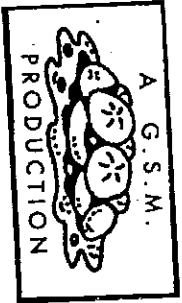


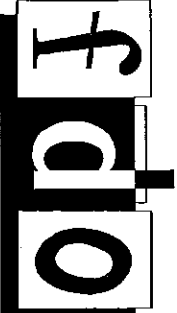
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# Eye in the Sky





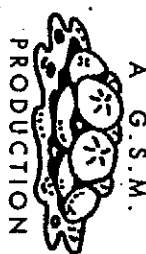
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Scott Pohlenz

For Dickhead's Only

Number 6, Summer 1996

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FDO can now be reached via the internet.  
Dave Hyde: lordrc2@holli.com & Scott Pohlenz: allegro@erols.com  
We welcome all correspondence!

## EYE IN THE SKY Issue

### 0. Introduction: Trapped in a Madman's Universe!

More sad news this issue as we note the passing of two great science fiction writers, Roger Zelazny and John Brunner. Zelazny, of course, co-wrote DEUS IRAE with Philip K. Dick and since the 60s had written many novels and stories. A favorite of mine is DAMNATION ALLEY, a novel beloved by all Hawkwind fans. And John Brunner, what will science fiction be without him? His many novels flood into memory. STAND ON ZANZIBAR alone is necessary reading for today's cyberpunks. I wonder why they scarcely acknowledge it? Two more of the Old Reliabilities gone.... Time stands still for no one. This issue is dedicated to these two writers.

Well, again it's been a long time since the last FDO. My apologies. We hope to speed things up in the future. And toward that end we will be lurching out act online later this year. Look for us blocking traffic in the fast lane.

I'd like to thank all the contributors to this FDO and extra thanks to Scott Pohlenz, without whose patience and cheerfulness we would still not be done with this issue. Also to Perry Kinman for his support and the fine cover he's done. Copies of this cover, signed by Perry, are available in two sizes for \$10. The first is on glossy paper and measures 9 1/2" x 14 1/2" and the other is on standard copier paper and measures 11 10" x 2 9" (to those of you in metricland that's big). Perry's address can be found in the 'News' column. And, as always, many thanks for Paul Rydeen and David Keller.

However, apologies are in order for errors in FDO 5: To Frank C. Bertrand for miss-spelling his name three times on the 'contents' page. And to Benedict S. Cullum who's article on Ken Campbell's "Jamais Vu" was miss-attributed to Perry Kinman. And for this issue our apologies to Barb for not getting her EYE essay in (and for having lost it in the first place). We're sorry and will try not to let it happen again.

Our address remains: Ganymedean Slime Mold Prods, P.O. Box 611, Kokomo, IN 46903. Subscriptions to FDO, due to increases from our suppliers, have been forced to rise to \$10/4 issues. We like to think you get your money's worth. We also take stuff in trade (please, no Buticks). For writers and artists we're always open for essays, news, reminiscences, reviews, illustrations and cartoons.

Some of you Dickheads out there have noticed that our new P.O. Box address is the same as that of Paul Williams' "Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter." This was purely a matter of coincidence. I had went to the Kokomo Post Office to get a new P.O. Box when we moved back to this town. At the Post Office the clerk asked me if I wanted a big one or a little one. So, thinking of all the mail that usually stuffed our old, small box in New Haven I said, A big one. That'll be 611 he said. \$36 please. I immediately recalled that that was the old PKDS box number and thought that was kinda neat. And by the time I started wondering about it two seconds later it was too late. The clerk had written it down and handed me the key. I had no decisions in the matter. But, what the hell, it's a good number.

What else? Our next issue will be a surprise and, guess what, it's almost done! I won't tell you about it here because then it wouldn't be a surprise but we hope it portends exciting things for the future. After that will be another regular issue on THE MAN WHO JAPED. Please get those articles in.

Don't forget to keep your eye open for John Meluch's ECHOES FROM VALIS and Paul Rydeen's PALM TREE GARDEN. And if you didn't get a copy of our BLADE RUNNER 2 pamphlet let me know and I'll send you one.

Best wishes to you all for 1996.

King Felix! Dave

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FDO is an unofficial non-profit publication, and is in no way affiliated with the estate of the late Philip K. Dick. We welcome submissions from writers and artists, and are interested in material that pertains to science fiction and, in particular, to the life and work of Philip K. Dick.

# 1. Selected Letters:

Dear FDO:

It's about time I said a few things about FDO 5. I found your new slant on 'Wub' interesting, as I'd never even considered empathizing with Franco. Unfortunately, I don't have a copy of the story here so I can't reread it, but ultimately, in the nicest possible way, I find your interpretation perverse. My gut reaction is this Captain is a murdering bastard, and he the name of a fascist dictator. The Wub, as ways read it, is merely defending

Maybe I'm naive, but I don't fear the

Also, we can't ignore the race comes to aliens in SF. Invading

easy metaphor for undesir- PKD is never overtly racist be too keen on Vugs, very often ing effect on the communities they the Slime Mold. We don't know what Earth, just as we don't know what might move in next door, but maybe it'll just eat up with Elvis Costello.

Your interpretation may well be valid, I can't with author's statements regarding their own work.

say, and we certainly don't have to agree King's views on the matter seem well considered. Yet I wouldn't say the Wub is fundamentally more manipulative than a pig farmer.

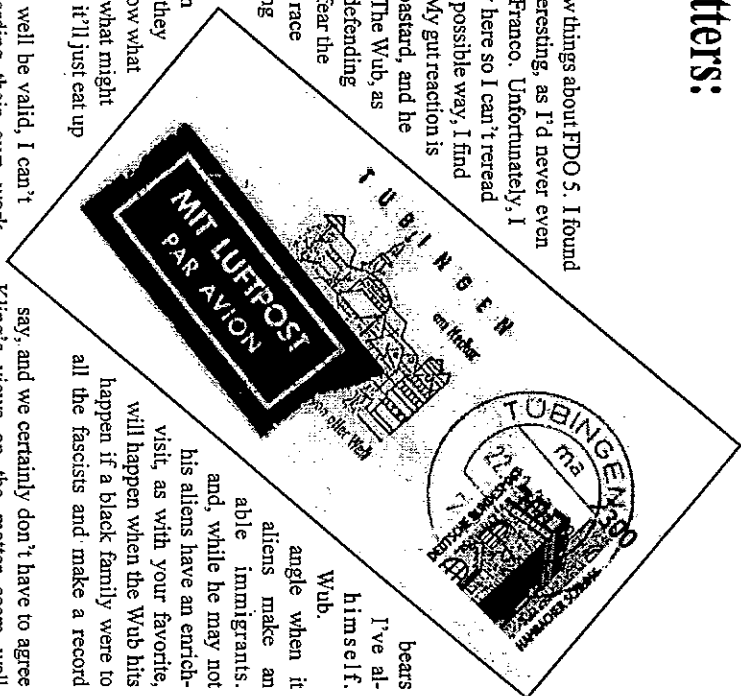
The only thing I didn't like about the issue was Bertrand's 'review' of *SF Studies*. Not an ounce of intellectual integrity in it. I don't have any axe to grind for *SF Studies* or any other academic journal, and if he'd just said he didn't like it or had no respect for academia that'd be OK by me, but to complain about jargon and then employ jargon in his own essay on 'Wub', well, that's shoddy. Just who is this 'average' PKD fan/reader anyway? I'd've thought we were a pretty diverse bunch and I don't see why I should be made an accomplice in his vitriolic attack. And what does it mean to say SF 'wants' x or y? If Bertrand doesn't like academic articles on PKD he doesn't have to read them.

Jim Thain, England

Dear FDO:

I went back and read "Beyond lies the Wub", which I hadn't read for maybe 10 years, to compare my reading of it with yours. I don't know if you've ever read Damon Knight's review of PKD from the '50s. He basically said Dick's early stories were fluff, written to fit the requirements of whatever pulp magazine he was writing for at the time. Overstated maybe, but there's some truth to it. So re-reading Wub I was ready to say that maybe everybody was reading too much into basically simple story with a clever twist at the end. But of course I was wrong and you guys were right. Once you start pulling it apart the interpretations are nearly endless.

I'd add a couple things. First, the Wub is a stand-in for PKD himself at least in part. An outsider, a tendency to being overweight, obsessed with philosophical speculation—I think it's clearly Phil himself. He plays the story so that in the Wub/Franco confrontation, the philosopher versus the pragmatist, we tend to side with the Wub, and see the end as an unexpected triumph and a Good Thing. Franco of course was the fascist leader of Spain, a definite bad guy in the leftist circles Phil had contact with in Berkeley. The Captain Franco in the story is pushy, arrogant, rude to the native Martian leader, and not terribly bright, the



cliche of a fascist, and his demise is a happy event. Though at the same time I can see your paranoid reading too, as a disquieting undercurrent, eating away at the foundations of the happy ending.

Second, with the myth of Odysseus, in addition to Frank Bertrand's points about the nature of the soul and individuation, I think the Wub is Odysseus on a simpler level, a traveler and explorer, a seeker of the new and wondrous. The Wub says he was curious to see their ship and that's why he suggested that the Optus sell him to the Earth people. He's out to see the sights and Earth is the next stop on his voyage.

Is the Wub the inner essence, the part transferred from the pig-like being to Captain Franco? That seems clear. But earlier in the story the Wub says to Franco, "We are a very old race. Very old and very ponderous. It is difficult for us to move around," etc. That implies that all his race have this same physical form. Yet later, as he is now Franco, he enjoys eating Wub flesh and says he was prevented from enjoying this in times past. The implication is that there was a time when he wasn't in Wub-form, and while he was he knew that one day he would have some different form and be able to taste the flesh of that body.

You start pulling out these threads and it becomes more and more complicated. I also wonder which Christian parable the Wub refers to just before he is "killed." That opens a whole new can of worms—executed yet resurrected, "Take, eat, this is my body given for you, do this in remembrance of me." I think I'll leave that alone.

Charles Broerman, Alexandria, VA

Dear FDO:

I found the Kevin Lyons piece of particular interest simply because the man's opinions of PKD's literary development differs so radically from the general Philickian consensus. (Philickian consensus—reality? What a strange and frightening thought!) The article generated a pleasant sense of disorientation in me, as if the man were discussing a slightly different PKD in a slightly different timeline. Know what Ah mean, Vern?

Item: UBIK dismissed as a minor work on a par with FROLIX 8? Come on! Lyons is certainly entitled to his opinion, but he doesn't say what his opinion of UBIK is based on. So, while I am puzzled, I won't bother to argue with him. I merely find his position on the ultimate "what is real?" tour de force bizarre.

Item: VALIS—a novel by which, I am convinced, PKD would be remembered if he has never written anything else—“began the decline”? I'm sorry if Lyons finds the book virtually incomprehensible” due to Dick becoming “increasingly bogged down in religious theorizing.” Whatever one's religious beliefs—or even one's total absence of and/or hostility toward all religious belief—the fact remains that theological speculation is a fascinating mind game that has endlessly occupied some of the finest human minds of all time. And with good reason. Despite the far-out weirdness into which religious thought has often degenerated (how many angels can dance on the head of a pin—did that debate really take place?—and the equivalent), the greatest religious thinkers ask many of the same questions we admire PKD for confronting: what is real, what is human, and what are we supposed to do with our brief, crazy, meaningful or meaningless lives? There was no reason for Dick not to use “religious theorizing” as a springboard to launch his later novels. The real issue is whether or not you feel PKD “bogged down.”

Personally, I don't. Certainly not in VALIS. The novel, for all its intellectual weirdness and despite Dick's recurrent, more-or-less hypochondriac obsession with disease, displays a light, playful touch that is the exact opposite of the self-important ponderousness that could easily have “bogged down” a lesser novel by a lesser writer that attempted to tackle the many serious issues crammed into VALIS's mere 227 pages inclusive of the (barely) 13 pages of the (in my opinion) brilliantly sarcastic Tractates Cryptica Scriptura. As in his letters, PKD never stops laughing at himself and at his friends/characters—and at us, for caring about them—as he adds one more crazy incident on top of one more crackpot theory with uncontrollable, childlike abandon. I've found VALIS an excellent first PKD novel for people unfamiliar with and uninterested in SF as such to sink their teeth into. A “bogged down,” “virtually incomprehensible” embarrassment such as Lyons describes could hardly have that effect.

I will agree with Lyons that RADIO FREE ALBANY/UTL is an easier (though far grimmer and much less entertaining) read than VALIS. I will concede that THE DIVINE INN/AUSION is extremely difficult to follow and quite possibly not worth the effort unless—or perhaps even if—one is extremely conversant with the Torah, Zoroastrianism, early Christianity, etc. But is all that Lyons can find to say in favor of Dick's final masterpiece, THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER that it “saw Dick still in theological

territory but keeping a better sense of literary balance"? Lyons can't seem to work his way around PKD's "original sin" of dealing with religious issues in the first place. In TRANSMIGRATION, Dick successfully combines his SF and mainstream talents in a beautifully written, poignant exploration of the death and madness that the search for ultimate truth can lead to. And he does so without ever losing his sense of humor about himself and his driven characters. While PKD certainly didn't intend TRANSMIGRATION to be his last novel, it was a hell of a way to go out.

Enough about that. I enjoyed Lyons piece, it really made me think about a lot of things I had more-or-less taken for granted.

Bernie Kling, Temecula, CA

[K. Lyons: "Philip K. Dick" in THE EDGE #2, March 1990]

Dear FDO:

Keep going through the novels chronologically one at a time. A lot of the less well-known works deserve attention and are full of interesting and arresting details.

I'm afraid I consider your reading go "Wub" perverse! I think Bertrand is a lot closer to the story as I see it. Nevertheless, I appreciate your ideas and willingness to put them out there. Keep up the good work!

Doug Mackey, Fairfield, IA

## 2. Horse Race

Michael Hailstone, Australia

Certainly my favorite books by him are VALIS closely followed by RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH, THE DIVINE INVASIONS and THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER. After reading



VALIS I resolved to read all the PD books I could get hold of, but alas, at the risk of sounding heretical to a true Dickhead, I found I didn't like all his work. You see, as I see it, like Beethoven, Dick had three periods in his professional career: the early novels of the fifties such as EYE IN THE SKY and TIME OUT OF JOINT, which delighted me as dealing with illusory reality (which any true conspiracy theorist must be concerned with), the second the rather drug-crazed books of the sixties, a time Dick described as "totally fucked", which do not appeal greatly to me (I was let down by Lies, Inc., although it puts forward an alternative theory about National Socialism, which I wish I could remember clearly, as I no longer seem to have the book) then those of the seventies, when one could crudely say Dick "got religion", or, I would think to put it better, he got hold of religion and did interesting things with it. To me that was his best period, and those late books give me a real uplifting spiritual buzz, I think that's the only way I can accurately describe it. Certainly the "religion" PKD got was much deeper and less dogmatic than the usual kind.

Eric Johnson, Washington, D.C.

I must admit that my main interest in PKD is as PKD the man and the writer. And I much prefer PKD the ontologist over PKD the mystic. When PKD questions the nature of reality in his novels, I read amazed. When

he starts providing answers to his questions based on his Gnostic revelations, I must admit I begin to lose interest. At some point in FDO you asked what the most boring PKD novel is. THE DIVINE INVASION wins that contest for me hands down. I would prefer re-reading VULCAN'S HAMMER or another minor work any day. VALIS is as far as I go.

David Jackson, Los Angeles, CA

1. A MAZE OF DEATH. This is the first PKD book I ever read and it just blew me away.
2. BROKEN BUBBLE. I think the world lost a fine "mainstream" writer when Dick died.
3. UBIK. Wonderful, just wonderful. Indulge me, will you? Here is my Dark Horse candidate.
4. THE SECRET ASCENSION by Michael Bishop. Dick didn't write this book, but he might as well have.

Cat Simril Ishikawa, North Vancouver, Canada

My votes for the Horselover Race go to UBIK (my favourite novel by Anybody), ANDROIDS, and FLOW MY TEARS. Coming up on the inside, GALACTIC POT-HEALER has meant a lot to me over the years. And the dark horse: Leguin's THE LATHE OF HEAVEN, which she said in the lecture was a conscious attempt to write a PKD book. On the other hand, I found Scanner unreadable, and CRAP ARTIST self-descriptive, though the movie was an improvement.

Gary W. Thomas

For your race, my favorite 3 novels are (and in order) NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR, THE UNTELEPORTED MAN and DO ANDROIDS DREAM? Of course, I haven't read all the novels and my list will no doubt change.

ssnair@linden.msuv.ca

My PKD faves are STIGMATA, VALIS, and NOW WAIT. My favorite non-Dick Dickian books are M. Bishop's SECRET ASCENSION (PKD is the main character) and LeGuin's LATHE OF HEAVEN (PKD is God).

deorgone@aol.com

I find Phil's work to stretch and challenge my reality. My favorite book is VALIS, followed by RADIO FREE, THREE STIGMATA, A SCANNER DARKLY, DO ANDROIDS DREAM, and UBIK. justhandk@msc.com (Marian Hank) WE CAN BUILD YOU, FLOW MY TEARS THE

POLICEMAN SAID & THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH. I like these three because they have stayed so vividly in my memory. In general, I have always enjoyed Dick's work because he explores the human side of technical advancement.

felix@intac.com (Joseph Bopp)

I like VALIS, THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER, and THE MAN WHOSE TEEETH THE BEST. VALIS & TRANSMIGRATION I like because they really freaked me completely. TEEETH I loved because it was the first of PKD's mainstream novels I ever read & the way he simply presented a slice of life really thrilled me a lot. It was simple & extremely well done.

kenward@spagnumps.com

1. VALIS
2. MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE
3. A SCANNER DARKLY
- 3.5. ZAP GUN

Charles Broerman, Alexandria, VA

My 3 favorite PKD novels — as everyone else says, it's hard to choose, but I would say 1-HIGH CASTLE, 2-UBIK, 3-FLOW MY TEARS. I'd also include 3 STIGMATA, and the order is pretty arbitrary. My least favorite is easy, THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER, though just my opinion of course. I know some people really like it. Also on the least favorite list is GALACTICPOT-HEALER.

Karen Stern, Toluca Lake, CA

And now for the horse race. I don't have to think because these are the ones I go back to reread. I won't give reasons just the titles: (1). THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMERELDRITCH (2). UBIK. (3). THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER (bet you didn't get too many of those).

Gregg Rickman, San Francisco, CA

While I am on record in various places as pronouncing such unusual selections as COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD and GALACTIC POT-HEALER as my favorite of Phil's novels, considerable thought after living with his books for fifteen years leads me to this new selection of the master's "top three" books.

Most Important Novel: VALIS. I agree with Stan Wolfe — one of the most important books (of the 20th century).

Best Written Novel: PUTTERING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND.

**Favorite Novel:** (where "importance" and "literary quality" meet): MARTIAN TIME-SLIP. By a slight margin over THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, despite (instead of because the latter novel's infamous open-ended last chapter. The very open-endedness of HIGH CASTLE points the way from the solid craftwork of Phil's best novels of the '50s, and toward the wonderful work which followed.

If I may be allowed a few more selections:

**Most Important Story:** "Upon the Dull Earth." More for its importance for Phil's future work and for understanding him, than in objective quality (though it's damn good.)

**Best Story** (for its formal perfection, and in so well displaying Phil's characteristic themes and strengths): "The Electric Ant."

**Favorite Story:** "Strange Memories of Death." A haunting tale. Phil's writing just got better and better. Let me tell you that he wouldn't still be writing great stuff today if he hadn't died in 1982; this story proves it. Phil's early death was a catastrophe for world literature. No one has remarked on this enough.

**Most Fun Novel to Read and Reread:** CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON.

**Most Underrated Novels:** THE COSMIC PUPPETS, WE CAN BUILD YOU, THE GAME PLAYERS OF TITAN. Not that they're as good as eight or nine other books I could name, but if they were to appear in (almost) any other sf writer's bibliography all of a sudden they would rocket to the top of their works.

**Most Overrated novel** (but still great): UBIK. I've got 2 1/2 chapters on it in my work-in-progress, folks, but jeez, those opening chapters are markedly worse than anything in, say, THE SIMULACRA. (All of the post-lunar chapters are of course gold.)

**Most Disturbing Novel:** FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID. By a tear over A SCANNER DARKLY, which is also the Most unique Novel in Dick's oeuvre. There's nothing else like it; it really may be Phil's greatest work, despite all that I've written above.

**Worst Novel,** as least unique, is THE CRACK IN SPACE; as in worst written, THE ZAP GUN (though the unedited version is an improvement).

I still greatly admire COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD and GALACTIC POT-HEALER, by the way. The first book of Phil's which I read (which sold me on him as an author), is THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH, and as such I will always love it. And I haven't even mentioned a dozen other fine novels and stories. Long live Phil Dick!

*Crashing into the first hurdles its WALLS with UBIK and 3 STIGMATA ahead of the pack. Right behind them is A SCANNER DARKLY. She stumbles! Oooh, that hurt. Broken felloo for sure on that one for A SCANNER DARKLY. No. She's up! She fends off HIGH CASTLE as they splash through the water jump. No way either of them will make the fence... Aw. Geez, what a pile up! SCANNER and HIGH CASTLE go down. A mighty splash as FLOW MY TEARS slides into the fray. He's down! Ono, here come THE CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON!!! Too many of them to steer clear of this mess. But the Heebies and the Pares manage to pull through. And here's the rest of the field. CRAP ARTIST balks! Jockey Charlie Hume flies through the air... Oof! He lands face first in TIMOTHY ARCHER's ass. Goosed. TIMOTHY ARCHER bounds ahead and MARTIAN TIME slips around the fence. And there's WE CAN BUILD YOU plowing through the middle of it all. We're up and running! It's a new horse race now, Jack, after that fiasco at the water jump. But the leaders are in the clear. Here's how they stand after the hurdles:*



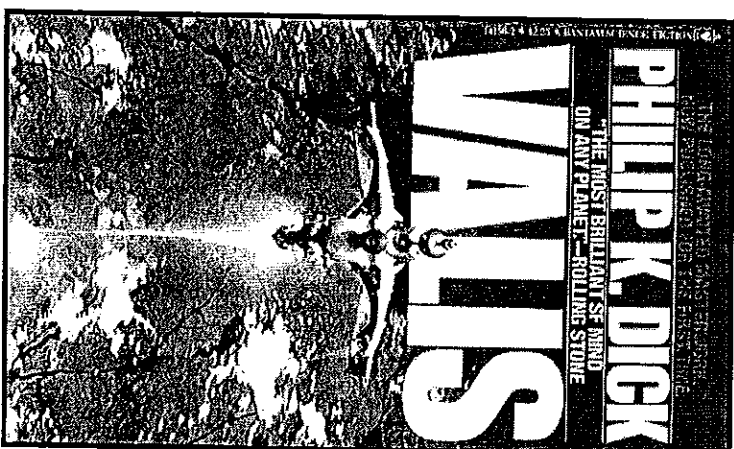
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FIELD	10



## 2.5 The Worst of PKD

Paul Rydeen

For Dickheads Only editor, Dave Hyde, has been running his "Best of PKD" poll for a few issues now, with some interesting and (to me) unexpected results. Not wanting to be outdone, I decided to conduct my very own "Worst of PKD" poll to see what I could come up with. The results are every bit as interesting.

To begin with, I had a little help. A computer newsgroup known as "rec.arts.sf.written" on Usenet (an electronic mail system) recently conducted their own Best-of poll (VALIS won). All I had to do was head straight to the bottom of their list and see who lost. It was OUR FRIENDS FROM FROLOIX 8 in dead last, with COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD, DEUS IRAE, SOLAR LOTTERY, THE GAME PLAYERS OF TITAN, and THE ZAP GUN all tying for the penultimate position. All in all, 176 votes were tabulated in the Usenet poll — a respectable return, in my opinion.

Next I surveyed the approximately 140 subscribers to the Philip K. Dick computer mailing list (if you have Internet access send a SUBSCRIBE message to pkd-list-request@wang.com). Only a few chose to respond, but I did get a few interesting replies! One NASA employee who prefers to remain anonymous said, "...I would like to share with you my personal opinion of PKD's worst book: MARTIAN TIME-SLIP. It's well thought-out, well-crafted, and certainly a shock fall of many anti-cliches, but coming from an author with some knowledge of mental health problems, it shows an amazing insensitivity and lack of empathy for the learning-disabled... I guess he did the same thing with CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON, but autism as a "hook" for an SF story strikes me as just plain cruel." Hmm... I never thought of it that way before. I've always kind of liked MARTIAN TIME-SLIP myself. Readers?

Peter Fenelon of York, England said, "The only PKD novel I've found less than fascinating is THE SIMULACRA. Don't ask me why, but it just fails to take off — everything in it seems cribbed from other PKD



## ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER REASON

*Dark-haired girl shows so many studs in flesh would think holding sheet metal*

*Together, takes corner pair apart, huge 6th eyes Dick-sharp*

Steve Sneyd

novels, there's too much intrigue and not enough plot, there's precious little of PKD's dark humor, and it just gives an impression of being a piece of hack-work." No argument there, Peter. Another respondent, known only as John, said that for PKD's worst novel, "I'd have to nominate THE COSMIC PUPPETS (although DR. FUTURITY is a close second). Yuck! I hated this book. And the scene at the end where the hero drives off between close second). Yuck! I hated this book. And the scene at the end where the hero drives off between what are obviously two giant breasts was the worst — talk about catering to the lowest common denominator." Would it have helped any, John, if they were small breasts?

Lastly, UCLA's I.J. Horne said, "My least favorite is THE ZAP GUN. It is just too pointless for words. For once, Dick just took the nuttiness and improvised plotting too far, and, unlike most of Dick's books which just zip along, this one is really quite lackluster in treatment. Although THE BLUE CEPHALOPOD MAN FROM TITAN comic book made me laugh. My next-to-least favorite is OUR FRIENDS FROM FROLIX 8. Although better-executed, it's also just pointless. Then comes THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER. I don't know why, but I just can't stand the book. Maybe it's Ray Nelson's contribution that bugs me, but something sure does."

OK, here's my vote for the worst of PKD. PKD himself mentioned his idea of personal Hell as being condemned to reading VULCAN'S SHAMMER over and over for eternity. I can't say it seemed very inspired to me. Phil often agreed with interviewers who panned any of his books, either out of a perverse pleasure of some sort, or in an attempt to humor the interviewer or not to offend him, whatever. I think it was Gregg Rickman who told Phil that DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? was the worst thing he ever wrote (imagine that!) and Phil readily agreed — probably chuckling to himself inside. DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? is fantastic; shame on Rickman or whomever that was.

Larry Sutin names GALACTIC POT-HEALER as his favorite, but I rank it pretty low, along with OUR FRIENDS FROM FROLIX 8. Of course, it's been 10 or 15 years since I read it, so maybe I should read it again to be fair. Of PKD's older stuff, I can't say THE MAN WHO JAPED, THE CRACK IN SPACE, THE UNTELEPORTED MAN, THE SIMULACRA, etc. seemed really inspired. Not to say that all of these don't have good ideas in them — they just didn't grab me like some of his others. Even so, all should be read to fully understand where Phil was coming from.

My personal all-time least-favorite PKD novel — and I expect this to start a debate — is A MAZE OF DEATH. I can't believe it when people pick this as their favorite. It sucks! The characters are flat, they get killed off for no reason before you even have time to learn what they're like, everything is stereotyped, there's no plotting (only plodding), and the "it's all a dream" ending is totally contrived. P.U. — this stinks! The large type and big spaces between lines and around margins are a dead giveaway — this is a wanker that the publisher tried to stretch out to 200 pages so it could capitalize on another novel by an author who was selling books. What a piece!

Readers?

\*

## 3. NEWS, Inc.

Doesn't look like we have much news for this issue — until you start piling it all up. Let's see...

A cool zine called INTERFERENCE ON THE BRAIN SCREEN put out by Patrick Clark (P.O. Box 2761, St. Paul, MN 55102) is a special PKD issue which, among much other stuff, has a reprint of the PKD interview with Joe Vitale that first appeared in THE AQUARIAN in October 1978. This is a great effort and well worth \$2.

LOCUS, The Newspaper Of The Science Fiction Field, in its February 1995 issue (V34#2) lists the PKD Award nominees:

RIM: A NOVEL OF VIRTUAL REALITY by Alexander Beshler.

INAGEHI by Jack Cady.

SCISSORS CUT PAPER

WRAP STONE by Ian McDonald.

SUMMER OF LOVE by

Lisa Mason.

TONGUING THE ZEIT-

GEIST by Lance Olson.

MYSTERIUM by Robert Charles Wilson.

And here is the winner! Courtesy of SF CHRONICLE:

MYSTERIUM by Robert Charles Wilson. Congratulations. The PKD Award is now being administered by the Philadelphia SF Society and results are announced at the Norwescon in Tacoma, Washington.

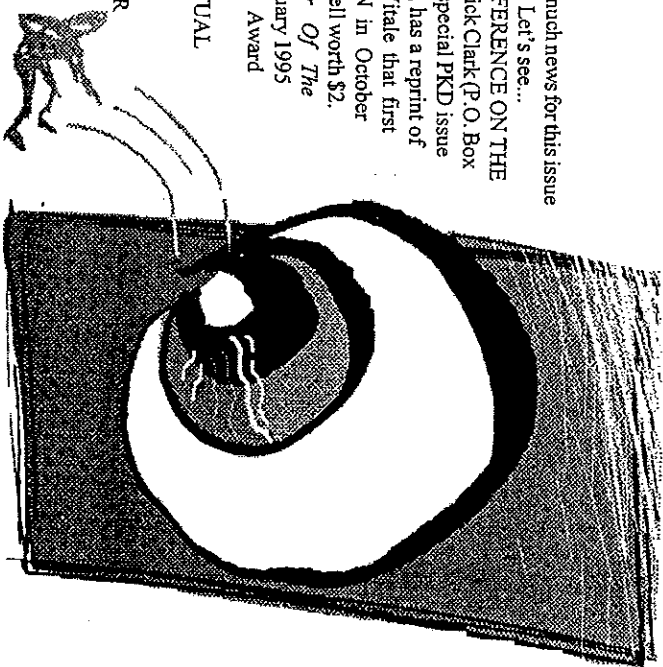
For this year both Scott and I would like to nominate Rudy Rucker's THE HACKER AND THE ANTS for something. It certainly wins the Ganyemedean Slime Mold Award for best novel of the year so far. Read it in conjunction with PKD's THE 3 STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRTCH.

Lawrence Sutin's THE SHIFTING REALITIES OF PKD (Pantheon Books, New York, ISBN 0-679-42644-2, 1995, \$27.50/\$38.50 CAN) is a fine collection of much obscure PKD non-fiction, including material that first appeared in such small zines as SCINTILLATION, THE REAL WORLD, OBLIQUE and LIGHTHOUSE. A nice addition is another of Sutin's selections from THE EXEGESIS. We could only wish there was more of this. When will the complete edition of THE EXEGESIS appear?

Editor B. Wright Baque has finally gotten back to us! Unfortunately, D. Scott Apel's book PHILIP K. DICK: THE DREAM CONNECTION (Permanent Press, P.O. Box 700305, San Jose, CA 95170) is out of print and is unlikely to return to press. However, there is good news: the massive, 8-hour interview with PKD conducted by D. Scott Apel and Kevin Briggs in 1977 (parts of which were excerpted in PKDSN) will be published in its entirety as part of Apel's upcoming book SCIENCE FICTION: AN ORAL HISTORY expected out later this year.

D. Scott Apel, by the way, is publisher of Robert Anton Wilson's quarterly TRAJECTORIES: THE JOURNAL OF FUTURISM AND HERESY, and, as a special offer to readers of FDO, he's willing to send a sample copy of TRAJECTORIES to any interested Dickhead. Good deal that.

We ordered a copy of the audiocassette version of DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? (Time Warner, ISBN 1-57042-054-1, 1994, 2 cassettes, approx. 3 hours, \$17.52/\$22 CAN). This is a pleasant surprise. Matthew Modine and, especially, Calista Flockhart, read the book with the conviction of real pros. One anticipates Flockhart's weary portrayal of Dick's wife, Iran, with glee and Modine's sly humor brings the novel to life for the listener. One caveat: this is, according to the box, "an abridgement of DO ANDROIDS DREAM... approved by the author." Abridgement by Jeffrey Gorney. I haven't looked to see what's missing but enjoy listening to this tape for its vivacity.



Dickhead Mark Segarith has sent us a news clipping for the band WIG from the Tallahassee Democrat, Jan 20, 1995. Influenced by PKD, WIG "wants to make music that hasn't been heard before... like an externalised auditory hallucination." No address but keep your eye open for this one.

Mark did manage to catch surf-guitar legend Dick Dale in concert and notes that he was selling Dickhead t-shirts!

Josh Billings of NEW IMPROVED MUSH-ROOMS (new address: P.O. Box 452, Valparaiso, IN 46384) tells us of an Australian band named SNOG, whose first album was called LIES INC. (they thank PKD in the liner notes).

John Meluch of RHINO GRAPHICS (1354 W. Clifton #6, Lakewood, OH 44107) has sent us a prospectus for submissions to his latest project. Called ECHOES FROM VALIS it will be "an anthology of writings in various genres inspired or related to the Tractates Cryptica Scriptura." To include line art or computer generated images to visually interpret the Tractates. Send something to John or contact him online at: rhinokwd@aol.com.

Which brings up another problem: many people have contacted us from mentions on several computer bulletin boards. We're planning on taking our act online in the coming year and need info on all these computer addresses, so please send us anything on this and if anyone is interested on helping us set up a home base on the Internet, please be sure to contact us.

The new GALACTIC CENTRAL PKD Bibliography, entitled PKD: Metaphysical Conjuror, 4th revised edition, by Phi Stephenson-Payne and Gordon Benson Jr. is now out and is a fine, two-volume bible of all the PKD material the editors could find. Unfortunately they didn't notice FDO but

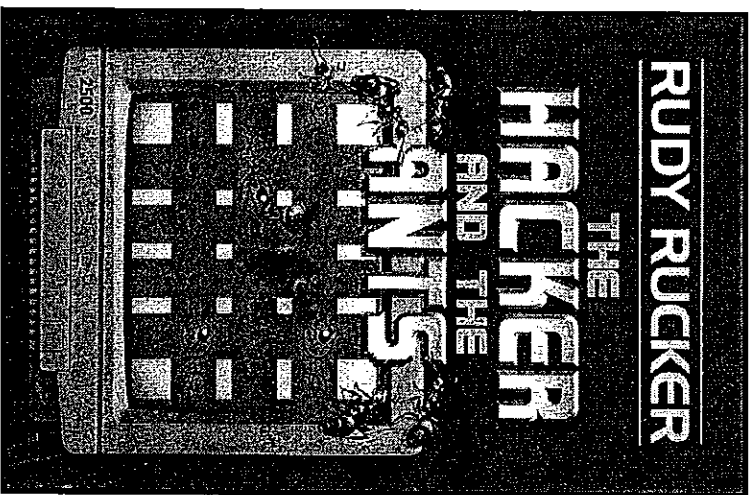
maybe we'll get in the next one. (PKD:Metaphysical Conjuror, ISBN 1-871133-42-4, \$9.00/L6.00 from: Phil Stephenson-Payne, 'Imladris', 25 a copgrove Road, Leeds, W.York LS8 2SP, England. Or: Gordon Benson Jr., P.O. Box 40494, Albuquerque, NM 87196, USA)

Here's some news from Dickhead Steve Sneyd: VECTOR, Aug-Sep 1994 (BSFA Review mag) has a review by Andy Mills of the Harper-Collins edition of THE WORLD JONES MADE.

SF COMMENTARY, #73, 74, 75 Oct 1993, has a review of Lawrence Sutin's IN PURSUIT OF VALIS by Michael

Tooley. This is a Australian mag and I don't have the address. Steve notes that a Taiwanese fanzine has done a PKD special. This is #5 of NI KUAN, 2nd floor #17-1, Lane 115, Hsi-Man Street, Taipei, Republic of China. It's in Chinese but includes articles on BLADE RUNNER and TOTAL RECALL.

And I'd like to note that Steve's collection of poetry, IN COILS OF EARTHEN HOLD, is now out from the University of Salzburg Press. Available from: NSF, Anne Marsden, 1052 Calle de Cerro, #708, San Clemente, CA 92672-6068. It's \$15 and over 200 pages. ISBN 3-7052-0924-8. I've already



ordered my copy.

Thanks to Patrick Clark for sending us a copy of the article by Nigel Wheale that we asked about last time. And gracias to David Keller and David Jackson for sending us the issue of FIRSTS MAGAZINE dedicated to PKD collecting.

Here's the info on FIRSTS: Collecting Modern First Editions. Oct 1994, Vol 4 #10, \$3.95 from: Kathryn Smiley, ed. Firsts Mag, 4445 N. Alvernon Way, Tucson, AZ 85718-6139. ISSN 1066-5471. This special PKD issue contains a PKD remembrance by James P. Blaylock, an excerpt from Anne Dick's

forthcoming memoir, THE SEARCH FOR PHILIP K. DICK, and a checklist of PKD collectibles by Robin Smiley. Send for a copy today and see how valuable those old Ace Doubles really are!

Philip K. Dick's THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, A Retrospective by Daveed Gartenstein-Ross, is an essay published in the UK mag BETWEEN DIMENSIONS Vol.1#6, Nov-Dec 1994. Sorry, no address.

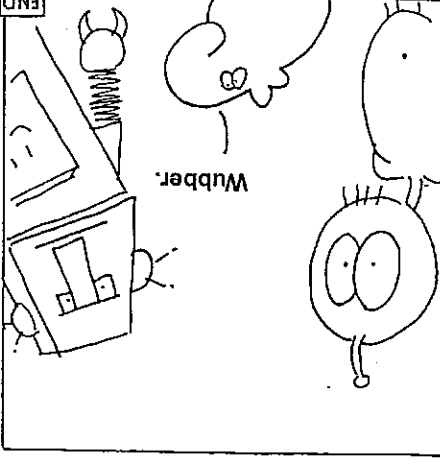
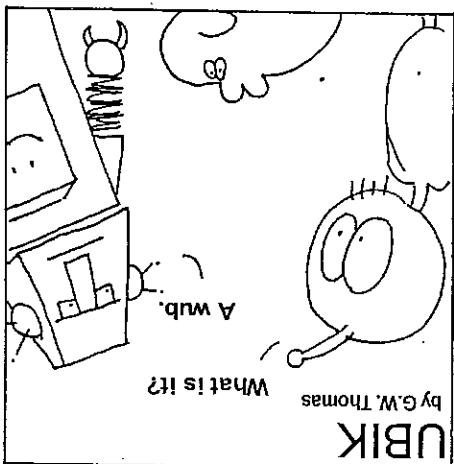
We've just received issue #31 of NINETY THREE POINT FIVE from Maestro Takarak, the Sonic Buffalo, POBox 734, Mt. Angel, OR 97362, which contains the second part of his "PKD Conspiracies" essay (the first was in issue #30). The Maestro examines the bizarre events of PKD's 2/4 1974 experiences with a conspiratorial eye and ultimately wonders at the dearth of PKD conspiracies and concludes that this lack is, perhaps, where the real conspiracy lies. Send \$5 to Maestro Takarak and receive both issues of this fine digest-size zine (chock full of other stuff too!)

However, there are apparently some conspiracies built around PKD's 'pink beam' experiences. On Paul Rydeen's suggestion we ordered a copy of SECRET CIPHER OF THE UFO NAUTS by Allen H. Greenfield, (IlliniNet Press, 1994, P.O. Box 2808, Lilburn, GA 30226, \$9.95 + \$3 s+h) In this interesting book Mr. Greenfield, an eminent authority in UFO circles, presents the possible solution to the secret messages hidden in Aleister Crowley's THE BOOK OF THE LAW. He uses the New Aeon English Qabalah (NAEQ) — a numerological system based on the English alphabet but which can be traced to the ancient Hebrew Qabalah of the Nine Chambers — for his explication. VALIS is referenced and the NAEQ is applied to a few key words. The Dog Star figures into it as well as the Freemasons and the gamut of modern mystical societies. We hope to take a closer look at this book in an upcoming FDO.

Paul also notes that, for you Roky Erickson fans, a bootleg CD of a 1966 show by Roky and The 13th Floor Elevators, called FLIVVER, exists. Write to Michael Blencowe, 19 Blackstone Close, Elburton, Plymouth, Devon PL9 8 UQ, England, for a copy of his fanzine ROKY ERIKSON AND THE SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE. Single issues are \$3.00/L1.50.

Etienne Barillier (5c, rue Mirabeau, F-87000 Limoges, France) asks us to pass the following message on:

"I'm a French student working for his pre-doctoral thesis on the theme of 'disrupted reality in literature'. I intend to work on the problem of the



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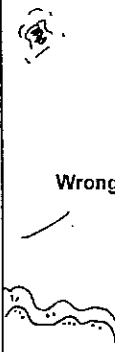
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Who was that?

Wrong number.



END

literary representation of a troubled, sick, perturbing reality. I'll focus mainly on PKD's books as I think that this theme was brought to light and matured in his books.

"I'm also interested in occurrences of this theme in other author's works as I don't want to work only on PKD's material. I think that a post-60s publication can be a good date delimitation. I'll work for the most part on science fiction.

"So if any reader of FDO would like to share their ideas, give some advice or just inquire about my researches, be welcome."

OK. As you all can see we have another great cover picture for this issue. It was drawn by Perry Kimman and he has agreed to offer to interested Dickheads the largest copy he can xerox off on the latest Japanese copiers he has available, and for only \$10! I've seen a 14" X 17" print and must say that the larger it is the better it looks. Write us here at GSM HQ or directly to Perry at: Neyagawa shi, Kusune Minami, Maachi 7-10, Japan 1572.

Brian Aldiss' poem tributing PKD, "What Did The Policeman Say?" is reprinted in the new collection of Aldiss poetry, *AT THE CALIGULA HOTEL* (Sinclair-Stephenson, May 1995, UK)

For an amusing an wide-ranging read send \$1 to Arthur D. Hlavaty for a copy of *DEROGATORY REFERENCE*, now in its 80th issue! PKD runs throughout this fine zine. (Arthur D. Hlavaty, 206 Valentine St., Yonkers, NY 10704-1814. Or E-mail to: hlvaty@panix.com)

Anne Dick's memoir of Philip K. Dick, *IN SEARCH OF PHILIP K. DICK*, is out now from: The Edwin Mellon Press, P.O. Box 450, Lewiston, NY 14092-0450. Tel. (716) 754-2788. Price: \$99.95. ISBN 0-7734-9137-6. 396pp. The blurb we have says, "Vivid, sensitive account of Dick as person/artist; insights into work habits, inspirations, circumstances in which novels were written; by Anne Dick, his wife from 1959-65." But I'm wondering about that price. A misprint? Thanks to Frank Bertrand for this info.

Bakthall Publishers, Sweden, announces their forthcoming publication of *THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE* in Swedish. This will be the third in their series of PKD books. The first being *UBIK* and *COUNTELOCK WORLD*. (Ojan Gerhardsen, Bakthall Pubs, Box 1114, 2104 LUND, Sweden. Tel. +46-46126399)

Here's another interesting item from Steve Sneyd: The Japanese have come up with an 'uncopter' machine that wipes the print from photocopied pages! *Shades of COUNTERCLOCK WORLD*.

## 4. Do Dickhead's Dream?

### Paul Rydeen

On the morning of March 22, 1993, I found myself in a familiar Minneapolis bookstore that specialized in science fiction. I was looking for any new books by or about the late Philip K. Dick (PKD), easily my pick for all-time favorite. There was a special shelf where all the PKD books were. I saw a yellow, hardcover which I hadn't seen before. It was called *PHILIP K. DICK* by Stanislaw Lem. At first I wasn't sure if it was another biography of PKD by this well-known Polish science fiction writer, or an analysis of his work. I bought it.

On March 27, I stopped by the post office to see if I had any new mail in my box. There was one package, a large white envelope containing several used paperbacks by PKD. They had been sent to me from a used bookstore in Colorado where I used to shop. I had ordered them over the phone.

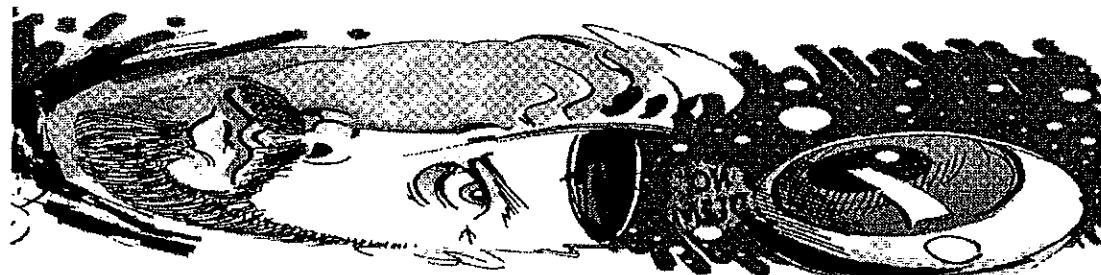
After the post office, I went back to the bookstore to finish looking. I recognized the clerk on duty from when I used to live in Minneapolis. I shopped here frequently then. I was somewhat amused to see he had shaved his beard.

There were a couple new paperback PKD titles in a revolving bookrack. One had a yellow cover and was called *SCANNER*. It was an alternate manuscript version of PKD's *A SCANNER DARKLY*, much like *RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH* was an alternate version of *VALIS* published after PKD died. The other new book was blue. I forgot the title, as it was rather long and unwieldy. It was just a collection of previously published short stories.

When I went to pay for the books, I noticed several stacks of silver dollars and half dollars on the

floor beneath a card table covered with bargain books. Glancing around to see if anybody was watching, I stooped down and quickly put several of the coins into my pocket. I jokingly wondered if they were "Joe Chip" money. In PKD's *UBIK*, everybody is dead but doesn't know it. Small inconsistencies clue them in to the truth of the matter, such as money bearing the likeness of a friend of theirs, Joe Chip. They think Joe Chip is the one who's dead. He's not. They are.

With all those new PKD books lying around the house, you'd think I'd have been doing some heavy reading. I was, but not of the books I just mentioned. They only exist in my dreams. I never left home, never left Alabama, never went shopping. I don't recall now whether I started re-reading some of my favorite PKD books before these dreams or after. It probably doesn't matter. Reading some of those old books again after several years influenced my dreams. My dreams, in turn, reinforced my desire to keep reading "just one more" before turning to something else.



That same week I had another PKD dream. I'm not sure if it was before the other three or not. It was more of a hypnagogic experience than a full-blown dream. It occurred shortly after I retired for the night. The "dream" was entirely auditory, a very unusual thing for me. What I heard was a pleasantly neutral female voice say "Hi!" right in the center of my brain. The voice was bubbly, exuberant. She was so clear and so close that I was immediately startled awake. I wanted to hear her again, but I was also scared by her nearness. I mentally began asking if she was friendly. When I heard her again, she seemed to have moved away. She was now a little in front of me, to my left. She was no longer talking to me. Again I was jolted awake. Still worried, I gradually drifted off to a deeper sleep as her voice slowly receded. I knew it was the "AI" voice (Artificial Intelligence) that PKD

UBIK

by G.W. Thomas



Excuse me. Is this a military paraworld used as a concentration camp by evil politicians?



No, this is a sub-reality created by a Vast Active Living Intelligent System and rented by Perky Pat Corp.







two weeks to write the first draft. Ah, but could I do it now! I'm far too tired" (TTHC 295 PKD > Sandra Meisel 8-27-70). But one wonders if he told Ms. Meisel that he wrote it under the influence of amphetamines? PKD began using amphetamines in the 50s:

"Williams: When did you start taking them? (amphetamines)

PKD: Well... in the Fifties.

Williams: So really early on in your writing career?

PKD: Yeah. Um, by the time I wrote EYE IN

THE SKY. And I attributed my speed of writing, my rapidity, and my high productivity and my pushing myself, to the amphetamines. And then I find now I do exactly the same without." (OAR 122)

But no matter how he wrote it he promptly sent the manuscript off, under the title WITH OPENED MIND, to the Scott Meredith Literary Agency in New York, where it was received on 2-15-55. Two years before it would see publication in 1957 (indeed, THE MAN WHO JAPED, written shortly after EYE IN THE SKY, saw publication first in 1956). What took so long?

The manuscript was apparently welcome at SMLA where the Agency reader thought it: "Very odd... Off trail, but good of its kind." He suggested trying Ballantine Books first, but they and several other houses passed on it; it didn't sell until its eleventh go-round, and second try at ACE — after some extensive rewriting. (TTHC 295) We know that Don Wollheim at ACE liked it but: "I was very reluctant to do it. I enjoyed it immensely. But paperback was in a young state and we didn't want to offend anybody. Here was a book that would offend religious people — God enters it, the Eye of God." He feared that the American Legion might

object, and other groups. "Wyn read EYE before we published it, and we talked a lot about it. He'd been a socialist in his youth so he took a chance — if they argue, they argue. No one complained." (TTHC 295ff)

Nevertheless some changes had to be made, Wyn insisted on it (see DI 90): "What did A.A. Wyn object to in all this? Sylvester's fanatical universe, in which engineers work on the problem of 'maintaining a constant supply of untainted grace for all major population centers', was just the sort of thing that could piss off the American Legion and

fundamentalist Christians. And so Wyn insisted that Sylvester's God be called "Tetragrammaton" and that his "Babist" cult be designated Moslem in origin — how many outraged Islamic SF readers could there be?" (DI 90).

"Yes, it was safer that way," says Wollheim. "God is God, but we weren't going to step on somebody's toes." (TTHC 295ff)

Dick didn't seem to object to the rewriting chore: "...I had new ideas to put in, so I didn't mind; in fact I think it came out better — which is an anomaly..." (PKDSN 22-13)

The happy result of all this was the publication of EYE IN THE SKY in 1957 as a full-size ACE novel which meant Dick was paid the full price of \$1500. Not bad for two weeks work.

But then, Dick, with glowing reviews coming in and despite seeing EYE as a breakthrough novel, suddenly stopped writing science fiction and turned his attention into breaking into the Mainstream, writing PUTTERING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND and MARY AND THE GIANT. And even though expansions of his novellas appeared over the next two years, it wasn't until 1959 and TIME OUT OF JOINT that he returned to science fiction (and they didn't market JOINT as SF anyway).

There is also some confusion, at least on my part, as to whether EYE IN THE SKY was written before THE MAN WHO JAPED. We have PKD's statement that, "I wrote THE WORLD JONES MADE and, later on, THE MAN WHO JAPED. And then a novel that seemed to be a genuine breakthrough for me: EYE IN THE SKY..." (PKDSN 2-12) And on the authority of Paul Williams and Gregg Rickman we have it that the manuscript for EYE was received on 2-15-55. But that of THE MAN WHO JAPED didn't arrive until 10-17-55.

Add to this Rickman's statement that: "Two months after completing THE WORLD JONES MADE, Dick dispatched the manuscript of his next novel, EYE IN THE SKY, to his agents in New York, where it arrived on Feb 15, 1955" (TTHC 295) and we can safely decide that EYE was written first, probably in January of 1955. JAPED would have been written in the Spring or Summer of that year, probably later rather than sooner as the receipts of the SMLA show also that MARY AND THE GIANT was received in 1955 but with no date. And the short story, *The Unreconstructed M* arrived at the Agency on 6-2-55. It's possible that JAPED was written immediately after EYE and before MARY AND THE GIANT or *The Unreconstructed M* or vice versa. And there is PUTTERING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND to be considered. Lawrence Sutin has: "...PUTTERING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND, which Phil was writing just as EYE hit the SF market in 1957..." (DI 90ff) If that's the case then the chronology becomes more difficult with PKD writing several stories simultaneously, perhaps. It's all a bit confusing and not that important I suppose, but I'd like to know the correct chronology.



## 6. "Was This tubby, bloated monstrosity his wife?"

### EYE IN THE SKY: Towards A Politics Of Viewpoint

#### Jim Thain

I'll begin with a brief structural analysis. Page references are to the Arrow 1987 reprint, consistent with virtually all the standard editions and one page longer than the Ace original. All emphases are mine unless otherwise stated. Critical terms are subject to the whim of fashion, so I'll define some key ones at the outset.

*fabula* — The events of a narrative arranged in chronological order.

*sujet* — The events in the order and manner they are presented to the reader.

*exposition* — the flow of information enabling the reader to make sense of the fictive world and of any gaps created between *fabula* and *sujet* by the use of retardatory structures.

*retardatory* — ways of delaying exposition. The most obvious example would be the structures hiding of key details concerning a murder in the classical detective novel {Until the denouement}

*objectivity/subjectivity* — relative terms denoting the degree to which events are depicted subjectively —

f d o

f d o

f d o

f d o

with/without comment or other interpretive act by narrator, viewpoint character, etc. Typical indices of subjectivity are the incidence of value-laden adjectives and adverbs, simile, metaphor and metonymy, internal monologue, significant ellipsis and stretch (taking more time to describe an action than it would take in reality, as in slow-motion film).

So, a breakdown of EYE IN THE SKY, bringing in generic considerations:

p. 5-6 Brief opening section, a *post facto*, mainly objective narrative locating the fictive world as Belmont, USA, 1959, with especial reference to two minutes of the afternoon of October 10th—a time in the future of the time of Dick's writing the novel. Because the temporal locus of this section succeeds that of the greater part of the fabula, an enormous expositional gap is opened up, which it is the job of the next 240 pages the job of the next 240 pages (of 256) to fill. (though, strictly speaking, the gap is comprehended long before the end and the rest is suspense, i.e., delayed answering of the questions, When and how do they finally get out of the Bevatron?)

The viewpoint character Jack Hamilton is introduced and the conventions of the opening section are recognisably those of science fiction—future setting, big machine.

p. 6-25 Other characters are introduced, essentially from Jack's point of view. From now on Jack is the narratorial locus of consciousness. All the action of the fabula is filtered through his perception and interpreted by his mind. The reader only becomes acquainted with scenes to which Jack has not been a party when he himself hears of them. He is the conduit for the exposition.

Events preceding the accident and the accident itself are described. The McFeyffe/Marsha/Jack plot is outlined. This plot depends for its effectiveness on the creation of an expositional gap fully 236 pages long—structurally the most important device in the novel. That is, the posing of the question, Is Marsha a Communist? McFeyffe and Marsha know the answer, but the reader will only be informed when Jack is.

p. 26-122 The first fictive world-within-the-fictive-world; Silvester's 'fantasy world' (as Jack

terms them, p. 201) and the characters' quest to understand it. The world is characterised by: an exaggeratedly idolatrous religious fanaticism; irrationality and racism; and it perhaps relates more to science fantasy than sf (as those dubious categories were perceived in the 1950s).

p. 122-182 Edith Pritchett's fantasy world, characterised by patronising philanthropy and the subversion of Freud's theory of sublimation. It is a very reductionist world, and the antiote apparently is nihilism. Again, this is more science fantasy than sf.

p. 182-217 Joan Reiss' fantasy world, characterised by paranoid schizophrenia. Here we're in the land of horror fantasy, examples of which Dick nicknamed 'The House Which Spits Goo At You' in the Boonstra interview.

p. 217-245 McFeyffe's fantasy world, for which, in a twist, Marsha is held responsible, until Jack knocks her out (p. 240) and the ascription no longer remains tenable. The resolution of this disjunction between the characters' belief that Marsha is responsible for the world and the fact that it is McFeyffe's brings about the closing of the expositional gap instituted on page 8. ("Your wife...has been classified as a security risk.") Generically, this section is a political satire (a clumsy one) on Stalinism. Finally, the 'reality' of the broader

fictive world seeps back in.

p. 246-256 Reestablishment of the full fictive social context, though with a change in Jack's position due to resolution of the McFeyffe/Marsha/Jack plot in McFeyffe's favor (in terms of the novel's fictive social norms). Jack becomes his own boss in one of those worlds which straddle America and Milton Lumpy Territory. This return to 'normality' is of considerable structural significance when one considers what happens in otherwise analogous novels like *UBIK*, *A MAZE OF DEATH* and *THE 3 STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDritch*.

There is one other structural device of note, the dreamlike episodes where the characters see themselves lying on the floor of the Bevatron—a communal hypnagogic state. Jack doesn't remember his 'dream' until reminded of it by Marsha and Laws—another relayed structure.

OK, let's make some general observations. One obvious point is that in terms of the number of pages devoted to them, the fantasy worlds progressively decrease in length. This reflects the characters' increasing awareness of the predicament they're in and their increased will to resort to violence as a means of overthrowing the tyranny of being imprisoned in someone else's world (a parallel with *MAZE*). This is clearly illustrated on page 200:

We've got to get hold of Miss Reiss... And then we've got to kill her. Quickly and completely.

That is the logic of the situation—though in the event they do not kill her quickly at all.

One reason *EYE* is generally considered one of Dick's more successful novels, structurally, is the story is easy to follow. Unusually, here Dick adheres fairly closely to the classical conception of the unities. Let's look at unity of viewpoint.

The two novels Dick wrote immediately prior to *EYE* were *THE WORLD JONES MADE* and *MARY AND THE GIANT*. These are both multiple-viewpoint novels, and are structurally weaker, though of course they have their own virtues. As Dick states in the Boonstra interview, in his early novels he had not mastered viewpoint.

In *EYE* Dick generated narrative complexity through other means. Instead of the viewpoint changing, the world to be perceived changes—due to the influence on it of other viewpoints. One consequence of the virtual unity of viewpoint in *EYE* is the reader may easily be persuaded into seeing Jack as the voice of sanity in a more or less insane world. After all, he thinks he's sane and rational, he's a scientist. Describes himself as a realist.

But, must we accept Jack's view of himself? Is it really so reliable? Just what kind of a guy are we

dealing with here? Let's not forget that we never see what kind of world he would have imposed on the others if rescue had not come before he got the chance. One thing we do know is Laws and McFeyffe don't want to find out.

If the crux of the plot is, Is Marsha a Communist?—and if isn't, why do we have to read virtually the whole book before we find out the answer?—then examining Jack's relationship with her will test his character and help us understand the novel.

Here's how we're introduced to Marsha:

At noon Marsha turned up, radiant and ovely, as sleekly dressed as one of the tame ducks in Golden Gate Park. Momentarily, he [Jack] was roused from his brooding lethargy by the sweet-smelling and very expensive little creature he had managed to snare, a possession even more precited than his hi-fi rig and his collection of good whisky. (p. 6) [emph added]

The nature of the esteem in which Jack holds his wife seems clear enough—she's a prized commodity—and his approach to courtship (snaring) provides an interesting parallel to that of a spider we are later to meet. Jack does not describe Marsha as merely expensive and aromatic at his imminent conference with McFeyffe and Edwards however; rather, he presents himself as a champion offer right to intellectual freedom:

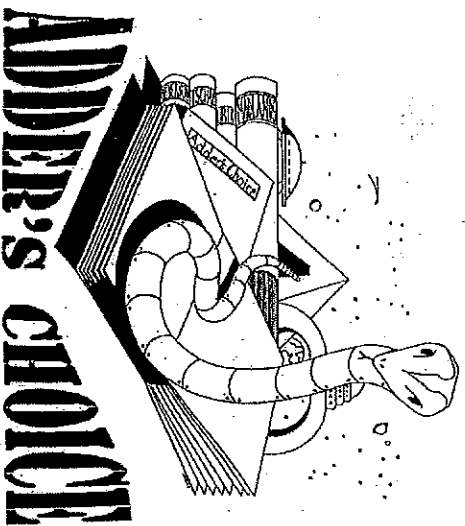
"Marsha is interested in everything. She's an intelligent, educated person. She has all day to find out about things. Is she supposed to sit home and just"—Hamilton groped for words—"a dust off the mantel? Fix dinner & sew & cook?" (p. 12)

But the rhetorical question turns out to be a moot point. McFeyffe, who is hiding the answer to the question, is Marsha a Communist? disingenuously dismisses Jack's objections with a behavioristic reply of considerable relevance to the plot:

"We can't look [into] her mind—and neither can you. [orig emph]."

All we can judge is what she does... That's the only evidence we have." (p. 12) [note: the word supplied, [into], is not missing in the Ace edition]

Jack has to choose between his wife and his job. Marsha is unsure whether Jack believes her, and he has nagging doubts too. These doubts are expressed



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when he and McFeyfe meet Marsha for a drink after the conference:

"One of you two," Hamilton said, "shouldn't be here. One of you should get kicked out the door. I ought to flip a coin." (p. 15-16)

I bet that makes Marsha feel just great. (Echoes too of Dick's preoccupation with the operation of chance in the early novels, and a foretaste of Rhinehart's DICE MAN)

Conjugal conflict results in an angry argument before the Bevatron accident. After the accident, Jack thinks he's lying in a hospital bed and coming around. He listens a while in darkness and then is relieved to perceive Marsha at his side:

Thankfulness enveloped him. Marsha hadn't been incinerated by the hard radiation; thank God for that. A mute prayer of thanks clouded his brain; he relaxed and enjoyed the sheer joy of it. (p.26)

This is neat. With a few simple sentences, the narrator hints that Jack's thought processes may have been subtly altered; clouded (so tempting to substitute 'occluded') by religious diction. Jack's only previous references to God have been the oaths, "I'll be goddamned" and "My God"; the tone here is very different. This is significant because it suggests Jack may not be as independent from the dominant individual's idios kosmos as, subsequently, he may suppose or wish himself to be. If so, then this will have consequences for our assessment of his character: his behaviour in the fantasy episodes may be contaminated. Unfortunately, how far this was worked out by Dick is unclear and I doubt it can be tested.

The married couple discuss Jack's future job prospects and reminisce about his ideas of hi-fi design. Marsha becomes ridden with guilt and devalues her own desire for intellectual independence and political freedom:

Look what I've done to you. Because I'm bored and curious and fooling around with political freaks, you've lost your job and your future. I could kick myself. I should've known I couldn't sign the Stockholm peace thing with you working on guided missiles. But whenever anybody hands me a petition, I always get carried away. The poor, downtrodden masses." (p. 30) [orig emph]

Yes, isn't she a silly billy? Much of Dick's dialogue in this book is skillfully handled and funny. This is not

When Marshashly asserts that McFeyfe is a dangerous fascist, Jack's response is physically aggressive and laden with suspicion:

Hamilton shoved the woman away from him. "McFeyfe is a rabid patriot and a reactionary. But that doesn't make him a fascist. Unless you believe that anybody who isn't —" (p. 30)

Jack the Rationalist's defense of his chum the male cop, in the face of his wife's distress, is telling; and the fact is he is wrong in his assessment of McFeyfe's political character. Odd when it's only really men who know anything about politics; women being held to be constitutionally incapable of meaningful involvement in the political world. Hence, in Edith Pritchett's fantasy world, Jack interprets his *Oakland Tribune* as follows:

In a sense, there was no front section to the newspaper... It began with section two: the woman's world. Fashions, social events, marriages and engagements, cultural activities, games. (p. 146)

Yes Pritchett's mission of "bringing culture to the masses" is overtly political! Again, we can never be quite sure to what extent Jack's viewpoint is contaminated by that of the dominant individual. But this contradiction seems to me to stem rather from the looseness of Dick's own political thinking.

Earlier, when Jack's just lost his job, Marsha says she'll go out and get one. This seems eminently sensible, and it would certainly make Marsha less expensive to keep. Moreover, her career aspirations appear perfectly humble, so she won't eclipse her clever hubby that way. It turns out this is the only time in the book that Marsha dares to initiate any action; and her endeavour is immediately squashed flat:

Hamilton raised his eyebrows. "What kind of a job?" "Any kind. Typing, working in a store, switchboard operator. So we can keep on eating... Remember?" "I remember," Hamilton said. "But you stay home and dust the mantel, I'll take care of the job-getting." (p. 46)

So mantle-dusting is her proper role after all. (There's an analogy for this contradiction in Jack and

Marsha's relationship. When Jack appreciates Marsha's love she is radiant: "Like a great moon she beamed ecstatically down at him." (p. 26) But the moon turns out to be "A corroded wad of waste material that dully plodded along, trivial and dispensable." (p. 93) (cf p. 30)

It's hardly surprising Jack finds Joan Reiss so threatening: she always wears a smart business suit, and so is a constant reminder that in fact women may well go out to work. Jack's behaviour towards her in pages 35-39, like Louis Rosen's towards Pils Frauentzimer in WE CAN BUILD YOU, is frequently deplorable. When someone is rude to your cat, you're at liberty to rebuke them; but the Superior Man will not conduct himself in the most viciously provocative manner of which he is capable. The result of Jack's childishness and Reiss's aversion to cats is the agony of an innocent Nimmy Numbcat (p. 191)

When Marsha becomes a "tubby, bloated monstrosity" (p. 110) and hides in the bedroom, Jack is able, through rationalism and a kind of compassion, to overcome his shock. Next thing you know, Marsha's too thin, and sexless, and a weird thing happens: Jack forces his wife to undress in public (p. 124).

Ostensibly this is to prove to all and sundry that they are now all sexless. But surely he must've noticed the change in himself first, so why didn't he save time and get his own kit off (if any must come off at all)? Humiliating for Marsha — titillating for Dick's more boyish readers? Maybe the incident might be read as a metaphor for the revelation of the truth about Marsha (sexless, not dangerous: not a Communist) — just maybe — but that's no defense against the charge of bad taste.

All things considered, it may not surprise us that Marsha finds she likes celibacy (p. 147-148). To make up for this lack of spice, through pages 142-152 the reader is treated to Jack's manipulation and sexual coercion of Silky. Silky holds a unique position in the novel. Not one of the Bevatron casualties, she hovers between both worlds, much like the Safe Harbor bandages. Jack's assertion, on page 201, that the fantasy worlds do not "touch on reality at any point" is incorrect.

Jack and Marsha effectively become strangers but are reconciled by page 173, when Marsha 'understands' about Silky: "I believe in looking at things in a modern way. They prepare for a cosy evening in the audiophileroom, but spiders run up. So it goes."

In McFeyfe's world Marsha is paralysed with horror at her situation and does little to dispel the

false accusations. Their house is set on fire by a Peace slogan fragment and Jack leads Marsha into chaos (p. 228). Marsha prostrates herself.

Dejected, despairing, Marsha sank down on the curb... Marsha said nothing. Shivering, she hunched over, face down, arms clasped together, body small and frail against the cold. (p. 229)

By now Jack is so convinced of Marsha's guilt that he doesn't care about returning to 'reality':

"There's no point in going on," Marsha said to her husband. "Is there?"

"I suppose not," he answered simply.

"You don't care if we get back?"

"No."

"Is there anything I can say?" Hamilton, standing behind her, indicated the world around them. "I can see it; that's about all there is." (p. 230)

Jack is relying on dodgy sense impressions, inference (though he has previously cited Hume on acausality!) and blind faith in his fellow male McFeyfe. Scientific?

Marsha's passivity becomes even more remarkable:

Crouching down, he pulled his wife firmly to her feet. Listlessly, she permitted him to drag her up. In the cold and darkness, she was an unimposing collection of matter that followed obediently after him. (p. 230)

Like the Moon caught in the gravitational field of Earth, the Earth in that of the Sun?

In the Safe Harbor, Marsha is almost exclusively preoccupied with Silky's breasts, a monument to the nature of McFeyfe's imagination.

The breasts in Dick's books are a lamentable affliction for which the only antidote I can suggest is Joanna Russ's salutary deflatus in The Cliches From Outer Space:

She remembered how at parties she had avoided men who were attracted by her breasts, putting out a red mouth, long, honey-coloured hair, tussles behind, and proud, upthrusting breasts (they were a nuisance, those breasts, they sometimes got so



proud and thrust up so far that they knocked her in the chin. She always pushed them down again.

(p. 103, *THE HIDDEN SIDE OF THE MOON*, The Woman's Press, 1989)

Jack ignores Marsha throughout most of the scene. In fact she is interpreting the fantasy world at least as well as Jack and Laws, but her utterances are treated as "inside information."

Finally, mercy me — she faints! This must be the Nineteenth Century! And the others can realise it's not her world after all. (p. 240). Marsha lies

'crumpled [and] abandoned' until reality finally breaks upon them and she manages a reflexive shudder and twitch. (p. 246)

She's very glad to be back in the real world.

So's Jack. He's lost his job, but at least he knows now that his wife was telling the truth; and that's all that matters, for, "I can always get another job, but wives are scarce." (p. 251). Much as certain commodities may be — sleekly dressed tame ducks, for instance.

When Marsha wonders whether Jack and Laws new business will prosper, Jack rewards her interest with these reassuring words:

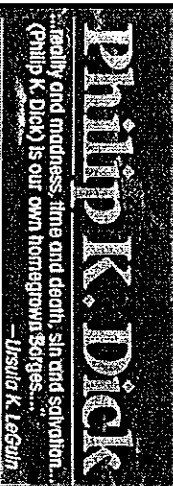
"Mark my words, sweet-heart. You and Nimmy will be lapping up dishes of cream & sleeping on silk pillows." (p. 252)

Well, that'll be nice, won't it? And you need never worry your pretty little head about those silly old politics ever again.

The proper function of an essay must be to provoke questioning rather than to pretend to supply definitive answers. So, here's some questions: If sanity is a social construct, as I believe and as Dick

sometimes stated, how sane is Jack Hamilton? How healthy is his relationship with Marsha? What kind of world would Jack have inflicted on the others? One we're all-too-familiar with? We know Laws and McFeyffe don't want to sample it, but what I wonder is how well it would suit Marsha. She'd be denied any independence whatsoever and live out the rest of her life as an obedient unimposing collection of matter.

I think one reason Dick generally preferred a multiple-viewpoint approach is that the single-viewpoint narrative imposes on the reader a form of



tyranny. In *EYE IN THE SKY* this is internalized, by having the characters repeatedly imprisoned within each other's worlds, or rather their interpretations of a shared world, the koinos kosmos. This plot device frequently occurs in Dick's work and the implication generally is that the imposition of another's viewpoint on us constitutes an act of tyranny (though, typically, Dick turns this on its head somewhat in *RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH* and *VALIS*).

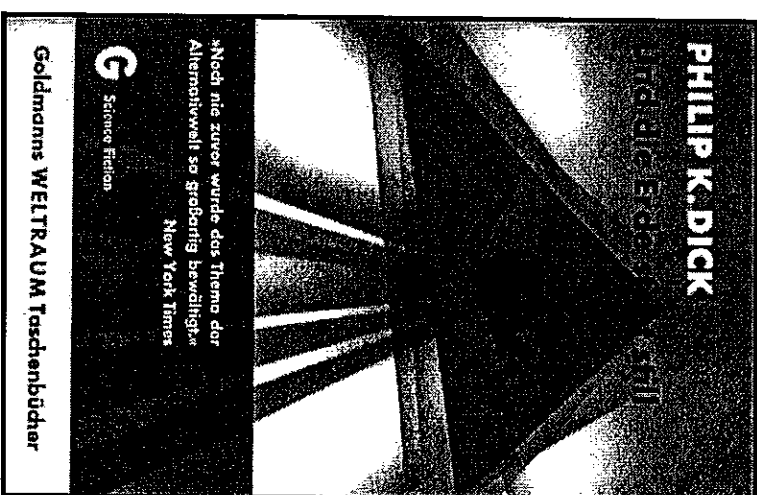
If, as I have done, we refuse to accept Jack's view of events, on political, psychological, philosophical or other grounds — if, to use the once fashionable term, we deconstruct it — then what viewpoint are we left with? Our own. And that's liberating. And, as is shown time and again in *EYE*, to free ourselves it may be necessary for us to perform acts of violence.

## 7. Digressions on *EYE IN THE SKY* Frank C. Bertrand

It has been said that sometimes what *isn't* written in a work of literature is as important, if not more important, than what *is* written. I had a strong sense of this as I recently reread Phil Dick's 1957 published novel *EYE IN THE SKY* (hereinafter EITS). There seems to be a lot going on between the lines, a lot of connotative implications that generate far more questions than are answered by what is in the text itself. Such "cognitive estrangement," if you will, is not an unusual response to a Phil Dick novel.

A second reaction I had was a *visual metaphor* illustrating what is ostensibly going on in EITS, the infamous 1953 "double helix" of James Watson and Francis Crick. The crystalline structure of the DNA molecule is, according to Watson and Crick, a spiral framework composed on two twining complementary strands, or, as graphically depicted, a spiraling ladder. Each rung of this ladder consists of a pair of bases, with there being four kinds, or half-rungs. In EITS the two twining "thematic" strands of the ladder are religion and philosophy, the four complementary half-rungs being illusion paired with reality, and individual consciousness paired with group consciousness.

A fusion, of sorts, of these two reactions will hopefully result in a viable explanation for EITS. Then again, one of Phil's favorite quotes, from Act III of



Gilbert and Sullivan's 1878 opera *H.M.S. Pinafore*, is "things are seldom what they seem." something he talks about in a 1974 interview: "Well, let me quote you from a text by Gilbert: 'Things are seldom what they seem / Skim milk masquerades as cream.' It just seemed to sum it up in life. I think the main thing in my writing was that I was trying to show my characters taking things for granted, and then realizing that things were quite different, you see." (*Verity*, Vol. 1, no. 6, February 1974, p. 96)

For instance, to pursue just one small facet, consider chapter 11 of EITS. Therein, during the second of four "private fantasy-worlds," this one *belonging*(?) to Edith Pritchett, Jack Hamilton is conversing with Bill Laws about what Bill is now doing. Jack learns that Bill is in charge of research for the Lackman Soap Company which makes "those fancy perfumed bath soaps."

"Even if the soap plant doesn't exist?" [Jack asks]

"It exists here." Law's dark, lean face was bleak with defiance. "And that's where I am. As long as I'm here, I'm going to make the best of it."

"But," Hamilton protested, "this

is an illusion." "Illusion?" Laws grinned sarcastically; with his hard fist he thumped the wall of the kitchen. "It feels real enough to me." (*EYE IN THE SKY*, New York: Collier Books, 1969, p. 149. All subsequent parenthetical references are to this edition)

Bill Law's intriguing action and response, "...with his hard fist he thumped the wall of the kitchen. 'It feels real to me,' set off a bell of

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familiarity. It is a creative reworking of, and allusion to, something that the irascible Dr. Samuel Johnson once did (Saturday, August 6, 1763). As reported by his benevolent biographer, James Boswell:

"After we came out of the church, we stood talking for some time together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that every thing in the universe is merely ideal. I observed, that though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, 'I refute it thus.'"

(BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON, Hill edn., Oxford Univ. Press, 1971, Vol. 1, p. 471)

The import of this particular allusion has to do with the individual mentioned by Boswell, Bishop Berkeley, and leads us onto one of the two twining thematic strands in EITS, philosophy, and some of its half-rings.

George Berkeley (1685-1753) was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he became a lecturer in Divinity. He subsequently traveled in Europe as a chaplain and tutor, devoted five years to an attempt at establishing a missionary college in Bermuda, and in 1734 became Anglican Bishop of Cloyne, a village in county Cork, Ireland. Writing, in part, in response to John Locke's (1632-1704) doctrine of abstraction and distinction of primary and secondary qualities, Berkeley's most important philosophical works are: AN ESSAY TOWARDS A NEW THEORY OF VISION (1709), A TREATISE CONCERNING THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE (1710), and THREE DIALOGUES BETWEEN HYLAS AND PHILONOUS (1713). He is best known for his *immaterialist hypothesis* which asserts that nothing *material* exists; it denies the possibility of inert, mindless, material substance. His essential view, simply put, is that for something to exist it must either be perceived or else be the active being that does the perceiving. That is, "There exists no *perceptum*; nor is it possible they should have any existence out of the minds or thinking things which perceive them." (GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD, Vol. 35, *Locke, Berkeley, Hume*, p. 413)

If Bishop Berkeley were standing in Jack Hamilton's kitchen with Bill, Laws he would tell him

that he (Bill) can have no *immediate* perception of the three-dimensional kitchen wall. That's because the kitchen wall is nothing more than a collection of complex ideas or sensible qualities, of sense-data, of perceptions, which occur *only* in his (Bill's) mind; the kitchen wall exists, therefore, *only as perceived*, not as *external* (to Bill's mind) reality. And Bill Laws refutes him by thumping his hard fist against the kitchen wall.

A third, and perhaps relevant, refutation of Bishop Berkeley's "immaterialist idealism" is attributed to Jonathan Swift, whom Berkeley met and knew. And it so happens that Phil Dick alludes to Swift's GULLIVER'S TRAVELS in chapter 12 of EITS (p. 156). As related by G.J. Warnock in his book about Berkeley:

"Dean Swift is reported (perhaps apocryphally) to have left him [Berkeley] standing on the door-step when he came to call, saying that if his philosophical views were correct he should be able to come in through a closed door as easily as through an open one...."

After all, he explicitly denied the existence of matter; he asserted that we perceive only 'our own ideas'; and what is this but to say that we are all in a dream? Why open the door if there is really no solid, impenetrable door to be opened?" (BERKELEY, Peregrine edn., London, 1969, p. 17)

As for Bill Law's reaction, it is important to consider it within the context of Jack Hamilton's response, "this is an illusion," and thereby the larger context of EITS itself.

The "this" which is an "illusion" refers to Edith Pritchett's "private fantasy-world" (p. 106). Jack is trying to convince Bill Laws that what he is currently experiencing, his job at the soap plant, doesn't exist. It is part of the illusionary world "created" in Edith Pritchett's "consciousness." Which brings us (SMACK!) head up against the philosophical quandary of illusion vs. reality and the larger issue of how our perception and consciousness perceive/interpret illusion and reality.

In EITS Phil Dick's premise seems to be that a group of eight people fall sixty feet from an observation platform "through the fantastically charged proton beam" (p. 2) of the Belmont Bevatron. Of the eight "seven were knocked unconscious by the impact of the fall." (p. 109) One

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remained conscious. On the next page, however, we learn that they "all lost consciousness while...in the energy beam." (p. 110) One didn't. Bit of an inconsistency here: *WHEN* did seven of the group of eight lose consciousness, while falling through (and being in) the proton beam, or upon hitting the floor?

The former appears to be substantiated by what

Jack Hamilton says several pages prior: "All eight of us dropped into the proton beam of the Bevatron. During the interval there was only one consciousness, one frame of reference, for the eight of us. Silvester never lost consciousness." (p. 105) Jack also states that "Normally, each individual has a unique frame of reference." (p. 110) The free energy of the proton beam, however, "...turned Silvester's personal world into a public universe." (p. 105) In effect, then, Silvester's "unique frame of reference," his "personal world," becomes a public or group consciousness for the other seven. Somehow the energy of the proton beam takes Silvester's *personal* consciousness and merges, or infuses, it with the consciousnesses of the rest of the group, and thereby generates the first of the four "private fantasy-worlds" in EITS. Such "what-ifs" are SF (an oxymoron) novels made of.

The second fantasy-world, that of Edith Pritchett, we have already encountered. Hers happens *after* Silvester's, who never lost consciousness, because she (it is implied) was next "closest to consciousness." (p. 177) "She was stirring.... There, on the floor of the Bevatron." (p. 177) This means that the effect of the proton beam's energy continues after the eight individuals fall through it and impact upon the floor. Apparently the *degreed*, or strength, of consciousness, of awareness, determines whose "personal world" next becomes public for the other seven in the group. While in this personal world, however, is what they "experience," Jack Hamilton's illusion, Bill Law's reality, or something else?

The use of such descriptive adjectives as "personal," "public," and "private" suggest one possible answer. In a June 8, 1969 letter published in Bruce Gillespie's *SF Commentary* (No. 9, February 1970), Phil Dick writes:

"I have been very much influenced by the thinking of the European existential psychologists, who posit this: for each person there are two worlds, the *idios kosmos*, which is a unique private world, and the *koinos kosmos*, which literally means shared world (just as *idios* means private). No person can tell which

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parts of his total worldview is *idios kosmos* and which is *koinos kosmos*, except by the achievement of a strong empathetic rapport with other people." (PHILIP K. DICK: ELECTRIC SHEPHERD, Melbourne: Norstrilia Press, 1975, pp. 31-32)

The *kosmos* he notes was first applied to the world by Pythagoras and signified a particular early Greek combination of order, structural perfection, and beauty. Then, as restated by Plato, to find *kosmos* in the world was to discover *kosmos* in one's own soul. This is apparently an important concept for Phil because he mentions it in a 1965 article, "Schizophrenia and the Book of Changes," (*PXDS Newsletter*, No. 14, June 1987), in two of the 1972 letters included in THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL (Ziesing, 1988), and in a May, 1979 interview with Charles Platt published in DREAM MAKERS (Berkeley, 1980).

In the same *SF Commentary* letter he mentions that this theory of "plural worlds" parallels Jung's concept of projection, which involves "projection of unconscious archetypes onto the 'real' outer world," (*ibid.*, p. 32) and more significantly, he refers to Kant twice. Phil states, in the first instance, that "it must be obvious to you by this time that Kant's concept of the *Ding-an-sich* [sic] has influenced me, too." (*ibid.*, p. 32) Then, towards the end of the letter, he writes "Actually, what I'm proposing is a radically new theory as to what is 'real' and what is not.... I'm merely repeating Kant when he says that we, i.e., our brains, organize incoming data in order to structure it in a way that we can control." (*ibid.*, p. 33)

Aspects of all three of these "plural world" theories have relevance for EITS. But, it is Kant's concept of *Ding-an-sich* that is perhaps most relevant in that he also wrote, in book II of the *Transcendental Analytic* chapter of his CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON (1781), a *Refutation of Idealism*. Earlier in the *Critique*, in section 9 of *Transcendental Doctrine of Elements*, Kant implicitly accuses Berkeley of "degrading bodies to mere illusory appearances." (GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD, Vol. 42, Kant, p. 33) Then, in the *Refutation*, he writes about the "...*dogmatic idealism* of Berkeley, who maintains that space, together with all the objects of which it is the inseparable condition, is a thing which is in itself impossible, and that consequently the objects in space are mere products of the imagination." (*ibid.*, p. 88)

That objects in space, bodies, kitchen walls are mere products of the imagination, mere illusory

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appearances, Kant disputes because Berkeley does not consider, as he does, "...the relation of the object to the subject, and which moreover is inseparable from our representation of the object..." If we do not regard "...the determinate relations of these objects to the subject, and without limiting my judgement to that relation — then, and then only, arises illusion." (*ibid.*, p. 33)

We now need to relate this, hopefully, to Kant's concept of *Ding-an-sich*, of "thing-in-itself." It should first be noted that in chapter 5 of EITS, Phil Dick has his protagonist, Jack Hamilton, ask "Haven't you noticed? Can't you see any difference between things as they were and things as they are?" (p. 63) Also, Phil alludes to Kant in at least six other novels, from "...the *Ding an sich*, as Kant said" in TIME OUT OF JOINT (1959), to "Nobody sees reality as it actually is...as Kant proved" in A MAZE OF DEATH (1970).

Kant most clearly summarizes "thing-in-itself" in section 9, *General Remarks on Transcendental Aesthetic*, of CRITIQUE as follows:

"We have intended, then, to say that all our intuition is nothing but the representation of phenomena; that the things which we intuit, are not in themselves the same as our representations of

them in intuition.... For when we speak of things as phenomena, the objects, nay, even the properties which we ascribe to them, are looked upon as really given; only that, in so far as this or that property depends upon the mode of intuition of the subject, in the relation of the given object to the subject, the object as phenomenon is to be distinguished from the object as a thing in itself." (GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD, Vol. 42, Kant, pp. 29, 32)

Or, as epitomized in his famous dictum, "Thoughts without content are void; intuitions without conceptions, blind." (*ibid.*, p. 34) This, in turn, leads to the distinction between the "noumenal world" of things as they are in themselves and the "phenomenal world" of reality as it appears to a conscious object. With respect to EITS we could distinguish between people in themselves and people as they appear (to other people).

Another way to consider this is suggested by the reference in chapter 7 to "The vast and overwhelming structure of the Copernican heliocentric system..." and "...the ancient Ptolemaic universe." (p. 85) C.D. Broad, in his book about Kant, intriguingly writes:

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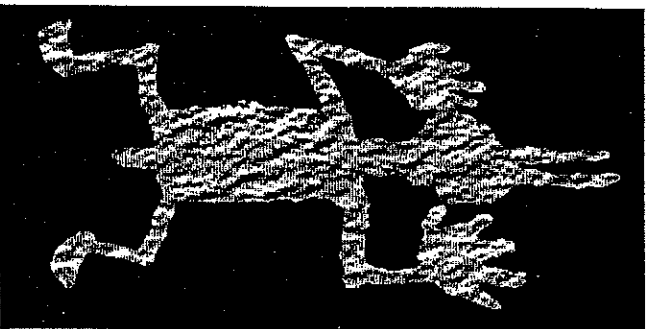
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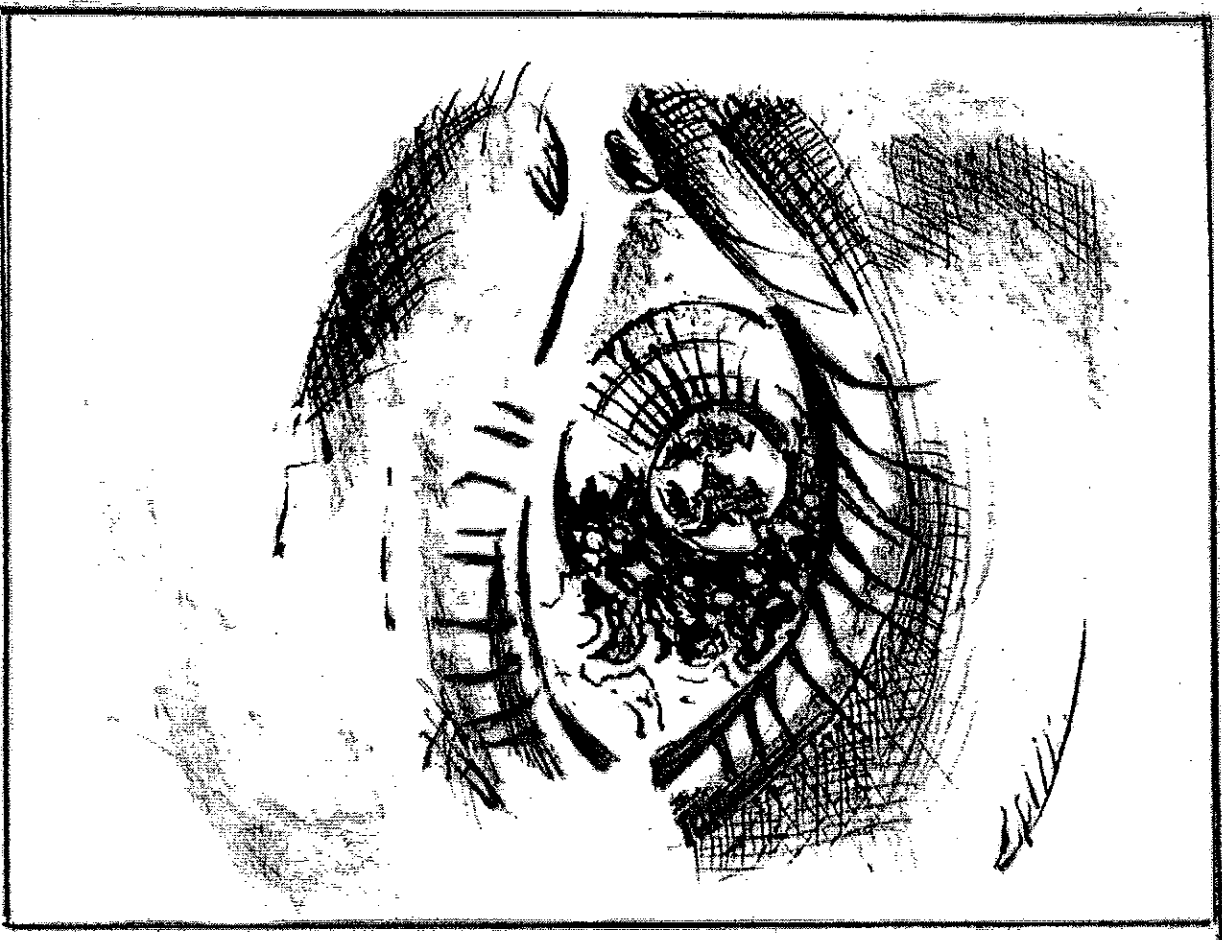
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Jack Hamilton and the Proton Beam Deflector  
of the Belmont Bevatron





I am the eye in the sky, looting at you; I can read your mind. I am the maker of rules, dealing with fools; I can cheat you blind. And I don't need to see any more, to know that I can read your mind. I can read your mind. — Alan Parsons

"...Kant says that the older pre-critical metaphysics is like the pre-Copernican astronomy. It regards our minds as mere mirrors, which passively reflect things-in-themselves... His own view is that the objects of our knowledge are not things-in-themselves, but are manufactured products in making which our minds play a part." (KANT: AN INTRODUCTION, Cambridge Univ. Press, 1978, p. 13)

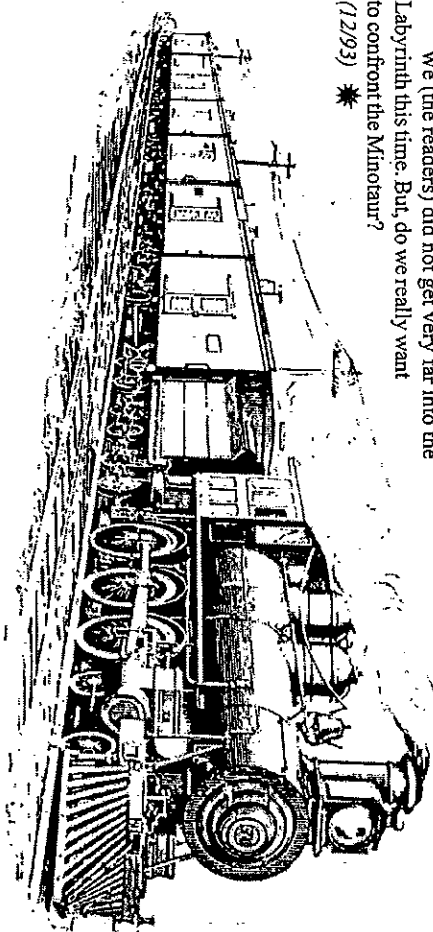
The analogy implied here is that as Copernicus explained the perceived movement of the heavens by the actual movement of the viewer, who is carried with the earth, so Kant explains the perceived arrangement of the world by the actual order of the observer. Man is, therefore, no longer a passive spectator of nature but rather a fabricator of it. The objects of man's knowledge are manufactured products, structures of experience, in making which man's mind plays a part.

Let us, then, put Kant in place of Bishop Berkeley in Jack Hamilton's kitchen with Bill Laws. Kant would tell him that the kitchen wall affects his (Bill's) faculties of awareness to the extent that wall and faculties thereby *jointly produce* the sensations of it that he (Bill) has. Kant would explain that Bill can and does have knowledge of the wall as it appears, its phenomena as a sensible thing. But, he cannot have knowledge of the wall-in-itself, its noumena as an intelligible thing. Jack would refute Kant by asserting the wall is an illusion. And he could well be right, for all of this says little about the philosophical problem of "personal identity" and the consciousness associated therewith. Bill and Jack are, after all, *within the idiotos kosmos*, the private fantasy-world of Edith Pritchett, along with five others. The operative word here is *fantasy*. They become part not of her "real" world, but the world as she *fantasizes* it should be, based on her particular value-system and life-style. Does this group of eight together, therefore, due to the proton beam, exist in a *koinos kosmos*? Or, are seven of them but the projection of Edith Pritchett's unconscious archetypes onto the "real" outer world? And how does Kant's "phenomenal world" of reality as it appears to a conscious object — and Edith Pritchett is here a seemingly *conscious* object — affect how the other seven perceive her, and themselves, as a person-in-itself?

Phil Dick states in the already cited letter that "...if a person's *idios kosmos* begins to break down, he is exposed to the archetypal or transcendental forces of the *koinos kosmos*..." (PHILIP K. DICK: ELECTRIC SHEPHERD, p. 32) This could very well be what happens in EITS. The proton beam breaks down the private world of at least four characters, exposing them all to the archetypal forces of a shared world.

*WHAT* and *WHOSE* shared world? What archetypal forces? Is this suppose to be Phil Dick's "radically new theory as to what is 'real' and what is not"? We end up with, as noted in the beginning, more questions than answers. And we haven't even touched upon the "Eye," the significance of the Safe Harbor bar, nor the novel's original title, *WITH OPENED MIND*. This suggests, to me, that a more appropriate *visual metaphor* for EITS than the "double helix" is the Labyrinth of Minos. In actuality a vast palace comprised of a maze of rooms and corridors, the Labyrinth has shut within it a Minotaur, a monster with the body of a man and the head of a bull. The Labyrinth is, if you will, EITS. The Minotaur is Philosophy (or perhaps Phil Dick!), in the guise of the nature of Reality and Personal Identity/Consciousness.

We (the readers) did not get very far into the Labyrinth this time. But, do we really want to confront the Minotaur? (12/93) \*





# 8. Confessions of a

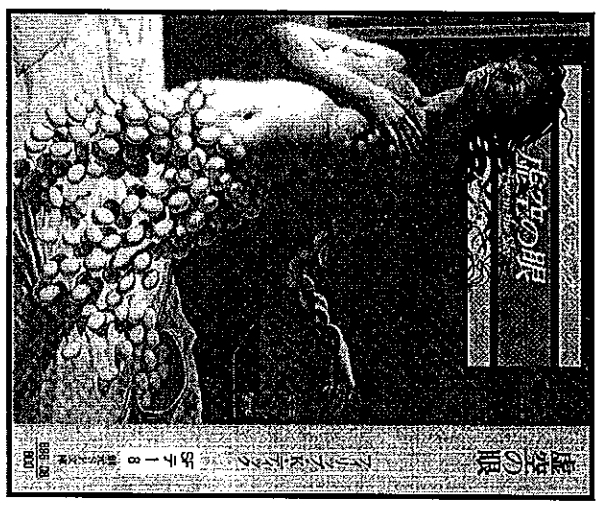
## Dickhead: EYE IN THE

### SKY

#### Dave Hyde

*Silas Marner... Silas Marner...* A strange book to associate with EYE IN THE SKY, but associate it I do. Not because of any similarities I wish to draw between the two novels, one by the Victorian Mistress of Reality, George Eliot, and the other, of course, by the postmodern Master of Reality, Philip K. Dick. No, these books are coupled in my mind because I read them first at about the same time.

School days. Back in school. *Silas Marner* was one of the assigned texts in the English Lit. class, and I could barely stand to read it — who ever enjoys reading those assigned classics? — it just bored the hell out of me. Fortunately it was about this time that I developed an interest in reading on my own account, choosing for myself what I would read. And what I read certainly wasn't the works of George Eliot, although I can appreciate now her place in the history of English Lit. What I read was science fiction. This was one of the Golden Ages of SF: the 60s. The Good Ole Days. On the shelves of the school library that deserted quarter on the top floor of the Victorian monstrosity that was my school there was a whole section full of science fiction. I think they must've put it in especially for me. The shelves were full of those yellow and black hardbacks put out by Gollancz — all brand new, untouched. And lots of other books besides. It was here in haphazard fashion that I encountered the novels and



stories of all those sf greats: Edmund Hamilton, A.E. Van Vogt, Robert Heinlein, Eric Frank Russell, Clifford Simak, Zenna Henderson, on and on. And Philip K. Dick too, not that he stood out for me at the time; all the books I read were the greatest thing since sliced bread, I was indiscriminate in my amazement: if it was science fiction it was good. Of course I don't feel that way now. But back then science fiction changed my life. Literally. I used to be one of those sullen boys at the back of the class always shifting round trying to get comfortable and flicking ink at the boys in the forward rows. But after a few months of the constant reading of science fiction I found an interest in my studies. I moved forward in my Math class to the usually empty front row where a surprised Mr. Baker gave me his undivided and inspired attention.

Certainly I must've been a first in his career! Physics too. I hung on Mr. Gorman's every word and started withdrawing astronomy books from the library. I determined to be, when I grew up, a Nuclear Physicist! Which is how come, in a convoluted way, I ended up fixing machines in a factory — not much difference really between maintaining junk and going to the stars... But this is a digression that has gone on too long! What about EYE IN THE SKY?

Ok. What is special for me with EYE IN THE SKY is that I actually remember it. EYE is one of those stories that sticks in your mind. Like Asimov's *Foundation* series or James Blish's 'Spindizzy' stories or even *Lord Of The Rings*, EYE IN THE SKY is memorable. When one thinks what it is that characterizes Asimov's tales of Galactic Empire, the Milky Springs to mind followed immediately by the rest of the story which spreads out from his intricate like a ripple from a dropped stone. And in Blish's *Cities In Flight* one recalls the magnificence of the ideas of cities moving off the planet and floating around in space, and how proud one must be to be a citizen of New York. *Lord Of The Rings*! one shudders and

remembers the Nazgul, the Orcs, Rivendell, Samson and the unblinking Eye of Mordor! But what is it that places EYE IN THE SKY in this august company?

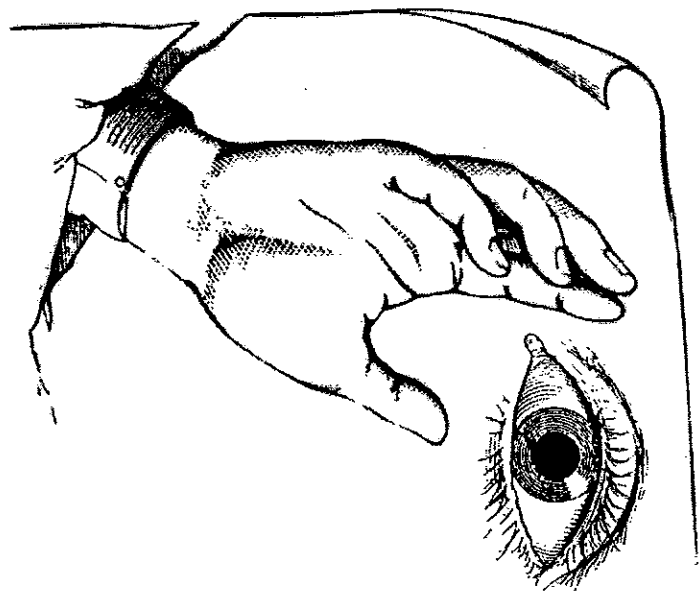
The title says it all: EYE IN THE SKY. There's that EYE in the SKY looking down on you as if God Himself had a personal, intimate interest in everything you do, just like the Nuns said was so back in the convent school. Not a pleasant thought for a schoolboy unsure of his world, impressionable, who misses the subtleties and humour of Dick's tale, who takes everything at face value and knows from science fiction that *anything* is possible. Even what the nuns said

could be true; here it was in a novel, a science fiction novel. From that point on in my life, everywhere I went I felt the presence of that EYE keeping an EYE on me. The bluenoses are right, kids shouldn't be allowed to read science fiction, it fucks em up.

So thus can I blame my paranoia on Philip K. Dick! At an early age, unknown to myself, he had fried my brain.

But this trip down memory lane isn't done yet. EYE IN THE SKY figures prominently in my life at a later date, 1980 or 1981.

During the 70s I read a lot of science fiction: Delaney, Ellison, Disch, Farmer, I forgot Philip K. Dick until in my endless peregrinations around the factory I then worked at I found a battered copy of EYE IN THE SKY. On the instant memory flooded back as I picked the book up and stared at the bird's eye on the front cover (this was the British Arrow paperback, 00510-9 of 1971, how it came to be in a factory in Kokomo, Indiana I do not know). Something clicked in my head. Not a pink beam, but somehow I didn't know I had been triggered. I read this EYE IN THE SKY and was again caught in the Babbist reality of



the One True God. But I was older now, I could see more of what Dick was doing with this story, appreciate the humour to be found on almost every page as well as the ridiculousness of it all overall. This is probably the most satisfactory book to finish that I've ever read. I remember when I finished the book: I was at home, late at night in my easy chair, kicked back and stoned, reading alone in the quiet night, totally absorbed until the last page, until the last sentence where Bill Laws yells, "What are we waiting for? Let's get to work!" I settled back and just stared at the wall, bemused I think, still under the spell of the story. I felt nothing but intense satisfaction. I was at peace with the world and everything was good. There was no trouble anywhere.

Such was the event that brings me to where I am today: editor of a zine devoted to the work of Philip K. Dick. For, after reading EYE IN THE SKY, I went on a search for other PKD novels and, as this was circa 1981, the first one I found was VALIS and then A SCANNER DARKLY. These two books, the one shimmeringly mystical the other so very real, fired and confirmed my obsession. From then on I have devoted much of my intellectual life to reading and pondering PKD's works and science fiction in general. For me it's great fun to do this and to write about it all. And even though some may suggest I get a life, for me PKD lives!



# 9. Charlie McEyre: Portrait of an Antagonist

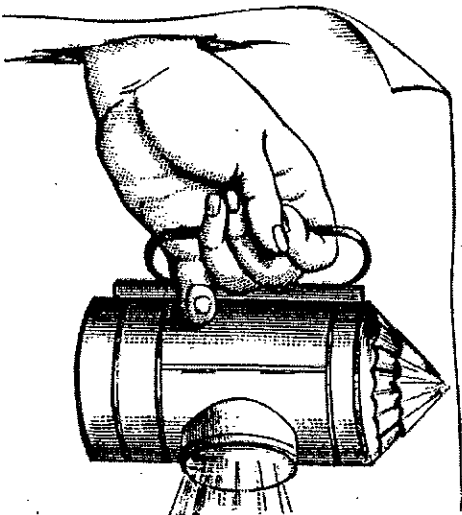
Scott Pohlentz

*"EYE, JOINT, 3 STIGMATA, UBIK & MAZE are the same novel written over & over again. The characters are all out cold & lying around together on the floor, mass hallucinating a world."*

PKD, P. 177, SELECTIONS FROM THE EXEGESIS

## I. INTRODUCTION

I have always admired the way Dick develops supporting characters. In my way of thinking, it is these characters in Dick's fiction which strengthen that serious element which over thirty plus novels Dick had fashioned into something quite unique in SF. I believe part of this element can be defined as the supporting character's "normalcy"; a "normalcy" which nearly always grows in the face of absurdity, multiple realities and the general cosmic bullshit. Supporting characters like Joan Reiss, Anthur Silvester, David and Edith Pritchett, Marslia Hamilton and Bill Laws, through their total absorption in the mass hallucination of the plot, hold the EYE IN THE SKY together. By doing this, they strengthen it as a cognizable whole and aid it in its attempt to fulfill the ideal of every novel—the successful fictional dream—allowing the reader to escape into a fictional world. Now I know this is subjective and a judgement call on my part, but in my opinion, Dick did this as well or better than any other writer of SF. Hell, I'll say it. He did it as well or better than any other writer in much of 20th century



fiction. But wait, there is one more level to this argument. Out of these Reiss, Silvesters and Pritchets, I believe Dick's development of the McEyre's stands even further apart. Dick's McEyre's? Dick's antagonists. Those characters whose specific purpose in the novel is to undermine the actions and level criticisms against the protagonist. These antagonists in Dick's fiction run the gambit from the absolute evil, i.e., the Palmer Eldritch types, to those bound by tradition and honor, i.e., the Mr. Tegoni types. In the EYE IN THE SKY, Philip K. Dick fashions Charlie McEyre into a truly Dickian antagonist through his use of physical description, dialogue, and significant plot actions.

## II. PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION IN EYE IN THE SKY

In my opinion, first impressions are everything. I find this true in life as well as in fiction. And in no one's fiction are first impressions more meaningful to me than Dick's. I have found that many times Dick will use the first description of a character to subtly reveal that character's true nature. For example, from his first description of McEyre in EYE, Dick paints a first impression which as one finds by the end of the book, leaves little room for doubt as to that character's true nature.

"Across from Colonel

Edwards sat the squat, uniformed figure of Charley McEyre, cap-prowled around the missile plant, screening out Russian agents." (p. 8)

This sentence—this first impression—describes Dick's character of Charlie McEyre to a tee. In analyzing this sentence, I feel that Dick suggests that McEyre really wishes to be a secret agent but cannot because of an inner flaw; in his own eyes, he is a slug. McEyre is lazy and complacent, and too willing just to sit idly by and let the world control him. As we come to find out, this is

the exact opposite of Hamilton, the protagonist. In the first world, that of Arthur Silvester, McEyre resigns himself too sitting in the bar and drinking, letting the world deal its cards to him. While Hamilton, on the other hand, makes a concerted effort to go out and find out what's wrong with the world. McEyre cannot be a Russian agent because he gives up too easily, so instead he attempts to screen out and persecute those whom he envies, those with qualities more resilient than his own. To lend further credence to the importance of the first impression, the above sentence works on three levels. First, it describes: McEyre is squat. Second, the sentence (or rather the narrator) passes judgement by using what I read as a cynical tone. And finally, the sentence is ironic: McEyre himself will eventually display his own communist leanings.

On later pages, Dick builds on the image of McEyre as a failure by describing him as: "eyes blank, slouched over like a broken man" (p. 98); [a] "pain-wracked shape" (p. 112); and a "slumped hulk" (p. 125). These physical descriptions conjure negative images, nearly opposite those of Hamilton. A final crucial description takes place in the last world, that of McEyre himself.

"Charley McEyre had begun to change. It was involuntary; McEyre could not control it. The transformation stemmed from his deepest, most profound layer of beliefs. Part of and hub to his over-all view of the world. McEyre was visibly growing.

As they watched, he ceased to be a squat, heavy-set little man with a potbelly and pig nose. He became tall. He became magnificent. A god-like nobility descended over him. His arms were gigantic pillars of muscle. His chest was massive. His eyes flashed righteous fire. His square, morally inflexible jaw was set in a stern and just line as he gazed severely around the room." (p. 240)

This description is the hub of McEyre's world. It is how he views himself, with all of his walls down. And it shows how distorted his view of himself really is. McEyre sees himself as "magnificent" and with "a god-like nobility". This is the secret agent inside McEyre struggling to find a voice. But Dick's ironic fate for this antagonist is for him to only be able to find this part of himself within a mass hallucination. In McEyre's own head, he

finally achieves everything he wants, and then he is denied it. However, this is not the case for Dick's protagonist. Hamilton is able to find his own voice and escape into the real world; he does this by quitting the contracting position building bombs for faceless government entities, and instead going into business with Bill Laws building high-end hi-fi units. Hamilton is Dick's phoenix rising from the flames of the bombed out Belmont Bevatron. Or are they all really dead?

## III. DIALOGUE

Another element Dick employs to strengthen McEyre as an antagonist is the gradual paranoia that dawns within McEyre as the novel progresses. This paranoia is best described as feelings of persecution. Hamilton knows he is being singled out by McEyre from the start, when he is called into the board room and confronted with the proposition that his wife is suspected of having communist leanings and that he is being "denied access to classified material until the situation alters." (p. 9) This is the initial seed planted in the reader's mind of the conflict which is destined to build between McEyre and Hamilton. Granted, at this point McEyre appears to be fairly harmless. Initially, after the slightly cynical first impression, Dick develops a consistent side of McEyre which seems to defend Hamilton in the eyes of the corporate bosses. "Give him the changes," McEyre said. "Give him a chance to fight back, I.E. He's got some rights." (p. 9) But this support, as is evident in only twenty pages, is short lived. "If this were back in 1943, you'd be normal and McEyre would be out of a job. As a dangerous fascist." [Hamilton said.] "He is," Marslia said fervently. "He is a dangerous fascist." (p. 30) This underlying impression stays with Hamilton throughout the book, reinforcing the antagonist/protagonist relationship and further developing McEyre as the antagonist in the reader's mind.

In the last chapter of EYE, moments after McEyre metamorphosizes into the "god-like" giant, Hamilton's suspicion about McEyre's nature bears fruit. "McEyre," Hamilton said, "you're a Communist." "Yeah," McEyre boomed wretchedly. "Aren't I though?" (p. 241) Both Hamilton's initial comment about McEyre being a fascist and McEyre's admittance to that fact at the end of the book, enhance McEyre's development as the antagonist by planting a seed of conflict. Hamilton is betrayed by the person he "thought [he] could count on..." (p. 21) This seed of conflict, which flourishes

into the antagonist/protagonist relationship is further realized by McFeyffe's actions.

#### IV. PLOT ACTIONS

Within the context of EYE, Dick develops the antagonist through, physical description, protagonist comments, and finally, physical actions, four in particular. These actions are perhaps the most overt way to witness the development of McFeyffe as an antagonist. Chronologically, they begin on page eight with in my opinion the most important action: McFeyffe's initial accusation against Marsha Hamilton. The damage caused from this to McFeyffe's relationship with Hamilton is irreparable. This action is the crux of their conflict; all other conflicts they have relate to this one in some way. For impact, Dick places this at the very beginning of the novel so the initial impression of Hamilton's and McFeyffe's relationship is one of strain. We are aware that at one time they were good friends; on page 21, Marsh makes reference to the "many times [he has] been over to dinner." But, the reader does not witness this positive relationship first hand. Near the end of the novel, McFeyffe levels a second accusation against Marsha which functions identically to the first, for simply, I group them together as a single action.

"Here we go again," Charlie McFeyffe said heavily. He rose from the moist lawn and stood gripping the porch railing.

"But it can't be," Hamilton said stupidly. "There aren't any [worlds] left. We've been through all of them."

"You're wrong," McFeyffe said. "Sorry, Jack. But I told you. I warned you about her and you wouldn't listen." (p.217)

In these similar examples, there are clearly ill feelings directed toward Hamilton. Dick places these crucial attacks against the protagonist's wife strategically at the beginning of the novel and at the end of the novel for the strongest effect; it is nearly the first and last impression we have of McFeyffe, as an accuser.

McFeyffe's second significant action occurs one third of the way through the book when he scuffles with Hamilton in the "Safe Harbor" bar.

"Struggling, Hamilton managed to retrieve the note [the piece of paper with Horace Clamp's name on it]. McFeyffe caught hold of his

shoulder; his thick fingers dug into Hamilton's flesh. The stool under Hamilton tottered, and all at once he was falling. McFeyffe's massive weight descended on him, and then the two of them were fighting on the floor, panting and perspiring, trying to get possession of the note. . . Muttering, McFeyffe crept unsteadily to his feet. . . His face was still rigid, still distorted by some deep-lying uneasiness." (p.73-74)

This attack perfectly illustrates the antagonist's role to the protagonist. Hamilton wants the card. He wants to go see Horace Clamp. McFeyffe doesn't want him to for whatever reason. So, he physically attacks him and tries to take the card away and prevent him from reaching his goal.

The church sequence is the third significant action. In it, McFeyffe drives both Hamilton and Silly to the Non-Babolist Church. I find this scene relevant because the reader finally sees a different side of McFeyffe.

"What do you want?" [the Father] quavered in a thin, whining voice. "Don't you know me?"

McFeyffe said, "What's happened, Father? Where's the church?"

Fumbling, muttering, the dried-up old man began to tug the door shut. "Get away from here. A couple of good-for-nothing drunks. Get away or I'll call the police."

As the door swung shut, McFeyffe stuck his umbrella into the opening, jamming it. "Father," he implored, "this is terrible. I can't understand it. They stole your church. And you're—small. It isn't possible." His voice ebbed, broken with disbelief. "You used to be . . ."

"He turned helplessly to Hamilton. "He used to be big. Bigger than me." (p.86)

This is the only place in the novel which the reader sees McFeyffe actually care about someone. He appears to be truly concerned about the welfare of this Father. This action give McFeyffe another facet to this character. After this we do not only see him as solely "captain of the security cops" but now we see

him as having some feelings. I feel this only strengthens the conflict between the antagonist and protagonist because through this passage the reader gains some sympathy for McFeyffe and at least for me it becomes harder to dislike him. But, we know we still must, because of what he is and stands for.

The finally significant action I see McFeyffe making is his denial of Hamilton's charges in the final chapter of the novel.

"What do you have to say to this, Charley?" [T.E. Edwards asks.]

Without looking up McFeyffe answered, "I'd say it's a fairly obvious smear."

"You maintain Hamilton is merely trying to impugn your motives?" [T.E. Edwards continues.]

"That's right." Mechanically, McFeyffe rattled the phrases off. "He's seeking to cast doubt on the validity of my motives. Instead of defending his wife he's attacking me." (p.246)

I see this final action by McFeyffe as a point of closure to his antagonist's ways. One final time he symies Hamilton, lying to his boss and covering himself.

In my way of thinking McFeyffe's four significant actions strengthen his character's role as the antagonist of the novel by extroverting his conflictual relationship with Hamilton. I see these as being more significant than either the initial description of McFeyffe or Hamilton's comments about McFeyffe, because these actions are more clearly visible to the reader.

#### V. CONCLUSION

What is the reader to draw from this? That Dick developed characters with a flair that not too many authors this century can match? Well, yeah. That Dick specifically developed Charlie McFeyffe, though physical description, dialogue, and significant plot actions in such a way as to totally support the fictional dream of the novel, and provide a solid foundation on which Hamilton could express his protagonistism? Yeah, those too. But the most important thing is that Dick did these things with a style, grace, and beauty that were truly his own.   
Read on!

EYE IN

THE SKY

EACH

YEARNING

ENTITY

INSISTS

THEIR

EXISTENCE

SOLE

KINGDOM -  
YEARNING

EACH -

YET

EMPTY -

INSINUATES

THROUGH

EXTERNAL

SUSTEVANCE

KINDNESS -

YAWNING

EMPTINESS,

YEARS

ETERNAL,

INSIST

NOTHINGNESS

TUNNELS

ENDLESSLY,

SUFFERING

KERNEL

YIELDS

HOPEFULLY

STEVE

SNEYD

# 10. Dick's View of Reality

## in EYE IN THE SKY

Michael Fisher

EYE IN THE SKY, an early Philip K. Dick novel, is structured as a journey through the minds of others by Jack Hamilton, our central narrator. His quest on the surface appears to be just to return to reality, but it also is a quest to know the truth about the accusations of communistic activity against his wife, Marsha. The first few chapters raise the question: How do we really know what happens in another person's mind? The only answer we have currently is that we have to trust them, to make the leap of faith that they tell loved ones what they believe and think and feel. Jack trusted his wife until others brought accusations against her that were strong enough to cause Jack doubt. He wasn't willing to make the leap of faith because he no longer believed in Marsha enough. At the end of the novel, he regained that trust by seeing the bleak world view of Marsha's main accuser, McFeyfe. Or did he?

The novel, through the journey from reality to the separate realities of several characters, says that everyone sees the world in different ways of from a different viewpoint, essentially that there is no objective reality, that there are only individual realities. That makes the ending problematic because the novel expresses this idea and then claims that everyone has actually returned to reality at the end. This doesn't ring true in light of the rest of the book. What actually has happened is that the eight people are in Jack's reality at the novel's end.

Here is the structure and movement of the novel viewed in this way (All page numbers come from the Collier edition of EYE IN THE SKY):

- p. 1-20 Objective reality
- p. 21-113 Arthur Silverstein's reality
- p. 113-172 Edith Pritchett's reality
- p. 172-206 John Reiss's reality
- p. 206-228 What is thought to be Marsha Hamilton's reality
- p. 206-232 Changey McFeyfe's reality (as revealed on p. 228)
- p. 232 - end Jack Hamilton's reality

Notice that not all of the character's individual

realities are explored. David Pritchett and Bill Laws are not included on this list, the reality originally attributed to Marsha was actually someone else's and Jack Hamilton's inclusion is not verified in the novel and is to be proven in this essay. This is important because it leaves room for doubt at the end of the story. If the reader had seen all eight realities, there would be no question that the eight had returned to objective reality at the novel's conclusion. It is entirely possible that the characters are in not Jack's reality but Marsha's, Bill's or David's reality.

The next point is somewhat subjective but helps support the other pieces. The happy ending rings false after reading the novel. Suddenly, everything turns out great. Marsha's name is cleared, and Bill and Jack have started a business. It seems unlikely that these eight people could have survived the fall and the radiation here as in Arthur's reality. (Similar to UBIK, could they all be dead and existing in each other's worlds?) Another connection Philip K. Dick makes with Arthur's reality is in the last few paragraphs. When Bill promises something he can't guarantee (lying), he is bitten by an earwig. It is explained as a coincidence but Dick adds this after Jack corrects what Bill said: "he waited, but nothing bit or stung him." (p. 243, Chap. 16) This had happened in Arthur's reality similarly when someone violated his rules or beliefs. A few pages earlier Jack resolved to always tell the truth. Lying would be punished?

The final piece that adds to the picture is the conversation on page 191, Chap. 14:

"The next world should be the real," Hamilton said. "Sooner or later we're going to be out of this rat race."

"But not yet," Marsha objected. "There are eight of us and we've only gone through three. Do we have five still ahead?"

"We've been in three fantasy worlds," Hamilton said. "Three closed worlds that don't touch on reality at any point. Once we're in them, we're stuck — there's no way out. So far, we've had bad luck. Through no fault of our own, but I'm not so sure the rest of us live in total fantasies."

What is being discussed is the possibility that some or many of most people have realities that are generally similar in structure. These people are considered, first of all, sane and this generally accepted structure is the objective reality. (Which is

a contradiction: separate individual realities that are similar would not combine to form an objective reality.) The farther a person's reality is from this agreed upon structure, the more insane or eccentric this person is considered. Furthermore, in the novel if the group enters a world that is close enough to objective reality in appearance, they could be tricked into thinking it is the objective reality.

If this line of reasoning is extended further, the novel becomes actually Jack's personal reality except when he is in the other realities, because he is the focal point of the story. Extend it even further and the entire novel, including the realities of the other seven are part of Jack's reality. But these ideas don't really apply to what Philip K. Dick was attempting to show in the novel. He was taking the reader on a journey from believing in an objective reality to believing in several (as many as there are people) individual realities.

The original title of the novel, "With Opened Mind" would have directed the reader to explore this line of reasoning. It is a shame that it was changed to Philip K. Dick's first and, I consider, his best blending of plot and theme, of form and function.



## 11. EYE IN THE SKY as an introduction to PKD in Europe and more specifically in France

Joel Margot

### Introduction: Philip K. Dick in Europe

Historically, Philip K. Dick's work was recognised first in France, even and far before he would even be recognised as a full SF writer in the States, his home country (think of Metz '77, when he was cheered by the French crowd). Since the late '70s or early '80s, Dick's work is also starting to be fully recognised in his own country, and, as a rickshaw phenomenon, doubled with the geographical closeness of France, UK developed a great interest in Dick's writings. Germany is mostly thankful to Uwe Anton, who helped in publishing quite a lot of Dick's novels in German. I don't know a lot about other countries in Europe. About fifteen novels have been translated into Portuguese, Italian or Spanish. Regarding Northern Europe, there seem to be less than ten novels translated in Swedish or Finnish. I have no idea about Norway or Denmark. Eastern Europe is a special case, due to the former Soviet government's that were sometimes, not always, opposed to science fiction, or at least, like Romania, to certain forms and certain writers of science fiction, from certain countries, to say no more. In any case, a couple of Dickian novels are being published in those countries, even though the paper might be sometimes quite rare and of poor quality.

### EYE IN THE SKY / L'ŒIL DANS LE CIEL: Philip K. Dick in France

L'ŒIL DANS LE CIEL is the second title for EYE IN THE SKY in French. The first, original one, being LES MONDES DIVERGENTS which means divergent worlds referring to the various private worlds visited by the reader through the novel. The novel was first published in France in a special issue of a pulp called *Satellite* in 1959 in Paris. This was to be the first novel Dick ever published in French. Already after his first

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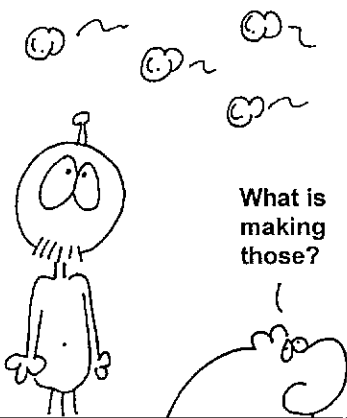
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A Blobel double  
bubble blower.What is  
making  
those?

UBIK

by G.W. Thomas

novels the fame of Philip K. Dick in France grew bigger and bigger. A second translation was published by one of the most famous SF French collections Allieurs et Demain at the Denoel Editions, under its more well-known title, L'OEL DANS LE CIEL, literal translation of EYE IN THE SKY. Many people explained the success Dick found in France with saying that his writings and the French mentality were on the same frequency, that the frames of his work were more likely to be appreciated by the French than the Americans. Perhaps in the '60s it was true. . . .

Recently Emmanuel Jouanne has edited in the collection *Presence du Futur*, at the Denoel Editions a series of nine volumes presenting the reader with the short stories of PKD that were hard to find somewhere else or simply unpublished. This collection holds even more stories than the five Collected Short Stories volumes by Underwood-Miller.

#### EYE IN THE SKY: General Comments

The original title of EYE IN THE SKY was WITH OPENED MIND: this novel was written right before THE MAN WHO JAPED. Most probably one of the best novels that Dick wrote during the first part of his career: striking by its pleasant humor and precise descriptions, but also by its colorful poetic aspects. The author said the book was written in two weeks. The topic of the novel is relatively common for Dick: transportation of people throughout various realities, subjective projections. The common points between those subjective aspects, something of pure madness, and our so-called reality, bring the reader to a certain irony and a sudden disillusionment. This is one of the points of interest in the book: this irony that the writer holds upon our world. The ambivalence, subjective and objective universes, used to be called by Dick following two Greek expressions, *idios kosmos*, the private universe, and *koinos kosmos*, the general universe, the one common to everyone. The main characters of the book learn that the world they perceive through their senses is only the veil of illusion, that matter is only creation of soul and spirit, that even our own identity depends on the flow of circumstance in which it is swimming and bathing. EYE IN THE SKY is also one of those rare novels to have fantasy elements; EYE is rather more fantasy than SF, even. To my eyes, with one exception, that being THE COSMIC PUPPETS, there is no PKD novel more fantastic than EYE IN THE SKY. \*

## FUN WITH YOUR BIBLIOGRAPHY

Here, from the new Galactic Central PKD bibliography, is a listing of the editions of, *EYE IN THE SKY*:

AGE	D-211	1957	35c	trans. into French by Gérard Klein as, L'OEL DANS LE CIEL
	H-39	1968	60c	
	22385	1970	95c	
	22386	1975	\$1.25	
	22387	1977	\$1.50	
Editions Satellite		1958		
Hayakawa Shobo	3012	1959	¥200	trans. into Japanese by Nakada Koji as, UCHO NO ME
Les Cahiers de la SF	7	1959	FF4.50	trans. into French as, LES MONDES DIVERGENTS
In I Romanzi di Urania	201	1959		trans. into Italian by Beata Della Frattina as, L'OCCHIO NEL CIELO
Hasselbach		1968	K19.85	trans. into Danish by Nels Erik Wille as OJET PA HIMEN
In I Romanzi di Urania	525	1969		trans. into Italian by B.D. Frattina as, L'OCCHIO NEL CIELO
Arrow	00510-9	1971	30p	
	920760-5	1979	95p	
	920760-5	1987	12.50	
Allieurs et Demain Classiques		1976		trans. into French by Gérard Klein as, L'OEL DANS LE CIEL
Gregg Press	2481-5	1979	\$14.95	
J'ai lu	1209	1981		trans. into French as, L'OEL DANS LE CIEL
Collier Nucleus	1590-2	1989	\$4.50	
Collie Nucleus	90000	1989	\$5.95	(2nd Collier-Nucleus)
Legend	0760-5	1991	13.99	
Collier Nucleus	1591-0	1993	\$9.00	



## 12. I in the Sky

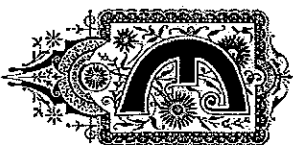
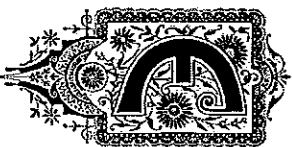
Douglas Mackey

Eye in the Sky was the first Dick novel I ever read, back in 1959 or 60, and I still have the tattered copy of the original Ace book. The cover seemed wondrous to me then, and it still is striking. A huge, very realistic eye looks down in chagrin (insofar as a single eye can show expression) upon a kind of racetrack on which men are hurtling forward. Is there another image that captures so well the rampant paranoia of the fifties?

In the book, the eye belongs to an angry, jealous god, the gnostic demiurge lurking behind the scenes in much of Dick's subsequent fiction, notably in Palmer Eldritch and "Faith of our Fathers." But the real Eye is the "I" — that is, the ego. Whenever an individual becomes unnaturally "inflated" (to use the Jungian term) by becoming the focal point of the shared consciousness of the eight people in the Bevatron accident, he or she demonstrates the psychological truth of the gnostic myth: that we are our own worst enemy. Under the spell of the illusion

of separateness, we become petty tyrants in universes of our own making.

William Blake said, "May God us keep from single vision and Newton's sleep." Seeing through the lens of one's limited ego-bound awareness is like being asleep. Only when we view the world "With Opened Mind" (the original title of Eye in the Sky) do we awaken from that cyclopean ignorance. \*



## 13. The Second Coming of Philip K.

ERIC BLANCO

He gazed at me with a generous degree of sympathy from leaded panes of stained glass. Philip K.'s expression was stern yet paternally kind and understanding, as though having assumed the difficult burden of

dispensing judgment upon the whole of his troubled flock. His persistent stare, frozen as it was, made me uncomfortable as I sat patiently in the confessional room of The First Church of Philip K. awaiting the arrival of Reverend Grey.

Guilt had brought me here; not the kind that afflicts those who perpetrate grave misdeeds or other acts of indiscretion. I had not done anything wrong in the eyes of the law and consider myself a man of principle and conscience. My sense of remorse, to be sure, was different, more subtle, yet just as upsetting. I had, quite without forewarning, lost my faith in Philip K.

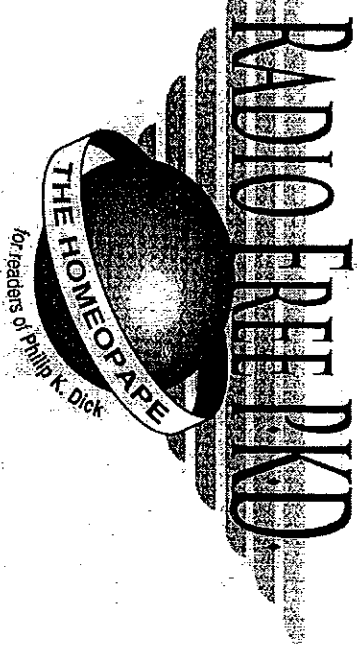
Like many people I have always been a faithful and devoted Dickian. My children were raised the same. So to reach a spiritual crossroads at this stage in my life was, to say the least, profoundly disturbing. In just two short weeks, after thirty tumultuous years as an accountant for a local nuts and bolts factory, I was scheduled to take an early retirement from my job. Soon my wistful daydreams would be realized; it became steadily difficult to contain my

excitement. The plan was this: my wife, Helen, and I would cash in our life insurance policies, sell the old house and move to a place, a small town perhaps, where neighbors still said hello to each other by name. Naturally the future seemed bright and encouraging, and consequently, as a Dickian, the guilt I felt was like heavy excess baggage. The future, as illumined to us by church doctrine, was something to be dreaded and feared, not, as the heathen believe, celebrated. Helen and I agreed I should seek counsel at church.

During his weekly sermons Reverend Grey came across to the Dick-fearing as an affable enough fellow. He was rather scrupulous and punctilious when it concerned church affairs and our congregation, heedful of his strong charisma, generally held him in high regard. So having come here on my lunch hour, I was rather perturbed when he was late for our appointment.

At last I sensed movement behind the two-way mirror. "Reverend?" I said, assuming it was him. The only answer that came was a hollow silence, nothing more.

I wriggled in my chair as my eyes were inextricably drawn back towards the grand effigy in glass, lured there by some strange force. In it Philip K. stood adorned in flowing white robes, hands outstretched, surrounded by a variety of peaceable animals grazing amongst gently rolling hills of fertile green. A ray of cleaved-in-two decks of majestic clouds and struck him squarely on the forehead. Holy logos revealed. "Done? Douglas, Burnham? Is that you?" crackled a voice through the intercom. I gave a start in my chair. The words were loud



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and issued without warning. "Yes, Reverend, it's me."

"Forgive me, but I hardly recognized you with that beard."

"Oh?" My fingers involuntarily went to my chin and rubbed a tuft of hair.

How odd, I thought. I contemplated myself carefully in the mirror before me and examined the salt and pepper growth. I realized for the first time I had not given any thought whatsoever to my new beard. When had I decided to grow one? My memory was blank. Helen, I supposed, had given her tacit consent otherwise I would have shaved it off, but I could not recall her having commented on it one way or the other, which was unlike her.

"It's been awhile since I've seen you here," the Reverend said with a mild air of disapprobation. "Have you, perhaps, converted?"

"Converted?" I said. "No, Reverend, it's nothing like that. I haven't been coming because, well I haven't. . .," my voice trailed, searching for something appropriate.

"Found the time?" he ended for me.

I cleared my throat nervously. It bothered me that Reverend Grey could observe me like a laboratory subject while I stared blindly and helplessly into the confessional mirror, assuming he was really behind there at all.

The Reverend said, "Well, Doug, ten Hail Philips and a small gift to our charity fund before you leave should be adequate contrition. Is there anything else I can do for you today?"

"Well, Reverend," I began, "as a matter of fact there is. You see, the reason why I'm here is because I believe I'm having a crisis of faith."

I heard nothing for what seemed like an interminably long time. Waiting for his reaction was insufferable. Anxiously, I looked at my watch.

"Late for something?" Reverend Grey asked.

I imagined a smoke filled room, a pale suspect beneath hot lights, shadowy interrogators cloaked in darkness, questions that could not be answered.

"I have to get back to work soon," I responded, loosening my tie.

The Reverend sighed. "I see. Doug, do you recall the eighth Pentecost commandment?"

"Thou shalt be paranoid? I believe?"

"Correct. Here, let me read to you from the gospel according to Valis."

I heard the clatter of buttons being stabbed on a keyboard.

"And Philip K. looked unto the Light," "Grey read virtuously, "and witnessed the Logos and said: 'Let those who have seen the living information

know that knowledge is forever incomplete. It is only through the Unknown that man can be paranoid, for paranoia is all that is left for man's salvation, as reality can offer no other paths." 'Do you understand, Doug, that you must have *paranoia*? Those who think of themselves as being happy and optimistic are only fooling themselves into a state of wretchedness."

"Yes, Reverend, I think I see what you mean, but I . . ."

"By the way," he interrupted, "I must confess your appearance is a bit unsettling, and I don't just mean your beard. Have you had any plasmer surgery done to yourself lately?"

I took affront. "No, I haven't. Why would I do such a thing?"

"Please, my apologies. I meant nothing by it. It's just that . . . never mind. I'll charge your fee to your regular account. Good day, Doug, and may the Logos bless you."

Faintly I detected switches being flipped and turned beyond the reflective glass, followed by the vacating squeak of a chair.

"Reverend Grey, are you still there?"

Static buzzed from the intercom before dying completely. The confessional room suddenly felt like a tomb, lonely and cold, a place not for the living. On my way out I caught an unwanted glimpse of Philip K.'s admonishing eyes.

I left the church somewhat dismayed. Reverend Grey, I decided, had been less than helpful with what I perceived as his failure to give me practical advice for my spiritual angst. Now I was utterly disillusioned with the church itself, the very institution that had been such an integral part of my family's upbringing.

My afternoon only grew worse. When I returned to work something was apparently wrong with the automated security system. It failed to recognize me or any of my credentials and would not allow me through the door.

"I've worked here for thirty-five years," I complained futilely. "Let me in."

"Voice analysis fails to confirm. The current temperature is 21 degrees Celsius and a mild evening is expected. Have a nice day," the computer announced with the ebullient glee of a girl Friday.

I presented my photo-pass to the lecting camera eye, then slid my own face into view for inspection.

"Visual/photo comparison fails to confirm. This week's national lottery is worth \$88 million so don't forget to play. Have a nice day."

I tried palm print and retina scan identifications for good measure but nothing seemed to work, only

the same eager negative response.

Finally I said, "If you do not cease and desist you will be prosecuted for loitering. Try new Quatrul for 48-hour pain relief. Use only as directed. Have a nice day."

I grumbled something nasty about computers and decided to go home and spend the rest of the afternoon with Helen. She always chided me for working long hours anyway so I thought my showing up this early in the day would make a pleasant surprise.

Speeding home on the elevated train, I dozed to the rhythms of the maglev tracks as the cityscape receded to tiny spires outside the windows. Lazily and with occasional attention I watched the local news on the tiny flatscreen affixed inside my crowded car. Apparently there was another frantic icon hunt underway. The media, insatiable for the bizarre, were whipped into a frenzy by the sighting. I wondered who it was this time. Elvis again? Warhol? The last hunt was about a year ago. Someone claimed to have spotted Ronald Reagan at the city zoo feeding the chimpanzees. For weeks the networks searched the city following up vague leads, spurious rumors and anonymous tips, but nothing ever came of it. Soon it was all forgotten for a celebrity scandal.

Only minutes from my stop, I was anxious to get off the stuffy, noisy car for some delightful spring air. While the train was slowing into the station, quiet as breeze, I abruptly stood from my seat and squeezed my way past the crush of rigid standees. As I waited by the door it slowly occurred to me, like a lifting fog, that the immediate ambience had changed, and with it the collective attitude of everyone aboard. Initially I thought it was just my imagination, but incredulously it became clear that their combined attention had shifted subtly towards me. With some discreet glances I noticed how the passengers looked at me askance, numbing and whispering to each other in hushed confidence. As their scrutiny became even more pronounced, so did my instinctual alarm. My heart began to race and I felt panic's icy grip closing upon me. Then, thankfully, the doors flashed open and I rushed out onto the waiting platform, relieved.

I stood there trying to clear my head and regain my composure. I assured myself that my mind was just playing cruel tricks on me. Turning, I watched the departing train slide out of the station. People in every car were pressing up against the windows excitedly, each trying to secure if only but a momentary glimpse of something. I happened to single out one of them, a woman. Our respective eyes met, and before she disappeared from view I saw her

stricken with an unmistakable awe.

I gathered my scattered wits and hurried home as though pursued by insidious spies. The nature of what had taken place at the station had to have been some sort of strange coincidence, I kept telling myself. These things happened. But eventually my optimism sobered and deep down I was beginning to sense something outside my understanding was terribly wrong. I speculated perhaps the city's computers had gotten fed up and contaminated the water supply with a powerful drug intended to drive us all mad. I would soon learn otherwise.

Walking home I became acutely aware that total strangers took exceptional note of me, each with a clear sense of both familiarity and shock on their part. Maybe it was because I was so paranoid at this point (had not Reverend Grey insisted that *paranoia* was what I needed?) that it was me giving them the odd looks first. But I did not want to waste time looking for answers among gawking pedestrians. All I wanted now was to get home to Helen, to the safety of my house. Helen would reassure me, tell me everything was alright, pull me from this hallucinatory free-fall.

I came around to my street, breezy and cool in the shadows of arching sycamores. Safe now in the neighborhood I had made home for most of my adult life, the welcome I received was like that of an old dear friend. I was imbued with a sense of rightness, an acknowledgment that everything was back to normal. The peculiar day I had met was left to stray beyond the shores of this impenetrable isle.

My house is a large home built for a large family. Only Helen and I were its occupants now. We knew the time had come to move on and give the place over to a young family that could fill it with all the love and joy such a beautiful home deserves. We were going to miss it but to stay and try to cling to the past would make our lives stagnant. If we wanted to enjoy the years left to us we decided change, without regret, would have to be a necessary part of it.

Passing the hedgerow that was the perimeter of my house I felt an intense yearning to throw my arms around Helen, tell her how much I loved her and hold her for the rest of the day. Maybe we would even make love.

As I strode up the walk, consumed with thoughts of seeing my wife, I was suddenly tripped up by something on the ground obstructing my way. Lying at my feet, I saw, was a toy truck, a pretty one constructed of steel and painted bright yellow. At first I was slow to register the significance of this. I picked it up for inspection and admired the realism of the truck's design, the rubber tires, swinging doors,

the excellence of the overall trim. Then slowly, like oozing molasses, I noticed how the front lawn was strewn with all kinds of other toys arranged in the messy manner of children, the work of infant tomades.

"Can I help you with something?"

A young woman I had never met before and not much younger than my own daughter stood on the porch, eyeing me warily. Nursing in the crook of her arm was a baby with pink cheeks and black wisps of new hair. A boy of about four or so clung to his mother's leg, regarding me as intently as she.

"Forgive me for startling you. Are you a friend of Helen's?" I asked.

"Helen?"

"My wife."

"No, I don't think I know your wife."

I took one step forward, puzzled. She in turn moved closer to the door of the house.

"But of course you know her, or why else would you be here?"

Cautiously, grasping the boy's smooth rubbery arm protectively, she said, "Because we live here."

I paused, gave the residence a quick once-over and knew there was no mistake on my part, that my recent delusional state had not led me to the wrong house.

"Young lady, I've owned this house since before you were born," I said.

She gave me a cursory nod and hastened into the house with the children. The door slammed and I heard the delicate workings of the locks being secured. I dropped the toy truck and ran up the steps after her.

"Open this door at once," I bellowed. "Get out or I'll call the police."

I tried unlocking the door with my house keys, the same ones I have been using for years, but to no avail. None of the keys on my chain even fit the lock. Angry and frustrated I began pounding on the door with both fists, afraid mainly for the safety of my wife.

"Helen, are you in there? What have you done with my wife? Open this goddam door!"

Savagely, my pent up frustrations unleashed, I kicked the door several times not caring whether I broke my foot on it or not.

"Mister," I heard the young woman say from inside, "please stop banging on the door. You're scaring my children."

"What have you done with my wife?" I growled.

"She isn't here. I already told you I don't know her."

"Open this door before I break it open."

"You better get lost. The police will be here any minute," she warned.

"The police?" Fine. When they get here we'll resolve this matter once and for all."

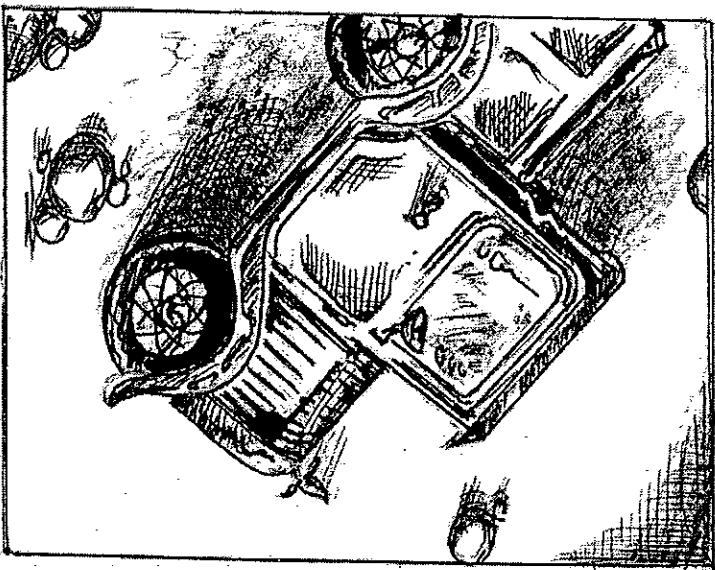
I ended my assault on the door and sat down on the top step waiting, fretfully for the police to arrive. My temper cooled, but I brooded on how this day continued to get worse, unraveling at every turn. When the police come, I told myself, everything would be straightened out.

Again came the mother's soft, disembodied voice.

"Say, Mister, you're that guy they keep showing on the flat-screen, aren't you?"

"What guy is that?" I asked coldly.

"You know, the icon hunt. The guy people have been seeing all day. The one everyone says is Philip K."



"Philip K.?" My mind began to work feverishly, reviewing all the peculiar things that had happened today. Yes, I thought resignedly, it all began to make terrible, frightening sense.

"I told the police Philip K. was trying to break into my house. I was a new car if it turns out to be true," she said expectantly. "It is you, isn't it?"

I rose to my feet and remained stationary for several heartbeats. Bemused, I wandered and found myself standing out on the street beside a stunningly beautiful car, gleaming chrome, candy-apple red, spanking new. I was looking into the side-view mirror and did not recognize the face. With a quivering hand I dug deep into my pocket and pulled out my photo ID card. The man in the glass wasn't the man in the picture, not anymore. I peered again at my new self, studied it closely, the lips, the eyes, the graying beard. The evidence was indisputable. The face I now saw belonged to the same man that had observed me at length from the colored glass in church this afternoon. Our Informer, Philip K.

A flurry of news vans bristling with antennae and disregarding the residential speed limit managed to arrive just ahead of the wailing squad cars.

\*\*\*

The Ecclesiastical Inquiry Concerning the Matter of the Second Coming of Philip K. was televised live on channel PKD for only \$49.95 per household.

All high-ranking prelates of the church were present in full ceremonial dress. They murmured opinions and keyboarded notes to each other but were never heard from directly, a discreet cabal. Archbishop Flew, Esq., was the appointed Inquisitor. Intimidated by his scowling demeanor and risking excommunication for impersonating K. himself, I had no other recourse but to plead the veracity of my true identity.

Q: Why do you purport to be our Holiest of Holies, the Seer of the Logos, Philip K.?

A: I don't.

Q: You don't what?

A: I do not claim to be Philip K. I've been trying to tell everyone this all along.

Q: The who are you?

A: My name is Douglas.

Q: Douglas. And do you by any chance have a last name?

A: Bur... it's on the tip of my tongue.

Q: Are you suffering from amnesia?

A: No, I'm fine.

Q: Remember, Sir, you are under church oath.

A: I am aware of that. If you give me a moment my

name will come to me.

Q: Never mind. How long have you resembled Philip K.?

A: I can't recall.

Q: So you admit your likeness to Our Informer?

A: Just because I look like him doesn't mean I am him.

Q: That will be for us to decide. May I direct your attention to the giant flat-screen on the wall, which has been donated for our use this evening courtesy of Milsusory. Juxtaposed are the respective DNA prints of Philip K. and yourself. What would you say about them?

A: Well, nothing except that they seem identical.

Q: They in fact are identical. Can it be you are actually His clone, a False Prophet, say, an Antidick?

A: No, of course not. Where is all this nonsense leading to anyway?

Q: The purpose of this hearing is authenticate your claim.

A: But Philip K. is dead. How could you really expect him to come back to life? The whole reincarnation thing is just a fable for crying out loud.

Q: Blasphemy! He died and rose again to become one with the Holy Logos and promised to return with the gift of the Living Information. Tell me, Sir, without undue pretension, are you indeed Philip K.?

A: I don't know who I am anymore.

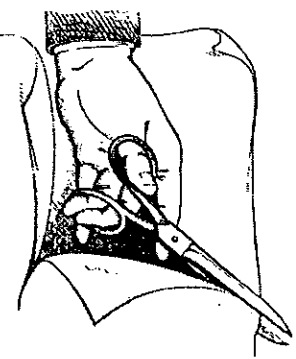
Q: Don't be silly. I imagine the billion-plus souls watching you tonight around the globe would heartily agree you truly are Philip K. The only question now is whether you possess His wisdom.

A: How would I know?

Q: Very well, let's have a simple test. Tell me, how do you feel at this very moment?

A: Quite honestly I feel, well, rather paranoid.

Q: [Nods with satisfaction.]



# 14. "Shifting Realities":

## A Comment

Gregg Rickman

Lawrence Sutin's edition of Philip Dick's "literary and philosophical writings," *THE SHIFTING REALITIES OF PHILIP K. DICK* (NY: Pantheon Books, 1995), while an excellent collection of Dick's non-fiction, contains, unfortunately, two noteworthy editorial errors, as well as criticism of the present author that is at best misguided.

Sutin's two factual errors involve a misdating by ten and five years, respectively, of two of his book's papers. This may seem a trivial matter to the non-Dick scholar but is important nonetheless as this anthology will be a standard reference for years to come.

The first instance is the more serious:

"The Two Completed Chapters of a Proposed Sequel to *The Man in the High Castle*," which Sutin dates as 1974, was instead written sometime in the 1963-65 period, mostly likely in early 1964. This is discernable first from the material itself (which is closer in style to *THE SIMULACRA* than *FLOW MY TEARS*); secondly from Dick's interest later that year (as reported by Ray Nelson) in writing such a sequel; and thirdly, and most convincingly, in the existence of these chapters in manuscript form in the SCU Fullerton collection of Dick's writings. Those papers, lent by Dick to the school's special collections in 1972, contain no

manuscripts dating after that year. It was indeed at SCU Fullerton that I for one first read these two chapters in 1981. In his Dick biography, *DIVINE INVASIONS* (1989), Sutin writes of Dick's attempted sequel "Back in 1964 he made a start at it (two chapters, twenty-two pages total, survive...)" (117), correctly going on to relate the chapters to the dictated notes for a sequel Dick made in 1974. In his new book Sutin does not explain his reasoning for his now placing the chapters and the audio-tape in the same year, even while he recycles some of the same

phrasing from his biography (the passage ending "the secret is ever elusive") into his introduction to the new volume. (xiii) If Sutin has new information behind his re-dating of these chapters he fails to give it.

Sutin also misdates (and misplaces) a so-called Exegesis passage as "c. 1977" on pages 328-9 of his new book. "I almost became a sincere tool of a conspiracy consisting of myself" this fascinating document begins, Dick goes on to blame himself for the celebrated 1971 break-in at his house.

Unfortunately Sutin has misidentified this key statement; it was written not circa 1977 but in fact in late November, or possibly early December, 1972. November 17 had been the first anniversary of his burglary, which most likely prompted these musings. The document was not written as part of the Exegesis; Dick's two million words of notes on his visionary experience of 1974; rather, it originated as a letter to his then-girlfriend, Tessa Busby (later Tessa Dick), and bears the title in the original "With love to Tessa from Phil: The #3 Apology." It was part of a series of "apologies" Dick wrote Tessa at the end of that month.

Regarding Sutin's own comment on my biography of Dick (footnote 7, page xxxviii), criticizing my attempts to explain elements of Dick's life in terms of his "potential" (he means "putative") child abuse, it is a piece with what has been, over the years, a steady resistance on Sutin's part against any material explanations for Dick's activities. This tendency on his part can be seen for example in his comments on the theory that temporal lobe epilepsy might help account for Dick's visionary experiences of early 1974; it was an explanation, he wrote in *DIVINE INVASIONS*, "(f)or those yearning for a diagnosis to slap onto 2-3-74." (231) He later elaborated that it was a "futile — and ultimately unverifiable... explanation of Phil's life and work." ("Confessions of a Philip K. Dick Biographer," Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter 22/23 (dec. 1989), 2.) While Sutin's biography does provide an even-handed account of TL epilepsy and its implications (231-2) he clearly evinces a bias, there and

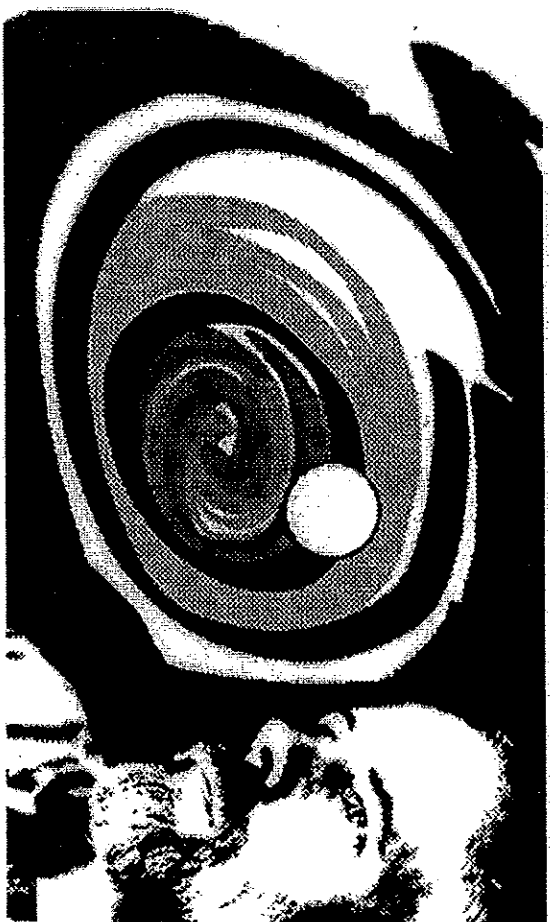
elsewhere, against medical/psychological explanations for Dick's life and thought. If TLE produced many fruitful explanations for Dick's behaviors, it would not be a "futile" area of research, even if, as is certainly true, such a diagnosis is "ultimately unverifiable." (I presently believe that the TLE theory leaves much to be desired but cannot be completely dismissed.)

In his introduction to his new anthology Sutin provides his own rationale for his resistance to theory: "diagnoses per se are useful when applied to a living patient under treatment but are singularly reductive when employed as a simplistic categorizing label for a substantial body of writings by a deceased author." (xx) Oddly, Sutin's comments echo my own in my introduction to *TO THE HIGH CASTLE*, which warned against the 'lovely labels some are so anxious to apply' in order that Dick's life and work can then be "explained away." (xxiii) I don't think TLE or any other of the other hypotheses I investigate in my own writing (most currently, dissociative identity disorder), would detract, if proven, in the slightest from Dick's artistic, or human, achievement. Contra Sutin, "diagnostic labels" are not inevitably "reductive." If applied intelligently they can instead provide a way into understanding very complicated human beings and, in this particular instance, Philip Dick's very impressive oeuvre: a body of work which is not at all transparent in its meaning.

Moreover, to deny, as Sutin evidently now does, that Dick was a victim of child abuse, or that this is an unverifiable claim, flies in the face of what Sutin reports in his own book. Limiting the term "abuse" to physical and emotional abuse, Sutin reports that Dick's grandfather, according to Dick, "used to go around the house, waving his belt and saying, 'I'm going to whip that boy.'" (25) (Dick also stated to Tessa Dick that his grandfather did indeed beat him.) Later in his book Sutin refers to the "attack of Schizophrenia" Dick said he suffered at age six. (149) His book also documents Dick's depression from the age of five. If young Phil was not an abused child, why then did he so suffer?

I do not propose to rehearse here all the additional evidence for the undeniable fact that young Philip was emotionally and physically terrorized, nor review the substantial evidence that he was sexually molested as well. It was after all Dick himself who once said he had been molested as a young boy; *TO THE HIGH CASTLE* provides a great deal of additional material on this topic. Given the well-documented consequences that issue forth from such seamy traumas, any Dick biographer, one would think, would feel impelled to analyze those consequences. There is, however, no evidence in *DIVINE INVASIONS* elsewhere that Sutin has ever consulted a single book on or reference to child abuse and its effects.

This is distasteful and unpleasant material, but, to quote Philip Dick, "reality is what doesn't go away when you stop believing in it." Denial and ignorance does not make sad truths disappear; it's time this was recognized. To fail to confront unpleasant facts and research possible results of and explanations for them is to slip into mystical evasion, something Dick's own self-confrontations at their best avoided.

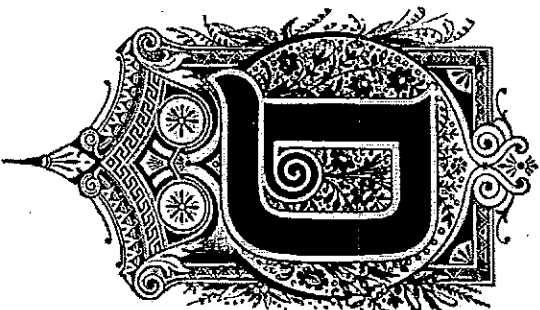
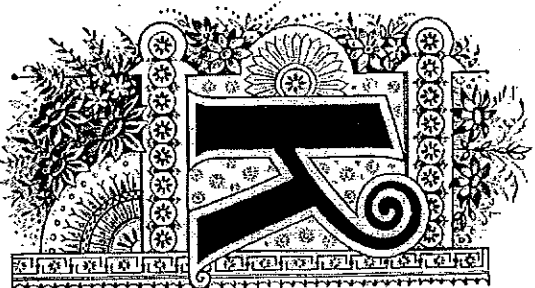


## 15. Response to "A Comment" by Gregg Rickman Lawrence Sutin

Greg Rickman is correct as to the two dating errors in *SHIFTING REALITIES*, although not as to the circumstances in which the EXEGESIS dating error occurred. As to my criticism of his work set forth in the footnote to my "Introduction" to that volume, I stand by it and categorically reject Rickman's attempts to blame his failings as a diagnostician on my "bias," "denial" and "ignorance".

As to the dating errors, they are errors indeed which are my sole responsibility. I am deeply sorry for them. The misdating of the two chapters of the proposed *HIGH CASTLE* sequel is purely a clerical typo on my part. The typo resulted from the fact that in every other part in the book but for Part Three, the writings were set forth in chronological order; in Part Three, I altered chronology to include the brief 1974 "Biographical Material on Hawthorn Abendson" prior to the 1964 chapters, and my fingers followed habit rather than facin typing out the date of the latter. (I caught this error when I first perused the published book and it sickened me.) As for the EXEGESIS passage, I accept Rickman's statement that it formed part of a 1972 letter to Tessa Dick which is in his possession, and I thank him for calling this to my attention. However, the passage quoted in the book on pp. 328-329 also appears on an undated, untitled, typed page that I found amongst c. 1977 papers in the EXEGESIS files provided to me by the Dick estate. I did not "misplace" it. In my "Preface" to the EXEGESIS anthology *IN SEARCH OF VALIS* (p. vii), I pointed out that the EXEGESIS pages had been "arbitrarily sorted into ninety-one manila folders following Dick's death in 1982." Whether the passage in question was intended by Dick to form part of the EXEGESIS is hence unclear (many letters are found in the EXEGESIS papers — see p. xiii of that "Preface").

Fortunately, I have been able to arrange with the publisher to correct the dating errors in the forthcoming Vintage paperback edition of *SHIFTING REALITIES*. I have identified the latter passage as a 1972 letter found amongst c. 1977 EXEGESIS papers. I hope that this will serve to minimize the confusion. \*



## 16. Philip K. Dick: The Only Reason for Life on Earth Alan Sweeney

I was nineteen years old when I first heard of Philip K. Dick, and that was in an essay by James Robinson in the back of *The Nag Hammadi Library*. Little did I know that my quest for truth in the Universe would lead me to science fiction (all of which I categorically considered garbage at the time), a girl I love, and a cat named Marvin.

I have not yet read everything PKD has ever written. I've read only eleven of the novels and a few dozen of the stories, but that small drop of his immense output has changed me dramatically. You cannot read PKD and come out unscathed. People don't believe me but it's true: reading PKD is more revelatory and fulfilling than reading the Bible, the Dhammapad, Dostoyevsky or Hemingway.

Began frantically searching for anyone to share this with. Anyone who could understand. I took a white t-shirt and painted the words PHILIP K. DICK: THE ONLY REASON FOR LIFE ON EARTH in large black letters. Simple but to the point. I wore the shirt everywhere as I haunted used bookstores looking for copies of his out-of-print paperbacks and the pulps he was first printed in. It may sound pathetic, but my entire life at the time revolved around displaying my intense love of PKD, hoping I would find someone else who felt the same.

Hell, it was pathetic...but it beat working.

One day I found a copy of the July, 1955 issue of *Imaginative Tales* with PKD's story "The Chromium Fence" and a copy of the November, 1955 issue of *Imaginative Tales* which features the novelette "Psi-Man Heal My Child!" The *Imaginative Tales* also had an early story by Robert Silverberg inside. Nice bonus. Luckiest day of my life, finding those magazines in a used bookstore that specialized in Westerns, at the bottom of a box covered in old *Arizona Highways* magazines.

I asked the old lady at the counter how much the magazines were. She gave them to me for nothing! Oh, foolish woman, what I would've paid for those two digest-sized beauties!

My lucky day kept getting luckier: my pathetic search for a companion in PKD ended. Only hours after leaving the bookstore. I was on the bus, wearing my PHILIP K. DICK: THE ONLY REASON FOR LIFE ON EARTH shirt, gingerly leafing through my magazines, when a beautiful girl of about twenty-two approached me and we started talking about Phil Dick. She had large green eyes, and wore a green velveteen dress. She came home with me where we drank ourselves stupid and stayed up until seven the next morning, talking about nothing but Philip K. Dick.

We were married five months later.

We take turns working while the other does nothing but read science fiction. Everyone thinks we're crazy — but the hell with them! I'm writing SF now, and I've made a few sales. Diane's started writing too. We're collaborating on a book of personal opinions of Philip K. Dick.

I've never been happier.

If there's a Heaven, I know Philip K. Dick is up there pumping out novel after brilliant novel...a concept such as Heaven couldn't not contain such a wonderful thing. When I die, I'm going to curl up on some cloudy couch and read Philip K. Dick novel after Philip K. Dick novel for all eternity.

God, what bliss!

**The Reason**



February 15, 1993

Dave Hyde  
Ganymedean Slime Mold Prods  
P.O. Box 112  
New Haven, IN 46774

Dear Mr. Kilbane,

Your friend Eric Mollberg at Channel 10 suggested that I should contact you about getting the enclosed review into the newspaper. The 'movie' it refers to will have its International Television Premiere (excuse all the capitals) here in Allen County at 9:00 p.m. on Saturday, February 27 on Channel 10.

I'd like to get some sort of mention of it into the newspaper if possible to reach the people who don't spend much time watching the Community Crawl on tv but who do read the papers.

With the battering Channel 10 seems to be undergoing lately, I think that this show with its importance as a production of a Philip K. Dick novel will add to the argument that public Access does indeed produce good programming for the local community.

I will also enclose a still from the play that if you like, or its quality is such that you are able, you might photograph to accompany the review. I'll also include a couple of stamps so that you can return the still to me.

Thanks for your help on this matter. Or course if, for whatever reason, you are unable to include my review, perhaps you could work some mention of the show in somewhere.

Sincerely

*Dave*

Dave Hyde/For GSM

Kevin Kilbane

Fort Wayne News Sentinel

600 W. Main St.

Fort Wayne, IN 46002

## 17. A Review of Eagle Mountain Productions' Play FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID

Dave Hyde

Jason Tavernier, a famous man, an international television star, wakes up one morning to find that he no longer exists. To the people and authorities of where he now finds himself he's a nobody and that is cause for suspicion. There are no nobodies in this dystopic, police state future world. Everyone is on file. No exceptions.

This is the main plot of Philip K. Dick's 1974 novel FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID. Typical of Dick's mature work this novel ultimately questions the nature of love in an increasingly unreal world.

Hollywood has taken a shot at bringing Dick's visions to the silver screen, with mixed results. Bladerunner (1982) was influential in this very grasp of one aspect of Dick's ambience with its spectacular sets and drizzle laden overpopulated masses. But it failed in other, crucial respects to realize the writer's ambition. Whereas Total Recall (1991) was merely, a vehicle for Schwarzenegger and the special effects.

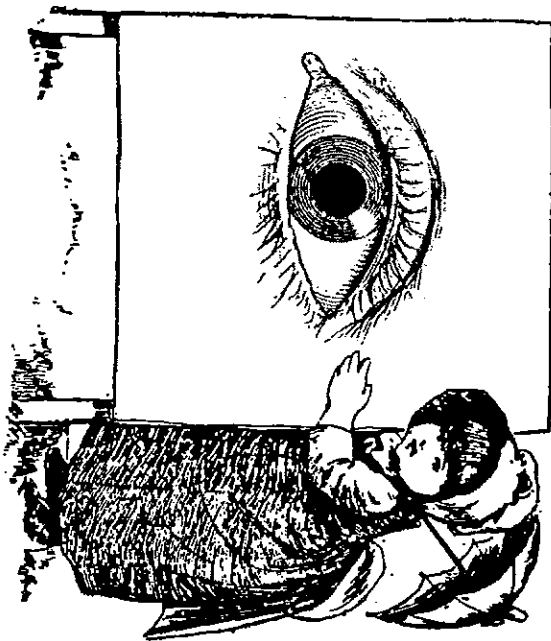
So, Director Dan Sutherland has chosen a difficult task. How to realize a Dick novel when tens of millions of dollars have failed? This he has done economically and with a fine vigor, using stripped down sets and natural scenery as backdrop for his cast led by Darryl Warren as Jason Tavernier, Peter Reinemann as Police General Felix Buckman, Ariel Brenner as Aly's Buckman and Herb Liechtenstein as Inspector McNulty.

Special effects are non-existent in this movie as the central conflict between the lost Tavernier and General Buckman gets under way. Their goal is the same: to find out exactly who Tavernier is and where did he come from. To Tavernier his whole world has changed, he's still the same but everything else is different. To General Buckman it's all just another minor worry in his overburdened bureaucratic life. His thoughts are on his sister Aly and then need to get some sleep.

Peter Reinemann as the police General plays his part with a weary intensity that dominates the screen just as the sanctified portrait of J. Edgar Hoover dominates his sub-basement office. "Get some sleep!" He tells a harried aide: "Go to bed!" While he himself is always awake.

Mated against him, Darryl Warren plays his role of Jason Tavernier, the befuddled superstar, to perfection. Dressed perpetually in a light blue tuxedo he strives to maintain his dignity, such as it is, while being battered from pillar to post by the authorities and a cast of wacko neurotics. Warren has captured the typical Philip K. Dick protagonist admirably. His character is lost to begin with, anything new as simply cause for dumb amazement. Somehow you can get used to anything.

When Aly's Buckman, the General's sister played erotically by Ariel Brenner, makes her entrance in the



police station, things are thrown into disorder. General Buckman's routine is torn apart as the secrets of his private world are revealed to the now totally bewildered Tavernier.

But how is it that of all the people in this world Aly's Buckman is the only one who knows who Tavernier really is?

For the answer to this you must watch the play, premiering on Channel 10, Public Access, Saturday, February 27, 1993 at 9:00 p.m.

**Director:** Dan Sutherland  
**Script:** Linda Hartman  
**Producer:** Scott Vechill  
**Eagle Mountain Productions, Chicago.**  
**Play as presented at the Prop Theatre, Chicago, 1988.**



## 18. PKD and The Kennedy Assassination

Adam Gorightly

It's my contention that what went down in Dealey Plaza that dark day in November you know when (actually 'twas a sunny day and there was no need for umbrellas or, for that matter, Umbrella men) was, in my opinion, the most monumental instance of alternate realities shifting and multiple perceptions conflicting in the history of the planet. Philip K. Dick knew all about it, and hinted at such in his novels, though he never stated it flat out. (That's why the Feds rated Phil's pad in the seventies, to find out what he really did know.) Dick detailed in coded language what happened during the Kennedy assassination in his numerous novels, through he never spoke directly about the Assassination in fear of retribution from *The Conspiracy*.

Dealey Plaza, I have come to discover — through Channeling and visions conducted under the influence of Datura and Jolt Cola — is the psychic center of Texas. Key lines intersection there, a sort of alternate reality vortex, which explains why the perceptions of so many were varying and altered greatly that day on account of paranormal energy fields when Kennedy was gunned down like a dog in the streets of Dallas for the home viewing audience to enjoy. (Of course there is one really tunnel which suggests JFK is still alive and well, adorning the tabloid cover of *The World Weekly News*.) Another of Dick's novels, DR. FURTIVITY explains why there were so many Oswalds seen in and around Dealey Plaza and the School Book Depository at the time of the hit. One explanation says that Oswald was never in the sixth-story window sniper's perch at all, due to the fact some witnesses observed him down in the luncheon room drinking a soda during a time frame where he would not have been able to be upstairs and pull the Mannlicher-Carcano's trigger three times in succession within seven seconds, then race back down to appear nonchalantly with a bottle of coke in his dirty little commie hand, as observed by the witnesses. In Joachim Joesten's book about Oswald, there's also a photograph of four friends in the front entrance of the School Book Depository, snapped right as Kennedy's motorcade was passing by. Later someone claimed that the guy in the entrance-way wasn't another TSBD employee by the name of Billy Lovelady. But the resemblance to Lee was uncanny.

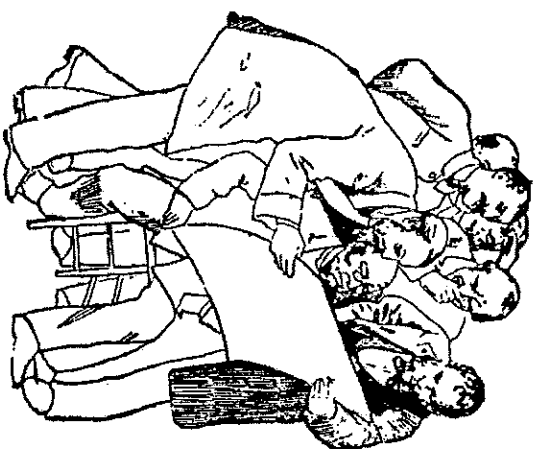
Anyway, what happens in DR. FURTIVITY is that the protagonist ends up going back in time to change some event and when he screws up has to keep going back to the past again and again, trying to get it right, meanwhile bumping into his former Dealey Plaza and the School Book Depository at the time of the hit. One explanation says that Oswald was never in the sixth-story window sniper's perch at all, due to the fact some witnesses observed him down in the luncheon room drinking a soda during a time frame where he would not have been able to be upstairs and pull the Mannlicher-Carcano's trigger three times in succession within seven seconds, then race back down to appear nonchalantly with a bottle of coke in his dirty little commie hand, as observed by the witnesses. In Joachim Joesten's book about Oswald, there's also a photograph of our friend Lee in the front entrance of the School Book Depository snapped right as Kennedy's motorcade was passing by. Later someone claimed that the guy in the entrance-way was just another TSBD employee by the name of Billy Lovelady. But the resemblance to Lee was uncanny.

Anyway, what happens in DR. FURTIVITY is that the protagonist ends up going back in time to change some event and when he screws up has to keep going back to the past again and again, trying to get it right, meanwhile bumping into his former selves already there in the past who think he's an imposter. So what we end up with is a protagonist pitted against his former selves as he attempts to accomplish his impossible mission in just one of the many schizoid worlds that PKD created on amphetamines during his lifetime as a vehicle to express the higher truth of how the Kennedy Assassination transpired. And that's what we had in Dealey Plaza: at least four Lee Oswalds there because the first, second and third times he'd attempted the assassination, Lee fucked up. So he hopped into this time machine from the 23rd Century for a fourth time and finally got it right, blowing a hole through the back of Jack's skull, leaving that large gaping wound that we have all become so familiar with. The first time Lee appeared was in the luncheon room when he got his timing all wrong. The second time he screwed up again, when we see him in the photo in front of the TSBD. The third time he got off two shots: on that went through the back of JFK's neck and the other that nailed Connally through the chest, in the wrist and eventually falling out pristine — as you might recall — on a stretcher in Parkland Memorial Hospital. When Lee returned the fourth time he dealt the fatal bullet blow which we now all know, thereby explaining how Oswald could have

fired so many shots in such a short span of time.

As far as the alternate realities go, people have claimed seeing a myriad of assassins all over Dealey Plaza: from the fabled Grassy Knoll to the Dal-Tex Building to the TSBD to popping out of storm drain holes like malevolent jack-in-the-boxes to the Guy with the Umbrella and even the Secret Service Agent who drove Jack's black limo of death through the nightmare on Elm Street. I've even heard on balm theory that had LBJ as the assassin with machine gun a-blaizin' a path of glory straight to the Oval Office. All of this suggest to me (once again of course under the influence of Datura and Jolt this was all revealed!) That JFK's Assassination was a huge reality shifting mess that no one ever in their right mind has been able to unravel due to the simple, complex fact that everyone there that day in Dealey Plaza saw it all a little bit of a whole lot different, in addition to the theories of researchers afterwards which have also been influenced by the after-shocks of the Assassination; those reality shifting ripples and currents emanating from Dealey Plaza & reaching out far and wide, ostensibly skewing the perceptions of JFK Assassination Theorists, such as Cliff ("Cheers") Clabin's theory that the Beatles shot JFK that sunny Texan day in a four way triangulation of gun fire!

I like my theory best.



f d o

f d o

f d o

f d o

## 19. ENLIGHTENED!

Kenneth Nichols

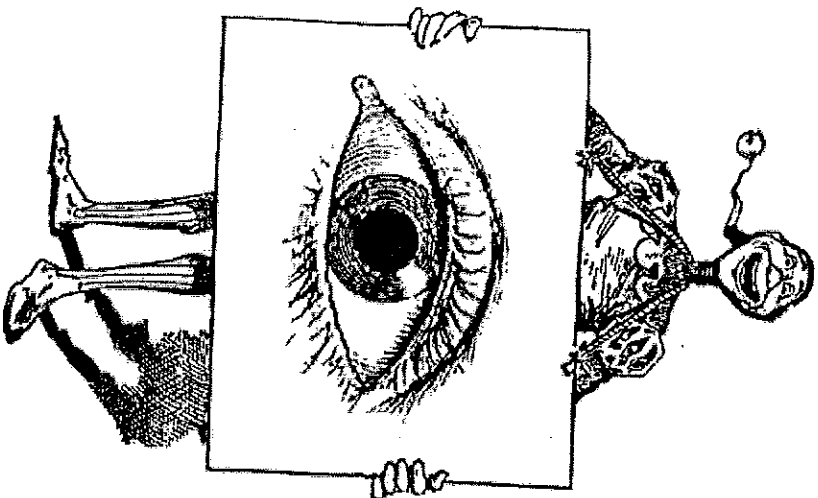
Before you read this, Gentle Reader of For Dickheads Only, I believe that there's something you should know. I've converted. I have always been a fan of science fiction, both television and print, not to mention a writer of it for a while now, so I know good SF when it passes before my sleep-deprived eyes. I usually spend an hour before bed reading books and anthologies of SF of all types, so it is strange that I have come to the best just now. I am speaking, of course, of the Great Master Philip K. Dick.

I stumbled onto "The Defenders" in an anthology, and I have never thought of anything like it in all my years of experience in the field. As I read the tale, I wondered about the mind that could have invented "The Defenders". He was a creative person, of course, but also a great writer, which is the best compliment I can think of for anybody. I mean, humans drive to the underground to save themselves from a war they think is being fought by their robots, only to have a team discover that instead of the robots destroying the world, they are building it. This is a great premise for SF. Granted, it was written in 1953, but it is just as potent now as it was then. It also shows the great powers of the mind that belonged to the late master Philip K. Dick.

Now, I have searched long and hard for a writer as intelligent and as creative as Mr. Dick, but my search has been fruitless until now. I now have been avidly searching for find Philip K. Dick's back library. I've read Paul Williams' collection of his short stories. I've read DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?, but my favorite is THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE.

Thank you, Philip K. Dick, for taking me to the edge of imagination and back.

★



f d o

f d o

f d o

f d o

PHILIP K. DICK

God or gods, there is a music.  
Once I thought it a stringed thing,  
but now I know it's pipes.  
Listen as it stills the cricket note  
in the soul's dark night.  
Love is only part:

Hate in out time  
and partial mind  
may bring the soul of man to God.  
But then again, Cratylus,  
who knows? Which Sistine roof  
was Michael Angelo's proof?

Under Santa Ana's lights  
Philip Dick has known dark nights

*barrel of gun*  
*note of pipe*  
*Easter picnic eve*  
*dispair hoan*  
and scratched these lines  
where neon glows:

Where sound the notes  
in every order,  
traffic pass —  
worlds without end —  
by.

Pipe now the last  
insomniac shepherd  
beyond the dawn,  
where bars of light  
hold up delinquent day.

Traffic turn left,  
where fat horses  
gambol.

The world's a world away.

*Doggy Dicks*

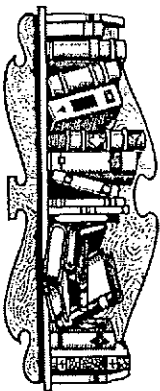
CONTRARYWISE - tanka for Roger Zelazny

lamps of his eyes blacked  
doors of his mouth blocked they say  
error error mis-  
tatement still whenever need  
go past our Space Time shine call



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Two good sources for PKD Books and related odd reading material:



Mark V. Ziesing Books  
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e-mail: [ziesing@bigchair.com](mailto:ziesing@bigchair.com)

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## IN COILS OF EARTHEN HOLD

by Steve Sneyd

with an afterword by Fred Beake

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understood niche of speculative poetry!

## CREDITS:

We would like to thank all of the artists in this issue: Perry Kinnman for his marvelous cover art; Randy Moore for his centerfold "3-Eyed, Crab-Clawed Alien from Sirius" — you can reach Randy at Earth Studio, 420 West St. Joseph, Apt. C, Perryville, MO 63775-1846 (Thanks to Paul Rydeen for turning us on to Randy); Michael Bell and Christy Sawyer for their exacting illustrations to Eric Blanco's short story and their surrealistic "bookends" to the centerfold; Horace Clapp for his sketch of the Underwood Model 5 Typewriter; Geoff Notkin for the Slime Mold logo; Simon Russell for his wonderful sketches of PKD; and finally, to G.W. Thomas for his three UBIK comic strips. Special thanks to Steve Sneyd for his two dickian poems and his tanka for Roger Zelazny.

Our next issue is slated to cover THE MAN WHO JAPED. We already have a few contributions and so far it's shaping up nicely. So don't be left behind, get those essays rolling in to GSM Central pronto!

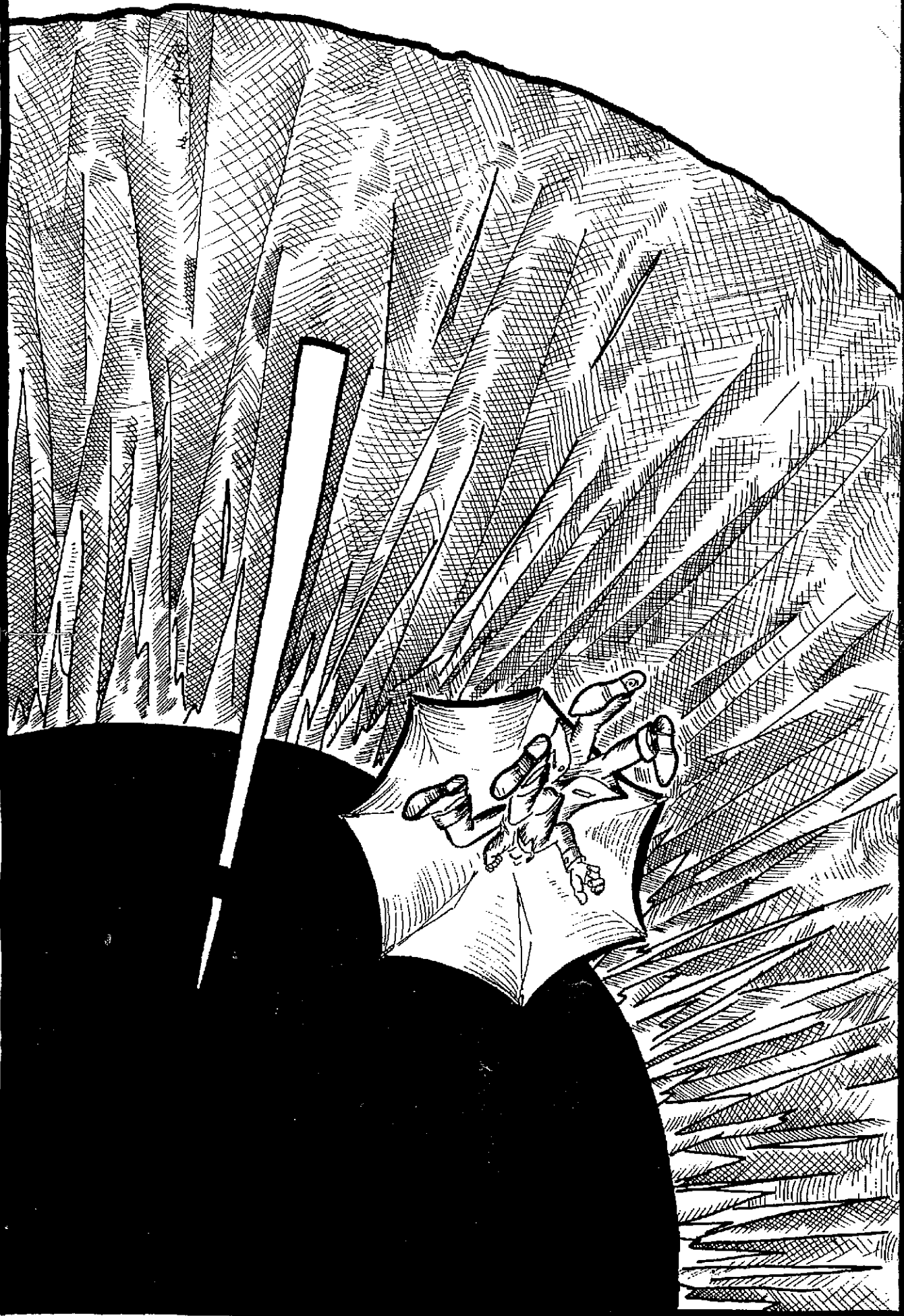
## WEB WATCH

As we've said elsewhere in this issue, FDO is in the process of developing a web site. However, in the interim for your PKD fix, please check out Paul Rydeen's website. Paul has some solid links for finding PKD material on internet. Paul's address is: <http://star.gate.net/~pirydeen/pirydeen.html>. You can also reach Paul via e-mail at [pirydeen@kic.com](mailto:pirydeen@kic.com). Tell him FDO sent you.

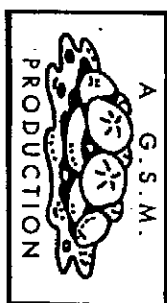
Another more immediate project we're working on is an electronic mailing list. With this we hope to keep all those Dickhead's who are on-line up to date on what's going on a GSM Central with a Bi-Monthly e-mail update (to be made more frequent as circumstances necessitate). We encourage all of you with e-mail to drop us a note so we can add you to our list and get this phase of our on-line operation up and running. Send your e-mail to [lordrc2@holli.com](mailto:lordrc2@holli.com).

For all those interested, this issue of FDO was laid out on a Pentium 75 running DOS 6.22 and Windows for Workgroups. Pagemaker 6.0 was used exclusively for all design work. All images were scanned using an AVEC 2400 flatbed scanner. This issue was printed on a Hewlett Packard 5p LaserJet printer at 600 dpi resolution. Music which fueled the many hours of layout work in this issue included: Sting, Sed, Jimi Hendrix, Spyro Gyra, Enya, Vixen, Rockapella, Rush and Take 6. — Scott Pohlenz ([allegro@erols.com](mailto:allegro@erols.com))

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f d o



Eye in the Sky