, what the fringe element is doing, or, what academia is doing. Speaking of which there is a new book out from them:

It came out July 17, 2017 from Open Court Press, part of their Popular Culture and Philosophy series, and is edited by two PhD's. This one I will probably get to read. I suspect it's the first of a series devoted to those PKD novels that are best known and/or have been loosely adapted into tv shows or movies. No doubt *Blade Runner 2049* and *Philosophy* will soon follow.

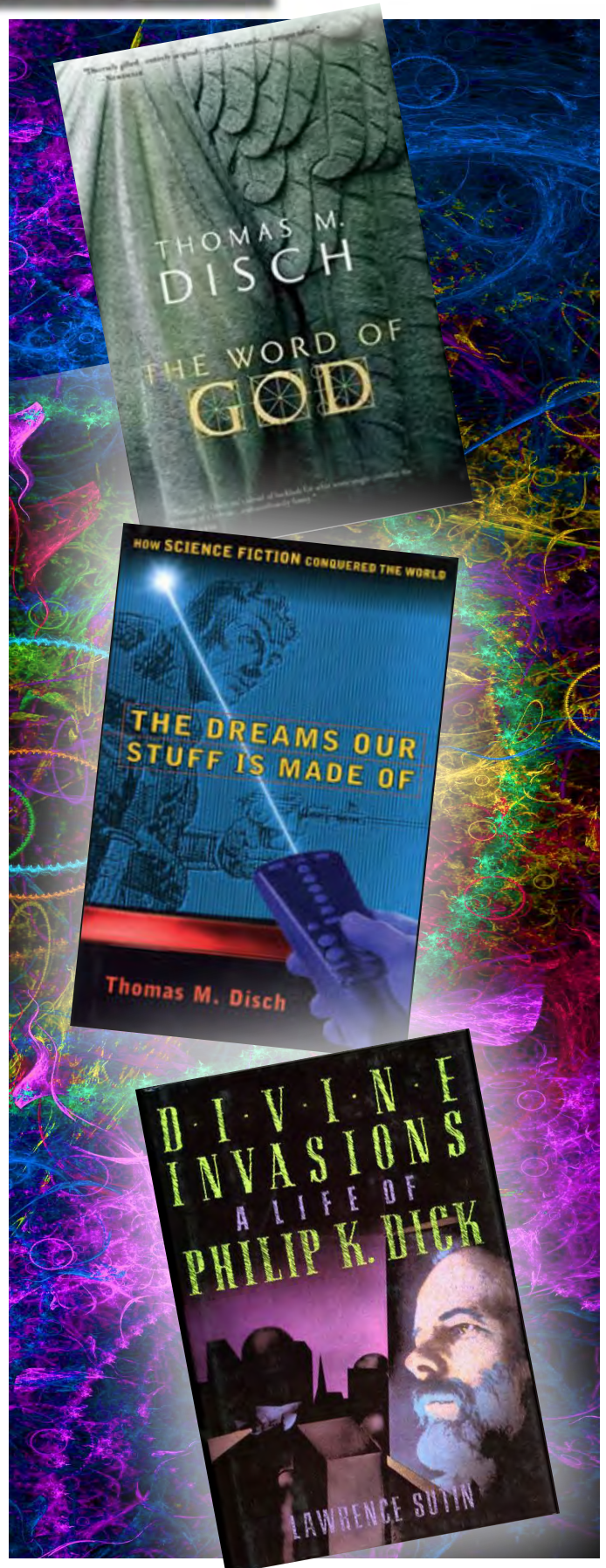
Now, as for Thomas M. Disch, a thorny subject at best. Have you read Disch's 2008 "novel" *The Word of God*? It's Disch's last work before he committed suicide. PKD is a character in it who is not painted positively at all.

What you so aptly quote from Disch's *The Dreams Our Stuff Is Made Of* (The Free Press, 1998) is certainly important. BUT, it should be compared/contrasted with what Disch also writes about Phil in that book. For instance: "He was proud of his persuasive powers and would tailor each new account of the Valis experience to suit the expectations and vocabulary of his audience. Many of the details of our long confabulation have appeared in other reports in another, significantly different form." (pg. 154)

Disch also quotes himself from an interview he gave to Lawrence Sutin, which appeared in part in Sutin's consummate biography of Philip K. Dick, *Divine Invaders: A Life Of Philip K. Dick* (Harmony Books, 1989). Disch writes: "At the same time I was thinking this is a masterful con. Dick is a professional entertainer of beliefs [GREAT phrase, that!!!] – and what else is a con-man. He wants to turn anything he imagines into a system. And there's his delight in making people believe – he *loved* to make you believe." (pgs. 153-154, emphasis by Disch)

This I find to be great ammunition for my growing "belief" (from some 35 years of trying to make sense of his life and works) that Philip K. Dick was an accomplished Jungian Trickster who gleefully pulled one big JAPE on all of us, in particular with his short stories and novels. But also in the letters, interviews, and essays. It's something I hope to write about at length real soon.

Yours in kipple, gubbish and dead bug words,
Frank C. Bertrand





Notes & Comments



trips he was laying down in his later years. To some extent these could have been head trips that he was running for his own amusement. And he kept talking about this weird crap as way of fucking with the minds of the people around him. That can be a type of stoner humor. And a defense mechanism. Like if they think I'm crazy, they'll leave me alone. And what's your so-called logic ever done for me, anyhow? I recently reread Phil's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* This is, of course, the book they based the movie *Blade Runner* on. As always I was blown away by the subtle humor and the liveliness of Phil's broken-up and interleaved dialog. The harshness of the androids is great. And the clipped coldness with which people just say what's on their minds. And, as always, I was exasperated by his characters' listlessness and depression, and disturbed by the fixable little plot-glitch holes. Didn't anyone ever edit his manuscripts? Probably not. They were, after all, paperback originals. I'm forever awed by Phil's flights of philosophical fancy and by his heartfelt concern with the nature of human empathy. And it's wonderfully startling when he flips out of the logical mode and goes into his whole religious vision thing. And he's the grandmaster of ringing changes on the theme of "what is reality?" A broken electric cat that turns out to be real is paired with a miraculous toad that turns out to be a machine. Phil's still an inspiration." – Rudy Rucker

*

"At the same time, the brilliantly iconoclastic Philip K. Dick forged a powerful new vision from sf's generic trash, which he dubbed 'kipple'. Dick was no less driven than his more routine peers by commercial urgencies, but something wonderful happened when his hilariously demented tales ran out of control inside the awful covers of pulp paperbacks." -- Damien Broderick

*

Philip K Dick, The Last Interview and Other Conversations, David Streitfield, ed. Melville House Publishing, 2015. I missed hearing about this when it was first published but stumbled across a copy at the library recently. A handy collection of scattered interviews. I wish it had included more, especially the 1978 *Aquarian* interview by Joe Vitale, the 1976 *Science Fiction Review* with Daniel DePerez, and John Boonstra's 1981 interview in the *Hartford Advocate*. Those are some of my favorites. Maybe they weren't available. Streitfield did uncover one that was

I trust I have your attention. Looking though Galactic Central's bibliographic website (<http://www.philsp.com/>) I came across this:

Computer • Lorraine Gargiulo • ss *Adam* (Australia) Feb 1978 [Philip K. Dick]; plagiarism of "The Great C" by Philip K. Dick.

And I wondered why if anyone would want to plagiarize one of Phil's stories, why in the world would they would choose "The Great C" of all things. And why publish it in an Australian men's magazine? I'm more than a little curious to see this presumably re-written tale of Phil's but I suspect I never will. A pretty crazy venue for PKD, to be sure. Even for fake PKD.

*

"Sometimes. I used to fantasize that weird people I'd meet at parties or in drug dens really were Phil Dick, only in disguise. Maybe he didn't really die. Maybe I could be friends with him if he were still around. My feeling is that Phil wasn't entirely serious about some of the flaky, esoteric

new to me, and maybe some of you reading this as well, so I include it here.

**"Local Kid Makes Good" *Oakland Tribune*:
January 10, 1955**

Reading and writing: Philip K. Dick, 26, Berkeley High graduate, read the science-fiction story in 1951. As with a million other fiction readers, he muttered, "I can do better than that." Unlike 999,999 others, he has. Began writing in 1951, sold within three months. Has sold 70 stories; has a hardback title, *A Handful of Darkness*, set for English publication; a pocket book novel, *Quiz Master Take All*, readied for fall U.S. publication. Specializing in science fiction and fantasy, Dick writes at his home, 1126 Francisco St., Berkeley, until the early morning hours, rises late. Which explains why local readers bombarded *If Magazine* when, in "Exhibit Piece," Dick had "early-rising" businessmen waving *The Tribune*. "Awful, awful," the writer groaned. "I'm ashamed. I never get up until noon. You know, I thought *The Tribune* was a morning paper." But on robot putrans, study spools and time gates, Phil Dick is as accurate as anything, he grins...

*

Conspiracy theorists have a direct link to Phil. "Solarcon-6", the crazy idea that Stanislaw Lem hoped to lure Phil to Eastern Europe and make him a prisoner, informing on Thomas Disch to the FBI for his "secret pro-Communist" coded messages in *Camp Concentration*, the competing explanations for "the Break-In" (the cops, the Black Panthers, the Minutemen, the Air Force, etc.) show Phil to be as much into conspiracy mongering as anyone in 2017. Of course, Phil's conspiracies are often so outré they become weirdly entertaining. -- JPC

*

"I am doing my best to introduce Philip K. Dick – his *UBIK* – to the Polish public. His books are sometimes true Gordian Knots, and he abuses the principle of antonymical construction, but nevertheless he is quite an individual – unique – a quality absent in 98% of all American SFictioneers." --"An Interview with Stanislaw Lem" by Daniel Say: *The Alien Critic* number 10 (August 1974), p. 13 [Umm... "antonymical"? Daniel Say relates that all the English is directly from Lem.]

*

Kipple Is More Important Than You Think

Dick uses "kipple" as a word for useless objects—things like junk mail or match folders after you use the last match. The substance has a life of its own in *Electric*

Sheep. It's known to reproduce while you're away, driving off non-kipple items unless you fight to keep them relevant. While this seems like an innocent case of inventing words to boost that sci-fi feeling, kipple is actually one of the more poignant themes of the book. Kipple signals a loss of meaning, the transformation of items into worthless husks that aren't attached to a person or their sphere of influence.

It's not garbage—garbage has a purpose and a destination. This is just loose stuff floating around in the world, forgotten and uncared for. The less physical side of kipple manifests in people ordering complex emotions from a mood device or watching the same dull television show over and over again each day. Some of the characters fit the definition of kipple themselves—perhaps even the protagonists. And speaking of objects with no meaning, isn't that what androids are? Human beings with simulated core experiences? Kipple is everywhere, and it's never going away. — John Bardinelli

*

"San Francisco, you are the most beautiful city in America and you are full of America's most annoying people! You were annoying before the tech people arrived! You created a half-baked gauzy ideology of narcissism disguised as self-empowerment and now you have spread your filth across the world! Philip K. Dick saw you for what you are! That's why he wrote *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer*. You are nothing more than a city of people who thought they could brute force their way to enlightenment by buying a Beatles LP! You haven't changed!"

-- Jarett Kobek, *I Hate the Internet* (2016)

*

So, a VR kit is a box on your face. Facebook. A box of tricks that some people believe can somehow entrain or network for empathy. An empathy box. Hey, guess what:

"An empathy box," he said, stammering in his excitement, "is the most personal possession you have. It's an extension of your body; it's the way you touch other humans, it's the way you stop being alone." - Philip K. Dick, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*

If you've read the book, you know the Empathy Box just transmits everyone into the experience of a man walking up a hill while being hit by stones. Like the VR experience of being a refugee that was talked about last year, "empathy" in VR is really just a holiday in someone else's misery. — Warren Ellis

*

Soon the last person will know that we are living in a PKD world. It's the ruling meme now. Isn't it funny how this enfolded over the last two decades? We knew it back in '98. And earlier. And we will see chatterbots and have ansible interfaces that routinely pass the Turing test. Google Search will understand humans better than they themselves, playing Go against them simultaneously. Insect drones will deliver micro LSD. And IoT mall doors may shut especially for us because they know all our cards are maxed out or our citizen score is subpar. And, right, you can choose your bubble reality already. The biggest crowd. Mercer's only a click away. Moon's the next destination. A little something for us Internauts. – Andre Welling

*

My image of Phil was from the Rolling Stone interview where he was sure that the FBI was on to him and blew up his safe for what reason he knew not, but liked to ponder and generate various scenarios which come up in his writing and Exegesis. And he turned out to be that kind of guy. A guy out of a Pynchon novel or P.K. Dick novel. Middle aged — a little over weight. A little worn thin. Jolly. Sociable. The Southern California landscape — artificial lushness in a desert built on a resonating alluvial plane, endless geometry of cheap shacks and little radio like house with plants at varying densities, a never changing dusty white day with artificial water sprinkler beautifying everything in the evening. No one walking — an empty Perky Pat layout.

Phil somewhere down there by Fantasyland and Goofy and Mickey and Abraham in the robotic hall of presidents, Hollywood house of wax and palm trees. He had a Furry Freak Brother poster on the wall and a bunch of snuff boxes and fancy earphones on the coffee table. He and K.W. tossed the conversational ball around as old friends. He had cats. – Gary Panter

*

In his last years, Phil Dick believed that he lived under the benign influence of a cosmic force whose vectors coincided with those of his small apartment. (He would not seek better quarters for that reason.) The force whispered in his ear, give him instruction, was largely responsible for VALIS, his metaphysical novel. The force assured him that most conventional assumptions of history and religiosity were insane and that humanity had essentially been worshipping the wrong icons for many centuries. (All of this is articulated not only in VALIS but in an interview with Charles Platt published in DREAM MAKERS: 1980.) Under the influence of this mentor, Dick's career flourished. DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? was bought for film and his works started to come back into print. For

the first time in his career he began to see considerable amounts of money. In 1980, his last full year, he made \$165,000 and wrote his final novel, BISHOP TIMOTHY ARCHER as well as a few short stories which sold to OMNI and PLAYBOY. The consensus was that he had never been writing better nor had his work ever been more appreciated. Who was to say, then that his mentor was wrong? Any science fiction writer who had run the full course of a 30-year career could use some cosmic guidance: This was a field which was always difficult and intermittently murderous as Dick himself had occasionally observed. You found your friends where you could. – Barry Malzberg

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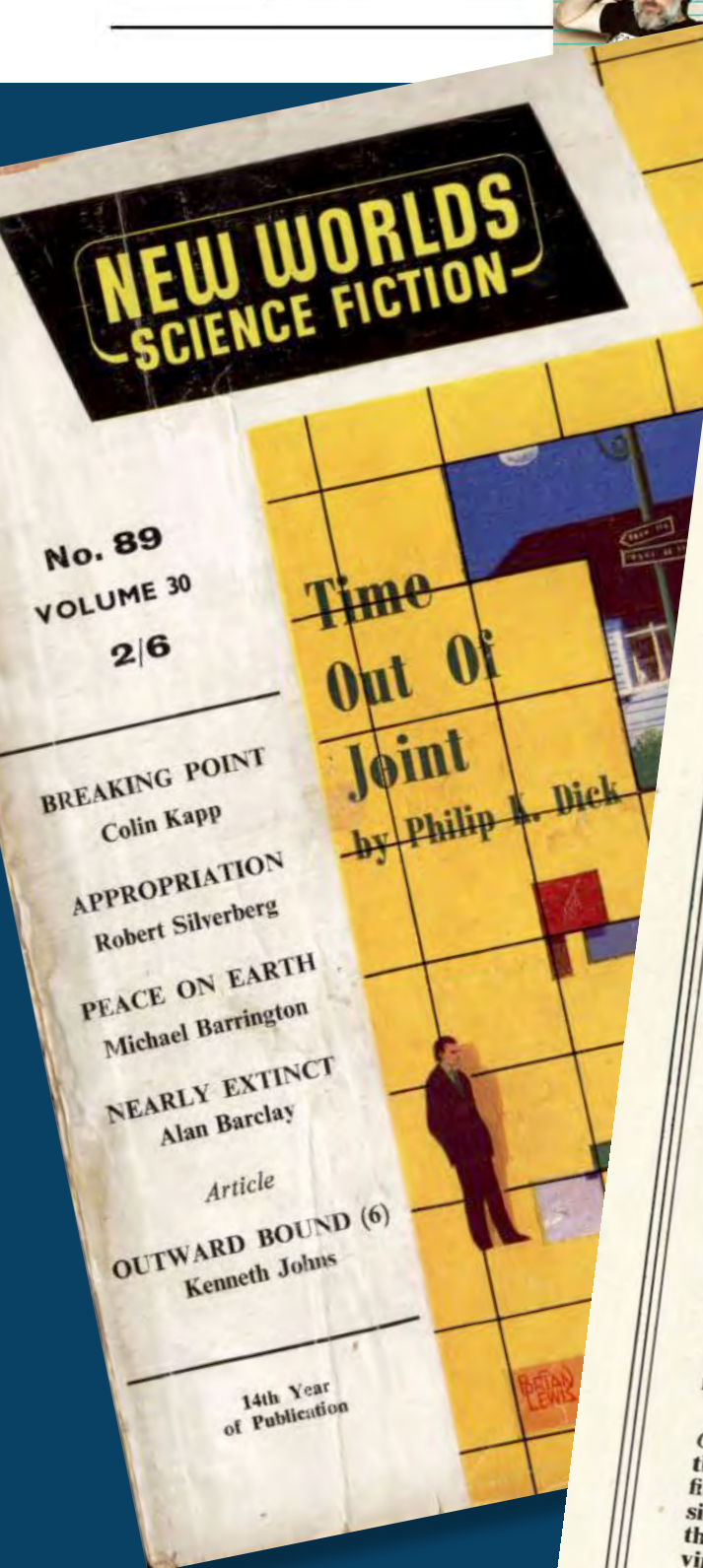
Dick, Philip K., author from the 1950s until his death in the early 1980s of many allegorical novels dealing with alien civilizations and states of consciousness. He eventually revealed that his novels were built upon alien transmissions and a hidden cypher. In 1974 he received a spontaneous high initiation in cosmic consciousness. At his untimely death he was working on a series of novels based on his understanding of the alien intentions towards Earth. Notable works include *The Man in the High Castle*, *VALIS* and *The Divine Invasion*. The critically acclaimed science fiction movie *Blade Runner* is loosely based on his novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*. – Allen H. Greenfield, *Secret Cipher of the UFOnuts* (1994).

*

Mark E. Smith (R.I.P.) ranks the PKD movies. From The Guardian 25 January 2018:

I know you're a big Philip K Dick fan. Have you seen the new Blade Runner?

I think the original Blade Runner is the most obscene film ever made, I fucking hated it. *The Man in the High Castle* is one of my favourite books; how they fucked that TV show up I don't know. It gets blander and blander. In the book the level of comprehension of that world is fucking astounding, in the show it's just everybody going around normally except they've got swastika armbands on. The only good Philip K Dick film is *Total Recall*, it's faithful to the book. Arnie gets it. I was physically sick watching *A Scanner Darkly*, it was like an episode of *Cheers* painted over except they all smoke dope and imagine women with no clothes on.



New Worlds
December 1959

