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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

PKD **Otaku** Layout, Logo, Graphics and Typesetting

by Nick Buchanan n.buchanan@hotmail.co.uk

Introduction

by Patrick Clark

It has been a long time between issues of PKD Otaku. As we all are intimately aware, the last two years have been a deadly mess. The pandemic, the sputtering economy, the continuing climate change for the worse, the rise of extremism, and now an actual war in the European heartland. Projects and good intentions both went into the freezer. Consider this new issue a protophason amplifier message from cold-pac.

I'm writing this on March 2nd. Forty years ago, on this day, PKD died. There is a small memorial going on at his gravesite in Fort Morgan. I thought I'd read some of the short stories to mark his passing. And so, I came across these three quintessentially Phildickian ideas from "The Electric Ant" written in December 1968, published October 1969:

Objective reality is a synthetic construct, dealing with a hypothetical universalization of a multitude of subjective realities.

What I want, he realized, is ultimate reality, for one microsecond. After that it doesn't matter, because all will be known; nothing will be left to understand or see.

"You're not real," he told Sarah. "You're a stimulus-

factor on my reality tape. A punch-hole that can be glazed over. Do you also have an existence in another reality tape, or one in an objective reality?" He did not know; he couldn't tell. Perhaps Sarah did not know, either. Perhaps she existed in a thousand reality tapes; perhaps every reality tape ever manufactured.

In late 1969 I'm thinking this must have blown a lot of minds, as we were wont to say. PKD was always one of the better drugs back then.

It is difficult for me to grasp that four decades have gone by since Phil was with us. (Unless, as Phil might have suggested, that no time at all had passed since it was still 40 A.D. – but let's not go there.) At some time around then my brother called to tell me that Phil had died. That was the first I had heard the news but soon enough the obits began to appear in the "New York Times", "Newsweek", "Time", "Locus". He might have been surprised by all the fuss. Yet here we are, in 2022, still reading his works, still discussing his thoughts, still mourning his death. Still, I like to think, having our minds blown. Phil seems to have been downloaded to quite a few reality tapes. It may not be immortality exactly but it is a kind continued existence. For which we should all be grateful.



The Frisbee Players of Triton

by D. K. Phillips

As he was leaving his conapt with his wife, Julie, who had on as usual her ultra-natty outfit even though they were only going down to the laundromat in the building's basement, Ed Glotz got into a philosophical disputation with his wristwatch.

"What's so great about Nietzsche anyway?" said the tinny voice of the autonomic, self-winding, homeostatic, heterosexual, wholly obnoxious timing device in its usual telepathic manner.

"Shut up, you punk!" shouted Ed at his arm. "Nietzsche was a lot better than that bum Schopenhauer. Nietzsche could beat Schopenhauer with one hand tied behind his back!"

"Oh, yeah? Sez who?" screamed the voice in his brain.

"Sez me," raged Ed, ripping the mechanism from his wrist. "I've had enough of your backtalk. Take that!" He hurled the watch against the wall of the corridor. "And stop looking at my wife, you sex maniac! Don't think I haven't noticed."

The broken watch lay on the floor, silent.

"My God," said Julie, prancing into the elevator, her arms full of clothes. "He thinks he's talking to his watch. A grown man, physically grown. No, I take that back. Physically not completely grown. Still infantile in parts." She snickered. The elevator responded to their presence and they plunged downward.

The laundry room, when they entered, was empty of other humans. Immediately, a clamor went up from the dozen or fifteen washing machines therein.

"Take me, sir and madam."

"Take me, don't listen to him. His rinse cycle is too short."

"No, use me, I'm better! I guarantee satisfaction!"

"Take me! Don't listen to the others. Everyone ignores me cuz I'm over here in the corner. It's not fair."

"Ed, let's use this one," said Julie. "This one is

cute." At once she began stuffing clothes into the machine she had selected. There was much groaning and muttering from the other washers, but they eventually settled into resentful silence.

"Thank you, lady," said the machine Julie had chosen. "I think you're very attractive yourself. You may call me Herbie."

Jesus, thought Ed, I almost forgot. What with my juvenile argument with that perverted watch. The big frisbee contest. To decide the fate of the human race, in our struggle against the repulsive, inhuman slugs from Triton. We don't stand a chance, what with the fact that Percival Smith-Lloyd-Jones, the slugs' best frisbee thrower, possesses psychokinetic powers. We're doomed. Unless A.G. Krauten, the giant Berlin frisbee cartel, manages to come up with something at the last moment. Strange that we should put our faith in those German so-called Übermenschen. That we turn to them in our time of need, almost instinctively it seems.

Maybe I can find something here to read, to take my mind off the fate that awaits us, Ed thought, shuffling through a stack of cheap, sensational-looking magazines left in the room.

"How about a little music while you wait?" piped up Herbie. "I'm actually quite talented. May I suggest a little Wagner to begin with? Only fifty cents for five minutes."

"Come on, Ed," said Julie, wriggling up to him. "That sounds like a good deal. Only fifty cents. How 'bout it, huh?"

***'Thank you, lady,'
said the machine Julie
had chosen. 'I think
you're very attractive
yourself. You may call
me Herbie.'***

"I'm saving up to enroll in the Hoboken School of Opera for Autonomic Devices," said Herbie.

"How about something from Beethoven's Ninth?" said Ed. "Like the Ode to Joy. I'd much prefer that." For some reason I don't think I could take any Wagner at a time like this, he thought. Adolf von Dungkopf, head of the Krauten cartel, is no doubt listening to selections from Wagner's Greatest Hits

on his stereo autoplayer. At this very moment. While preparing to sell out Terra to the slugs.

Julie shot him a look of contempt. "Troublemaker.

Herbie can't be expected to give in to your every little whim, you know." She came over to him again. "What are your reading? No doubt one of those trashy science fiction magazines you always seem to be attracted to. Like a fly to honey, or whatever the metaphor is."

"Simile. And anyway, it's a bee to honey. What I'm reading is actually very thought-provoking. It's about the world famous writer Philip Strick—"

"Philip Dick," Julie said with disgust, wadding his expensive orange caterpillar-hair pedal pushers into a ball and throwing them into the clothes hamper. "You can't even get a simple thing like his name straight. And I

had to marry you. The biggest mistake of my life. One for which I now have to pay by living with you. A man who's no good even in bed."

"The point is, it's presented as a parody, while in reality—"

He broke off. Is it a parody or a pastiche? I never can remember the difference between those two words. First I can't remember his name, and now this. My God, he thought, I must be losing my mind. No doubt as a punishment from some higher entity that watches our every move.

"Maybe it's true. I've been indulging in too much of this so-called literature – to the extent that I can no longer face up to the real world. To my duties as a husband." He stared gloomily at the lurid magazine without seeing it.

"I just can't understand it," said Julie. "I mean, what kind of person would write for one of those magazines? It's probably financed by our enemies. The slugs."

"This particular writer – Phillips, as he labels himself – claims to be from Canada. Though I've never heard of him. So it's possibly a pseudonym."

"Canada? No wonder he's lost contact with reality. What with polar bears roaming the streets day and night. If they have streets, which I doubt."

"These magazines are not all bad, though. They —"

"No real man reads that kind of trash. Herbie, I'm sure, wouldn't be caught dead – so to speak – reading any science fiction. Would you, Herbie?"

"Herbie, schmerbie," broke in Ed, his face red. "Herbie's no ordinary washing machine. He's too uppity. There's only one life form that's that uppity. The slugs."

"So, Ed Glotz," said the machine, its gestalt beginning to waver before their eyes, "you've found me out. Yes. Allow me to introduce myself. Percival Smith-Lloyd-Jones. At your service. As it were." The form of the washing machine was now barely visible; imposed over it was the outline of a nauseating-looking mass of gastropodial jelly.

"Julie, how horrible! It's Smith-Lloyd-Jones himself, Triton's champion frisbee player, here in the basement of our very own conapt building!"

Julie gave him a withering stare. "I don't care what you say, Ed Glotz. To me, Herbie, in whatever form he assumes, is still ten times the man you are. You schmuck. Besides, I don't understand what those stupid words like 'conapt' mean."

She turned away from him. "Herbie, just say the word and I'll divorce this creep and come and live with you."

I can't believe it, Ed thought. I actually can't believe it. My very own wife, falling in love with a disgusting mass of slime from Triton. The champion of our mortal enemies. The being that will singlehandedly, so to speak, in all probability, bring about the destruction of our entire human civilization and plunge us back into a morass of barbarousness and existential ickyness. I think I'm going to be ill. I can actually, no kidding, feel my gastronomical system working itself into a tizzy of such magnitude that I'll be forced, whether I want to or not, to actually throw up.

"It'll never work, Julie. As regards you and Herbie-Percival. I know what kind of a woman you are. You demand continual satisfaction. But these slugs reproduce by binary fission. So I guess the last laugh is on you after all."

"Oh, Herbie! What are you doing?" Julie was leaning up against the bank of washing machines, arching her back, and wriggling her hips frantically. "Oh, Herbie, you big hunk of man, don't stop!"

"You forget, Mr. Glotz," said Smith-Lloyd-Jones, "that I possess psychokinetic powers. Developed to a considerable degree of dexterity."

*it was the outline of
a nauseating-looking
mass of
gastropodial jelly.*

I can't stand it, thought Ed to himself. I'm getting out of here. He made his way shakily outside the laundry room to the elevator. To think that human society should succumb to such a species. From a satellite that goes against the natural order of things. As does, inevitably, its dominant life form. He pressed the button for the fifteenth floor.

"Well, Ed, how's the little wife doing these days?" boomed Herbie's voice from a loudspeaker inside the elevator. Faintly, from the background, came the delighted squeals of Julie.

Rushing to his conapt, Ed slammed the door. I'm not safe anywhere, he thought. Even in the elevator. He turned on the radio. Maybe there's some news from Berlin. Something to give us hope, even though I doubt it.

"Care for a little game of frisbee, Ed?" crackled the receiver.

My God, he thought. It's everywhere. A kind of Harry Warner¹ of the airwaves. How terrible.

Returning to the radio, he clicked it off. This whole thing is ridiculous, he thought. Maybe I should write it up and submit it to one of those pseudo-scientific magazines

I'm always reading. *Atrocious Stories* or whatever.

Going to his desk, he got out a sheet of paper and stuck it into his typewriter.

"Not so fast, Ed," chirped the typewriter, spitting the sheet of paper back out onto the floor. "As I recall, we have a little unfinished business to wind up. We were discussing Leibniz's metaphysical concept of the urban monad in relationship to —"

"Not Leibniz, you twit. That's Silverberg."

"Leibniz, Silverberg, all these German philosophers look the same to me," whined the machine.

God, thought Ed Glotz, this could go on forever.

1. Harry Warner was a prolific writer of letters to fanzines.

Published in the fanzine *Starling* No. 25 (June 1973)



THE UNTELEPORTED MAN

Round robin with Tessa Dick, Dave Hyde and Nick Buchanan

Jan-Mar 2021

Question 1. In which form do you mainly read the novel?:

- the original novelette in the Dec 1964 *Fantastic Stories*
- the 1972 reissue of the novelette in Ace Double with Dr. FUTURITY
- the 1976 Methuen or 1979 Magnum paperbacks with the original novelette
- the 1983 Berkley edition with the missing sections (expanded text)
- the 1983 Berkley edition with the missing sections (expanded text) but with the re-found missing sections on separate sheets of paper
- the 1984 Gollancz hardcover or the 1985 Granada paperback titled *LIES, INC.* (PKD's 1979 revised text)
- the 2004 Vintage or 2011 Mariner paperbacks titled *LIES, INC.* (PKD's 1979 revised text)
- some other edition

Tessa: Ace Double (the other novel was *Mind Monsters*)

LRC: Over the years I've read *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* in many editions. The main one I read is the 1983 Berkley paperback with the missing pages to hand.

Nick: The 1976 Methuen paperback.

Question 2. What do you think of the different versions? Particularly between those titled *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* and those titled *LIES, INC.*?

Tessa: Sorry, I don't know the other versions.

LRC: There is no definitive edition, in my opinion, of *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*. We have, instead, as Aaron Barlow suggested, two different novels: *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* and *LIES, INC.* This is supported by the fact that Philip K. Dick wrote the original novelette in 1964 on assignment for *Fantastic Stories* and he wrote the expansion in 1965 on the request of Don Wollheim and Terry Carr, editors at Ace Books. The version titled *LIES, INC.* and first published in the UK by Gollancz in 1984, was the text of the revision that PKD wrote in 1979 and which was lost until 1983 after the publication of the Berkley edition.

With a difference of 14 years between the writing of *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* expansion in 1965 and the *LIES, INC.* text of 1979, it is pertinent to say, as does Professor Barlow, that these are two different novels. The differences are many and an analysis should be made.

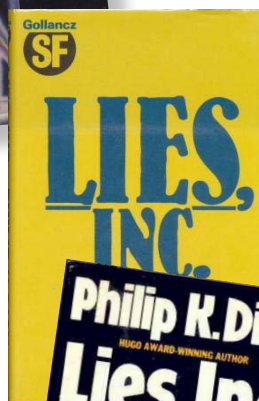
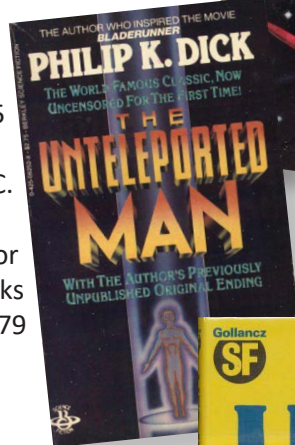
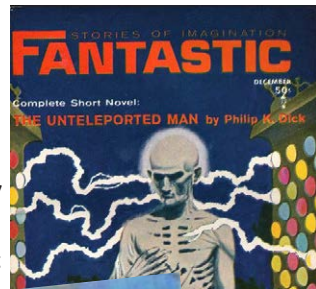
The one I like the best is the 1983 Berkley paperback with the missing pages to hand. I find the *LIES, INC.* text inferior.

Nick: I prefer *The Unteleported Man* (1976 Methuen) to *Lies Inc.* I thought the additions and revisions of *Lies Inc* diluted rather than added to the text.

Question 3. Why is *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* one of your favorite Philip K. Dick science fiction novels?

Tessa: *The Unteleported Man* celebrates the efforts of one man to discover the truth, even though he fails in the end. The deception is disclosed while he is still in transit to the colony, but his determination and investment in his quest are admirable. It also reminds us of the historical exploitation of "undesirables" whom the European powers sent there to their colonies overseas.

LRC: All fans of Philip K. Dick appreciate his mind-blowing imagination. In *THE*



UNTELEPORTED MAN (I'm talking about the 1983 Berkley version) Dick's imagination is at its most explosive. As our esteemed editor, Patrick Clark, has reminded me: all writers, all novels, are of their time. I ask, then what was Phil doing in 1964 and 1965 that impinged on his writing of the expansion of *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*? Part of the time he was hanging out in Berkeley, California with other science fiction writers, including Ray Nelson, his future collaborator on *THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER*, and dropping acid in the summer of 1965. For the expansion of *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* Phil wrote to Terry Carr at Ace Books asking if it was ok to bring in Ray Nelson as his collaborator. This did not happen for I know not what reason and Phil wrote the expansion text on his own. But he did write in one letter to Terry Carr (Nov 11, 1964) about how Ray Nelson had given him new ideas for the expansion. These new ideas obviously show up in the expanded text which was published in the 1983 Berkley edition. Its a question of What is Reality? In *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* the effect of using the psychedelic drug LSD on his writing means PKD weaved his acid trips into the novel as he explores the meaning of reality in deeper and unexpected ways. In the expanded text Phil had done more than Carr and Wollheim had bargained for. They wanted a puff job to 50,000 words that kept the original plot sort of intact. Instead, Phil gave them expanded consciousness.

But *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* is my favorite of all his novels because it is so funny. I laugh every time I read the opening section of the novel where Rachmael ben Applebaum is hounded by the creditor jet balloon hovering just out of reach over his head and berating him loudly about his debts to the amusement of passers-by. And the ingenuity of the devices Dick comes up with; the riveting plot; the Eye Eater, Theodoric Ferry, Dr. Bloode's book, the UN Clinic – there's so much packed into *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* that you can read it again and again with equal amusement.

I've gone further into this in my essay *Time and Unteleportation* which was in PKD OTAKU #26 (2012). See also Patrick Clark's essay *Philip K. Dick's Adventures with LSD* in PKD OTAKU #25 (2012) and his compilation of PKD quotes concerning LSD in PKD OTAKU #26.

Nick: Phil is brilliant at delineating the worser aspects of western society with its inherently corrupt corporations and dishonourable politicians.

I love the opening with the creditor jet-balloon trying to humiliate Rachmael Ben Applebaum in public – and the crowds who jeer and delight in his misery. I think it is a grimly comedic depiction of some of the worser aspects of society – much of which we see today (e.g. the jeering mob, the lack of empathy, the grasping at self-status due to the decline of others, the petty polarizations, etc.)

I think the whole con of Whale's Mouth being a fascist death planet and not a colonial haven is well expressed too

Question 4. Why is *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* not considered one of PKD's greatest sf novels?

Tessa: *The Unteleported Man* lacks the mystical vision that characterizes PKD's later novels, such as the mind-bending drugs in *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* and the unraveling of reality into mere words in *Time Out of Joint*.

LRC: Again, we have to go back to 1965 and the Ace Books decision not to publish the expanded text. If they had done so imagine the effect this novel would have had on

the science fiction world! It would quickly have been acclaimed a psychedelic masterpiece by the avant-presse of the counter-culture 60s. Unfortunately, and perhaps due to the slow migration of LSD from the center of it all there in Berkley, California, to New York City, the editors and publishers had not yet exposed themselves to

psychedelic substances and held to a more traditional view of science fiction. The sort of early, much remarked upon opinion of the expansion text as made by Terry Carr in his rejection of it, has a way of seeping into lazy consciousness. People read the book – the critics – with this thought in the back of their minds that it is hackwork and they don't bother to see what Dick is writing about. Of course, they may think its just him questioning reality again. But just skimming the surface of the novel and dismissing it as hackwork does Dick and *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*

a great disservice. Today, in 2021 (although it feels as if 2020 has yet to end) we see PKD in retrospect. All those fantastic novels and short stories and 2-3/74 and the *EXEGESIS* and his life blend into one fascinating whole. There's a lot of speculation about VALIS and the *EXEGESIS* in relation to gnostic and mystical ideas, which began with the publication of *VALIS* in 1981, but *VALIS* is a masterpiece of the end of his career, while *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* is a masterpiece of a different sort from an earlier time.

Nick: Because it doesn't deal with what is real in a phenomenological sense, rather it deals with what is real only in a political sense. In this way, its scope is more limited and perhaps less profound or far reaching. It might be considered an exploration of propaganda.

Question 5. Which Dick themes are prevalent in *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* and why do you think they were important to him?

LRC: I never really looked at this novel in terms of themes and can think of only one and that is the nature of reality; and its importance for Phil was, maybe, that he was able to write, publish, then expand the story first in 1964-5 and then again in 1979. The original novelette was written from that early 60s time of leftover Beatniks and

proto-hippies contending with the man in the grey flannel suit of the 50s. It is science fiction of the Golden-age. But it looks like, in between the time he wrote the novelette and the completion of his 1965 revision, he took some LSD. This altered his reality and he weaved his new psychedelic insights into the expansion of *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*.

Then he had occasion to revise the story again as *LIES, INC.* in 1979. That's 15 years later. You know, 1979, who the hell can remember that? But regardless of the historical details (and a detailed study of the three versions is here begging to be done) Phil

did rewrite the story. One story, three different realities. We should start calling it the *LIES, INC. Trilogy*!

Personally, I think Erik Davis should take a look at the whole situation. *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* is weirdly fundamental to Phil's later masterpieces like *UBIK* and *VALIS*. I don't know how, but that's Erik's area, he knows all about that sort of thing.

Any further comments?

Read the novel! The 1983 Berkley edition with the missing pages.

— Lord RC — Jan 2021

The Unteleported Man is a masterpiece of a different sort from an earlier time

THE UNTELEPORTED MAN

Whale's Mouth was a planetary utopia for forty million Earth colonists—but none ever returned. It took only 15 minutes to get there by instant-teleportation, but it was strictly a one-way journey. If you wanted to return, it was always possible to go the long way round—18 years each way by conventional spacecraft. No one relished that, of course. Then one man decided to try it, and encountered some very powerful opposition . . .

The Tangled History of The Unteleported Man

[from Eric Johnson's PKD listserv in
the summer of 1998] – JPC

"The novels which I've written that I later found myself in are *UBIK*, *FLOW MY TEARS* and *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*." – PKD in a letter to Richard Weinberg, March 6, 1979

Early to **mid-1964**: Phil is commissioned to write a novelette for *FANTASTIC*.

June 7, 1964: In a letter to James Blish, Phil remarks, "A good writer even doing pulp assignments, does not write crap; he may write formula work, devoid of newness, of literary merit, but it is craftsmanship; he is given a job *and he does it well*. He writes the 20,000 novelette for *Fantastic*, as best he possibly can...."

August 26, 1964: The manuscript of *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* is received by Phil's agent, Scot Meredith Literary Agency.

November 1964: The novelette version is published in the magazine *FANTASTIC*, (the December issue) as "The Unteleported Man."

Early November 1964: Terry Carr reads the novelette in *FANTASTIC* and shows it to Donald Wollheim who asks Phil to expand the work by 30,000 words into an Ace novel. Phil agrees and signs a contract to that effect.

Nov. 11, 1964: In a letter to Terry and Carol Carr, Phil floats the idea of bringing Ray Nelson in to help with the expansion of the book. Apparently, nothing comes of this suggestion.

Jan. 10, 1965: In a letter to Carol Carr, Phil writes, "After New Year's I went back to the expansion on *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*...."

May 5, 1965: The new material is received by Phil's agent.

May 22, 1965: In an angry letter to Scot Meredith, Phil discusses Wollheim's rejection of the new material for the expanded manuscript. "So what I see is this: the direction

of my serious original and creative s-f has passed Ace by; or, put another way, what Ace wants is what the Coasters in their lp call 'the same old shoot-em-up, the same old rodeo.' We call that 'space opera,' do we not? And it has been some time since I was capable of turning space opera out; *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*, in its original form in *Fantastic*, was just about it, the end of the line for me in that direction."

November 1966: *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* appears as an Ace Double (along with Howard L. Cory's *THE MIND MONSTER*). This version contains none of the newly written material. The blurb on the cover reads, "Find the equation for nonconformity - or else!"

September 1972: A second edition is issued by Ace as another Double, this time with *DR. FUTURITY* as the second title. The blurb on the cover of this edition reads, "Find the unconforming equation - or die."

1978: Mark Hurst arranges the sale of *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*, *COSMIC PUPPETS* and *DR. FUTURITY* to Berkley Books. *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* is to be "restructured" for publication.

January 11, 1979: In a letter to Brigette Louise _____, Phil relates that Berkley had purchased *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* and that he is busy on a rewrite of the book. He writes, "The work is almost finished."

October 1, 1979: In a letter to Sheri Rush, Phil implies that he is behind on his contract for the revision of the novel.

April 22 and September 30 1981: In interviews with Gregg Rickman, Phil explains the history of the book:

GR: What about Unteleported Man?

PKD: That was just written as a novelette for *Amazing* [actually published in *Fantastic*, *Amazing's* sister magazine, December 1964]. That was just a way to make money. They offered me double their normal word rate if I'd do a novelette based on the cover. They had a cover drawn. And I did that. It wasn't very good.

GR: I heard that half of it was suppressed, or deleted, by the publisher [in its book form publication, 1966].

PKD: No. The original version is as I wrote it, but

when Wollheim bought it he wanted to add another 50% more, and I wrote another 50% more, but he didn't like it. It was too spacey for him, too much acid stuff.

So he never published the second half, and Berkley wants to bring it out, but it requires revision. The two parts don't fit together at all. The second part is much better than the part that's been published. It's quite imaginative and quite radical. I mean quite experimental.... But I can't get into that space of **The Unteleported Man** to rewrite it [to tie together the two halves]. I can't get back into the action-adventure stuff, so it's hung fire for several years.

GR: What happens in the second half?

PKD: I forget. I haven't looked at it for years.

That part is very good. It's really weird. I don't know where my head was at in those days. I'd just left Anne. I was living in Oakland.

Winter 1981-82: In a phone conversation with Mark Hurst in, Phil remarks that he is working on the revisions Berkley had requested and writing a new beginning chapter saying, "I'm going to open it with a rat in a sewer."

July 1983: **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN** is published by Berkley Books with "Now Uncensored For the First Time!" and "With The Author's Previously Unpublished Original Ending" on the book cover. It consists of the original material plus the expanded material Phil composed in 1965 but none of the newer material written in 1981-82. There are four missing pages which show as three gaps in the narrative in this edition.

July 1984: Still another edition is published by Gollancz books in the United Kingdom. This is a revised version with a new title, **LIES, INC.** This edition has the new first chapter written by Phil, plus additions and changes to his original

complete manuscript throughout. The 1964 material has been repositioned in this edition. The missing pages from the Berkley version had not been found and Phil's new additions fills in only one of the gaps. Gollancz has writer John Sladek write some connecting material to close the remaining two gaps.

September 1985: Paul Williams discovers the missing four pages of Phil's original manuscript and publishes them in **PKDS NEWSLETTER** (number 8).

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LIES about The Unteleported Man

[from PKD Otaku #1]

The big shift between the end of UTM and the end of LIES, INC. is in chapter 15 of LIES (page 173) and chapter 16 of the expanded Berkley edition of UTM (page 196). The last bit common to both books reads:

"I suppose so," he said. And opened the tin.
Acrid smoke billowed about him, stinging his nostrils.

In LIES it is Matson's nostrils being assailed and the rest of LIES is more or less what appears in the Berkley (and Ace) editions as chapters 7 through most of 9. But in UTM the action is quite different.

It is *Rachmael* who is in the situation. The UN time-warping weapon has returned him to Whale's Mouth just prior to being shot by the LSD dart. (LIES p. 75) "This" time he ducks and the dart misses him. Before the THL soldier can fire another dart Rachmael activates the device again.

"Now" he is back at the Fox's lair before Freya's attempt to pass the deep-sleep components. (LIES chapter 5) He tries to explain to Freya that this is the second time he has met her there to make the attempt but of course she doesn't understand what he is talking about. It is, after all, her "first" time. Rachmael reaches into his pocket for the time-warping device but it's gone. He has gone back to a time *before* he had been given the weapon by the UN.

He tells her that THL will prevent her from passing him the deep-sleep components. She then suggests disassembling the *Omphalos* and sending the sections through a Telpor station to Whale's Mouth and

then having Lies, Inc. technicians reassemble the ship there. [This makes no sense.] But Rachmael decides to try to change the "present" and obtain the components after all. The robot busboy stumbles into him as before and steals the components but this time Rachmael is ready. He and Freya attack the robot and retrieve the components. They then escape into the streets and safety.

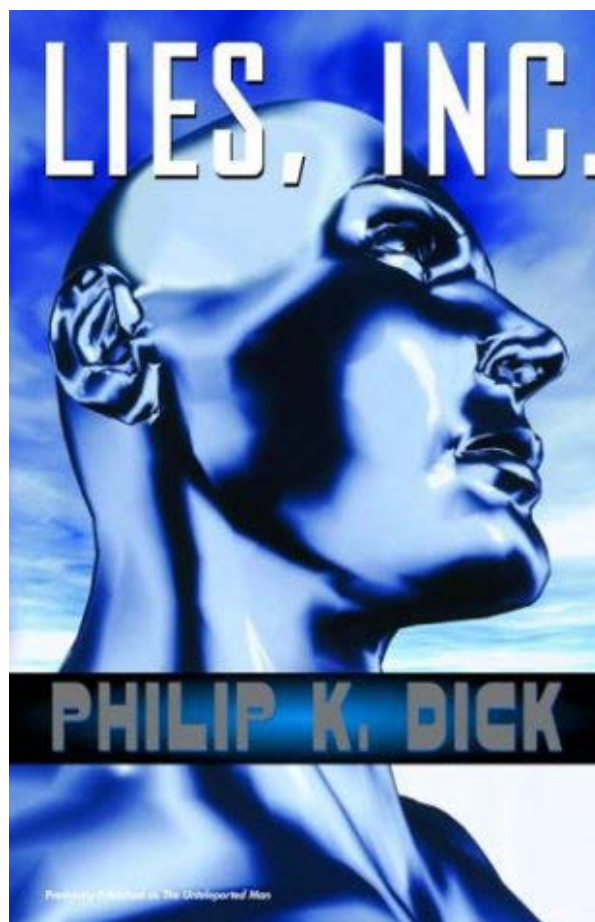
Since he can now utilize deep-sleep on his flight, Rachmael decides to make the trip to Whale's Mouth on the *Omphalos* as he originally intended. [This also makes no sense.] Only he now plans to take Freya with him. He is preparing to make the proposal to her when the chapter – and novel – comes to an end.

That's it. To call it "unsatisfying" is an understatement! There are no Lies, Inc. technicians at Whale's Mouth who could reassemble the *Omphalos* so Freya's suggestion is

impossible. I did like the plan to break the ship down to suitcase size components though. It seemed like an A. E. van Vogt idea. Rachmael, on the other hand, *knows* what the true situation at Whale's Mouth is. He knows that the Telpor can send and receive and so no interstellar transport ship is actually necessary. But he's going to make the 18 years journey anyway. Go figure. Hard to tell what Phil had in mind at this point except maybe just to bring the novel to a close and move on.

Final thoughts (2021): I read the original version of UTM in the first Ace Double in 1966. I remember liking that a lot as a teenager. The LIES, INC version, not so much. Better if Phil had taken the time to write a new novel instead of trying to resurrect this dodgy relic. That said, the opening chapter of LIES about Rachmael

and the rat is one of the best and funniest things Phil ever wrote in his late period.



Anthony Trevino Interviews

Nick Buchanan

PKD Festival – Fort Morgan 2019



This interview was not an official part of the festival. It was impromptu and conducted in a car park next to a busy highway during the last night.

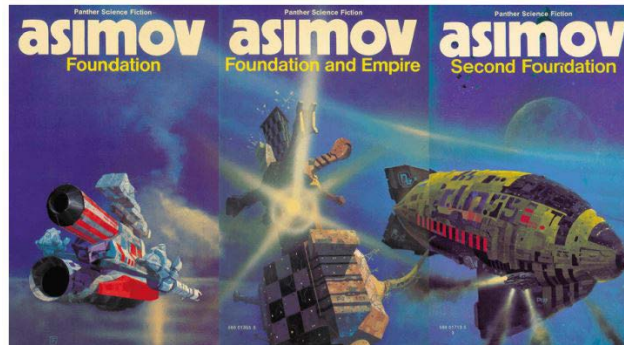
Anthony: So Nick thanks for being here at the PKD Festival and for agreeing to do an interview for the Dickhead Podcast. Why don't you give me a little overview of how you came to find Dick's work and how it resonates with you?



Nick: Sure, thanks. I'm very happy to be here. When I was first reading SF I was about fifteen or sixteen and my uncle worked in a bookshop where he could get 20% off a lot of the books, so I used to go in there and look at the covers with all their bright colours with artists like Chris Foss. The first thing that drew my eye was

'asimov' whose name was in big chunky letters, all lower case. It was the *Foundation* trilogy that I read first and I did enjoy it, but it was fairly straightforward. The next book I read was *Time out of Joint*, the Phil Dick novel, and I was absolutely mesmerised by the scene where a soft drink stand disappears and dissolves leaving only a piece of paper on the grass with the words

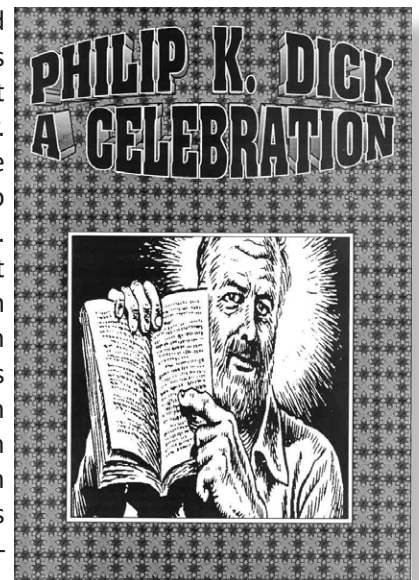
'soft drink stand.' For me, that related a lot to the work of Rene Magritte who painted a painting of a pipe with the words 'this is not a pipe' (Ceci n'est pas une pipe) – he was Belgian and spoke French. He was actually making the same point about the difference between representations and reality and that really fascinated me. In a way, Asimov was giving me a space opera, based on *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, whereas Dick was saying, *Are you sure that's real?* And I loved that enquiry. So I pursued



that and I've been rewarded by his two main questions – *What is real?* (some might say what is *really* real?) and *What is human?* (what constitutes the human being?)

Anthony: How did you end up here at the PKD Festival?

Nick: Well I had wanted to come for many years and wasn't able to get the money together. But this year I was able to make it, thanks to the kindness of others. I had heard about these festivals often and of course I'm in touch with my friends from PKD Otaku, which is a fan magazine run by fans for fans in which everyone gives their services for free – it is an offering to the fans and a hymn to Philip K. Dick himself. The last Philip K. Dick festival I went to was in England in 1991 in Epping Forest that had Paul Williams, Greg Rickman, Brian Aldiss



and Lawrence Sutin, so I was itching to get back to a PKD Fest.

Anthony: I caught your presentation this morning regarding the craft of Dick's writing. What went in to how you prepared for that and how did you choose the story that you used (*Explorers We*) as the

example?

Nick: The thing that I was really interested in – the motivation for presenting a piece on the craft of Dick's writing was because I kept hearing Dick's fans almost apologetically saying 'Yes I do read Phil Dick, but his ideas are great.' They were saying this as if it was a guilty secret to admit that you liked Phil Dick. The myth seemed to be that he had no literary merit whatsoever and that there's no real art or craft in what he

has written. I wanted to refute that. I think there are so many myths that build up around celebrities, for example with the Beatles the Myth is that John was the hard rock and roller and Paul was the balladeer. But you only have to listen to the catalogue to hear John doing things like Imagine, Beautiful Boy, Girl, Julia, etc. So I like to challenge those myths because soon they harden and set into all that people remember. Another classic myth with Phil is that he took LSD to get new ideas, and that he couldn't have had ideas like those found in *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* without LSD, and ironically he didn't take LSD until *after* he had written that novel. I also wanted to try to show people very clearly the craft of his art, because when we read a book we're not stopping at the text and looking *at* how it is done, we're caught up in the story of what is happening and so the craft becomes invisible to some degree, as it should. I wanted to pause and examine *how* Dick wrote and highlight the sophistication of his craft.

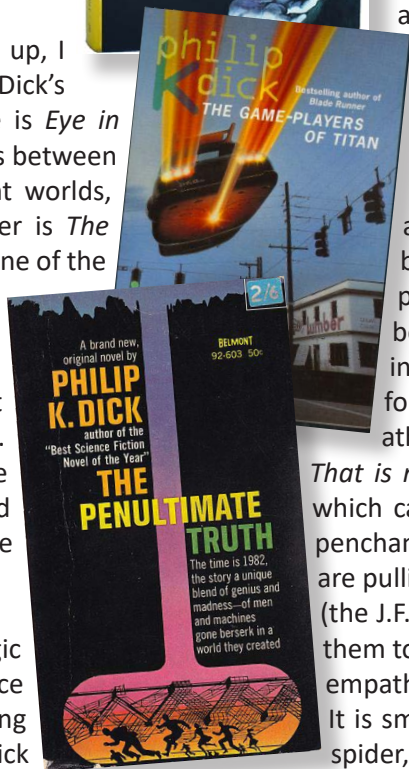
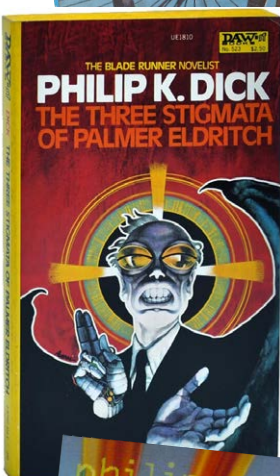
Anthony: And when you bring that up, I think of two examples primarily in Dick's work that seamlessly do that: one is *Eye in the Sky*. If you look at the transitions between each individual character's different worlds, they're all very seamless. The other is *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*. One of the reasons I love that book is because around 100-200 pages into it, you start to realise that Dick's writing style has now fooled you into not knowing what's real and what isn't. I didn't even realise until I closed the book that I wasn't sure what was and what wasn't. I think that's the true staying power of his writing.

Nick: That's it precisely, the magic of it. It's almost like hypnotic trance work, it happens without you realising it's happening. In a beautiful way, Dick uses 'sleight of mouth' to captivate us - in the way that a writer should. Their words are meant to invoke a feeling, to create an idea. When we

communicate, we influence. Of course the key thing is our intent - if our manipulation or influence is to harm or to hurt, then I'm not interested, but in the hands of a writer like Dick the words are on the page to make us go on a journey. It is that magic where you've been 'had' and you don't even realise it.

Anthony: Yes, until the book is finished. At the same time he has a 'matter of fact' style that I really enjoy because he doesn't treat his readers as if they are dumb. He assumes that you can believe what is happening and when things do happen it is really jarring. For example in *The Game Players of Titan* (spoiler alert) the scene where the elevator doors open and the detective gets shot, it's just boom, boom, boom, it just happens. There's no build up to it and there doesn't need to be. And Dick isn't a horror writer but he has written some fairly horrific scenes: in *The Penultimate Truth* when Dick describes one of the producers of the films they're making as being this horrific gelatinous beast that's kept alive through all these artificial tubings, it's beautifully grotesque.

Nick: It is, and he's a master of that. Even in *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* there's the chilling nature of the androids brilliantly portrayed. Oddly enough - and this will sound arrogant of me to say so because he's such a big director - but I think Ridley Scott missed the point entirely concerning these cold, callous beings who have no empathy. He turned them into these persons who had tremendous love for one another and were capable of incredible athleticism, and who were almost to be admired. *That is not what Dick intended at all.* And the scene which came to my mind when you referenced Dick's penchant for horror is the scene where the androids are pulling the legs off a spider in front of Jack Isadore (the J.F. Sebastian character) and Jack is pleading with them to stop, and them not understanding at all what empathy is - that we can feel for another creature. It is small, it's minutiae in one sense, it's only a tiny spider, but we get it. It's like the time Dick related having to kill a rat, it was poisoned, its neck was broken and then he stabbed it with the tines of a pitchfork, and then in the end having to drown it. But feeling awful



about it all and identifying with the creature. Yes there is a horror in much of Dick's work, *The three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* is incredibly nightmarish; the idea of being trapped in someone else's world by means of a drug and not being able to escape. I can't think of anything more nightmarish.

Anthony: Do you think that Dick's literary merits and his craft are often overlooked primarily because he is a genre writer?

Nick: I think that's certainly the case. Without any doubt there's a whole lot of snobbery about all kinds of literature and SF, so called, has been reduced to those two letters in a sneering way. But I always believe that if your enquiry is intelligent then you will find meanings in all kind of places. For example, I love the designs of the original Thunderbirds spaceships, I think they're beautiful designs, and I'm not going to wait until someone gives me sanction to like them. Equally I see great literary merit in Phil Dick's work and I read his books – and I think this is what it's about anyway – all of the Arts deal with emotion in terms of how they make us feel. I relate that to our understanding of the world which we grasp through our feelings not just our intellect. So I read it for the *experience* of Philip K. Dick. Indeed I think that the meaning of life is *the experience of life*. The actual experience, the connection with the world around us and with other people and Phil certainly conveys that in his writing. And there's something else I'd like to pick up on if I may Anthony—

Anthony: Absolutely—

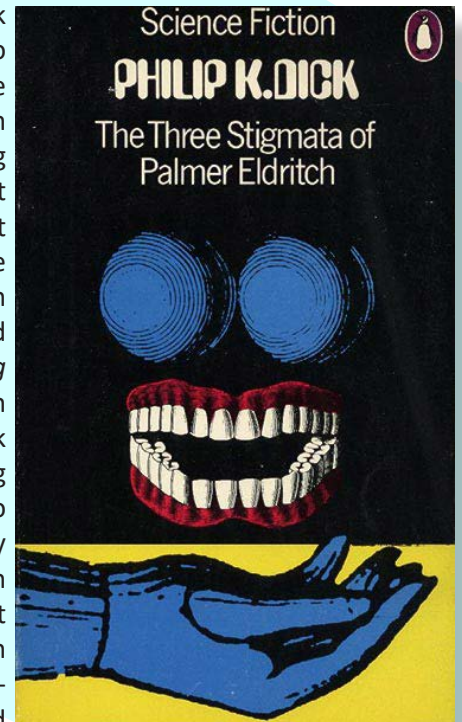
Nick: You mention that he's got this easy style and I agree with you about that. It's a chatty style of a friend sharing a story and it's one of his huge strengths. Although he

was an incredible intellect and so widely read and he researched exhaustively, he never wore it as a badge of honour and he would simply convey his stories in such a way that the reader would get it right away. He never felt the need to promote how much he knew. George Orwell said never use a long word where a short one will do. I'm not talking about dumbing-down, I'm talking about not over-intellectualizing something because that would only draw attention to itself. If a writer uses an obscure word in the middle of an important scene it can break the spell for the reader. It may make an author feel proud and worthy but it can be at the cost of the flow of a piece of writing.

Anthony: What is your favourite Dick book?

Nick: It is probably *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* which we referenced earlier. I think that was Dick at full stretch and I think he was willing to go places which were difficult for him and he was being incredibly brave. It is a novel of great courage. I reference Shakespeare often as you know and in the original *King Lear* story which Shakespeare took as his starting point, it used to have a happy ending in which Cordelia lives. But *(spoiler alert)* in Shakespeare's re-write she dies and

the beauty of difficult endings and dark explorations like *The Three Stigmata*, which walk the valley of the shadow of death, is that they give us more questions which resonate long after we have experienced them. Our reflections expand in the mind like a life-raft inflating. Easier texts with sugary and simple endings tie up all the loose ends and the reader is barred from any intellectual collaboration. Happier endings might do us harm by encouraging us to sleep safely, drink beer and watch Gladiators. Phil Dick unsettles us and sometimes I think it is good to be unsettled, sometimes when we feel



that cognitive dissonance it's because we are extending our map of know-how and actually gaining a deeper understanding of what it means to be human-

Anthony: -which is a prevalent theme in almost all of Dick's work. Were there any other short stories you were considering using as examples? I know you had a whole list of them, but were any in second place?

Nick: There could have been but there weren't in fact.

As it happened I just revisited *Explorers We* at the time I was writing about Dick's craft and it referenced the flame-thrower, which he saw as a child and the enemy soldier burning and running and people in the theatre cheering and laughing – and Phil realizing that something was desperately wrong. Because that incident

and the story of Phil killing a rat and feeling dread and remorse both tied in with the plight of the returning 'astronauts' in *Explorers We*, it was a useful story with easy currency for my thesis. But in actual fact, you could examine almost any of Dick's short stories and it wouldn't be difficult to highlight the art and the craft of Dick's writing. All of the key writing techniques he understands really well, like 'show, don't tell' – he'll show you someone trembling rather than tell you they were nervous, and he's really good at that stuff. And something I didn't really tease out in my talk was that he invites the reader to collaborate with his writing – he'll show you someone's distress (he'll describe the evidence of Jack's distress) rather than tell you Jack is distressed, and in this way he draws us in. The thing is, Phil really knew his craft and he wrote so many short stories and so many novels. It would be very unusual if he hadn't learned *anything* at the end of all that.

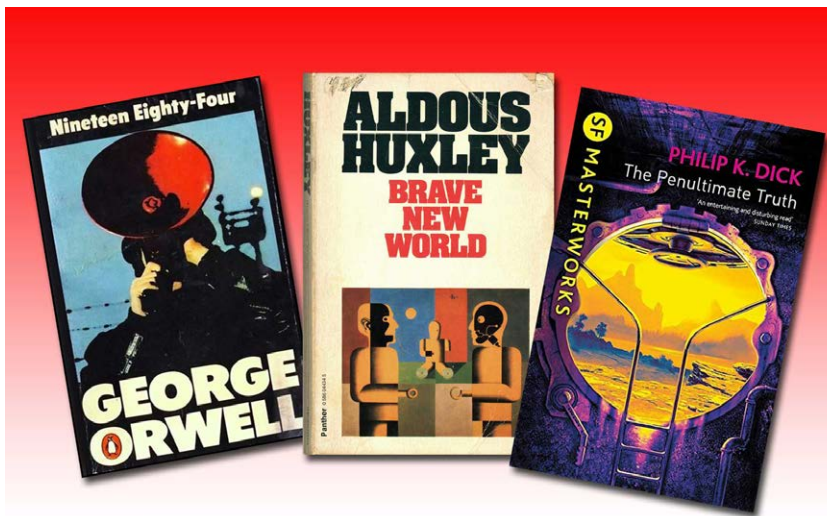
(Cameraman Jason): I have a question which piggy-backs

off that. I think a lot of these authors: Philip K. Dick, Orwell, Huxley and others are trying to warn us, warn humanity – 'hey this is something that could happen' – and yet we don't seem to heed the warning. What are your thoughts on that?

Nick: I agree with you, and there are specific Dick novels which tease that out. For example *A Scanner Darkly* is always talked about as if it was about drugs, but I think it is actually about *the state's response towards people*

taking drugs; it's about the state versus the individual. It's not about chemicals or pharmaceuticals. I also think that *The Penultimate Truth* is a really important novel in terms of people living in a media landscape. For example in the UK in the last two years, two drinks have become increasingly popular, one is prosecco and

the other is gin. And it is amazing that people who never ever drank prosecco or gin are now talking about them all the time on social media. They've been sold a lifestyle choice and they are living off-the-peg lives which have been worked out for them by advertising agencies and marketing corporations. In this way, their own lives have become ersatz, their inner world has been traded for the media's outer world. The *Koinos Kosmos* has overtaken the *Ideos Kosmos*. This of course is what Palmer Eldritch does best. You think you are safely in your own world when in fact you are still imprisoned in one of Eldritch's many nested realities. In this way, people make worse choices based on the media lies which are out there. I could cite many occasions when the BBC has lied many times deliberately. They told us they were showing us live footage from Tripoli when we invaded Libya and it was in fact old footage from an Indian street celebration, and you can't mix up live footage with old footage, it's a completely different process—



(Cameraman Jason): They've done that with 911. When it happened, they showed us old footage of Palestinians celebrating, also, if it's still on YouTube there's some amazing CNN footage from the original gulf war of a guy pretending like 'oh we're doing this thing' and then the camera is off then they're joking, and then the camera is on again and they're like 'oh there's a scud coming in!' – I mean it's laughable. I remember watching that in high school and I was engaged, I thought I was watching the real deal.

Nick: -and as you say, people are not waking up to it because they believe what the media is saying but all of the media is owned by only a few people. I think 'The Penultimate Truth' provides a great analogy of this: people living underground looking at vid-screens and being *told* what is happening on the surface. It's a dangerous age in that sense and we need to wake up and be aware of what is really going on. But again, the media have marginalized people who ask questions – they're 'tin-foil-hat wearers,' they're 'odd balls,' they're 'crap artists,' they 'don't know anything.'

(Cameraman Jason): What do you think Phil Dick would think of today? I shudder to think what prophetic things he would be writing if he was living today if you think about the trajectory where all this is headed.

Nick: It would be really interesting and it's hard to speculate, but he was so far ahead of the curve. When you consider that he wrote *The Penultimate Truth* sometime in the mid sixties (*actually 1964*) and compare it to where we are now in 2019 you see that he was describing something very similar to our current situation. It only takes a few people to see that the king hasn't got any clothes on and actually say it. It only takes a child to notice what is going on – remember

The King's New Clothes story – and when they do, the bubble is burst and others start to see the truth too. We'll have to wait and see on that one, but I understand your speculation.

Anthony: I have one final question, what do you hope that people take away from Dick's work when they read it?



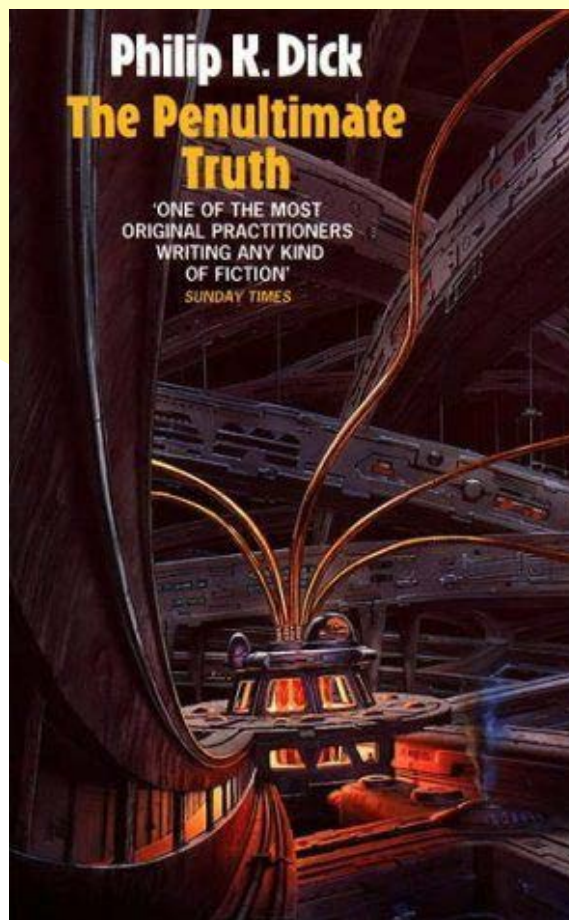
Nick: I hope the biggest thing they take away is that people - all people - are important, and that how we treat one another is pivotal to what kind of a world we are going to live in. The primal force of empathy is central to what we need in the world: I am talking about people not being afraid to be tender, people not being afraid

to cry when something moves them. I don't mean this in a mushy sense, I mean people having the strength to be that way, the strength to not just step over someone

on the street and to actually feel something about what is going on. The biggest thing for me with Phil Dick is empathy and understanding. Even in *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* you've got this thing about how each of our 'worlds' affects one another, they end up living in Palmer Eldritch's world and there's a sense in which we don't end where our skin ends, that we affect one another in all kinds of hidden ways that we know nothing about. So that's the biggest thing for me personally.

Anthony: I think that was beautifully said. Thank you so much Nick

Nick: Not at all. I'm honoured, thank you.



As is the custom with live interviews which are later transcribed, the grammar has been tidied up a little and a few words have been altered for clarity. The integrity

of the content however, remains intact.

Philip K. Dick: Electric Shepherd

edited by Bruce Gillespie (Norstrilia Press, Melbourne, 1975, 106pp, \$A3.50, ISBN 0 909106 00 2)

reviewed by Angus Taylor

This selection of pieces on Philip K. Dick, culled from the pages of the Australian fanzine *SF Commentary*, comes to us as the first offering from Norstrilia Press, founded by Bruce Gillespie and Carey Handfield. Containing in addition a short introduction by Roger Zelazny and a useful bibliography of Dick's works by Fred Patten, *Philip K. Dick: Electric Shepherd* presents a valuable and provocative handbook of comment and analysis by Gillespie, George Turner, Stanislaw Lem, and Dick himself. However, in view of the subject under scrutiny, it is perhaps only to be expected that we are given a collection of material varied in terms of length, approach, and quality.

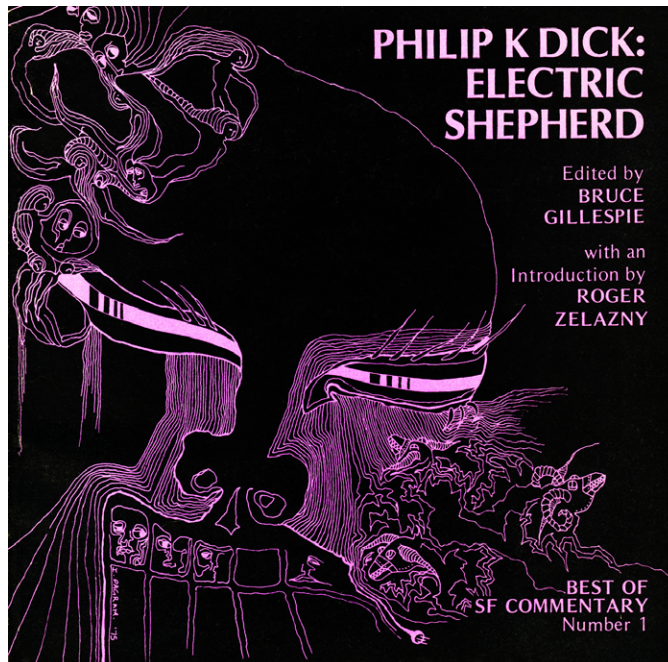
There is probably no other writer of science fiction whose work elicits such a wide range of reaction from readers, and who poses so opaque a subject for critics.

In George Turner we see an example of the intelligent reader who ferrets out all sorts of surface details but is unable to penetrate into the heart of things. In Turner's case the problem seems to be his hang-ups with the "logical" consequences of various stage props, such as the reversal of time in *Counter-Clock World*, the effects of the drug JJ-180 in *Now Wait for Last Year*, and the half-life world of *Ubik*. His conclusion: "The plotting is neat but cannot override the paradoxes. The metaphor fails because it cannot stand against the weight of reality as we know it." The point is, does Turner really understand what the metaphors used by Dick are? The "weight of reality" for Turner seems to be something other than it is for Dick. The heart of things Turner glimpses only in passing: *Flow My Tears*, *The Policeman Said* is, "believe it or not . . . a novel about love." Apparently he is not aware that *all* Dick's novels are

about love. Or, as Dick has said, about "love and grief". Towards this central concern point all Dick's metaphors and devices: androids, schizophrenia, half-life, aliens, parallel worlds, entropy, talking machinery, determined little dark-haired girls. Turner can spot the lack of "realistic" background in Dick's stories, but cannot go very far by way of explanation: "If his puppets move in a vacuum, at least we are not distracted by irrelevancies. Dick unfolds a formula for a particular aspect of reality or unreality, the aspect he wishes to discuss." True enough, but what specific aspects does he wish to discuss? And, more relevant to his use of *manufactured, socially-based* environments, how is "reality" constructed and destroyed in Dick's scheme? To these questions Turner is unable to provide any satisfactory answers.

From Stanislaw Lem we get a fascinating appraisal of the general state of sf, and a perceptive look at the way Dick manages to employ all the stock "trashy" clichés of the genre while gloriously transcending them. Unfortunately, however, while Lem properly appreciates the metaphysical aspects of the struggle of Dick's characters against entropy – "a battle not only for their lives, but also to save the basic categories of existence" – he, too, fails to grasp the real importance for Dick of social interaction, and the extent to which this shapes his metaphysical pyrotechnics. Thus Lem ends by bludgeoning Dick over the head, with regard to *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, in retaliation for a crime that exists only in Lem's imagination. (He has simply failed to understand Dick's metaphor of the android.)

More fun to read are the long meditations of Bruce Gillespie. Gillespie doesn't attack a literary problem head-on, but prefers to ramble around the perimeter, trying out different perspectives, nibbling away at the thing, and then working his way in obliquely towards the centre. In this way the reader is given a guided tour of Gillespie's mind at work, as he struggles with the giant puzzle before him, trying to make sense of it all, trying to discover a co-



herent underlying structure. And to his credit, although he is one of Philip Dick's most ardent admirers and tireless boosters, Gillespie doesn't pull any punches when dealing with what he sees as shortcomings. Thus he doesn't hesitate to pronounce that "The first 40 pages of *The Zap Gun* are unreadable" and goes on to say that "there are pages of indecipherable and indigestible jargon . . . Sentences lie torn in half and bleeding at their syntactical joints." Yet Gillespie is prepared to defend the value of this novel, something he is not prepared to do with respect to *Counter-Clock World*, for example.

One of the interesting things about Dick's critics – even those distinctly sympathetic to him – is their inability to agree on which stories are good and which bad; what one praises as a masterpiece of the science fiction field will be casually dismissed as trivial by the next. No doubt this phenomenon can be at least partly explained by the different qualities being sought by each: what's precious metal to one is fool's gold to another. Bruce Gillespie has a particular Geiger counter for the nuances of language, a fact which makes him appreciative of Dick's unique brand of wit. On one level, at least, it seems safe to say that no one is likely to succeed as a critic of this author who fails to appreciate such lines as the following, which Gillespie quotes:

Instant *Ubik* has all the fresh flavor of just-brewed drip coffee. Your husband will say, Christ, Sally, I used to think your coffee was only so-so. But now, wow! Safe when taken as directed.

For the student of Dick, however, the most valuable pieces in this book are the contributions of Dick himself: two letters and the text of "The Android and the Human", a speech delivered in Vancouver in 1972. In these two short letters Dick shows that he is well aware of the themes underlying his work, and gives us a concise statement of his view of the construction and destruction of reality as a function of social organization in an unorganized universe.

"Reality" here is something quite specific – susceptible of definition and investigation. There is the entropic reality of the physical universe, and there is the negentropic reality of the social universe. But above all it is the ability and responsibility of the individual human being that Dick affirms – reality as a human creation, as distinct from the common experience of reified reality. As he says in the Vancouver speech:

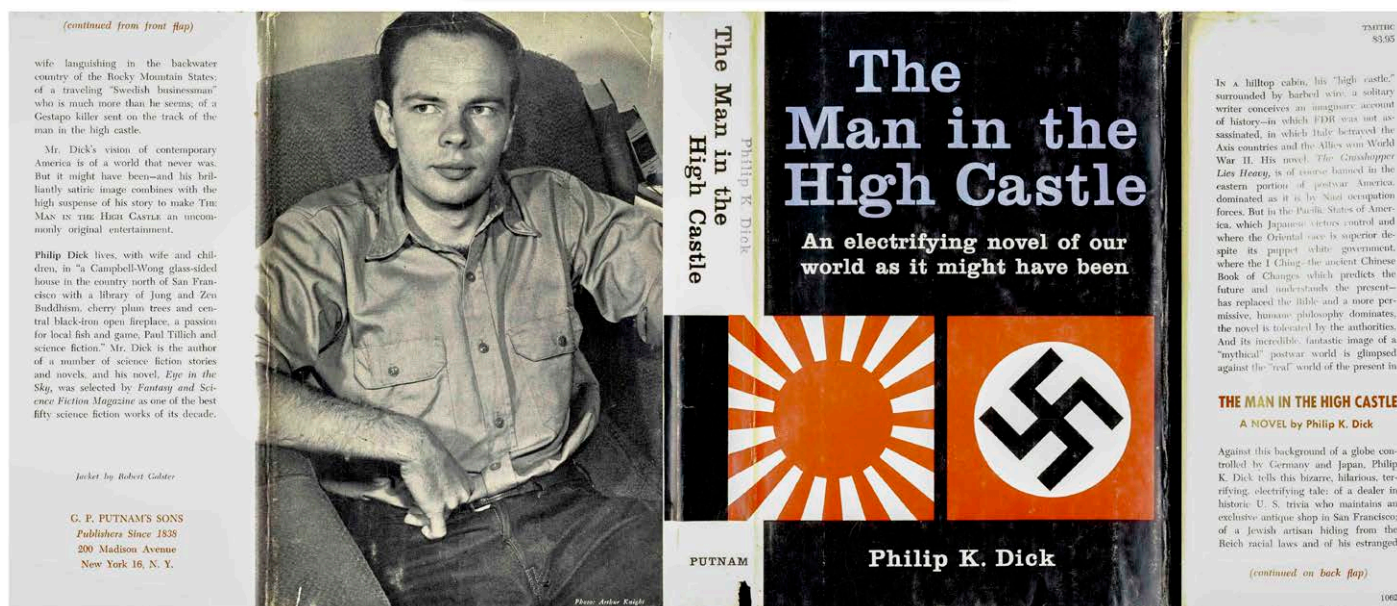
I have never had too high a regard for what is generally called "reality". Reality, to me, is not so much something that you perceive, but something you make. You create it more rapidly than it creates you. Man is the reality God created out of dust; God is the reality man creates continually out of his own passions, his own determination. "Good", for example – that is not a quality or even a force in the world or above the world, but what you do with the bits and pieces

of meaningless, puzzling, disappointing, even cruel and crushing fragments all around us that seem to be pieces left over, discarded, from another world entirely that did, maybe, make sense.

This other world is Dick's ideal, organized, humanly-constructed realm of

the spirit – of God, not transcendent, external, or above the world, but immanent: the full expression of the human potential. It is on this level that Dick the political-scientist/sociologist merges with Dick the religious prophet, for if we recognize in his work the concept of immanent divinity, then the religious and the political dimensions need not conflict. When humanity is God, then politics is religion. The struggle for ideal social relations is the struggle of mankind toward its Godhood. By penetrating the mystifications of various anti-human political orders, humanity can hope to organize the relations among its parts in an ideal, liberating manner, and thus manifest its divine, truly human nature.

Published in *Foundation* 10 (June 1976), 123–125



Marketing PKD

From the dust jacket bio from the 1962 Putnam first edition of *The Man in the High Castle*:

Philip Dick lives with his wife and children in "a Campbell-Wong glass-sided house in the country north of San Francisco with a library of Jung and Zen Buddhism, cherry plum trees and central black-iron open fireplace, a passion for local fish and game, Paul Tillich and science fiction." Mr. Dick is the author of a number of science fiction stories and novels, and his novel *Eye in the Sky*, was selected by *Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazine* as one of the best fifty science fiction works of its decade.

*

From the dust jacket bio on the 1966 Doubleday first edition of *Now Wait for Last Year*:

Philip K. Dick attended the University of

California, operated a record store, was an advertising copywriter, and had a classical music program on station KSMO in San Mateo, California. Mr. Dick now lives in San Rafael, California and "has been experimenting with hallucinogenic drugs with the hope of developing a deeper concept of the invisible universe of unchange beneath the transient surface of day-to-day reality." Among Mr. Dick's previous books, *The Man in the High Castle* won the Hugo Award for the best science fiction novel of 1961.

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From the "Author Profile" in an Ace Book edition of *Vulcan's Hammer* circa 1972:

PHILIP K. DICK is one of the more unusual talents among science-fiction writers. Anthony Boucher characterizes his work as showing "a fertile speculative mind...plus the chilling symbolism of absolute nightmare." A resident of Berkeley, California, he divides his time between his writing and his enthusiasm for recorded music. His short stories have appeared in all the leading magazines.



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SCHRIFTSTELLER PHILIP K. DICK

Sein Kopf, unsere Hölle

VON TILMAN SPRECKELSEN - AKTUALISIERT AM 04.03.2018 - 20:48



“His Head, Our Hell”

translated by Andre Welling

The article “Sein Kopf, unsere Hölle” (His head, our hell) by Tilman Spreckelsen was published in March 2018 but I just happened to see it in their online archive. I had it now translated for y’all with DeepL and fixed some glitches.

This article in the German hi-brow press (FAZ Feuilleton) felt like a nice vindication because EITS was the very first of the PKD novels I ever read (pulp trash for everyone else) and it always had a special place in my heart. It blew my mind. Awakened me. “It’s the ontology, stupid.”

“His head, our hell” by Tilman Spreckelsen, *FAZ Feuilleton*: 4.3.2018

We make the world as we like it: In times of “fake news” and filter bubbles, Pippi Longstocking’s old motto seems to apply. As early as 1957, the writer Philip K. Dick ingeniously described what is troubling us today.

The scene takes place in a hospital: An old man has been admitted there, and now he is watching TV and receiving visitors at the same time. One of the guests, who was injured in the same accident as the old man, talks about his injury and how the doctors are struggling with it. The old man turns to him in irritation and asks, “A problem? Why didn’t you pray?” The question is all too understandable. The old

man has just healed the fracture of his backbone in exactly this way - it would have to be with the devil if the guest did not also get his wounds under control with prayers.

It is obvious that each of us lives in his own world, which is determined by education and experience, by reading, television consumption, contact with others and, last but not least, by the condition of our own body, especially the sensory organs. At the same time, we are aware of the need to communicate our perspective to others. But that's exactly what seems to be getting harder and harder today: whether you're watching a talk show, following a Twitter controversy, or observing the boom in terms like "alternative facts," it hardly seems to be a matter of heading for a consensus anymore, but rather of defending your own worldview.

One reason for this may be that, fortunately, we have more access than ever to archival knowledge and current events, but at the same time we create for ourselves a worldview frame of reference that favors those data that fit better into this system and rejects those that contradict it - the latter then appear as "fake news". And we are all the more surprised when majority decisions are made that we would never have expected, for example when Brexit is decided or Donald Trump is elected.

Against this backdrop, Philip K. Dick's novel "Eye in the Sky" seems like a lurid commentary on current developments, albeit with the caveat that this first novel by the later "Blade Runner" author, published in 1957, is firmly rooted in its own "Cold War" time and at the same time aimed at any society in which an intellectual attitude threatens to become absolute. It describes an accident in a physics experimental facility, in the course of which eight people get caught in the beam of a proton beam deflector christened "Bevatron". The next moment they find themselves in a world in which the sun circles around the earth in conformity with the Bible (thus the German book title "Und die Erde steht still", literally "And the earth stands still"), blasphemies are punished by lightning or by the beatings of muscular angels, and prayers are rewarded just as the old man

in the hospital, the ex-soldier Silvester, had predicted.

The protagonists only gradually realize the reason: "Physically we are stretched out on the floor of the Bevatron," explains one of them, "but spiritually we are here. The released energy of the beam transformed Silvester's personal world into a general universe. We are the objects of religious delusions of an old fool." Although he doesn't even realize it, "Silvester sees nothing unusual in this world. It is his private fantasy world in which he moved all his life."

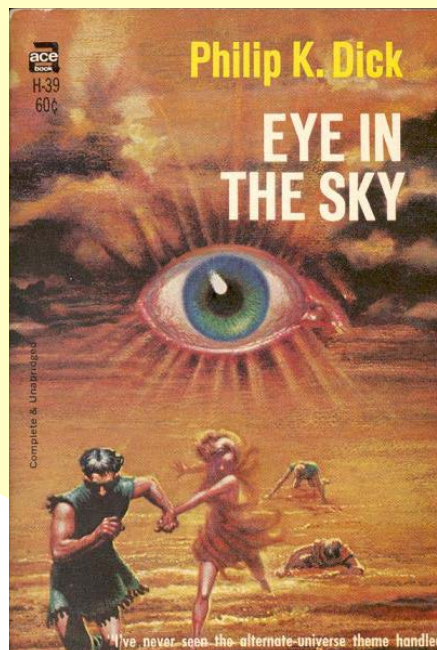
This is a convincing idea in itself for a novel, but one that takes on topical significance only the moment it moves beyond Silvester's biblical world. For it is only one of several absolutely set worldviews that are played out one after the other in the novel: Silvester is followed by the "rational" Mrs. Pritchett, who upholds "the Great Classics and the beauties of this world," wants to raise "the cultural standard of the masses," and couples that with a revulsion for the carnal - the people of her world are sexless because Mrs. Pritchett, misunderstanding Freud, considers the sex drive a hindrance when it comes to true artistic activity.

Whoever does not fit in, Mrs. Pritchett literally makes disappear with a snap of her fingers, and so, due to the absolute power of a single person, fear and denunciation of the others thrive in this world built on the good, the true, the beautiful.

Two more worlds follow - one springing from the mind of a vicious paranoiac, the other from that of a communist-hunting crypto-communist - but in the end it almost doesn't matter. For the

compelling thing about Dick's construction of the novel is precisely that any world, no matter how close we might be to its spiritual author, would seem to us straightforwardly hellish in its repulsive parochialism. Just like the world in our own head, put absolutely, to every other human being.

-- Translated with www.DeepL.com/Translator (free version) and slightly edited or further fucked-up by mouth-breathing human Andrew





PKD head talks

The system involves the OpenCog AI Engine running the GHOST dialogue manager, a transformer neural network trained on PKD's writings, and for the voice, a transformer neural network trained on PKD's voice as recorded in his speeches," says Dr. Goertzel. This combination gives the system a "neural-symbolic" combination of statistical (neural model based) reasoning and a logical rule-based approach to help improve the natural flow of conversation. The virtual head of Philip K Dick is another element of the system, trained on television interviews and other images of PKD, and while this does not affect the



system's reasoning it certainly brings the conversation to life. Supporting these different systems, and enabling the "Lego block" style of AI development is the SingularityNET platform, which hosts different open source algorithms and then allows users to add new tools or improve upon and replace an existing version. "SingularityNET platform is sort of like one of those Lego tables that little kids can use as platforms for building Lego structures," says Dr. Goertzel, "and the AI agents running on SingularityNET are the Lego blocks, which can be pieced together into different forms to suit the creator's whims or needs, as was the case with the PKD robot."

<https://www.forbes.com/sites/charlestowersclark/2020/09/16/do-algorithms-dreams-of-electric-speech-what-virtual-philip-k-dick-can-teach-us-about-ai/#77d52b31e4b2>

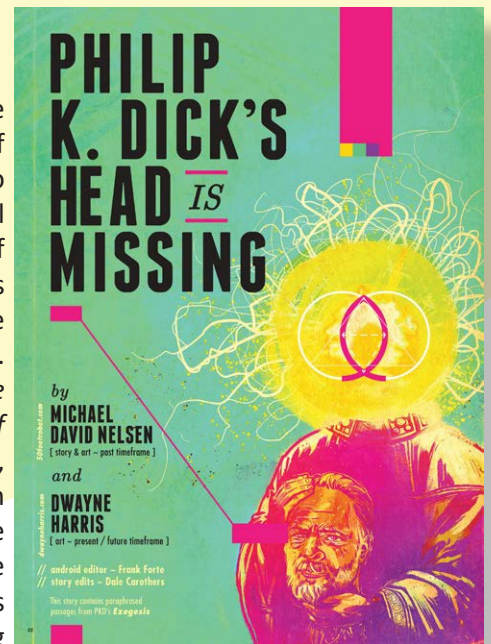
"A Cold: On Lem, Philip K. Dick and the FBI"

This is a fascinating article concerning PKD appearing in *Przekrój*, an English language journal published in Poland. Originally a chapter from Wojciech Orliński's biography of Stanisław Lem published in Poland in August 2017 as *Lem. Życie nie z tej ziemi (Out of this World: The Life of Stanisław Lem)*. Phil does not look good here compared to the oh-so-saintly Lem. <https://przekroj.pl/en/literature/a-cold-wojciech-orlinski>

A recent issue of *Heavy Metal* – they don't date them anymore but this is number 298 – has a 16-page story called "Philip K. Dick's Head Is Missing" by Michael David Nelsen & Dwayne Harris. It's very strange.

But perhaps the best example of what it means to face the eternal fabrication of consciousness takes place in Philip K. Dick's *The Three Stigmata* of Palmer Eldritch, in which an enigmatic space traveller (the eponymous anti-hero), long presumed dead,

returns (physically at least) with a drug, by the name of Chew-Z, offering its users immortality. As it transpires, Chew-Z-users enter an entirely different universe, one of Eldritch's creation, and one from which there appears to be no escape, at least not one you can ever be entirely sure of, such is the utter convincingness of this ersatz cosmos. Although Dick eventually offers his characters a likely reprieve, the way in which he does so is particularly



revealing: first claiming that even if Eldritch is God, albeit a hostile one, then he could well be a lesser and inverted version of a greater, loving God, and secondly that the real unclosed world of dull actualities and unfathomed potentials still exists as a possibility, and so the hope of an outside remains. What is so nightmarish about this novel is that should Eldritch's plan prove successful, his control would be complete, there would be no room for salvation, no Other, even in death. The reader's imaginative project would be at an end, the knots would be tied, and Dick would have left his characters in hell, whether or not they ever come to realize it. On the penultimate page, Leo Bulero reflects on the predicament in which he finds himself:

It's nothing more than faith in powers implanted in me from the start which I can – in the end – draw on and beat him with. So in a sense it isn't me; it's something *in* me that even that thing Palmer Eldritch can't reach and consume because since it's not me it's not mine to lose. I feel it growing. Withstanding the external, nonessential alterations, the arm, the eyes, the teeth – it's not touched by any of these three, the evil, negative trinity of alienation, blurred reality, and despair that Eldritch brought back with him from Proxima.

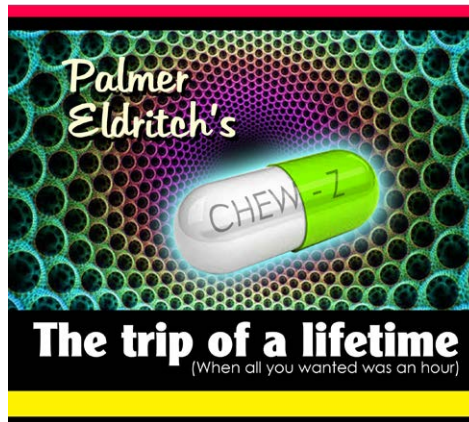
And the "something *in*" him that not even Palmer Eldritch can reach, that something that grows inside him but is not him or his to lose, is the gap in what appeared to be a closed system. Bulero might see that void as the Christian God working through him, or as some positive attribute of his self, but having been gifted the possibility of a flaw in his seemingly exhaustive state of despair, a chink in the hermetically sealed and labyrinthine universe in which he believed himself captive for an eternity, that condition of absence is enough, and no more should or can be said. – Gary J. Shipley

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So here we have it P.K. Dick a science fiction author, a man who has pushed the limits, broken into a space of imaginal feedback, been made aware of something ("whatever it was"), a being, entity, energy from the future that was in

process of rewiring, rewriting, reprogramming our world like some AI Intelligence. And, Dick, perceives this through his senses, not by indirect inference or some intellectual imagining. So what are we to think? Madness? Sanity? Schizoanalytic break through into the Real? – S.C. Hickman

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[On the subject of Ace Doubles]: And how, among all the swashbuckler/gung-ho/wonderous interplanetary voyaging of so many of these titles, to find a fit partner for one

of Philip K. Dick's increasingly dyspeptic, dour, and psychopharmacological inspired views of "tomorrow"? – Albert Goldbath

"Fillip for Dick": *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, April 1975, p. 160.

For the first time in some twenty years of subscribing to your excellent magazine, I must strongly protest one of the stories. The story is Philip K. Dick's "the pre-Persons" printed in your anniversary issue.

It is not Mr. Dick's stand on abortion I object to – he is, of course, free to think and write on that or any other subject as he pleases, as am I. I do object to his extraordinary vitriolic anti-feminism.

Elsewhere in the same issue Dr. Asimov speaks of the writing technique of extending existing conditions to a logical conclusion. It is historically inaccurate (and therefore illogical) to assume as Mr. Dick apparently does that all abortions are performed at the wish of the mother. Many abortions are done at the urging of the father, in some cases when the woman would prefer to have the child. The situation Mr. Dick imagines certainly could come to pass, but the blame should be divided between the sexes.

Of the four main characters in the story, two are gentle, compassionate men, the third a sensitive boy. Only the woman is portrayed as a vicious, selfish, almost inhuman virago, and one which totally distorts the view, as all such pictures do.

If Mr. Dick really does see all American women in this light, I am sorry for him.

– Phoebe W. Ellis