"For no logical reason the perception of this unrelated, meaningless sense-datum registered in his mind."

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CONFESSIONS OF A PHILIP K. DICK BIOGRAPHER
by Lawrence Sutin

So why did you go off and write a biography of Philip K. Dick?
It all started in early 1976, when a friend urged me to read THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDritch. It was by this guy named Philip K. Dick who'd just gotten a big write-up in Rolling Stone. I wasn't anything like an SF fan, but I had loved the stories of the Weird Tales group—Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Robert E. Howard—as a kid, and so I was willing to give this guy Dick a chance even though he was in the SF gutter and my preferences back then were for Penguin Classics and Idries Shaw Sufi stories. I read THREE STIGMATA in the cramped grey kitchen of my then girlfriend's apartment. We were about to break up, and I could hear her soft breathing as she slept and I read til 3 a.m. or so. I drank THREE STIGMATA down. Gulp
ed it whole. Whoever the hell Philip K. Dick was, he had managed to write a novel in which conventional reality came apart not only for the characters—there were loads of 'existential' novelists who could handle that dreary chore—but also for me sitting there in that kitchen. I could see through the grey walls and the grey walls could see through me.

In 1981, I jumped in my car on a nasty winter Sunday to rush to the local bookstore and get my copy of VALIS, then just out. It had a lousy cover—some orbiting spaceship firing a beam of light at Earth. But then, most of Phil's books had lousy covers—I'd learned that hunting for them in the second-hand shops. VALIS, as befitted its plot, required a long twisting course of a read over weeks to come. My form of spiritual quest had been to ask countless questions and believe no answers. But Horselover Fat dived into beliefs, stretched them toward the heavens to which they aspired, and at last broke his heart believing. Nothing was really real, Fat knew that, but somebody he and all the rest of us poor wandering humans would stumble upon the Real if we just kept searching and believing—in anything, however briefly (you never stop asking questions: there's always a new and better theory coming round the bend), so long as it kept our hearts alive.

I found all this immensely cheering, and wished that the novel had included more of those wonderfully weird Exegesis excerpts that read like the Presocratic philosophers but with added knowledge of Jung and computers and dark dark shafts of personal pain. It never occurred to me to think that Philip K. Dick, whoever the hell he was, was anything like crazy. Later I would learn that a good many readers of VALIS hated the Exegesis excerpts and thought Philip K. Dick was obviously crazy for writing a crazy novel like that.

In March 1982, there was a tiny obit filler box, headlined Death
Elsewhere, in the Minneapolis paper. How I came to see it I don't know, as I seldom read the paper. But I did that day, and the little filler box told me Philip K. Dick was dead.

In April 1984, I quit my job and flew out on my own time and money to Glen Ellen, California, where Paul Williams (the guy who'd written that piece in Rolling Stone) lived and kept the PKD Estate papers in his garage which looked, to me, like a kids' clubhouse despite all the serious books and file cabinets. Although I had no impressive writing credentials, Paul was patient and helpful, letting me read through letters and Exegesis papers to my heart's content. He did gently mention (just how deluded was this strange guy obsessively ransacking through his garage, anyway?) that it was unlikely that any publisher, except perhaps for an out-of-the-way university press, would be likely to be interested in a biography of Philip K. Dick. I agreed with him; Phil's agent, Russell Galen, had said more or less the same thing when I'd called long distance as an utterly unknown name to ask a few questions. But I kept reading. Stayed up night after night in the Jack London Motel to make the most of the time I had. One evening I took a break, went to the local bar for a beer and a guy on the stool next to me asks what I'm doing in Glen Ellen. I say researching the biography of a writer. "Jack London," he says, nodding and smiling.

So I went home to Minneapolis and wrote up a 37-page proposal based on my beginning researches. The proposal won me an agent, Dorothy Pittman, who—one year and fifteen rejections later—sold the project to Harmony Books. I got next to nothing for an advance. But I was authorized, as it were, to find out more, more, more...everything I could about Philip K. Dick. Friends and relatives would put up with my questions and importunities if I had a contract to do a book.

As it turned out these friends and relatives did more than put up with me—they were gracious souls who were generous with their time. It was important to them that the story of Phil's life be told. I conducted over one hundred interviews, studied each and every scrap of paper in the Dick Estate archives and the U Cal Fullerton Special Collections, and completed the first reading of the Exegesis in its entirety, which took months and made my eyes sting. Then came well over two years of writing and rewriting and, voila, a biography entitled Divine Invasions: A Life of Philip K. Dick is to appear, I'm told.

So what did you learn, Mr. Bigshot Biographer?

Well, I learned that Phil possessed tremendous passion and courage, driving himself to the limit by probing—in his fiction and in his daily thoughts—questions related to the three shunted aside as "metaphysical" and heretical wastes of time. To Phil, the nature of reality and of the human soul were pressing, even painful concerns. I learned that the reality shifts of Phil's novels were mirrored in the reality shifts produced by so-called "objective" biographical research: The "Life" of Philip K. Dick is a tenuous concept indeed, given the multiplicity of lives recounted by Phil himself, as well as those who knew him. Still, the life Phil led is, for me, a unique source of inspiration. How many of us dare to value what we see, hear, feel, and think when it veers away from "official" constructs of reality? I also learned, quite unsurprisingly (it's all there in the novels), that Phil was brilliant, imaginative, funny as hell, an astonishingly ardent lover, and a man wrecked by a multitude of fears.

Was Philip K. Dick crazy? Was he? Was he?

This was the second most frequent question I was asked during my labors. (The most frequent was "Who is Philip K. Dick?") A good number of the people who asked it (including two psychiatrists of my acquaintance) were smiling in a faintly nasty way, waiting for me to give them the inside poop on just how crazy he was. It was as if they were yearning to hear me say "Yes!" so that they could safely dismiss the strange novels and stories that had somehow, despite themselves, gotten stuck in their heads.

To these people I wanted to say (but didn't): "The word 'crazy' could be applied with precisely the same justice to Philip K. Dick as the word 'mediocre' could be applied to yourself."

Was Phil crazy? Some people who knew him think that, at times, he behaved as if he was. Others who knew him deny the label vehemently and even attempt to prove that it just can't be so (though we cannot prove ourselves sane or insane, much less anyone else). Psychiatrists and therapists who dealt with Phil over the course of his life reached no consensus on the issue. Phil himself sometimes feared that he was crazy, but as Anne Dick has shrewdly observed, Phil could be hypochondriacal about his mental state. At other times, he would vehemently defend his own sanity and resent the doubts that showed themselves in others. Then too, he often speculated in the Exegesis that in 2-3-74 he'd been granted (from Who? What?) a release, as if by grace, from the phobias and "psychosis" that had previously plagued him.

My own view is that the question of Phil's being crazy or not is a goddamn waste of time. Phil surely did live a strange and intense life. There were periods during which—due to lingering childhood traumas, amphetamine abuse, situational anguish, and the sheer lingering imperfection of the human condition, to name just a few potential contributing factors—he caused intense pain to himself and others. But Phil was also a dedicated professional who made a living writing books that he believed in, books that will endure. He loved a good many people—friends, wives, lovers—and was loved in return. If you slap a label of "crazy" on all this, what do you get in return? Certainly not a richer understanding of Phil's writings, or of his life, or of your own. The same holds true for the label of "temporal lobe epilepsy," which does not bear the same stigma as "schizophrenia" (though there is no good reason why there should be a difference in stigmatization between these two involuntary illnesses), but is equally futile—and ultimately unverifiable—as an encompassing explanation of Phil's life and work.

Either the books speak to you, or they don't. If they do, you had best pay attention to what they are saying—and put aside the reductive diagnostic labels (which so often change from decade to
Notes from A Low-Budget Stage Director
by Dan Sutherland

In spring 1988 I had the responsibility of bringing Philip K. Dick's novel FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID to the stage. It was a difficult undertaking and one that exhausted me. I'd like to share some of the experiences from that production with PKDS readers because they may find it entertaining and revealing.

I first came across mention of a stage adaptation of FLOW... in PKDS #8, September 1985. Two years later my associates at Chicago's Prop Theatre were searching for a science fiction piece that could be done on their small stage. The Mabou Mines production immediately came to my mind.

Next came the pursuit of rights. Because it had been produced before, the rights were clear and with the adapter, Linda Hartinian. I contacted her through Phil's agent at Scott Meredith. Dealing with an individual was easier than dealing with a group of people spread across the continent. Linda was very receptive to doing the show in Chicago. Her attitude was that Phil's work should be done as much as possible for it to reach a larger audience.

The Prop Theatre in Chicago seats about fifty people. In local terminology it is called a black box theatre. It is a storefront with a hung pipe lighting grid, used theatre chairs and as many city code violations as allowed by myopic city inspectors. Most of the equipment was borrowed or fell from a truck.

These details never deterred the production. Our first concern at this theatre was to produce the show as cheaply and efficiently as possible. So what if the doors swung inward and not outward? Who really cared if the exhaust from the gas heater returned to the theatre instead of going up the chimney? We impressed the city inspector because the cigars (Honduran) we had given him did not burn holes in the drapery, our toilet worked, and we had an exit sign.

Flow, like all the shows at the Prop, had a tiny budget. Most non-equity shows in Chicago cost between $20-50,000. The equity--read union--shows start at $50,000 and travel upward in cost. Mabou Mine's in New York had a budget of around $120,000. (Atypical for the area, I am told.) Our budget, including rent, heat, Edison hill, all costumes and props, and minimal ad and poster campaign, came to about fifteen hundred dollars. This did not include royalties paid to Dick's estate and Linda Hartinian for Chicago-only production rights to the play.

I started to work on this production in summer 1987. I contacted Linda, got rights to the script and received it by Halloween of that year. I had read Phil's text several times and was very impressed by the many well-written role possibilities there for women. There is usually a dearth of roles for women in...
American theatre. And with that consideration, I added scenes and lines to amplify the presence of Heather Hart, Alys, Kathy, and Ruth.

I imagine that people can accuse me of script tampering. Okay, fine. I had read Phil's work and had based my conception of a stage production on that text. When the version I received fell short of a few character needs I thought the play needed, I added them from the original text. And when there was a technical demand that couldn’t be met because of finances, it was changed to something easier and economical.

For example, Linda’s script had a version of “Nowhere Nothin’ Fucked-up.” The lyrics were excellent and matched the tone of that opening scene. A word to the Chicago production meant legal and contractual considerations and expensive phone calls. I didn’t want to lose the song, but economic reality gave me no choice. We used the elevator music classic “Chanson d’Amore (Song of Love)” instead. Heather and Jason sang it in unison and coerced the audience at the kitschy refrain: “Rah-ta-ta-ta dah.” This worked fine and preppeared the audience, too.

It sounds like economics dictated a great deal of this production. It did. I didn’t work a week straight or gross more than $500. total in the first four months of 1988. All my time was spent acquiring materials, building the set, designing the poster, and the most important work of rehearsing. My girlfriend at the time (now my wife, Mary Buzek) created the costumes, found the props, solicited the publicity stills. She did this in addition to being the assistant director and extracting production funds from relatives with full-time jobs.

The cast was very appropriate for their roles. Almost too appropriate. Jason Taverner was played by Darryl Warren. Darryl had been with several local jazz bands during the sixties and seventies. He chose acting as a profession fifteen years ago, and he took many drastic measures to have his features be ones that the camera would be grateful to. Consequently, he makes his living doing print and TV ads. Heather Hart was played by Pamela Webster, herself a hot print and commercial actress. General Buckman was played by Peter Reinemann. Peter is a robust middleweight who performs demolition work as his day job. A glandular disorder has made him permanently bald. These traits make him a more formidable police chief. McNulty was played by Herb Lichenstein. Herb has an unsettling angst about him. His parents survived Dachau and he seems to have absorbed some of that terrible pain.

All of the actors had at least one of the union cards demanded in the upper leagues of the acting profession. Many of them had day jobs which didn’t detract from their need to perform. Most of these jobs can be characterized as dead-end service industry jobs. When I ran short of funds I would find work at a day labor dispatcher. They would send me to a factory where I would do menial labor for $22 an eight-hour shift. (That’s the minimum wage after taxes.)

On occasion, I’d have a discussion like this at one of the factories:

The boss would say: “You speak good English, I think you’re literate, too. You’re white and you didn’t spend any time in the joint.”

He mistakes my nod for a thank you.

“I can hire you full-time at four an hour. If you work out, we’ll have you at four forty by Christmas (this was in February). What do you say, kid?”

“Well, thank you very much,” I reply. “But I’d rather direct low-budget science fiction plays about people involved in group hallucination brought on by designer drugs.”

He binks at me.

“And there’s a police chief who marries his sister and they have a poorly adjusted the. If you like, I can send you in with tickets.”

He asks me to go back to the line, where I resume pasting tiny, poorly printed warning labels about cancer onto shampoo bottles.

Working with actors during rehearsals showed me how rich Phil’s text is. The only problem I had was keeping a consistent tone during their performances. Many of the actors started in Chicago’s improvisational troupes. They have a tendency to do schtick. I steered them away from this and placed their emphasis on giving the show a weird edge.

This is because most of the play is generated in the drug-addled mind of Alys Buckman. (Alys was played by a veteran of Berkeley’s counterculture.) Thus most of the characters have to be two different people—their selves and their persons under the influence of KR-3. When Alys dies, a feeling of normalcy (?) must return. However slight this change, it must register on the minds of the audience.

A professional writer in another fan magazine said that FLOW lacks reality. This story line may be Phil’s weakest novel. I found that untrue. What it lacks is a single protagonist. The chief foil is first recognized as the hero, or protagonist, and this is Jason Taverner. After all, Jason is the handsome man, the singer of ballads and the idol of millions. But his desires are not altruistic and he is inspired by a need to restore himself to his original status.

The true protagonist is Buckman and all of his underlings and their system of control. It is they, like the Nazis and the fascists, who are in danger of losing their humanity. The antagonist is Alys Buckman. She wants to change the immovable object of the Police Empire. She dies in the process but brings to her husband/brother a powerful epiphany. This is found in the closing monologue of the book and the play.

Once I had these central story foci, all the needs of rehearsals fell into place. And without this focus, I’m afraid the play would have been a confused reshuffling of scenes, lines, and gratuitous violence.

Prop Theatre’s production of Flow My Tears... ran four shows a week for seven weeks. The crowds were meager at first and we had to cancel a few performances because we lacked a sufficient house. But the crowds started to meet our expectations, and the last two weekends were at capacity. PKDS members came out in heavy force. We had a very good turnout from the metro Chicago area. And hardcore fans came from the Twin Cities, Detroit and Kansas City. Unfortunately, out of the thousands of discount fliers distributed at a local science fiction convention three weeks before opening, only two found their way back to the theatre’s box office.

The production wasn’t exactly a financial success. The critics overwhelmingly approved of it. But there wasn’t the budget to bring in the crowds. These were the people who would like to see a show by the man who wrote BLADE RUNNER. But if they didn’t know about the show, they couldn’t come.

Most of the advertisement was done by posting various areas of the city. This was done by the production staff. This, plus listings in the local papers and word of mouth, were the only advertising we could afford.

Because it became successful at the end, the show could have been extended for another four weeks. But Actor’s Equity Association found that some of their actors were working for us for free and threatened them with expulsion if they were not paid in full for rehearsal and performance time accrued. That could not be done. The irony of this terminating situation was that these equity actors had not had a union job in years. The only way they could practice their chosen profession was doing it under a pseudonym.

A good end note to this production was a phone call from a theatrical publishing house. They wanted to publish Flow My Tears... as they had seen it at the Prop. Unfortunately, we were in possession of limited stage rights only. Publication of the play is a thing of the future. [See news column—ed.]

Directing Flow... was the experience of a lifetime. Economic considerations dictated a good deal of the production values. But the fact remains that a good production of a science fiction classic was produced within the confines of the theatre and on a razor-thin budget. I hope that fact alone will inspire people interested in Philip K. Dick’s work to treat the budget of any project as a creative element and not a limitation.

—Dan Sutherland
NEWS
by Paul Williams

Since last we spoke, back in April I think, a lot of Philip K. Dick-related news has accumulated. In particular, there are the two long-anticipated Dick biographies, one already in the stores and the other due in December or January. The VALIS opera continues to gather praise and attention. A one-man show, a dramatic "evening with Philip K. Dick," has opened in London. Filming is almost complete on Total Recall, the big-budget Schwarzenegger movie based on a PKD story; in addition, The Father-Thing is being prepared for American TV, and films of UBIK and TIME OUT OF JOINT and "In the Mold of Yancy" are in various stages of development. The SELECTED LETTERS OF PHILIP K. DICK and SELECTIONS FROM THE EXEGESIS are getting closer to publication; the COLLECTED STORIES are appearing in various languages and nations and a U.S. paperback edition is planned, with a first volume likely by summer of 1990. Which reminds me that Underwood-Miller has long since sold out the second printing of THE COLLECTED STORIES OF PHILIP K. DICK in hardcover, and they're trying to decide whether there's enough demand for a third printing. If you are still looking for this handsome five-volume set, and would be a likely customer if it is reprinted in hardcover (at a price of about $150), you could help U-M make up their mind by writing to them (don't send money; just let them know you're probably interested) at: Underwood-Miller, 708 Westover Drive, Lancaster, PA 17601. Thanks. And now, on with the excruciating details that will help make the 1990s the long-dreaded decade of Dick Information Overload (get in on it early and avoid the rush)...

Total Recall. Best guess right now is that this film has cost $50 to $60 million dollars to make--production is complete or damn near as I write--and will be released as a wannee summer blockbuster in June 1990. There will be lots of publicity, lots of advertising, much fuss. Carolco Pictures will no doubt do its best to see that Mars is to 1990 as bats were to '89. The question for us is how much, if anything, this film will have to do with the work of Philip K. Dick; and also whether its release will bring his writings new attention in the U.S. or around the world (as Blade Runner certainly has).

I've read the shooting script (written by Ronald Shusett and Dan O'Bannon; revised by Gary Goldman) and I enjoyed it. The novelization by Piers Anthony, on the other hand, is pretty dreadful; a scene-by-scene translation of said script into wooden prose, no magic, no vision, just made-for-hire drudgery. Thank God Phil wouldn't allow a novelization of Blade Runner! The Anthony novel was published in hardcover by William Morrow in September-$16.95, 288 pages—and will appear as an Avon paperback in the spring. PKD had a credit on the book's original cover design, but it was removed at the last minute; he is acknowledged on the title page, along with the scriptwriters.

The Los Angeles Times for Sunday September 10, 1989, had a long and informative article about the making of the movie. Ronald Shusett, would-be producer and screenwriter, had had one screenplay produced (a "disaster" called W, which was supposed to star Ann-Margret and was eventually made with Twiggy) when he got interested in Philip K. Dick's short story (written in 1965, published in 1966, and nominated for a Nebula Award), "We Can Remember It for You Wholesale." He optioned film rights from Dick in 1977; they were later purchased (1980) for a flat payment of $10,000.

Around the time he optioned PKD's story, Shusett saw John Carpenter's film Dark Star, which Carpenter co-wrote with Dan O'Bannon. Shusett looked up O'Bannon and they talked about doing something together—S gave O'B the PKD story, and O'B gave S the first 30 pages of something he'd been working on. They started writing the latter project together and turned it into Alien. Alien sold to Fox and became a huge hit. Shusett and O'Bannon completed a draft of Total Recall, based on PKD's story. "It was a Walter Mitty story about an average guy with a job, a wife and a home who becomes driven by the skills and cunning of another life inside him," says Jack Mathews in the LAT story. "In following these vague mental clues, he discovers that all of his memories have been implanted and that the life he can't remember is caught up in a conspiracy to control the colonial mining interests on Mars. He doesn't even know if the real him is good or bad." Total Recall was optioned by Walt Disney Productions in 1981. But they weren't satisfied with the script's "third act," its climax and ending, and eventually Shusett bought his way out of the contract, he says, and took the script to Dino DeLaurentis. Those of you who have read and memorized these PKDS news columns over the past six years will know most of the rest of the story, with the exception of the recently revealed "Arnold factor." I'll remember it for you anyway--

DeLaurentis went into pre-production on Total Recall twice: in 1984 in Italy with David Cronenberg directing Richard Dreyfuss, and in 1986 in Australia with Bruce Beresford directing Patrick Swayze (after Mel Gibson dropped out). The Beresford project was a month from start-up when Dino's studio went bankrupt.

Enter Arnold. The Total Recall project had been around a long time and lots of people knew about it (the LAT story mentions Richard Rush, Fred Schepisi, Russell Mulcahey, and Lewis Teague as directors who were interested in the film at one time or another). Schwarzenegger says he wanted to star in TR back in '84 or '85 but changed his mind because Dino planned to use an "inexperienced" director. Then, after the bankruptcy, Arnold asked Carolco to buy the property for him...but not for the $7 million Dino had spent at that point. He'd had some hassles with Dino and suggested Carolco knock him down to $3 mil or so. They did. Mathews reports that Shusett had figured the project was dead, after all the near misses, once Dino failed. Schwarzenegger's interest brought it back to life singlehandedly: "Because Carolco knew it could cover the budget in pre-sold markets because Arnold wanted to do it, Total Recall is being made." Indeed, Schwarzenegger says Carolco has raised $50 million in foreign market deals already.

Schwarzenegger is due to get $8-$10 million for starring, plus a percentage of profits. His contract gives him approval of script, director, cast, and much of the marketing. The director he wanted, and got, is Paul Verhoven, a Dutch director ("Soldier of Orange," "Spetters") best known for the very successful RoboCop.

Lots of interesting details. In PKD's story, the protagonist is named Doug Quaid. The shooting script (dated Dec. 16, 1988) retains this name, as does Anthony's novelization, but sometime before or after shooting began in Mexico City's Churubusco Studios in April someone must have decided the similarity to the name of a certain American political figure might be a liability, and so Schwarzenegger's character is now called Doug Quaid.

The female lead (a sort of revolutionary Princess of Mars; not in PKD's book but he would have gotten a kick out of her,
especially the way the hero’s dream-fantasy, who his wife is jealous of, turns out to be real while the wife, in a sense, turns out not to be (played by Rachel Ticotin). Distribution will be by Tri-Star Pictures. Visuals—obviously a key element in a picture like this one, as they were in Blade Runner—are mostly the responsibility of people Verhoeven worked with on RoboCop, including production designer William Sandell, make-up artist Rob Bottin, and cinematographer Jost Vacano (nominated for an Oscar for his work on Das Boot). There are 45 separate sets, notably Venusville, a futuristic down-and-out adult entertainment district (combination sf cliche/old west cliche) where the Martian miners hang out, get laid, and foment political uprisings. Lots of mutants hanging around, due to, uh, "Cheap domes. And no air to screen out the rays."

Total Recall’s script problems over the years—that constantly rewritten, never quite satisfactory third act—are legendary. LAT says the credit arbitration committee of the Writer’s Guild is looking at nearly 50 drafts of the screenplay as it attempts to determine screen credits for the film. Steven Pressfield was brought in by Shusett to work on the third act in the Dino era; Gary Goldman is the writer who "revised" the script at the behest of Verhoeven and who is presumably responsible for the nonstop shoot-'em-up action pacing (with plenty of humor, laid on thick but not unpleasing) necessary and appropriate in a Schwarzenegger vehicle.

Somewhat Shusett, original co-writer and co-producer, ended up still co-producer when his movie went into real production after a mere dozen years (thanks mostly to Arnold again, who encouraged Carolo to "involve" him). Oh la. Hollywood. Shusett’s credits, in addition to Alien, include the scripts for Above the Law and DeLaurentiis’s sequel to King Kong.

So how much, if at all, does this have to do with Philip K. Dick? Well, all right. The opening scene is recognizably related to the opening scene (and memorable first sentence) of the story. The hero’s a pseudo-blue-collar worker instead of a pseudo-clerk, in deference to Arnold’s muscles, but McClane and Rekall (now with two Is) are still there, and their attempt to implant false memories of a trip to Mars in Doug still fails, for the same reason—he really went there, he really was a secret agent. Some of the intrigue with Interplan agents after Doug leaves the Rekall offices also survives. But from this point on, necessarily, script and story diverge; PKD’s plot is never returned to, after the first quarter or third of the script. Necessarily because Phil wasn’t writing a movie; he was writing a vignette, a Saki or O. Henry story, a wonderful concept presented and then turned inside out a couple of times, ultimately a clever variation on his classic identity yarn of the ’50s, "Impostor."

But if Phil had pinched his story off halfway through and let it develop into a novel instead, as he actually did with a number of his ’60s stories, it is arguable that it might well have developed somewhat along the lines of the Total Recall script, albeit with less shoot-'em-up action and hopefully a trickier, more interesting, and less idealistic resolution. But there are some twists along the way that if not worthy of PKD are at least playing in his ballpark. The best of these is a scene on Mars where a Rekall psychologist shows up in Quaid’s hotel room and tell him that none of this is really happening; he’s actually still strapped in an implant chair in the Rekall office on Earth. Quaid scoffs. "If this is my delusion, who invited you?"

Edgema: "I’ve been artificially implanted as an emergency measure." (gravely) "I’m sorry to tell you this, Mr. Quaid, but you’re experiencing a schizoid embolism. We can’t snap you out of your fantasy. I’ve been sent in to try to talk you down to reality."

They argue. Quaid is unconvinced; Edgema brings in Quaid’s wife to try to bring him to his senses. They finally get him doubting himself, at which point the doctor tells him that if he wants to return to reality, he needs to swallow this small pill. It’s a marvelously PhilDickian situation, possibly a natural development of the plot premise but more likely the result of a scriptwriter or two having read some PKD (THREE STIGMATA? "I hope I Shall Arrive Soon") other than the story in question.

How PhilDickian the movie as a whole is obviously depends a lot on the direction. Verhoeven talks a good show: "I think the story is very Vertigo-like. It’s about schizophrenia. That’s real, what’s not real. That’s what interests me. If it was only action, I would be bored." How well this interest translates into film remains to be seen. It will certainly be an action adventure, not a serious film in any normal sense but—

The script and also the reports from Mexico City hold out the promise that Total Recall will be fun, silly but not embarrassing, violent and stereotyped but also clever and, very possibly, charming. And of course there are those who argue that "trash" forms are the natural home of and necessary springboard for PKD’s vision, his genius. Hmm. I dunno. I’m not expecting miracles. But I am looking forward to seeing the movie.

"The Father-Thing." Rights have been negotiated, a script is being written (by William F. Nolan), and there seems a reasonable possibility that this classic PKD story will show up on ABC-TV in the fall of 1990 as one-third of a made-for-television movie-of-the-week entitled Trilogy of Terror II...a sequel to a fairly successful 1970s TV film starring Karen Black. The executive producer and co-writer is a fellow named Dan Curtis, also responsible for Winds of War and War and Remembrance. The studio behind this project is MGM/United Artists, and I think the other two stories in the trilogy are by Charles Beaumont and Richard Matheson.

Nolan is a veteran of the television business, and novelist and author in the science fiction, fantasy, horror and mystery genres; he says he’s always loved Phil’s story "The Father-Thing" and pressed hard for it to be included, despite some skepticism due to the obvious similarities between this story and Jack Finney’s twice-filmed Invasion of the Body-Snatchers. The two stories were written independent of each other, more or less in the same period of time (PKD’s was sent to his agent in July 1953, and published in the fall of 1954; I think Finney’s was also published in 1954). Nolan reporters that in his adaptation of the story the differences between the two tales—Finney’s imitation human is a pod, vegetable-based, whereas Dick’s is a larva, like an insect—will be evident.

As always, it will be interesting to see what if anything is left of the screenwriter’s and author’s original intentions by the time filming and editing are completed. I believe we’re talking about a two-hour movie, including commercials, so the actual "Father-Thing" segment will be perhaps a half hour long.

Other Movies. Rights to UBIK have been purchased by a new independent filmmaker; no more information is available at this point, except that a relatively low budget ($1-2 million) is anticipated. The screenplay is in development now; PKD’s screenplay will not be used. Shooting is not likely to start before 1991.

An option has been taken on "In the Mold of Yancy" and THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH; the purchaser is Gary Markowitz. This one has the look of a major studio project, but if so the players are keeping themselves hidden so far. Apparently the purchaser wants to develop something using PKD’s idea of a literally manufactured political figure, without necessarily adapting the full plot of PKD’s 1954 short story or of his 1964 novel that incorporates some of the same material.

And something’s going on with TIME OUT OF JOINT. The property has been under option at Warner Brothers for a few years; now the Daily Variety reports that screenwriter Sam Hamm—who wrote most of the best parts of Batman and has agreed to write the sequel—has placed a screenplay for TIME OUT OF JOINT with Guber-Peters, producers of Batman. They were at Warner Brothers in August, when this story came out; since then they’ve been hired by Sony to run Columbia Pictures, and the lawsuits and countersuits that their, presumably, have been big news. Where this leaves the TOOJ project is anyone’s guess, but it seems unlikely that a Sam Hamm screenplay is just going to get tossed on the junkpile. An intriguing footnote is that Hamm is now working on the script for Watchman, based on the comic art novel, for
director Terry Gilliam. Gilliam, also a name to conjure with these days, was quoted within the past year as saying that he wants to do a movie from a Philip K. Dick novel as one of his future projects.

The Two Biographies of Philip K. Dick. That old information tide is really starting to come in, with the publication last June of Gregg Rickman's *To the High Castle / Philip K. Dick: A Life 1928-1962* (Fragment West, paperback, $19.95, first of two volumes) and the imminent publication (January 1990) of Lawrence Sutin's *Divine Invasions: A Life of Philip K. Dick* (Harmony Books, cloth, $25.95).

I like Gregg Rickman and his book very much; but if you are only going to read one of these biographies, I would steer you towards Larry Sutin's. A biography should tell a story, and Sutin is the better storyteller. On the other hand, if you are curious enough about PKD to read both books, you'll be delighted by Rickman's, because it spills over with fascinating detail. Rickman's first volume is already somewhat longer than Sutin's complete biography; not that Sutin's book is short—it isn't—but Rickman's is huge. His approach is to share with the reader every clue he finds that could possibly add some insight to the mystery of Philip K. Dick...and to wrap these clues in speculation and discussion, some of it brilliant, some of it irritating, some of it fatiguing. It would be easy, and probably correct, to say that Rickman's book would have benefited from a strong editor; and yet as PKD fans and fanatics we have reason to be grateful that Rickman had a publisher willing to let him draw upon his own idiosyncratic research. The research Rickman has done is exceptional, and his willingness to chew over every possibility and alternate theory is certainly Dickian. I have spoken with several other readers of To the High Castle who feel, as I do, that Rickman's argument that Dick was sexually molested as a child is unconvincing, and the author's heavy emphasis on this point tends to muddy rather than clarify the reader's sense of Dick as a child (and as an adult). But it is at the same time very much to Rickman's credit that his argument is challenging; the reader is free to disagree because Rickman so openly shares all his sources and most of his reasoning. Given the same raw material, I sometimes draw different conclusions; but I am delighted at the wealth of raw material Rickman has dug up, and believe he deserves much praise for the integrity of his approach. Rickman has strong opinions, and he would like his readers to share them; but it seems to me he is unfailingly careful to identify his opinions as such, leaving the reader always aware that this is an idios kosmos view, Philip K. Dick as seen through the eyes of one very curious, intelligent, committed, and compassionate reader.

Lawrence Sutin's biography has a few awkward moments, but it is extremely well-written and well-structured, and I suspect that most of you will find, as I did, that it is a difficult book to put down. Tom Whitmore's review in the November 1989 *Locus* is appropriately enthusiastic: "Sutin...has assembled a portrait that feels true. And using the skill of a professional biographer, he has made that portrait as fascinating reading as a Philip K. Dick novel...I found this book absolutely compelling, and though I only met Dick once, feel now that I know what he was like far better than I did from only reading his fiction." It feels true, but is it? Both these books, in my opinion, are quite accurate as to details and facts (much more so than any of the Bob Dylan biographies I've read, for example). Subjectively, they also achieve a degree of truth unusual in biographies—interesting because one writer has the advantage of having known Dick (Rickman was in fact encouraged by PKD, in 1981, to write about him and his works; I think Phil felt he'd found a sincere and insightful critic/commentator, untarnished by academia or too much familiarity with the science fiction ghetto) and the other the advantage of not having known him personally.

The Powers app. in his introduction to To the High Castle, "Gregg Rickman knew Dick, and has done so much research, and talked to so many people who knew him, that he's able to give us something close to the totality of the man, in all his depths and contradictory aspects—to read Rickman's biography is, in a real sense, to know Philip K. Dick better than any one person ever did."

My own introduction to *Divine Invasions* addresses the same point: "Very seldom can one read the biography of a friend and even recognize the person described therein. I am pleased to say that not only do I recognize my friend in this book, I know him better for having read it. Sutin's narrative violates neither my head's knowledge nor my heart's sense of who Philip K. Dick was, and by adding a perspective on his life that I as friend and, now, literary executor, could never achieve (too close to the subject matter), it puts me in a position to offer it the best testimonial one can give a friend's biography: this is the man I knew."

My strong recommendation to PKDS readers is to read, or at least expose yourself to, both these excellent works. Philip K. Dick lived a large, fast-paced life, wrote many books, and stories, and a part of him also lives on in these stories about him, Sutin's single story made up of a thousand facets, and Rickman's thousand stories that add up to a picture of a single person. Or perhaps don't add up. But perhaps we don't want them to. We don't want the answers, any more than Phil did. (Both biographers acknowledge this, in their ways.) We want to go on exploring the questions.

(Lawrence Sutin's *Divine Invasions* and Gregg Rickman's *To the High Castle* may be purchased at specialty bookshops—Sutin's can also be special ordered at regular bookstores—or by mail from Mark Ziesing, PO Box 76, Shingletown, CA 96088 (800-869-0348), or DreamHaven Books, 1300 - 4th Street SE, Minneapolis, MN 55414, or Chris Drumm, Box 445, Polk City, IA 50226. $2.00 for postage is probably about right.)

Dickiana in the Biographies. If you were a biographer of Philip K. Dick, wouldn't you seize the opportunity to include a few previously unpublished PKD writings somewhere in your book? Sure you would. And so did these guys. Here's a rundown of their inclusions, bibliographies, and so forth:

Rickman's *To the High Castle* includes the following items by PKD in its Appendix C, "Early Poems and Stories: "He's Dead" (poem, 11/11/1940), "Santa's Return" (story, 1/4/44), "The Slave Race" (story, 5/8/44), "The Fast" (poem, authorship uncertain, 11/20/44). There's another early poem, "How Can We Fail" (1945), also of uncertain authorship, at the start of chapter 2. Rickman's other appendices include a list of PKD's books in order of publication, a chronology of writings (1940-1961) in the order in which they were written, a weird bit about a personality profile test PKD took in the '50s, and a thorough bibliography of sources.

Sutin's *Divine Invasions* includes, in chapter 12, a previously unpublished short story, or fable, a conversation between Phil and God, written in November 1980 and discovered by Sutin in his study of the Exegesis. It's charming. By way of appendix, Sutin bravely undertakes a survey of all of PKD's novels and story collections, rating them (with explanation) from 1 (VULCAN'S HAMMER, DR. FUTURITY) to 10 (THREE STIGMATA, UBIK, BEST OF PKD, VALIS). Provocative...and fun.

Both books of course are chock full of previously unseen Dick fragments: letters, interviews, Exegesis entries. Sutin comes up with a fascinating letter Phil wrote to Ron Goulart in the summer of '64 that reveals, tongue-in-cheek but with a lot of valuable insight, how to write a Philip K. Dick novel. I hope to be able to publish the full text in some future issue of the newsletter.

Philip K. Dick: The Play. John Dowie called me from London on opening night, October 18, 1989. A confused passerby had come up to him in the pub next door to the theater (after working on the script for a year, Dowie, director of the play, opted not to be in the audience on opening night, thinking his presence would only distract John Joyce, the play's only actor). "Are you John Dowie? I met a man in the street and he said to give this to John Dowie." The stranger handed over a package— it turned out to be a green bottle of Laphroaig whisky in a metal tin and said this odd man about sixty years old had stopped him and made him promise to deliver the gift and a message: "Take them into the garden." John was all but grabbing my lapels through the international phone wires, trying to get me to appreciate that this
Tales of the COLLECTED STORIES. A new imprint, Citadel Twilight (part of the Carol Publishing Group in New York), will be publishing THE COLLECTED STORIES OF PHILIP K. DICK in trade paperback editions in the U.S. The first volume is tentatively scheduled for spring '90; it may not be the first chronological volume, since the publisher is thinking about putting out Volume IV, which contains "We Can Remember it for You Wholesale," in time to tie in with Total Recall (no connection between Carolco the movie producers and Carol Publishing). The U.S. hardcover has sold out its first two printings (see start of news column).

Meanwhile the third volume of the series, THE FATHER-THING, has just appeared in hardcover from Gollancz in the U.K. No indication yet of when the U.K. paperbacks from Paladin will start coming out. Collected stories of the COLLECTED STORIES in Spanish, AQUI YACE EL WUB, is out from Martínez Roca in Barcelona. It looks great—they use Barclay Shaw's cover from the Bluejay TIME OUT O F JOINT, but with a better printing job; large-size paperback with flaps; and there's a bibliography that includes Spanish editions (six were published in 1988 alone). Story translations are by Eduardo G. Murillo and presumably are all new for this edition.

Haffmans Verlag in Zurich is working carefully on their German language COLLECTED STORIES, which like the Spanish will follow the U.S. format and will be all newly translated. There is no actual COLECTED STORIES in Japan, but many collections of PKD stories are in print and clearly the various publishers tend to believe that every story is made available. The most recent collection is called (surprise!) WE CAN REMEMBER IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE AND 11 OTHER STORIES, published in July 1989 by Shinchosha. The English title is on the cover, along with a Giger painting, but there is also a Japanese title which Hitodori Akiyama tells us means "The Imitation Memories." Hishashi Asakura edited the book, translated six of the stories, and wrote commentary. Besides the title story, the book includes a strange grab bag: "Recall Mechanism," "The Indefatigable Frog," "The Eyes Have It," "Upon the Dull Earth," "Orpheus with Clay Feet," "Captive Market," "Cadbury, the Beaver Who Lacked," "The Day Mr. Computer Fell out of His Tree," "Retreat Syndrome," "Your Appointment Will Be Yesterday," and "Strange Memories of Death."

Then there's the fascinating French series of PKD story collections. Denoel, as we have mentioned before, is publishing a series of eight new paperback PKD collections, featuring stories not yet collected in France. These stories are grouped in chronological order by date of publication, and each book has a piece of PKD non-fiction as an introduction. Six volumes have been published so far (three in the last six months). What follows is a list of the titles of each, and the nonfiction piece included in that book: 1. LE CRANE ("How to Build A Universe That Doesn't Fall Apart Two Days Later"). 2. LE GRAND O ("The Android and the Human"). 3. DERRIERE LA PORTE ("The Evolution of A Vital Love"). 4. UN AUTEUR EMINENT ("Drugs, Hallucinations and the Quest for Reality"). 5. SOUVENIR ("Nazism and the High Castle" and "Schizophrenia & the Book of Changes"). 6. AU SERVICE DU MAITRE ("The Short, Happy Life of A Science Fiction Writer"). I have three of these books in front of me: #5 & #6 were translated by Helene Collon, #4 by Pierre Paul Durastanti (and one story by Alain Doremieux). The non-fiction pieces were all translated by Emmanuel Jouanne, who wrote prefaces for #5 & #6; the preface to #6 is by Jacques Chambon.

Another French publisher, Christian Bourgois Editeur, seems to be working on repackaging the stories that have been previously translated and collected. They published a PKD paperback in February '89 called LES DEFENSEURS, edited by Jean-Claude Zylibeinstein; it includes "The Defenders," "The Little Movement," "Roog," and "The Infinities," plus an introduction by the Impostor, "Explicable," "The Invincible," and "The Variable Man," plus a non-fiction introduction previously unpublished in French, "Man, Android and Machine." The back cover blurs say:
"Philip K. Dick (1928-1982) is not simply the author of novels of science fiction preferred by the French public. He is also the contemporary writer who has pushed furthest the interrogation into reality and, in a totally personal fashion, the battle against entropy. We are honored to present three volumes that assemble, in chronological order, the stories and essays that many count among the most significant of the author of UBIK and BLADE RUNNER. The essays aren't chronological, but we get the picture. Presumably two more volumes are on the way in this series, and even then there may a few bits of Dickiana running around not currently available in French. But not for long. Meanwhile, the facing-title page of LES DEFENSEURS lists, under the heading "by the same author from the same publisher," a book I've never heard of called PORTRAIT DE L'ARTISTE EN JEUNE FOU. Can anyone heathen to verify that possibility? It's a reprint of CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST with a name change—the original French edition was called CONFESSIONS D'UN BARJO.

Congratulations to PKD's member Helene Collon, by the way, who at this year's World SF meeting was one of four recipients of the 1989 Karel Award for excellence in translation, specifically for her translations into French of Philip K. Dick.

New Bibliography. Phil Stephensen-Payne and Gordon Benson, Jr., publish a wonderful series of inexpensive "bibliographies for the collector" under the name Galactic Central. The second edition of their Philip Kindred Dick—A Working Bibliography is now out and I recommend it. It covers English language editions and appearances only, within that limitation it seems quite thorough. The first section lists Dick's 128 short stories (this includes three serialized novels and five long stories that were later published as novels or part of a novel), place of first appearance, anthology appearances, and name and date of PKD collection story was included. Section B lists 58 "Fiction Books," and attempts to identify various US and UK editions of each. There is a listing of articles by PKD which needs some expansion (the editors welcome corrections and suggestions; and can incorporate new information into their format fairly easily for new editions), a listing of miscellaneous (afterwords, interviews, story notes, published letters), a listing of non-fiction books, "media presentations," a useful listing of 190 "articles on Philip K. Dick," reviews, books about PKD, phantom and forthcoming titles, related works, textual variations and finally a chronological listing of fiction (by year of publication). All this can be yours (it's not elegant, but it's very functional) for $5.00 postpaid from Gordon Benson, Jr, PO Box 40494, Albuquerque, NM 87196 USA, or £3.00 postpaid from Phil Stephensen-Payne, 'Ilmasiras', 25A Copgrove Road, Leeds, West Yorkshire, LS8 2SP, ENGLAND.

Meanwhile, Meckler has finally sent us a review copy of the "revised edition" of PKD: A Philip K. Dick Bibliography by Daniel J. H. Leavack, with annotations by Steven Owen Godersky. It is not revised; it is an exact reprint of the 1981 book with three small but important errors corrected, and lacking the original cover. But it is a wonderful book; well-organized, richly-illustrated, extremely informative, the annotations are clever and really helpful... even eight years out of reach it's still valuable. It's also priced almost out of reach: $45. plus $3. postage from Meckler Corporation, 11 Ferry Lane West, Westport, CT 06880 (or Grosvenor Gardens House, GG, London SW1W 0BS, UK). I wonder what the authors thought of Meckler leaving out their copyright lines and substituting its own phony one?...

BBC Broadcast Planned. The huge (28 million) global audience of the BBC World Service short wave broadcasts is apparently going to get some exposure to Philip K. Dick, via a 28-minute program about PKD that Mark Burman is producing for World Service's "Omnibus" slot. Burman, who came to California last summer and interviewed Powers, Blaylock, Rickman, Anne Dick, Ray Nelson and me, still hopes to do a longer program elsewhere on the BBC; meanwhile he says the Omnibus show could be broadcast any time in the next four or five months.

Other World News. As the wheel turns and much of the world seems to be awakening in a dramatic fashion (while the United States falls ever deeper into a self-absorbed stupor), it pleases me to think that PKD's writing, which has always been better received around the world than in his home country, may have particular relevance and appeal to readers in emerging nations. By way of tentative evidence, in Yugoslavia FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID has just won the 1988 Lazar Komaric Award for best foreign science fiction novel. Brazil is a growing market for PKD novels. An article in Locus by the publisher of Apagoremenos Plantitis (Forbidden Planet), the only sf magazine in Greece at present, indicates that Dick and Ellison are the foreign authors who have appeared the most in the magazine. His publishing company has already brought out THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK in book form, and more PKD titles are planned. Interest in Dick in Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and the USSR is well-established; as the flow of information across borders becomes freer, perhaps the availability and popularity of his novels will grow.

Of course PKD continues to be a focus of attention in overdeveloped nations as well. In Italy last summer I picked up a copy of a 1989 paperback from Editrice Nord called Philip K. Dick, Il Sogno dei Simulacri (The Dream of Simulacra), subtitled "a complete survey of critical essays on the literary work of the American writer" and edited by Gianfranco Viviani and Carlo Pagetti. The first half of the book consists primarily of talks given at a conference on PKD held as part of the 14th National Congress on Science Fantasy and the Fantastic; held at Courmayer in April 1988. These include "In Search of the Lost Sister" by Oriana Palusci, "Dreams within Dreams: Considerations of the Illusory Reality of Reality in Philip K. Dick" by Giuseppe Panella, and "The Dream of Galileo and the Nightmare of PKD" by Domenico Gallo. The other half is primarily made up of introductions to various PKD novels published by Editrice Nord over the last 15 years, most of them (8 of the 11 essays) written by Carlo Pagetti. There's also a good primary and secondary bibliography of works by and about PKD in Italian, by Ernesto Vegotti. Apparently 32 Dick novels and six story collections have been published in Italian, from 1958 to 1988. Missing: VALIS, and the mainstream novels. The cover of this critical anthology is a pen and ink sketch by Alessandro Bani of Philip's face, surrounded by the faces of four cats.

PKD in Japan. Much more fun than the Italian book on PKD (keeping in mind that I can't read either publication) is the "P. K. Dick Special" of the Japanese magazine Silve Star Club. It's a fat (224 pages) magazine the size of an American hardcover book, and because (with our permission and encouragement) it draws heavily on graphics from the first 20 issues of the PKDS Newsletter, it looks like a wonderfully energetic, brilliantly designed PKDS anthology. The contents include—well, let me describe it sequentially if I can. The cover is actually a wraparound dust jacket, with a fabulous graphic which is a cleverly tinted version of the man-holding-a-skeleton photo from the Boston production of FLOW MY TEARS (PKDS #8)... presumably this has been scanned and colorized on a computer, as is made more obvious if you pull off the dust jacket and reveal the black and white (on this lovely textured almost sepia paper) cover underneath, in which the same graphic (a little smaller) has been fiercely digitized, like a Picasso or Braque cubist portrait. The man is reverting to a more primal form, as in UBikit but the skeleton is becoming more fleshly, more visibly female, a really Dickian work of art strongly resonant with the climax of FLOW MY TEARS and suggestive too of the process through which novel became play and play conjures novel. The first inside page of the magazine has the same photo a third time, smaller, almost a silhouette, again transformed. The next spread is the table of contents—the photographer of the cover photo is credited in English, the artist/designer in Japanese.

The first piece is "The Transmigration of PKD Boom," a conversation between Takayuki Tatsumi and Chikao Kawamata.
Takayuki is a swell fellow, author of Cyberpunk America, Tokyo editor of SF Eye, professor at Keio University. I met him and his wife at the World Fantasy Convention and it was a good time but if I'd only been thinking I could have asked him all sorts of questions about this Special Issue, for example who is Chiaki Kawamata?, and then this piece could have been far longer than the ridiculous length it already promises to be. Anyway, PKD's great friend Hidekotki Akiyama writes from Tokyo that in this article Takayuki Tatsumi says "Japanese sf world is in the third PKD boom, now." The first was in 1975, the second in 1982. Thus, every seven years, and we can prepare now for 1996...

Lots of pictures: Anne's portrait of Phil and cat, the 1957 cat-dropping photo from To the High Castle, some of Frank Ronan's excellent portraits, four photos of Phil with women, put together on a page, the needle-taking photo, the tombstone--six years of the newsletter past before my eyes--and I wish I could read this "transmigration" conversation myself, I'm very curious about the content. Then there's a section called Four Unknown Dick Worlds, more fooling around with the FLOW photo to lead it off (the Japanese sense of art direction and design is so musical). The worlds are the Exegeesis, THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL, the UBIK SCREENPLAY, and NICK AND THE GLIMMUNG, all new to Japan. Pictures from the books are used, pieces of the introductions to the books and or reviews or write-ups in the newsletter, a selection from the Exegeesis (with PKD's drawing, of course), and so forth. Then there are Tributes to the Memories of PKD, from Locus I think & PKDs, by Brunner, Tiptree, Powers, Diach, and Rudy Rucker.

More of the interview with Teisa & Chris Dick by J. B. Reynolds from newsletter 13. Lots of pictures. An essay called "Projected World without Devil" by Keisuke Ohtaki, which clearly has to do with VALIS. Then a 48-page special section, on special paper, with (natch, like my favorite mimeograph paper from 25 years ago), called "Complete Guide to PKD Novels." They're all there, with reproductions of the covers of the Japanese editions, some of which you'll find in a special spread elsewhere in this newsletter, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Shigeki Kimura, editor of Silverstar Club. There's also a quick biographical chronology.

Then Hidekotki Akiyama provides a report on the VALIS opera, which will be staged in Japan in 1990. Yoshihiko Tanno has a "Reconsideration of VALIS." and Taisu Muroi offers a report on the "Cosmology of VALIS." More stuff: Shinji Maki on "Genesology of the PKD World," Peter Fitting's "UBIK--the Deconstruction of Bourgeois SF," an intriguing piece by Yoshi Shimamura called "Lem Surrounded by Dick," Scott Durham's "From the Death of Subject to A Theology of Late Capitalism," and Masayuki Gotoh's "Social Thought of Philip K. Dick" (the pictures suggest this has something to do with Blade Runner).

The issue draws to a close with The Penultimate PKD Database, bibliographies of primary and secondary sources, and finally the back cover (where an American front cover would be) offers another take on the policeman-with-dead-sister photo (about color and this time) and beneath the flap a nifty reproduction of Phil's signature. I love it. I will try to find out if we can get some copies of this edition for sale. A marvelous presentation.

I am happy to report that I had five of my last cats, Mr. Tubbs and Harvey, in his Santa Ana apartment, saying, "Dick Boom. I don't know, Harvey, how does that sound to you? A seven-year Dick Boom. Geez. Wonder if they let cats outside during one..."

Paperbacks: EYE back, MARY twice. As you well know, availability of PKD's novels in the United States continues to be spotty. Carroll & Graf has released THE ZAP GUN ($3.95), which completes their mass market reissue of the five PKD novels published by Bluejay in the early '80s, which in turn were the same five published by Dell at the end of the '70s. So if you're looking for ZAP, CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON, THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH, TIME OUT OF JOINT, or DR. BLOODMONEY, you should have no problem. (Incidentally, the Carroll & Graf PENULTIMATE TRUTH has the words "Hugo Award Winner" under the title. Not true.)

Jig Frenkel, the excellent editor about the above titles for Dell and then Bluejay, has continued to demonstrate his love for PKD's work by recommending EYE IN THE SKY as one of the first four titles in a new series of paperback reprints he's editing, published by Macmillan's Collier line under the name Nucleus Books. EYE is in the stores now, at $4.50, with the best cover the book has ever had (doesn't look much like the city of Berkeley, though).

The other new release in the U.S. is MARY AND THE GIANT, which was issued in September in trade paperback format ($8.95) by St. Martin's Press. MARY also appeared at about the same time in a UK trade paperback from Paladin (£4.99), with a better cover and much more readable type. Paladin now has six of PKD's mainstream novels in print in trade paper, and I imagine that in a year or so they'll do THE BROKEN BUBBLE, which had its first British hardcover from Gollancz in July. Gollancz and Grafton/Paladin have been PKD's most loyal English language publishers during the past decade or more; now Malcolm Edwards, who was in charge of the science fiction line at Gollancz (and has been a great champion of, and sometime correspondent with, PKD) has moved over to be science fiction editor at Grafton. We thank him for all the great things he did for PKD at Gollancz, and wish him well in his new position.

Forthcoming from Grafton in the next year or so, two more PKD sf novels in mass market paperback format to add to their already large collection: THE GAME-PLAYERS OF TITAN and COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD. Gollancz will soon be issuing a paperback of MARTIAN TIME-SLIP.

Hardcovers Proliferate. PKD hardcover reprints have been selling well in the UK (to collectors and libraries), and so the trend continues, although it may come to a halt now that every "first hardcover edition" and "first UK hardcover" and "first solo trade hardcover" has been done, I think. To bring you up to date, Severn House has just released THE CRACK IN SPACE ($10.95), and Kinnell Publications in June released OUR FRIENDS FROM FROLIX 8 ($11.95). Recent years have also produced UK hardcovers of THE COSMIC PUPPETS, WE CAN BUILD YOU, and THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER. You can buy at least some of this stuff through Dreamhaven or Ziesing--addresses above--or try Bryan Barrett, PO Box 6202, Hayward, CA 94543: 415-657-1919. Incidentally, I believe the (rather large) first US printing of NICK AND THE GLIMMUNG is almost exhausted, so if you don't have a copy I'd grab one quick. Apparently it did well in the children's book market in England, which is good news indeed. Still no glimmering of an American publisher for the book...

SELECTED LETTERS/EXEGEESIS Update. Multi-volume publication of Philip K. Dick's letters from Underwood-Miller is moving quite a bit closer, with a good possibility of a first volume (possibly out of chronological sequence) being published before the end of 1990. Editor for the project is now Don Herron, replacing the team of Williams, Powers, and Rickman, all of whom will participate to some extent as commentators, fact-checkers, etc. Herron is an expert on various aspects of fantasy and mystery literature, so we're in good hands. King for Underwood-Miller, conducts walking tours of Dashiell Hammett's San Francisco and is also (Phil would have loved this) a San Francisco cab driver. Anyway, Herron has already covered himself with glory by acquiring a sheaf of previously unknown PKD letters written to J. Francis McComas and Anthony Boucher between 1951 and 1967. There are some major letters from periods not well-covered in the correspondence in possession of the Estate, including some material that will have Dick's biographers tearing their hair I suspect (wishing it had turned up sooner).

More on this in a moment. The volumes of letters will be "selected" rather than complete because of the need to protect the privacy of living persons and avoid lawsuits, but they will certainly be extensive. Meanwhile Underwood-Miller has also contracted to publish a volume tentatively entitled SELECTIONS FROM THE
EXEGESIS, edited by Lawrence Sutin. This also could be ready within the year—we’ll see—and promises to be a real eye-opener.

If you have or know of correspondence from Philip K. Dick prior to 1972, please contact Don Dick, c/o Box 611, Gilroy, CA 95042. Correspondence from ‘72 on we may well have carbons of from Dick’s files, but we’d appreciate it if you’d let us know the dates of what you have so we can check against our lists and make sure we have ‘em. Thank you.

As for the newly-discovered letters: the first batch is from ’51–’53 and primarily focuses on the submitting and rewriting of short stories. Here we find considerable (and, to me, surprising) evidence that Dick reworked his stories over and over, responding to Boucher and McComas’s editorial suggestions, not just on one or two stories but consistently over a period of a number of years. Clearly Boucher not only in his writing class but as editor of Fantasy & Science Fiction (with McComas) was very actively involved in the process by his (and Dick’s) editor, who has always acknowledged this, but the evidence of the letters confirms it, removing the possibility that Dick’s comments were exaggerated for sentimental or other reasons.) It seems unlikely that most of the other editors for whom Dick wrote short stories in the early ’50s did more than accept or reject, and we have evidence that two who did make suggestions, Gold at Galaxy and Campbell at Astounding, quickly earned Dick’s animosity.

We learn that Dick reread “The Preserving Machine” and “The Short Happy Life of the Brown Oxford” (originally called “Left Shoe, My Foot”) extensively at least twice, cutting the former story from 26 pages to 10 on the first go-round, then expanding it again to an intermediate length. We now have the letter Dick wrote upon learning of his first sale (Nov. 8, 1951) (“That’s a lot of money for one story. I really feel a little embarrassed…”), which also tells us that the editors supplied the title. An earlier letter (Oct. 29, 1951) speaks of cutting a story—presumably “Roog”—from 19 pages to 9 (“I think it shines now instead of merely glowing faintly”).

We learn that “Project: Earth” was submitted to F&SF in March of 1952 (and presumably rejected). We learn that Dick was in fact submitting stories to mainstream magazines such as the Saturday Evening Post in early ‘52, and that he asked Boucher’s advice regarding an agent and as a result he sent his stories to Willis Wing (who turned him down) and then Scott Meredith. We learn that by March 5, 1952, he’d sold five stories: “Roog,” “The Little Movement,” and “Expendable,” to F&SF, “Beyond Lies the Wub” to Planet, and “The Skull” to If.

A Feb. 16, 1953 letter confirms that PKD was (briefly) offered a job in New York, which fell through when he demanded a guarantee of expenses. This letter also reports that he’s sold 28 stories so far in the first fifteen months of his career, and in the last seven weeks has earned enough money to pay off the mortgage on his house.

A Sept. 2, 1953 letter encloses a copy of “The Father-Thing” heavily rewritten in response to suggestions; three days later Dick sends along a new ending for the story he’s just thought of. An April 1954 letter refers to “Explorers We” and indicates that Dick had submitted a version of that story back in September 1953 (it was eventually published by F&SF, almost certainly in a multiply rewritten version, in June 1959 F&SF).

Incidentally the first letter addressed to “Dear Tony” (rather than “Dear Mr. Boucher”) is from 1957, giving some indication of Dick’s shyness. There are various references in letters from 1952 and ’53 to making plans to get together (PKD and the two editors all lived in the same small city) which imply that in fact he rarely ever saw them socially.

In June 1957 there’s a long letter responding to Boucher’s review of EYE IN THE SKY. He mentions having to rewrite large portions of the novel for Wollheim: “But I had new ideas to put in, so I didn’t mind, in fact I think it came out better—which is an anomaly. The other three were changed, too, cut down rather than changed for content, and they did suffer. In my own opinion THE MAN WHO JAPED is a far better book than any of the others. I had to cut 75 typescript pages from it, though.” The letter expresses at some length Dick’s pain at the poor payment he is receiving for his novels (combined with an awareness that he’s fortunate to be published at all), and his frustration at his inability to sell the five mainstream novels he had “in circulation” at that point. (This suggests that he had withdrawn his earliest efforts, VOICES FROM THE STREET and GATHER YOURSELVES TOGETHER). He also confirms that he’d had a break with Meredith in 1956 and tried, unsuccessfully, to find another agent.

The piece de resistance is a 7-page letter dated April 25, 1962, which starts with a list of books (philosophical and psychological) that “have made my life bearable,” particularly Schiller’s Wallenstein and Hans Fallada’s Little Man, What Now? He goes on to give a history of his psychological Troubles, from childhood to the present. He mentions giving up his job at the record store because of his phobic fear of riding on a bus. Light is thrown on his apparently unfilled promises to come by and visit his editors in the letters mentioned above: “After quitting my job and beginning my writing career (late 1951 on) I lived reclusively, unambiguously—mean, even to go to a movie, or, at its worst in 1953, even to go into the little branch library on University Avenue to read the New Yorker each week...or to go into a supermarket to buy groceries.” Toward the end, he says, he could barely sit and eat across from his wife, and couldn’t sleep in the same bed with her. He was saved, he reports, by learning to drive, and by stumbling onto “a stimulant drug called semoxydrene,” which “restored the clarity of viewpoint which I had progressively lost over fifteen years” and allowed him to get in touch with the delusional viewpoint that had possessed him.

The letter goes on to describe the “terrible setback” he suffered when he made “a stupid choice” and moved to the country, where he had a kind of “momentary psychosis” gazing at the Umwelt, the natural world, and suddenly being overwhelmed, drowning in it as in a tidal wave. In this autobiographical letter he states that he rescued himself by falling in love with Anne (and, implicitly, her three children and the reality he perceived around her).
But..."gradually, a year or so ago, very subtle suicidal obsessive thoughts began to cross my mind." He had stopped taking his sedatives for health reasons, and felt defenseless against this "slow, terrible depression." He suffered great phobias. He and Anne had "dreadful, violent fights, slamming each other around, smashing every object in the house—the kids were running in terror." The letter then goes on to describe in detail two "turning points," having to do with Phil championing the case of a 21-year-old who'd gotten into trouble with the law, and subsequently becoming leader of a fight to save the local school district from the schemes of a group of "wealthy ranchers": "I had to become a fighter. On some level. Or die."

His conclusion is that he has learned that real risk-taking is the antidote to neurosis. Unfortunately, as we know, this was not the end of troubles in Dick's marriage, or in his life. An astonishing letter.

**Journal Wired.** Not a PKD item as such, but certainly of potential interest to PKDS members, is a new quarterly magazine edited and published by Andy Watson and Mark V. Ziesing. Andy has been managing editor of PKDS since the 4th issue, and without him I'm sure I'd have thrown in the towel long ago. Mark Z. many of you know as a fine mail-order bookseller and as publisher of THE MAN WHOSE TEETH WERE ALL EXACTLY ALIKE and THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL and many other fine books. Journal Wired is produced in 5" x 8" paperback book format, and you can get it at specialty bookstores for $7.95 or by mail from Ziesing, Box 76, Shingletown, CA 96088 (800-869-0348) for $10. including postage. No subscriptions.

I read my advance copy of #1 from cover to cover—something I never do with any magazine—and enjoyed all of it. It's different. It comes from a different place than most of the other media I bump into. (An example of the sort of thing that could appear in Jml Wired but didn't is "Taking Hallucinations Seriously," Dan Joy's fascinating report on the California psychedelic community in issue #5 of Science Fiction Eye—recommended.) It has that subtle, distinctive odor of something new under the sun, long-needed and right on time, small and not obvious but just possibly the start of something.

**Journal Wired** is not intended to be a sf/fantasy mag but it does have roots in this community. The first issue contains fiction by A. A. Attanasio and Rudy Rucker, previously unpublished interviews with Abbie Hoffman andخام بنك, and essays on the state of Hollywood, human values, human consciousness, and genre writing by John Shirley, Andy Watson, J. B. Reynolds, and Lucius Shepard, all four essays tying into each other rather closely in a subtle and surprising way (not unrelated to the fiction and the interviews, as well), again suggesting that this magazine is not a concept but something more relevant and alive, a sign of life—summed up perhaps in Reynolds's comment "Somehow we have exchanged our participation in the vital spiritual life/death cycle of our world for a fast, superficial, and ultimately meaningless ninety minutes in the 'Classic Comics' edition of The Iliad." With the emphasis on what we have to do to return to participation.

The Attanasio story is superb, everything else is very good, and, more important, worth the time it takes to read. Check it out.

**VALIS Opera Dept.** Some of you may be beginning to suspect that there is no VALIS Opera; it's just a convoluted scheme to generate publicity for PKD. If so, it's working quite well. The big coup this time is one that would certainly have pleased Phil, back when he was walking over to the University Ave. branch library to read the New Yorker—could he have dreamed that he would someday get a full-page, favorable write-up in that magazine, in the Musical Events column, written by his classical music critic? Andrew Porter in the July 31, 1989 New Yorker (thanks to everyone who sent a copy of this), in the course of a discussion of various recent science fiction operas, goes on at some length describing PKD's pink light theophany and the plot of VALIS, muses on Machover's opera in recorded form (he didn't attend the recent semi-staged performance in Boston), and eventually comes to the memorable and quotable determination that "VALIS is one of the brightest and most intelligent of new American operas." Wow.

"There is no monotony or meagreness of sound," Porter goes on. "The score is cast in numbers that build into two well-shaped, carefully paced acts. There are cross-references; there is variety of tempo, texture, tone, and intensity. A full production is being planned, to open in Tokyo next season [spring or summer 1990] and then travel to Los Angeles, New York, and Boston."

As for the novel, which he takes the trouble to read: "Anyone impatient of mystical mumbo-jumbo...has a hard time at first with Dick's VALIS. I wonder what Edward Hussey, the Oxford classical scholar oft cited in VALIS, makes of it all. But Dick has a sense of humor along with a keen sense of his muddlepot characters' puzzles and pain, and does not ask for a reader's acceptance of more than that they believe such stuff. The novel soon grips one. And it is perhaps no bad thing to be reminded of mysteries that others do wrestle with."

Okay. A number of PKDSers attended the two sold out "semi-staged" (more concert than theater) performances of VALIS at The Cube (Villers Experimental Media Facility) at MIT in Cambridge, Mass, June 16 and 17, 1989. The cast was the same as on the recording; the opera's composer and author, Tod Machover, conducted the music. Alan Lansky, a graduate student at the Media Lab ("we are developing the technologies that Philip K. Dick wrote about in many of his science fiction novels"), found the performance "quite wonderful—Patrick Mason (Horselover Fat) was very good and his technical skills were clear." Bryan Cholfin, on the other hand, "can't say I was overwhelmed. Lots of references to Wagner, but lacking in any feeling of being an epic of its own." Marc Librescu sent along the Boston Globe review, which he says is "pretty accurate"; the headline is "The flawed but fascinating VALIS." The review begins, "VALIS is the kind of ambitious failure that is infinitely more significant than the facile success that can result from taking no risks. History may well record that VALIS was a signal event in the operatic life of our time—it opens on vast and uncharted vistas of possibility."

Climps on VALIS were also sent in by John Fairchild, Terry Floyd, Chris Gordon, Paul Spencer, Doug Mackey, Chris Farmer, Greg Anderson, Jim Taylor, Michael McCormick, Becky Starobin of Bridge Records, and others whose names I've lost. Thanks! The stuff included a review on National Public Radio's Fresh Air (enthusiastic with qualifications), write-ups in Omnii, Musical America twice (negative in 11/88, very positive in 3/89: "VALIS in its final form [i.e. the revised recorded version vs. the Paris performance] has become a work of bold imagination, strongly individual personality, and undeniable emotional impact—short, a major contribution to the American musical stage"), Opera News (feature piece in the 7/89 issue), Ovation ("despite the impossibly complicated story, VALIS is accessible, inventive and compelling"), CD Review ("I, for one, can't wait to see it. In the meantime I plan to return with pleasure again and again to this terrific world premiere recording"), Stereo 3 (Japan), the Oakland Tribune, and even Information Center ("the magazine for managers of end-user computing")

The J.T.'s daily paper The Tech calls the June performance "simply terrific." There's a Machover interview and review in a paper called The Fax, a long piece on Machover that appeared before the performance in the Boston Globe ("I'm dying to keep writing operas, that's for sure"), and a review in the Boston Phoenix by the same writer who did the NPR piece (criticizes the sentimentality, praises the "exuberant, vivid performance"). Almost all of these write-ups talk about PKD and the novel, and usually there is some kind of synopsis of his "pink light" experience. Meanwhile the novel is out of print in the United States! Incidentally, if you haven't bought the CD or cassette yet, you should know that not only is the music delightful, the 64-page accompanying booklet, including libretto, photos, and a three-page bio of PKD, is superb. There's a nice description of Phil's relationship with, knowledge of, and love for music: "He believed
in the power of music to transmit human ideas as completely as words can. Situations in his novels are often characterized by what music is doing at the time. For example, the plot of "The Three-Body Problem" is often described as being driven by the music of Westworld, "canopus in flux," for an entire novel, just as Dowland songs are for FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID, or Wagner's Parsifal is for VALIS.* (If you just want the booklet—and I'm not sure whether it comes with the cassette or just with the CD—it's available separately for $6. Try Ziesing.)

FLOW Play to Be Published. Linda Hartman's dramatization of PKD's novel FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID, which has been performed by Mabou Mines in Boston and New York and by the Prop Theater in Chicago (see Dan Sutherland's article in this issue), will be published, probably in 1990, by the Dramatic Publishing Company of Woodstock, Illinois, a leading theatrical publisher. Dramatic will also be leasing stock and amateur acting rights to the play. This means that it will become available to be performed by local theater groups, amateur and professional.

We'll let you know when the play is actually published and available; I believe licensing is available through Dramatic starting now.

VALIS Trilogy Omnibus Planned by Book Club. The Quality Paperback Book Club and the Book-of-the-Month Club have contracted to publish an omnibus edition in the U.S. of PKD's "VALIS Trilogy": VALIS, THE DIVINE INVASION, and THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER. The current plan is for QPB to offer its members a $12.95 trade paperback combining the three novels; there is at least a possibility of a hardcover edition through Book-of-the-Month club as well. More details as they become available... This omnibus will not be sold through bookstores.

PKD Award. The 1989 Philip K. Dick Award for best original science fiction paperback was shared by two novelists: Rudy Rucker for Wetware (he also won the first PKD Award, in 1983, for Software; this novel's a sequel) and Paul J. McAuley for 400 Billion Stars, his first novel. Rucker's an American, McAuley is British. The respective publishers (in the U.S.) were Avon and Del Rey.

Media Attention. The interesting item this time around, apart from all the aforementioned VALIS Opera stuff, is a full-page feature on PKD in the (Village) Voice Literary Supplement, August 1989, by Erik Davis. (Dick got similar VLS "icon" treatment before, Gregory Sundow's 1982 piece; either the editors forgot or it's that old 7-year-Dick-boom cycle striking again.) The piece is called "Technomancer" (subhead: "Philip K. Dick's Signal Achievements") and is embellished with a recommended reading box (STIGMATA, SCANNER, DJ, ANDROIDS, TOJO, VALIS) and a cropped Frank Ronan photo of PKD (made suitably weird, at least on my copy, by a fold in the magazine that bulges Phil's eyes forward ominously).

It's an irritating essay, praising Phil with words he would not have appreciated: "back," "crazed," "overblown," "schizo vision." But it does add up to an intriguing overview of who he was as a novelist and why he matters, and will undoubtedly inspire a few new readers to investigate, some of whom will probably be very glad they did. There are some useful insights here. I have to admit that I've read so many introductory essays on PKD that they all start to sound like parodies of each other, even the good parts: "Driven by what he called 'divine discontent,' Dick howled in his dystopic wilderness against the powers that be." ("You see, Harvey, I told you this was a dystopic wilderness. Right here on Civic Center Drive! It's your catbox, Harvey. They have infiltrated your catbox...") "Technology only inscribed for Dick the signals, noise, distortion, and overlapping frequencies that we are already simultaneously trapped in and estranged from." ("He says there's something wrong with the phone, Harv. Now my agent's never going to call, and we're not gonna get any money to buy new kitty litter...")

Davis tells us Dick is "a particular favorite among scrouny underground rock bands like Sonic Youth and the Revolver Motherfuckers," and indeed RJ Smith's "Swing Shift" column from the April 4, '89 Voice (sent to me by Jett, Robert Getz, and several others whose names I've lost) features the RMFs going on at length about PKD. Bassist Big John Terhorst, formerly a DJ on a gospel station in Florida, says "I'm a real fan, have been for years," and goes on inarticulately but endearingly for several column inches. Oddly, PKD seems to inspire a fervent sense of Social Responsibility (and Spiritual Commitment) in persons who absolutely would not take the same medicine from any other source. The Revolver Motherfuckers promise another Dick tribute on their next lp, to follow up "Dr. Bloodmoney" on Route 666.

Meanwhile (love that word) Elvis Costello uses the phrase "It's very Philip K. Dick" after trying to explain the lyrics of "Satellite" from his current album, Spike (New Musical Express, Feb. 18, 1989): "A woman goes into a phone booth which is really a blue screen where she can be superimposed onto any TV special of her own choice. But in order to have this moment of glory she's gotta be in a peep show, revealed to this slimy guy who's watching her on tv, and he's on tv too, watched by other voyeurs who haven't got the courage of his lust. It's very Philip K. Dick." OK. (Thanks RG)

Colin MacFarlane, John Dowie, and Colin Greenleand himself sent along copies of Colin G.'s review of THE BROKEN BUBBLE from the (London) Sunday Times book section, 6 Aug. '89. "It's a good job. I like the opening: "As they pass someone else's front yard, Rachael Emmanual, three months married and pregnant, 17, breaks into a mad dash. For more than 10 years her senior, a man who is not her husband, though Rachael has been trying to persuade him he should be...."

"Put it back," he tells her.

"It won't go back," she says.

"THE BROKEN BUBBLE is a novel about consequences." The piece ends, "Tidiness was never one of Dick's virtues... But for the emotional electricity of the unstated, and the subtlety of his play with the most unstable material, he has few equals."

David Barrett wrote a very nice review of the first two volumes of the COLLECTED STORIES (UK) in the Independent, July 15, '89 ("these volumes form a fitting tribute to a great philosophical writer."). And there's another enthusiastic BROKEN BUBBLE review in the Sept 1 Bristol Venue by Robin Askew (supplied by Adrian Clay). By contrast, the Washington Post tore into THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL (and its editor) in a March 26, '89 review ("much of it is nearly unreadable"). Clipping supplied by Eric Martin; I'm not sure who the displeased reviewer was.

Forced Exposure #15 (summer '89) was more friendly towards THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL ("while not for the initiated, this is in many ways the most astounding PKD 'secondary source' material yet"), and also offers reviews of The Secret Ascension, Wetware, Blaylock's Last Coin, a rave review of Lewis Shiner's Deserted Cities of the Heart (next on my reading list), and an interview with K. W. Jeter ("The Pseudo-Father of Steampunk Confessers")—good conversation, no revelations. Jeff Makos sent this along, with an interview with Stuart Hamm from the Sept. Gunz Player, which reveals that his new album, Kings of Sleep, is inspired by William Gibson's work, as his last album, Radio Free Albemuth, was inspired by his love for PKD's writing.

And Makos also dug up some new and ancient book references to PKD's work, never before acknowledged in this compendium of arch trivia—this line from Robert Christgau's 1981 volume, Christgau's Record Guide, in a review of a Paul Kantner/Jefferson Starship album: "Does Philip K. Dick actually like this stuff?" And then on pp. 86-87 of Gene Sculatti's The Catalog of Cool (1982), Jim Trombetta lists five examples of "Sci-Fi's Cool School," one of which is MARTIAN TIME-SLIP ("Perhaps the best-realized novel by the late, irreplaceable Mr. Dick...moves with the grace of an inspired improvisation to one of the most bizarre happy endings in fiction."). Finally there's the "Old Good Reading Guide" in Science Fiction and Fantasy, by M.H. Zol, published in the UK in '89. P. 45 starts the PKD entry, with his middle name misspelled
PKD as Jules Verne. Yes, friends, this is that wonderful part of the news column where we report on the newspaper clippings you've sent in indicating how the (usually nightmarish, sometimes just absurd) imaginative projections included in PKD's science fiction stories are in fact becoming reality. Kind of like a body count, little indications that maybe it's us and not Runciter who really died, if ya know what I mean. Uh...

A fixture in many Philip K. Dick novels, for example UBIK, is the homeopape, basically a box that lets you dial up instant news in whatever category you select. Andy Watson provides a Wall Street Journal story (10/6/89) about MCI Communications and USA Today teaming up to provide "tomorrow's news today" via fax machine--"A reader would punch in codes on the telephone pad that correspond with specific topics such as national news, business or sports. The reports would be pulled from a USA Today computer and transmitted by fax. There's something in this piece too about 'voice response technology'...

"This isn't gossip," Joe Chip said to the 'pape machine.' This is speculation about fiscal transactions. Today I want to read about which TV star is sleeping with whose drug-addicted wife.' The 'pape machine said, 'Set the dial for low gossip.' He did so and a second scroll, excreted by the 'pape machine without delay, emerged--"

John Workman sent in several clippings: one reminds him of an incident in NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR (he admits he may have the novel wrong) where a surgeon's tool burrows into a patient's chest on its own--"Japanese scientists have begun developing a tiny robot to move inside the human body to treat diseased tissue." Another brings more unhappy confirmation that the day of the Theodorus Niz commercial (from THE SIMULACRA) is upon us: "When Archie McDaniel walked into the Chief Auto Parts store in Gardena the other day, all he wanted was some STP oil treatment for his overheated car. But while he walked down the store aisle, his body motion was quickly detected by an infrared device that suddenly blurted out a message--first in English, then in Spanish. The message asked him to purchase a bottle of Turtle Wax...Another manufacturer has also found a way to put a human voice onto a computer chip that will be placed inside mailed advertisements. 'At what point,' asks Greg Wood of Diagnostic Research, 'will the clutter become so bad that it will eventually sound like everybody is running around in an airport?'"

After that, a welcome Workman blast from the past, from a 1933 Popular Mechanics ad: "Sensational! Tire Repair Discovery! Re-Treads Tires for as low as 75 cents. Repairs Worn Spots for a Few Pennies. Pays Agents up to $6 an Hour."

And James Lindbloom sends in a New York Times clipping ("can't recall if a service like this appeared in any of Phil's novels, but if it didn't, it should've!") about a drive-through funeral service in Chicago, with cameras and a sound system that lets you see a "live" head shot of your friend or relative in their coffin, shown on a television screen visible from your car. "The picture lasts three seconds, but visitors can push a button to request to see the loved one over and over again."

Gary Cooper researched the Greenhouse Effect question rather carefully and finds that awareness of a possible problem goes back more than a century. But it has only been seriously discussed the past 10 or 12 years, but it can't be considered a PKD prediction (I brought up the question re: THREE STIGMATA), just a case of having his ear to the ground, sensitive to modern anxieties before they made the hit parade.

Finally, John Fairchild supplies a cover story from Omni (12/88) called "Transcending Science," which he probably sends as additional information on temporal lobe epilepsy (some suggestion that St. Paul could have been a sufferer!) and other current scientific "explanations" of mystical experiences...but which also fits into this news department with its report that "a helmet for inducing mystical states already exists as a prototype in the lab." This reminds us of the Penfield mood machine in DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? even before author Dennis Stacy goes on to tell us about American surgeon William Penfield, who in 1933 "put his epileptic patients under local anesthesia."
While they were still conscious, he opened their scalps and exposed their brains. He instructed them to report any thoughts or feelings. Using a wire charged with a 60-volt direct current, he found he could elicit vivid memories or evoke a crescendo of visual, auditory, and olfactory hallucinations; feelings of sadness or fear; and sensations of detachment from the environment and the self. "We're getting into "Electric Ant" territory here...in fact I have Grant Fjermedal's hard science book The Tomorrow Makers by my bed, about the race to download the contents of the human mind into a computer housed within a robotic body so that we will never have to die," and I'm finding it harder and harder to determine where science fiction leaves off and science begins. Maybe Phil's great contribution was that he was a philosopher showing us how to ask these new questions, how to think about and talk about these previously unimagined realms. As Iran puts it on the first page of ANDROIDS, "Keep your hands off my settings. I don't want to be awake."

Blade Runner Dept. PKD told Gregg Rickman, based on a brief TV preview of Blade Runner, that "Trumbull [the special effects guy] has totally caught the Phil Dick desolated urban environment of tomorrow; it was as if my brain was projecting its worldview onto my TV screen!" John Fairchild has sent me several clips that indicate the continuing influence of BR's visualization of the future. Robert Hilburn in the LA Times, commenting on the $18 million set built for the Rolling Stones' 1989 U.S. tour, says, "The set itself is spectacular: a vaguely disturbing scene of urban decay not far from the dark, menacing vision of Blade Runner." Mick Jaggers made the same association; the New York Times quotes him: "This set is very hard, and tough, and very urban. It evoked to me a bit of Blade Runner. You see such things from an airplane or on the freeway. It's very much an urban mess, sort of glamorized." And the Wall Street Journal, in a feature story on the future of Los Angeles, says, "A stark look at the motion picture industry's hometown, the 1982 film Blade Runner, finds the city of the future not a dream, but a polyglot nightmare, a Third World horror where the poor live in dingy streets beneath soaring skyscrapers for the wealthy. Cars clutter the streets. Even the climate has changed: The air seeps rain under a cloud of pollution. So frighteningly real was Hollywood's vision of a future Los Angeles that 'the Blade Runner scenario' has become shorthand for planners and economists describing unbridled development.

Frank Robinson in the March 1989 Locus has an interesting update on the film itself: "A recent purchase of the shooting script reveals what I suspected—Deckard, the Harrison Ford character, was a replicant himself. Deckard's last voice-over as he and Rachel are driving up the coast, hotly pursued by Gaff: 'I knew it on the roof that night. We were brothers, Roy Batty and I! Combat models of the highest order. We had fought in wars not yet dreamed of...in vast nightmares still unnamed. We were the new people...Roy and me and Rachel! We were made for this world. It was ours!"

"Which means [Robinson goes on] Ford was playing a replicant and instead of deserving criticism for a 'wooden' performance, probably merits high praise for a nuance-laden top-notch portrayal of an alien. It may also account for his strangely flat delivery of the voiceover, now obviously deliberate and well thought-out. Why the change in endings? Probably because preview audiences wouldn't buy it...There are other changes between the film and the 'shooting script,' which is a shame because what is a classic now could have been even more of one. Maybe someday somebody will 'restore' it."

Wendell Wagner, Jr., calls our attention to the very informative six-page entry on Blade Runner in the book Cult Movies 3 by Danny Peary (Fireside, 1988), which discusses the differences between the novel and the film and goes through the history of the film's options and the changes in scripts (drawing on Dick's 1981 Starlog interview). Peary cites his own interview with Ridley Scott in Omni's ScreenFlights/ScreenFantasies (1984) in which Scott spoke of PKD's visit to the set: "Dick was more than delighted—I think he was stunned by the look of our environment. He said it was exactly how he had envisioned the world with which we were dealing." Peary has evidently seen a copy of PKD's Feb. 15, 1981 SelectTV Guide article; I'm still looking for a Xerox of this...

Notices. *Philip K. Dick first editions for sale or trade. Also some wanted. Send a self-addressed envelope & your list to Keith Bowden, 47 Park Avenue, Barking, Essex, IG11 8QU, ENGLAND.*** // Recently Andy Watson forwarded to me a letter from a Japanese fan who is interested in visiting Phil Dick's grave in Fort Morgan, Colorado. I have visited the grave once, and plan to make another trip there on December 16, Dick's birthday. If there are others interested in visiting the grave then [as this issue will probably not reach most of you before Dec. 16–ed], they are welcome to contact me. I would also be willing to act as a guide to the grave at other times, given advance notice. —David Curtis, 1565 S. Pennsylvania, Denver, CO 80210; phone (303) 722-4160.

*If you have had problems with Science Fiction Eye, please write them again—they have a new person handling the mail and a new address: SF Eye, PO Box 43244, Washington, DC 20010-9244.*** // *I operate a small comics, etc. shop, Electric Eye, in Ellensburg, Washington, where PKDS members receive 10% off anything, anytime. —Daniel Deranleau *** // Jean-Louis Durand invites PKDS members to contact him if by chance they are travelling near Lisignan ("a very small town near Poitiers where hardly anything at all ever happens"); his address is 1 rue Olivier de Serres, 86600 Lisignan, France.

*I have a number of rarer PKD pb's from the 50's that I would be glad to trade for more recent pb first editions that I can't locate; would be willing to swap want lists. —Harry R. Gerds, Box 216, Park City, UT 84060 (612-335-6).* Despite extraordinary efforts to organize a Philip K. Dick Symposium the committee did not succeed... We thank all the people who shared our interest in promoting Dick in Germany and regret we must frustrate them now. —Michael Iwoleit, Horst Pukullus (May 1989)

*Chris Drum B Books has a new plan where you pay $10 for a membership and he'll sell you new paperbacks and hardcovers at a 30% discount. For info: PO Box 445, Polk City, IA 50226.*** // *Chris Tannlund is involved with a local group of PKD fans in the St. Louis area; for info contact him at 1914 Yale #1 South, St. Louis, MO 63143.*

Survey Results. *Interzone #30, July/August 1989, reports the results of a readers' poll. In one category readers were asked to list their "top five all-time best science fiction authors"—Philip K. Dick came in first, followed by Arthur C. Clarke, J. G. Ballard, Isaac Asimov, and Robert Heinlein.

Pascal Thomas reports on another poll, in Carnage Mondain, a "self-proclaimed cyberpunk fanzine from Lyon." Readers voted on the top 100 SF/fantasy books. Lord of the Rings placed #1, UBIK was #2, Simak's City #3. Other PKD titles on the list: THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE (#32), A SCANNER DARKLY (#79), CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOONE (#81), THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDritch (#87).

David Garnett supplies a column from the Observer (April 16, 1989) called "The Experts' Expert"; in this case Maxim Jakubowski asks 12 "leading writers of the genre whom of their fellow authors they think belong in space to the future. Among them mention PKD: Norman Spinrad ("For me, Philip K. Dick was one of the great writers of this century, and not just of science fiction"), David Wingrove ("I also love Philip K. Dick for the way he handled ideas"), Lisa Tuttle (PKD was one of four who most influenced her when she was younger, and made her want to write), Ian Watson, and Brian Aldiss ("Dick treated us to the unique pleasure of watching his talent unfolding through all those astonishing novels of black humour he wrote"). Interestingly, Asimov and Bob Shaw both cite Robert Sheckley as their personal favorite. Aldiss puts Doris Lessing first. And Spinrad calls Kim Stanley Robinson's The Gold Coast one of the best SF books of recent years.

One more: Heavy Metal asked HM artists to name their favorite sf/fantasy/adventure film. Five of the 23 (including Boris Vallejo) chose Blade Runner.
Deep Miscellany. Errors in VALIS (uncovered by the indefatigable John Fairchild): I. There are three places in VALIS where the movie Valis is written as VALIS. The hardback pages (with pb pages) are 153 (141), 156 (144) and 180 (167). II. Bottom of p. 192 (178): "Kevin and I glanced at him."! Kevin glanced at Kevin? Should be David. III. Bottom of p. 226 (211): "I lack Kevin's faith..." He's speaking of David. David has the faith.

New in Spain: PODEMOS CONSTRUIRLE (WE CAN BUILD YOU), published by Martinez Roca in trade paper, translated by Rafael Marín Trechera. New in Japan: NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR, published by Sogensha, translated by Goichi Terachi and Naotake Takagi. A review in one of Japan's leading newspapers, the Asahi Shimbun, notes the Dick Boom of 1982, when VALIS and The Blade Runner appeared in Japan, and suggests that with the proliferation of studies of Dick's work, interview collections, and plans for translations of previously unpublished works, a revival of sorts is underway. The review ends by saying of NWFLY, "While portraying the many realities of the American '60s, its density of unique SF ideas is superb." (Thanks to John G. Russell.)

More from Japan: the article "PKD's Blade Runner," from PKDS 18, appeared in the fanzine Paradox #27, translated by Hitokoto Akiyama and Yasuko Kuriyama. Another fanzine, Tsuki-Neko Dohri (Moon-Cat Street) published "Rautavaara's Case" in #2039 and "Strange Eden" and "How to Build A Universe" in #2042. Translator: Masashi Takakuwa. And THE ZAP GUN was published by Sogensha in July, a few months after NWFLY; translated by Nozomi Ohmori (Thanks, H.A.)

Douglas Mackey's critical work Philip K. Dick (Twayne) tied for #14 in the Best Rated Related-Fiction category of the Locus poll.

Ferret, whose art was once seen all over this newsletter, illustrated and (along with a certain well-known character from a PKD novel) may have had something else to do with Alligator Alley, a decidedly bizarre novel by Mink Mole & Dr. Adder (introduction by John Shirley), published by Morrigan Publications, 26 St. Paul's Drive, Scotforth, Lancaster, L14 4SR, UK.

King Felix's new cassette Owl Plane Crash has arrived here; startling and original New Music (instrumental but not New Age). Some accompanying material indicates that KE is one person, who took the name at least as far back as '86: he's a composer, live performer, and also a visual artist. In the Miami Metropolis he says, "King Felix is a literary reference. I don't know how specific I should be. People will know what the reference is. People who have read Philip K. Dick. It's used as a kind of watch word, and I guess that's how I'm using it--as a watch word." The tape is recommended by PKDS. For info: Esync Ocular Interchange, PO Box 380621, Miami, FL 33238.

Benjamin Creme, whose announcement of the imminent return of the Christ fascinated PKD during the last months of his life, bores me (though I approve of his politics), but I'll pass along the info (dug up by Greg Anderson; D.S. Black also sent along a Creme clip) that the Jan/Feb 1988 issue of Share International, the journal of the Maitreyan gang, includes (p. 39) Creme answering a question about the "ray-gun structure and pigeon evolution" of PKD. He refers to a letter he received from Phil: "When warned by fundamentalist friends that Maitreyan could be the anti-christ he said, 'If the anti-christ is concerned with justice and ending world hunger and misery, then I'm on the side of the anti-christ!'" I don't find this in the carbons of Phil's letters to Creme, but something similar is in Rickman's Last Testament.

Old news, but I think I might have missed it: Martian Time-Slip, a play written and directed by Joel Gersmann and based on the novel by PKD, was performed by the Broom Street Theater in Madison, Wisconsin, from September 18 to October 25, 1987. Jeff Myers writes, "It was this play (and an accompanying talk by Dr. Pat Warrick) that really inspired me to read all of the PKD I could get my hands on. It's a remarkable production. I now know that it also followed the book closely in letter and spirit and improved upon it in many ways."

The New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater recently presented Carnage, written by Adam Simon and Tim Robbins. Simon, who wrote and directed the film Paranoia for Roger Corman, describes himself in the Playbill as "an heir to the Paranoid School of American genre writing (progenitors include Cornell Woolrich, H.P. Lovecraft and Philip K. Dick)." (Thanks, Leah Lail.)

Left out of the Media section: "Misha's Points of Impact" in the May '89 New Pathways leads off with a page-long review of THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL which is also an impassioned political rant. She likes the book.

Long-time PKD aficionado Lou Stathis has written a Heavy Metal Graphic Novel called The Venus Interface ($4.50 at comic shops)--the dedication acknowledges "Dick's EYE IN THE SKY (not to mention everything else he wrote, the collective cerebral marinade of which performs constant inspirational service)." Lou in a letter adds that the Fowler Dix section is a sort of homage to TIME OUT OF JOINT, and that he gave the artist for that section photos of young PKD to work from.

Gary Walkow's film The Trouble with Dick (see PKDS #15) has been released to theaters, at least in L.A., where it got a most unfriendly review in the L.A. Times. (Thanks, Greg Lee.) Another J. Workman clip (source unknown) indicates that a group called Les Quatre Guitaristes de L'Apocalypso Bar pay homage to PKD on their album Fin Du Siecle--I believe they're Quebecois, more than that I don't know, but the review's favorable.

Harold Cope Collon is putting together a collection of critical essays on Dick for the French publisher (small press) Encrage, which will include the Apel/Briggs interview from The Dream Connection and a new introduction by Norman Spinrad. It will appear probably in fall 1990.

Michael Kandel's Strange Inversions is advertised on its cover as "a novel of rare humor in the spirit of Philip K. Dick." The Washington Post comments, "By God, so it is." The author is known for his translations of Stanislaw Lem; his novel, which is short, sounds like it's worth checking out. (Thanks to C.R. Sloane.)

Rafael Bini sent along a copy of his book Patria Gotica; he writes from Buenos Aires, "It includes almost all my poetry production of '88, and has been inspired by an imaginary dialogue with our common friend P.D. (you'll find references for this along the whole book)." There is in particular a poem called "A Philip Dick." Looks good. (Ediciones La Lampara Errante)

Slawomir Osada sent along the second issue of his fanzine Deneb, including a Polish translation of "A Little Something for Us Tempunauts" and a short biography of PKD. He welcomes correspondents: ul Obroncow Westerplatte 7/30, 91-809 Lodz, POLAND.

And finally, no issue complete without news of another Ubik music company--Manny Rettinger writes from New Mexico that he has an independent label called Ubik Sound that does cassettes of NM folk and rock and roll. Gary Cooper, also of Albuquerque, fills us in further by sending a 1987 interview (from a U of NM mag) that indicates that the first releases were in '86. It's an echoic label--including a poetry album by Philip Whalen--the interview starts, "UBIK is the title of a science fiction book by one of my favorite authors, Philip K. Dick. All of a sudden it just hit, that was the name for the cassette label. It makes sense: having music from all around New Mexico but not being stylistically oriented." For more info, or a catalog: Manny Rettinger, 125 Buena Vista S.E., Albuquerque, NM 87106.

Keep those letters and clippings coming in, please--I'd rather get four copies of an item than none, and some people actually seem to read this stuff. Thanks, everyone.

--Paul Williams
Here I am, almost forty years old. Seventeen years ago I sold my first story, a great and wonderful moment in my life which will never come again. By 1954 I was known as a short story writer; in June 1953 I had seven stories on the stands, including one in Analog, Galaxy and F&SF, and so on down. Ah, 1954. I wrote my first novel, SOLAR LOTTERY; it sold 150,000 copies of itself and then vanished, only to reappear a few years ago. It was reviewed well, except in Galaxy. Tony Boucher liked it; so did Damon Knight. But I wonder why I wrote it – it and the twenty-four novels since. Out of love, I suppose; I love science fiction, both to read it and to write it. We who write it do not get paid very much. This is the harsh and overwhelming truth: writing sf does not pay, and so writer after writer either dies trying to earn a living or leaves the field...to go into another, unrelated field, as for example Frank Herbert, who works for a newspaper and writes Hugo-winning sf in his spare time. I wish I could do that: hold an unrelated job and write sf after dinner each night, or early in the dawn. Then the pressure would be off. Let me tell you about that pressure. The average sf novel obtains between fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars. Hence a sf writer who can write two novels a year – and sell them – gets back between three and four thousand dollars a year...which he can’t live on. He can try, instead, to write three novels a year, plus a number of stories. With luck, and unending effort, he can raise his income to about six thousand dollars a year. At best, I have managed to earn twelve thousand in one year; usually it runs less, and the effort of trying to bring in more money collapses me for as long as two years on end. During these two-year dry periods the only money coming in is for what are called “residuals.” These include foreign sales, reprint in paperback, magazine serialization, TV and radio purchases, etc. It is awful, these dry periods, when you exist on the uncertain drip drop of residuals. For example, an air mail letter arrives from one’s agent. It contains royalty payments in the sum of $1.67. And the next week an air mail letter comes with a check for $4.50. And yet we who write sf go on, to some extent. As I say, it’s love for the field.

What is it about sf that draws us? What is sf anyhow? It grips fans; it grips editors; it grips writers. And none make any money. When I ponder this I see always in my mind Henry Kuttner’s Fairy Chessmen with its opening paragraph, the doorknob that winks at the protagonist. When I ponder this I also see – outside my mind, right beside my desk – a complete file of Unknown and Unknown Worlds, plus Astounding back to October 1933...these being guarded by a nine-hundred-pound fireproof file cabinet, separated from the world, separated from life. Hence separated from decay and wear. Hence separate from time. I paid $390 for this fireproof file which protects these magazines. After my wife and daughter these mean more to me than anything else I own – or hope to own.

The magic that grips us is in there, in the file. I have captured it, whatever it is.

As to my own writing. Reading it does not mean anything to me, all considerations as to how good it is or isn’t, what I do well and what I do badly (such as putting in the kitchen sink, as Ted Sturgeon phrased it, in regard to THE THREE STIGMATA). What matters to me is the writing, the act of manufacturing the novel, because while I am doing it, at that particular moment, I am in the world I’m writing about. It is real to me, completely and utterly. Then, when I’m finished, and have to stop, withdraw from that world forever – that destroys me. The men and women have ceased talking. They no longer move. I’m alone, without much money, and, as I said before, nearly forty. Where is Mr. Tagomi, the protagonist in MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE? He has left me; we are cut off from each other. To read the novel does not restore Mr. Tagomi, place him once again where I can hear him talk. Once written, the novel speaks generally to everyone, not specifically to me. When a novel of mine comes out I have no more relationship to it than has anyone who reads it – far less, in fact, because I have the memory of Mr. Tagomi and all the others...Gino Molinari, for example, in NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR, or Leo Bulero in THREE STIGMATA. My friends are dead, and as much as I love my wife, daughter, cat – none of these nor all of these are enough. The vacuum is terrible. Don’t write for a living; sell shoelaces. Don’t let it happen to you.

I promise myself: I will never write another novel. I will never again imagine people from whom I will eventually be cut off. I tell myself this...and, secretly and cautiously, I begin another book.

- Philip K. Dick
This is the 22nd/23rd issue of the Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter, dated December 1989.
Our address is: PKDS, Box 611, Glen Ellen, CA 95442 USA.

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Double issue? What's the big idea? Ah ha, you say, now even the good old PKD Society is ripping me off! Can't count on anything any more. This is probably true, but let me explain our side of things: the economics of PKDS is figured on a 14-page issue, more or less. Changing typeset (much more readable, you must admit) and, this time, a huge pile-up of "news" items, have brought about three 20-page issues in a row (a 40-page pamphlet = a 20-page issue in printing costs and postage). In order to keep our cash-flow functional, it became necessary to declare a double issue. What about the future? Probably the sensible thing would be to change the subscription rate to $6/3 issues, which is about how many we really put out in a year, but it sounds funny to me, so I'm waffling. $8/4? Better renew before I make up my mind.

This newsletter is available only to members of the Philip K. Dick Society. Membership is $6.00 per year, anywhere in the world. Overseas members who wish airmail subscriptions instead of surface mail pay $10.00 per year. A year is defined as four issues of the newsletter, however long we take to put 'em out. Back issues are available in sets: 1-4, 5-8, 11-14, 15-18, 19-23. Each set is $10, postpaid, except 19-23, which is $12.50. #9/10, the 90-minute cassette of Philip K. Dick, is sold out. Single copies of this issue are $5. Make checks payable to PKDS. Overseas send cash, or checks payable through a U.S. bank. All sums in U.S. dollars only, please, unless you are doing business with one of our local representatives.

U.K. members: send £3.5 (or £6 for airmail) to Keith Bowden, 47 Park Avenue, Barking, Essex, IG11 8QU, England. Make all cheques payable to "The Philip K. Dick Society." // In Australia, send A$10. (or A$16. for air) to Gabriel McCann, 39 Cox Ave., Bondi Beach, Sydney 2026, NSW. Make cheques payable to him.

Editor: Paul Williams. Managing Editor: Andy Watson. Editorial assistants: Robert Lichtman, Donna Nassar. Thanks also to Rick Cuevas, Mark and Karen Hoffmeister, Blair Miller, John Fairchild, Gregg Rickman, Jonathan Lethem, D. S. Black, Cab Covay, Lenny Bailes, Marty Halpern, and Jim Warshauer. PKDS logo by Jay Kinney. Entire contents of this newsletter are copyright © 1989 by the estate of Philip K. Dick. Copyrights are hereby assigned to individual contributors. Letters and items for the news column are always welcome; forgive us for not being able to write back most of the time.

PKDS Database Summary

These charts show the current membership status for the society as of November 11, 1989. Counted are those members who are paid through Newsletter Issue #20 or greater. There are about 600 others who have contacted PKDS for information but not joined or who have allowed their memberships to lapse with #19 or before.

1 Argentina, Austria, Cyprus, Greece, Ireland, Mexico, Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, and Yugoslavia
2 Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, and New Zealand
3 Poland and USSR
4 Italy and Switzerland
5 Sweden
6 Canada
7 United Kingdom
8 Non-USA (252)
9 Australia
10 Scotland
11 France
12 Japan
13 West Germany
14 Canada
15 United Kingdom excluding Scotland (above)
16 USA by state (887)