The True Stories of
Phil, Dick, and Doctor Dick
The Three Sigmata of
The Five Break-ins of
Burgling the Most Brilliant Sci-Fi Mind on Earth—It Is Earth, Isn’t It?
By Paul Williams

November 17th, 1971. Philip K. Dick, a brilliant novelist well known in science fiction circles, unlocked the front door of his house in San Rafael, California, and turned on the living room lights. His stereo was gone. The floor was covered with water and pieces of asbestos. The fireproof 1100-pound asbestos-and-steel filing cabinet that protected his precious manuscripts had been blown apart by powerful explosives.

"Thank God," he thought to himself. "Thank God! I guess I'm not crazy after all."

There’s something about ordinary reality that causes it to go all shimmery in the presence of Philip K. Dick. Phil Dick is a science fiction writer, has been for 24 years, and the common theme that runs through all his stories is, “Things are seldom what they seem” — a line Phil repeated several times during my three-day stay at his house last year. He lives in Fullerton, Orange County, California, obviously the natural place for a brilliant writer to go after being driven out of semi-suburban San Rafael by forces beyond his comprehension. The new home is less than ten miles from Disneyland.

Philip K. Dick is unknown in America outside the science fiction subculture, but in Europe and especially France, he is widely regarded as one of the greatest living American novelists. Most of his 36 books are constantly in print in Germany, France and Britain, and in Jean-Pierre Gorin, a respected French film director, is trying to raise money for a major Hollywood movie of a Dick novel titled Ubik.

Perhaps Phili’s vision of America is just too accurate to be fully appreciated here. But Dick fans believe it’s a matter of timing. Most of them think Dick is now on the edge of a popularity surge similar to what happened to Kurt Vonnegut in the late Sixties. If so, a whirlwind of doubt, horror and laughter is stalking America, ready to blow off the pages of some of the most peculiar and loving books ever written in this country.

"Oh Paul, it’s so good to hear from you, my friend. Awful things happened to me since I saw you. Somebody just got me back about a year ago. I came home and found my films blown open with plastic military explosives, windows smashed in, doorknobs smashed, everything of value gone, such as stereo, business records and canceled checks, correspondence and papers, rubble everywhere. I never was able to really live there afterward because of the loss and damage. I got threatening phone calls later saying the next time it’d be worse. Two County Sheriff’s Department investigators came out, a lot of photos were taken, investigation and the like — one arrest much later, of a suspect, with my gun stolen from my files that night: I had bought it to protect myself, knowing the hit was coming. "I still don’t know who or why exactly; I’ve heard many theories. In the wet rubble on the floors: big combat boot footprints. A bunch of guys nudged the hit. They worked just and noisy. One informal theory: nearby are Birches, the Minutemen. It was a military-style operation, what they call search and seizure. I believe. The police informedally, ‘We don’t want a curtain here in Marin County. You better move away or you’ll get a bullet in your head some night. Or worse.’ I asked what the ‘or worse’ was and the police sergeant said, ‘You wouldn’t want to know.’ I didn’t what he suggested. I moved out of the county, all the way to Canada. I’ve never been back. "There were a couple of hostile people operating around me at the time, but I thought they were undercover narcotics agents and handled them as such. Evidently I was wrong. This is a story I’ve never told, a story I’m afraid, even a year later, to tell. Someone I’ll tell it, but my fear is enormous. I was told I wouldn’t live to give my speech at Baconsville. If you don’t, I was told, ‘someone posting as you will deliver it for you.’ Just remembering back I start shaking. I really didn’t expect to live to February, and told people to have fun. I was shaken. "I was shocked by deadly people playing a deadly game: I saw a lot of guns, explosives, silencers — they used blackmail on me, terror and psychological intimidation. It damn near worked. They threatened me with arrest and tried to tell me to get up again and go again on entrapment. Shit, Paul; I can’t write about it anymore, even to you. It was so fucking awful. They even tried to involve me in murder, conspiracy to commit murder, saying it was the only way I could save my own life. But I did get away. The fear remains, especially now, because by chance I’ve been held at more information about this illegal secret paramilitary organization that was haunting me there in Marin County, and I think I know what it consisted of. Not Minutemen or Panthers either one. Paul, it’s a neo-Nazi group."

(From a letter sent by Philip K. Dick to Paul Williams, November 11th, 1972)

Philip K. Dick has described his novels as books that “try to pierce the veil of what is only apparently real to find out what is really real.” He is very good at creating believable realities that then start coming unstacked. In Time Out of Joint, a Phil Dick novel published in 1959, the central character walks up to a soft drink stand in the middle of an ordinary day when suddenly the place vanishes before his eyes. All that’s left is to be a slip of paper with the words “soft drink stand” printed on it.

At the end of the book, after a series of increasingly horrifying, similar incidents, we are left with a character who isn’t living in 1959 at all, but in an imitation of 1959 built for his benefit in 1995 as a way of deluding him and thus overcoming his refusal to use his unique psychic powers in a global war. So, while our hero thinks he is solving 1959 newspaper puzzles for prize money, he is really locating the positions of 1995 enemy missiles.

It’s all marvelous, terrifying fun, especially if you’ve ever suspected that the world is an unreal construct built solely to keep you from knowing who you really are. Which it is, of course. Paranoia is true perception. Phil Dick is on the side of the crazy people, which makes him, indeed, a writer for our times.

Dick’s best-known novel is probably The Man in the High Castle, which won the Hugo Award for Best Science Fiction Novel of the Year in 1963. It’s about an alternate universe in which Germany and Japan won World War II and divided up America. Japan gets California, of course, and the Japanese bureaucrats and businessmen who come to govern the area bring with them a book called the I Ching, which, in 1861 when High Castle was written, was unheard of in America except by Jesuit scholars and students of Chinese literature. The people who knew who were involved in the I Ching in the mid-Sixties and who were turning other people on to it all first heard of the book by reading Phil Dick’s novel.

The Man in the High Castle is the sort of book—like Pynchon’s F. or Borges’ Labyrinths—that starts the reader with its flatness: its accuracy in matters of the heart and of the mind that are rarely discussed in print. There is a quality of imagination here, the ability to breathe life into an entirely separate reality and the people who inhabit it that is awesome. High Castle is like a crazy mirror reflection of our own reality, subtly illuminating the world we live in by drawing our attention to the points where the two worlds differ.

In the world of High Castle, everyone is reading a new book—banned by both the German authorities in the eastern U.S. and the Japanese in the West—called The Grasshopper Lies Heavy, by Hawthorne Abendson. Abendson’s book is about a world in which Roosevelt was not assassinated in 1933, and the United States and England won the Second World War. . . .

The plot is complex and fascinating, but unlike most science fiction, this book is concerned with people as well as events. Dick’s characters are extraordinary: Mr. Tagomi, the Japanese bureaucrat who freaks out when he realizes that evil is real, “It’s actual like cement”; Frank Frisk, the insecure gunsmith-turned-jeweler, a Jew hiding in San Francisco, Juliana Frink, Frank’s
beautiful, airhead ex-wife, now a judo instructor in the Rocky Mountain Free States... We are caught up in each person’s doubts, desires, his/her awareness of political and human realities.

Dick’s characters are all ultimately small (that is, ordinary, believable) people made big by their stamina in the face of an uncertain world. Dick cares about the people in his books—true, hecontrives horrible things to happen to them, but that is in some sense beyond his control; he is like a god condemned to watch his universe fall apart as fast as he creates them, with his poor beloved characters trapped inside—and ultimately we, the readers, empathize with the characters as much as the author does. We share their small triumphs and disappointments; we laugh at their absurd behavior because we recognize their anxieties as our own.

Philip K. Dick is 46 years old. I first met him in 1958 at the World Science Fiction Convention in Berkeley (the convention site changes each year; there’s a “Worldcon” on the West Coast every four years, on average). That was the year science fiction fandom belatedly discovered dope, and we all ran around the Claremont Hotel taking horse tranquillizers we thought were THC capsules. Phil was very clinical; he wanted to know how much each person had taken and what their symptoms were. Like most science fiction writers at conventions, he was wandering around looking monotonic when he grabbed up a ephegol (an “SE” subculture word, short for ‘ego boost,’ whose meaning and usefulness should be evident). I gave him an article I’d written for a Boston newspaper that called him “the Huxley of the Huxleyan 50th century.”

When I saw Phil again, in San Rafael in early 1970, he told me he was in a writer’s slump as the result of his doctor telling him to give up all amphetamines and psychedelic drugs or risk the collapse of his liver. All his books (more than 30 at that point) had been written on amphetamines, he explained, and he felt unable to write without them.

I’m not sure I believe that some of Phil’s books were written on speed, but all of them? And had he really stopped writing? I assured him the music would soon return, dates or no dates. But in fact, Phil didn’t write a word—except for personal letters—for the next three years.

But, as I found out later, he hadn’t yet stopped taking amphetamines.

The relationship between Phil and drugs has always been a bizarre one. He wrote the classic LSD novel of all time, The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch, in 1963, two years before he took any psychedelic drugs. People have wondered if the novel (including Timothy Leary, an early Phil Dick fan) found this hard to believe, but I’ve talked enough of Phil’s friends to be satisfied that it’s true. Phil often describes things better than he experiences them. It’s a frightening talent when you think about it.

Shortly before Halloween 1974, I flew to California to interview Phil Dick. A short-hop commuter airline took me from L.A. to Orange County: I saw scrubby hills and denuded land, followed by endless rows of identical red roofs and blue backyard swimming pools. Inside the airplane was a sign: WELCOME ABOARD THE LIME MACHINE. It took me a moment to figure that one out. We landed in Fullerton at nightfall and I took a taxi to Cameo Lane.

Phil was alone. His lady, Tessa, took my suitcase and introduced me to Christopher, their one-year-old son. Phil has sired three children by three different women: Chris is the first boy. Tessa B. Dick—Phillip K. Dick’s fifth wife—was inventive, pretty and smart as a whip. She’s 21 years old.

Phil woke up in a momentarily bad mood, then told me how happy he was to see me. We started talking right away—families, adventures, reincarnation. My immediate and lasting impression was that Phil had grown since I saw him last. It wasn’t just the contrast

Philip K. Dick, son Chris and wife Tessa (facing page). "Tessa and I started out with conflicting realities.... But now we are sleeping a joint one between us."
no way you can get back, you haven't got any money, so what hell are you going to do? You're not going to stay here, I'll just throw you out the door, otherwise.' And he says, 'You'd better do it, Phil; beat your drug habit.' He was protecting his patient, she was his patient and she couldn't stand the clash of us living together. They explained that I was so wired and spaced and strung out that I obviously would never make it back to San Rafael... well, when a psychiatrist tells you those things, it sounds real, it's like priests.

"So I went in there, it was really a nice hospital, and the next morning I met this pretty girl there and started telling her I was a great writer, which, well I'm not sure if that's an indication of being wired, strung out, spaced and all that, but I had my girlfriend in one of my novels, Three Stigmata, and I spent the whole day showing the girl this book and talking to her. Since I really didn't know what to do, I had never been detoxified before, I'd never been in a mental hospital, I just was an awful pretty girl, and I just sat and rapped with her. And the next morning the psychiatrist said, 'You're leaving.'" "And I said, 'but I'm supposed to be in here for like two weeks or three weeks or a month or so.' He says, 'No, you've been diagnosed, you're not a drug addict, there's nothing wrong with you.'"

"She was talking to the four doctors who'd administered the physical and psychological tests, and the fact that the amphetamines were not affecting me physically, they were not actually reaching the neural tissue, but they were being excreted through the detoxifying process of the liver. Which they said would not happen if I were to shoot it—which I've never done—because then it would bypass the liver. "They said they would probably continue to take amphetamines for whatever unknown reason it was that I took them, and when the time came that they no longer served a psychological purpose, I would drop them just like that. And so I did, just a few months later."

"I really felt good when I heard their concurrent diagnosis, that I wasn't an addict, that I took speed for some kind of strange reason, which I now think was a process of coloration, you see what I mean? I was living in the drug subculture, I believed in it."

"We don't realize the extent to which we're influenced by our environment. Everybody else was taking some sort of drugs, and I wouldn't have known how to behave if I didn't have something to take."

It didn't occur to your interviewer at the time to ask Phil Dick why he started taking amphetamines ten years before he got involved with any "drug subculture."

"I felt as if I'd been through a hurricane that night." —Theodore Sturgeon, describing the first time he met Philip K. Dick

The break-in at Philip K. Dick's former home in San Rafael, California, fascinated the press and his readers. Dick has a number of theories about what actually happened; during the three days I spent at his house we discussed at least eight different scenarios, explanations for the break-in, consistent with the known details. Each time Phil presented a new theory he did so with the panache of complete conviction—this was it, now he had figured it out! The discussions we had were exciting, invigorating. I was in awe of his ability to sift and reedit the details of an event and constantly come up with new ideas of what really happened, new and different and always strangely convincing gestalt perceptions of the same reality, the same event. I began to realize that it was up to me to determine what was really real.

A biographical note: In 1948, the year I was born, Philip Dick dropped out of college (UC Berkeley) rather than participate in compulsory ROTC. (He was always ahead of his time.) He got a job in a record store. He started writing science fiction a year or two later and sold his first short story in December of 1951. By 1953 he was one of the most widely published short story writers in the field.

He's a Sagittarius, born on October 3rd, 1928, in a small town in California. Dick, who has conducted in 1963, cited as one of the important influences on his writing, "my own 'nervous breakdown,' which I experienced at 19 and then again at 24 and 33. Suffering of this sort educates your viewpoint, but at the expense of your creature-comfort principle; it may make you a better writer, but the cost is far too great."

The scariest novel Philip K. Dick ever wrote is The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch, probably a reflection of that third nervous breakdown. It's a book about drugs, at least partly inspired by an article Phil read (in 52 or 63) about the effects of LSD. The novel takes place sometime in the early 21st century. The oceans are evaporating and the temperature in New York in May is 180 Fahrenheit. As the story opens, Barney Mayerson wakes up in a strange bed with a woman he doesn't recognize and immediately switches on his suitcase psychiatry. The suitcase (an extension of a computer located in Barney's apartment building) explains the situation: She is Randiella Fugate, Barney's new assistant at Perky Pat Layouts. She intends to get her job.

Barney's job is deciding what's going to be fashionable, so he can select items for ultraminiaturization, Perky Pat Layouts sell miniature environments, complete with every up-to-date accessory. These "layouts" are purchased by devotees of the illegal drug Can-D—which is used primarily by colonists on Mars, a miserable place: we are trying to populate because Earth won't last much longer.

Leo Bulero, Barney's boss and the head of PPL, has a problem. The renegade industrialist Palmer Eldritch has just returned from ten years in a strange system, bringing with him some bizarre alien drug to compete with Can-D and put Perky Pat Layouts out of business.

The way Can-D works is this:

You're in your hovel on Mars, see, and you chew Can-D, and it makes you believe you're back on Earth, living in a comfortable home with a pretty girlfriend, driving a fancy sports car. The girl is Perky Pat and you're Walt, unless you're female, in which case you're Pat of course. And the fine clothes and furniture and other possessions you both have are all ultraminatures you've purchased (with referee skins) to put in your layout, which is a representation of the world you go to when you chew Can-D. After the layout and alter the world.

Some people believe that taking the drug actually transports you outside of time and space; it's not an illusion. A religious cult is forming around this idea.

There are a thousand plot complications and deliberate tidbits of future history and culture in every chapter, but the most important thing in the early part of the novel is that Leo Bulero meets Palmer Eldritch in a hospital on the Moon and is dosed with a hit of the new Can-D drug by Dr. Smile, the sucide psychiatrist, turns up in the grass; Leo immediately asks it to contact someone to get him out of this place. Then Leo is attacked by some sickening little creature ("The glock had him by the neck and it was trying to drink him; it had penetrated its head with tiny tubes like cilia"). He is rescued by Palmer Eldritch, who engages him in a conversation about the nature of the drug.

It turns out Eldritch was the little girl, and a part of himself was also the glock. Leo Bulero gets the idea right away, applies himself and manifests a glock trap. Then he builds himself a flight of stairs leading into a luminous hoop in the sky, climbs the stairs and emerges in New York City, where he ducks out of the hot sun and takes a cab to his office. He tells his secretary to get Barney Mayerson. Barney comes in and can't explain why he didn't immediately try to reach Leo by phone when he got the message from Dr. Smile... "Anyhow, you're back."

"Of course I'm back," says Bulero, "I built myself a stairway to here. Aren't you going to answer why you didn't do anything? I guess not. But as you say, you weren't needed. I've got now an idea of what this new Can-D drug is like... The worst aspect is the solipsistic quality. With Can-D you undergo a valid interpersonal experience, in that the others in your hovel are..." He paused hurriedly. "What is it, Miss Fugate? What exactly are you staring at?" Fugate mumbled, "I'm sorry, Mr. Bulero, but there's a creature under your desk."

Bending, Leo peered under the desk. A thing had squeezed itself between the base of the desk and the floor; its eyes regarded him greenly, unwinking.

It scuttled out and made for the door. It was even worse than the glock. He got one good look at it.

Leo said, "Well, you'd think I'd be sorry, Miss Fugate, but you might as well return to your office; no point in our discussing what actions to take toward the imminent appearance of Can-D on the market. Because I'm not talking to anyone; I'm sitting here blabbing away to myself."

Thus an arrow from the author's bow pierces the heart of our assumed reality. Leo does get back to Earth eventually, but he never quite gets home from his Chew-Z trip. And slowly everyone on Earth, especially on Mars, starts looking like Palmer Eldritch—who has steel teeth, cold glass eyes inside metal eyeballs.
(a transplant after some business associates threw acid in his face) and an artificial arm with interchangeable hands. The people who get hooked on Chew-Z find Palmer Eldritch—who may not even be alive anymore—a host of some heavy vandals—every place they turn. Sometimes even they even become Palmer Eldritch themselves. But Lee, who visited the future at the height of his Chew-Z trip and saw a monument erected on the spot where he killed Eldritch, fights on valiantly. The novel is a trip within a trip within a trip, "not a dream," according to the author, or even a hallucination: it is a state entered into by the characters—and their attempts to find their way back to "reality." John Lennon once mentioned wanting to make a movie of The Three Stigmata of J. R. Sinclair. Tolkien, producer of Mean Streets, has gone to Lennon and is negotiating to purchase the rights. When the book was translated into German, the title was changed to LSD Astronauts. The Man in the High Castle is a more human, more compassionate novel. But if you want to be picked up by the scroll of your neck and shaken like a limp rag, Three Stigmata is the book to do it to you.

Phil claimed it took him five years after he’d finished it to find the guts to reissue what he had written.

"Though I wrote the Gospels in this century, I should die in the gutter."
—Herman Melville, circa 1851 (while writing Moby Dick)

Writing science fiction is a hell of a way to make a living. Philip K. Dick (“The most consistently brilliant science fiction writer in the world”—John Brunner: “He’s produced the most significant body of work of any science fiction writer”—Norman Spinrad) sold his most recent novel to a hardcover publisher for $25,000. Well, at least it’s an improvement over the $750 he received for Time Out of Joint. If Phil relied only on his current work as a source of income, he’d have to write a very novel a year just to keep his head above water.

Catch him in a depressed mood and he’ll tell you that his first novel, Solar Lottery (1955), was his biggest success, and it’s as good as downRight since.

Donald Weinheim, Phil’s editor at Ace Books when that house published Solar Lottery, explains that in 1955 there were fewer publishers and fewer science fiction paperbacks, so a science fiction paperback got better distribution and could sell 150,000 copies first time out—which is unheard of today except from the superstars, Heinlein, Clarke and Asimov. So Solar Lottery, an excellent novel which has been reissued several times since, has now sold over 300,000 copies, and none of Phil’s later novels except for Man in the High Castle—published as a thriller by Popular Library in 1963—has come even close to that sales record. The success of science fiction as a publishing is a whole has made it harder for individual books.

And Wellheim, who was the only editor who would buy Phil’s novels at the beginning of his career, is the only publisher who has been buying new books from Phil in the last few years—the other houses are all content to keep reprinting the Dick books they purchased years ago.

These remarks keep Dick in the public eye—the average paperback bookstore has between four and ten paperback books of Dick’s on its shelves these days—but if you were to look for Dick’s books, you’d seldom find a single copy. Dick is a private author—and just too skittish at selling his works. He says that his sales figures exactly match the author’s original advance on royalties. No matter how long the book is in print, it always seems to sell out or how well it is received. And always seems to sell out. On the royalty deals on books that were purchased back in the Fifties are tiny anyway. So even when the accounting is honest, not many money comes in.

Phil has an ace in the hole, however, which keeps his success from being a tragic one, and that’s his foreign success. He earns more than half his income from these days from overseas rights, which is an extraordinary success when you realize that they’re running on a translation rights to a "genre" book. What’s happening is that Phil has a lot of books in his catalog, he’s popular in France, England, Germany, Japan, Italy, Poland, Holland, France, Spain, Denmark and Sweden—and in certain countries his prestige and marketability are so great that publishers are fighting against each other for rights to his books. And foreign publishers do pay well for these rights: the books are reissued. It’s just another case of honor being without profit, save in one’s own country.

I have always been fascinated by the thought of all the great books that might have disappeared through the years. Moby Dick saw only one edition in its day, a few thousand copies, many of which were destroyed in a fire in the publisher’s warehouse in the novel’s second year after publication. I regard Philip Dick as a major novelist, but it seems likely he would have no contemporary audience at all—he might not even have ever been published—were it not for the existence of science fiction.

Science fiction is a self-perpetuating side street of modern literature which many people, myself included, believe has produced more great writing than most of the main streets. Science fiction books can more generally be identified as books about future situations, space travel, time travel, wars that have in some way evolved from our own, thanks to scientific progress or whatever. Often, as in many of Phil’s books, the situation has deepened; what we see is our own civilization in an advanced state of decay.

SF is self-perpetuating in the sense that it is always almost written by people with some kind of science fiction when they were children. I have always enjoyed it, became aware of it was special. It was a method that gave me as a whole and completely became "science fiction writers." Selling books and magazines and book publishers who specialize in the stuff, writing for people who think of themselves as "science fiction readers." When Phil Dick started writing, he sent stories to both science fiction magazines and straight magazines. Only science fiction was published. After a while he gave up writing short fiction to non-SF markets, but he kept trying desperately to gain acceptance as a mainstream novelist. In 1954, the same time that he wrote Solar Lottery, he wrote a 650-page novel called Pieces from the Street, inspired, as Solar Lottery was, by the works of the French surrealists Jean, Flaubert, and Baudelaire. In the next six years, none of which has ever been published until now. (Confessions of a Corp Arnt, a funny, horribly accurate portrait of a little California in the Fifties, has recently been published in a limited edition by a small press. The novel was written in 1959, Phil’s agent, and when Phil himself after the agent gave up, he sold the book to almost every publisher in the business, without result.

The fact that science fiction has been always welcomed Phil, and perhaps it is because the best in him. Acceptance as just a science fiction writer, and only as a science fiction writer, has forced Phil to put as much effort into creating environments as he puts into creating characters, and to understand the relationship between the characters and their environment, perhaps the form forced on him by the nature of the novel has helped to shape his genius. His mainstream novels concern ordinary people in an ordinary world. Ordinary people in an extraordinary world make much more interesting reading.

And ordinary people are the most extraordinary qualities that are revealed under the crushing pressures of their extraordinary environments are best of all. In these years of future shock, Phil Dick’s kind of science fiction may be the only "realistic" literature.

It’s still a damned hard way to earn a living. After The Man in the High Castle was published in hardcover and greeted with loud hurrahs, Phil wrote a novel called Martian Time-Slip which was just as good if not better. It was about schizophrenia and contemporary life, autistic children, drug-addled, power-crazed plonkers (on Mars) and the fragility of the systems of shared assumptions that hold human society together. The writing is humorous, painful, ironic in its effect on both mind and heart; the themes of the book anticipate R.D. Laing and the other gang. The many other genera of the Sixties and Seventies—were as part of the same novel—this paragraph, in effect. There are few moral novels to match it. But in the last chapter of the book, the author, the book was, in his own words, "a cruel defeat."

It was a defeat because of what happened after he finished writing it: "When High Castle, and Martian Time-Slip, I thought I had bridged the gap between the experimental mainstream novel and science fiction. Suddenly I’d found a way to do what I wanted to do as a writer. I had in mind a whole series of books, a new kind of science fiction, a new kind of book. The first novel of these books was Time-Slip which was rejected by Putnam’s and every other hardcover publisher in the city."

"My vision collapsed. I was crushed, I had made a mockery of myself, of the marketplace, went poof. I reverted to a more primitive concept of my writing. The books that might have followed Martian Time-Slip were gone."

Martian Time-Slip was eventually published by Ballantine as an original paperback in 1964. It has been out of print for seven years, and better with a series of novels, including three of his best, Ubik, Three Stigmata and Time-Out for Last Year, that were published in receivership by Doubleday and later sold to Ace Books for amounts as high as $10,000 (the author gets half). But Phil’s hardcover novels have attracted less interest from paperback houses in recent years—partly because the earlier novels are still in print and partly because there is so much Dick material available. he still has already that science fiction readers can’t absorb it all. If Phil Dick is to achieve further success, he will have to be the ones reaching the audience that is willing for him out beyond the confines of the science fiction market.
FIRST THEORY OF THE BREAK-IN:

In the summer of 1974, Phil dislocated his shoulder and went into the hospital in Fullerton, California, to have it operated on. In the hospital, he met a guy who said in a description of a Special Forces unit, and had worked with the CIA. Phil told this guy about how his house had been broken into in 1971, file cabinet blown up, canceled checks taken, etc.

The Special Forces man asked him, "Did it ever occur to you it was the government that did it?"

Later he asked, "What kind of business are you in?" Phil replied, "I’m a writer," "Okay, well what kind of things do you write?" "Fiction, novels, science fiction..."

"Well, I’ll tell you what I would say," said the Special Forces man. "I would say that your house was hit because you wrote something that was true and you didn’t realize it. Considering it was your files that were hit, papers that were missing, the kind of explosive, the general condition of the house and the kind of business you’re in, I would guess it was the government trying to find out what you knew about something you had written about fictionally."

"I’ll tell you one thing, though," Phil’s hospital companion continued, "if I’m right, you’ll never be able to figure it out. Evidently they didn’t find anything to verify that your book was what you wrote about was true. So you’ll never be able to discern which of the pieces they did have had written very much."

"Oh yeah, a hell of a lot."

"How do you know?"

"I was going to tell you. They’re obviously didn’t find anything; if they had, you’d have been disappeared fast."

There was a famous incident during World War II in which something like this actually happened. The FBI visited John Campbell, editor of Astounding Science Fiction, to grill him about a story he had just published—"Deadline," by Cleve Cartmill—that described the workings of an atomic bomb in far-too-accurate detail. Campbell and Cartmill managed to convince the G-men that the story was based strictly on intelligent speculation, rather than stolen intelligence, and eventually the matter was dropped.

(Phil was able to suggest two specific pieces of writing that might have attracted the government’s attention: a novel called The Penitentiary Truth, written in 1963, which describes the hideous U.S. reserve gas weapon and names a real company that does in fact make the stuff—no secret, but suppose the plot of the novel resembled an actual Top Secret Army scenario... and a short story called "Faith of Our Fathers," which is about a high government bureaucrat who accidentally fails to get his daily ration of hallucinogens and as a result perceives the Leader as he really is."

Would such innocent fiction bring down a commando attack on a writer’s house? After Watergate—the Fielding break-in took place just two months before the hit on Phil’s house—and the CIA revelations, who knows?)

SECOND THEORY OF THE BREAK-IN:

On several occasions Phil described to me in considerable detail the events immediately before and after the 1971 break-in, and his descriptions were consistent with each other to an impressionistic degree. (It was the conclusions reached that were inconsistent.)

His fourth wife, Nancy, had left him in 1970. Phil fought off depression by surrounding himself with people— sloppy jazz records, cookies, and so on until they ended up in Santa Venecia (a salt flats subdevelopment in the north part of San Rafael) to hang out, to listen to the Grateful Dead play their guitars through Phil’s huge Fender bass amp. Ordinary folks found Phil too weird for their tastes and split. The oddballs hung around. There were junkies, Dead fans, every kind of craziness. Phil says that during that 18-month period he drove 11 people to the local mental hospital (drove them in his car—imagine what that is meant). It’s not that Phil enjoys suffering, exactly; he just has terrific empathy for anyone who’s about to fall off the planet.

Shortly before Halloween, a girl living at the house, told Phil, "This house is going to be hit, I can feel them out there." Phil then saw some guy running away from the back door at 3:30 a.m. He bought a gun (second-hand and illegal period) and got Stephanie out of the house. On November 17 he went out to get groceries. His car broke down. Four hours later he finally got back home—and discovered the break-in.

"You know what my feeling was? 'Thank God!' Because I had been saying, like Stephie, I had been saying to the police and to my friends and to myself: 'I know I have enemies, I know they are going to hit this house. I know they are going to blow it apart.' I’d bought a gun for that reason, to protect myself, and my friends said, 'He’s bought the gun to kill himself; he’s crazy.'

Phil called the cops and they arrived about half an hour later. The files had been blown open, some papers had been taken— correspondence and checks. Further exploration determined that the whole house had been searched—drawers, dressers—and every single canceled check in the house had been taken ("over 20 years’ worth that took quite a bit of time, finding them all.") The expensive stereo system was gone as was Phil’s gun, but other valuables, such as amber jewelry that was in the file were skipped altogether. The refrigerator door was left open.

PW: "Obviously there are aspects of this—the checks, the stereo system, the gun—don’t fit in with a simple robbery. Suppose it was somebody who was angry at you, having a feud with you in some way...?"

PKD: "This is what I assumed it was, this is what my friends assumed. The police found going on in my circle that my friends who looked at it thought it was other friends of mine who had done it. This was of course a possibility, a grudge—and it had a grudge quality about it, just in that it was so disrupting."

THIRD THEORY OF THE BREAK-IN:

PKD: "The first thing that made me think that there might be more to it, was when I took the list of what was stolen into the police department the next morning, as the officers had requested. The people at the police department refused the list, telling me there’d been no burglary the night before! The log showed nothing. I told the girl at the desk that they were wrong and they should send somebody out to investigate again. Several days went by and nobody came out so I called in, and they told me again that there had been no robbery there.

"I told them they would have to send somebody out again, that it was not a robbery, it was more severe than a robbery, it was more in the nature of a search-and-seizure operation.

"At that point two police inspectors (as opposed to the officers who were there before) instantly came out and one of them seemed to me of having done it myself. After looking about, he smiled and asked me why I’d done it. And then I got really sore. He said, 'Why did you scatte the asbestos all about? Why did you do that?' And I just said red. I said, 'I wasn’t mutated. How would I do a thing like this, you guys are really crazy, you tell me you’ve got no record of a robbery...'"

PW (later in the interview): "About the theory that you did it yourself..."

PKD: "I couldn’t have done it. But some people thought I couldn’t have done it..."

PW: "What was their theory, why...?"

PKD: "To cover my tracks, to cover my real activities, which were so sinister that it was worth doing. I had to cover them up."

PW: "Or to prove that your paranoia had been true all along?"

PKD: "I suppose so."

FOURTH THEORY OF THE BREAK-IN:

PKD: "See, the case was officially cracked by the inspector who had said he was in charge. He used that conclusion, 'I cracked the case.'"

PW: "He decided that there really was a burglary and that somebody really did do it?"

PKD: "Yeah; it came from the house behind. He showed how he knew. All the important points of entry were in the rear. And there were missing signs in the fence. And I had noticed that the house behind was empty that night, which was unusual."

"There was a black family living in the house behind who my wife was friendly with. And a black guy bought this gun—they caught a guy with my gun, they said—was a black guy. He was arrested by another police agency..."

PW: "Did they ask you to file charges or anything?"

PKD: "On the contrary. That’s when the curtain of silence fell. They just asked me to tell them the serial number and length of the barrel. Later, I wrote and asked if the man had come to trial, and if so, what the results were, if any of the other stuff had been recovered. I never got an answer."

"After a week or so, the family moved back into the house behind me, and later I saw the guy who’d been arrested with the gun drive up and park there and talk to them. He did know him, he was in the area. And the black lady on the other side of the street identified his car to me as the car she’d seen parked in front of the house that night."

PW: "Was this neighborhood more black than white?"

PKD: "It was becoming black, and a lot of the blacks were militant, very militant. I found out they’d drive a lot of the white people out of the house where I lived before me. At knifepoint. And they were generally driving the whites out, to a certain extent—but they’d always treated me very well.

"The theory that my house was hit by black terrorists trying to drive me out of the neighborhood—but that doesn’t account for the most mysterious thing of all. This was at the time of the Angela Davis trial. These people, the militant blacks, were hated by the police in San Rafael. I cannot see why, if these people were involved, the police would show no interest in pursuing this burglary, would refuse even to answer repeated written questions as to whether there had been a trial.

"One guy I know suggested that the robbery was done by the authorities, hoping to find evidence that I had direct links with black militants for being part of the Angela Davis Communist hippie black thing, you see? They were looking for incriminating evidence, letters from well-known radicals, canceled checks connecting me with militant groups."

"There were a lot of people coming and going from the house, and I was an intellectual, a writer, involved with all these street people.... The authorities could never really be sure what was going on so they got into my house and got a look at my files."

"While I was in Canada the following winter, all my remaining business papers disappeared from that house, everything that had been overlooked before.

"And one more thing, one story another girl told me, how true it is: I don’t know: She said that the inspectors came to her and wanted to suborn [Cont. on R8]

 usual fiction bringing down a commando attack on a writer's house? After Watergate—the Fielding break-in took place just two months before

"His book was read chiefly as a sea tale which had centric elements in it. The grandeur of its conception and execution was overlooked."

—Carl Van Doren, discussing the reception given to Moby Dick during Melville's lifetime.
[Cont. from 86] content of court. In recent years, however, a number of factors, including the government’s notoriety and the presence of convicted grand jury indictments of Movement people, the spirited resistance of the target community of activists and a number of unfavorable court decisions, like the prohibition on warrantless wiretaps, has spoiled the allure in grand jury activity.

In the last few months, however, it has begun to look like the F.B.I. may be lying. In addition to the Weathermen case, grand juries have been convened in Lexington, Kentucky, and New Haven, Connecticut, in connection with the Justice Department’s pursuit of underground fugitives. Several people have gone to jail rather than talk. Jill Raymond, a feminist who refused to talk to a grand jury on a charge of removing wanted by the F.B.I., has been in jail in Lexington since March of this year.

A new wrinkle in the grand jury game has appeared recently in New York City, where a state grand jury convened by Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau subpoenaed 12 people, including three lawyers, whose major offense seems to have been their presence in the courtroom when contraband material was allegedly found in the possession of the defendants, members of the Black Liberation Army. This case is distinguished by the dramatic sub- poena of courtroom spectators (a challenge to the right to an open trial) and by the use of the federal grand jury as a liberal reputation and a strong local constituency to do the dirty work of the F.B.I.

President Kennedy characterized the new grand jury strategy of the Ford Justice Department this way: "They are basically doing the same type of things, only they aren’t doing them in as formalized a way as they did under Marshall. They are also more subtle. They don’t want to go after high profile people such as Haskell, de Antonio and Lamponi, who have a political base, not only ideologically, but also in terms of support. They want to get at the illusion that will make a big think about it, embarrass the Justice Department and make more martyrs. That is the goal in obtaining about that now. In the past when they were terribly arrogant, they were ready to take on the entire group. Now the way they do it is to go to these small areas, such as Lexington and New Haven, and then get people who have been support personnel without a base of political support, isolate them and try to get them to confess to crimes they have not committed if they don’t collabo- rate." In terms of this strategy, the subpoenas for de Antonio, Lamponi and Wexler were clearly a mistake.

Although the use of the grand juries against the Movement has been very destructive, Frank Dopner, director of the ACLU Project on Political Sur- veillance, sees it as an expression of desperation. "The business is beginning to fall apart," he said. "They have a kind of American insolvency. They don’t have the kind of feel, for example, that the Czarist secret police had for the nihilists. There is no convergence between the areas in which the hunted live and sustain themselves and the areas of the police world. There are no FBI experts who were for- merly Movement people and have any feel for the Movement and what is going on when they’re starting from scratch."

"It’s pure guesswork," Dop- ner continued. "What would you do? If you were one of those people, would you go to the wire shop and say, ‘Why did you sell wire to last week?’

"That’s where the grand jury becomes useful, because pur- suit of a fugitive is something quite complex, particularly when he lives in an alien hab- itat, has the kind of self-protec- tive campaign that the Weather Underground has, who can make do with what they have or have some way of getting it. And have an underground sup- port system."

"So, if you’re the bureau, you attack the support net- work, or a group that is related in some way by ideology or sympathy or parenthood to your targets and just go after it blind. All of American intel- ligence is based on the principle that they got from the Pinkers- tons in the 19th century, of the outer ring and the inner ring. The technique is, you go from the underground to the under- ground, from the support to the fugitives."

"That’s what’s happening with Lamponi, de Antonio and Wexler in Los Angeles. The government says, ‘We’re really not interested in those people’s film on the Weather Under- ground, we’re interested in appre- hending the fugitives.’ And that’s true. But they’d like to damage the underground ring at the same time. One is a cover for the other. They’d like nothing better than to take one of these middle-class people and really give it to them, in the hopes that that would force the whole support structure to crumble. They don’t have the compe- tence to catch the Weather Underground, so they’ve got to use this blunderbuss, the grand jury."

So far, the "support group" of the support group — the Hollywood stars who spring to the filmmakers’ defense — have shown no signs of wavering. Haskell Wexler was cautiously optimistic: "People are still sen- sitive enough to the way things are to know that if they come out to sign a public statement like this in our defense, the possibility exists of some kind of pressure being exerted against them. It did take a certain amount of courage. I don’t know if all those people who have learned the lessons of the Fifties. I think they learned the lessons of the younger peo- ple who want to do it. That definition of the establishment isn’t al- ways death to those who defy. Sometimes you can come out and you can win.

Hayden insisted he had never accepted the Weather analysis of the American polit- ical situation, and still doesn’t. "The original letter to Weather- man," he argued, was true, that we were in a situation of two factionalist Nixon’s policies and because of popular opinion being ad- justed to these policies. And therefore, that in their way, was resistance against this closed system. That’s proven, I think, to be a fact that did not unfold."

The democratic process came through.

"We’re not living under a police state, precisely because people can be reached by political methods, by organizing, by education and so on. So what’s the sense of blowing up? If you’re doing po- litical work of a legal nature, isn’t it possible to do this under political support?"

The small McMinn, of who are engaged in political discussions, and who engage in small political support, who are their superiors, who could be mob infiltrators, don’t know their real identities. Thus a man can easily be assigned to report on his own activities. What happens to our nary is he’s taking the drug (nicknamed ‘Death’) so that he blends in with everyone else, and it rotting his brain. Eventually he no longer knows that the person he’s reporting on is himself — and he gets more and more fascinated, more and more suspicious...

As for the theory: Phil heard, back at the time that our story takes place, that a military dis- order drug had been scolded up and was being used in street dope under the name "mello jels." The drug incapacitated people without making them pass out, and the doctors had been prescribed in their cellular tissue (says Phil); and the Army wanted, not to make a bust, but to get their compounds.

And there was a guy hanging around Phil’s house, a truly sin- net character, who told Phil he secretly represented a health or- ganization trying to track down the source and spread of a sub- stantiate back from Vietnam that elapsed; and the people who were brought in street dope under the name "mello jels." The drug incapacitated people without making them pass out, and the doctors had been prescribed in their cellular tissue (says Phil); and the Army wanted, not to make a bust, but to get their compounds.

The typhus said he des- sembled the cumulative effects of "nella jels." Phil had plenty of reason, he says, to wonder about this guy — for example, when he was very stoned he asked Phil, "Phil, do you believe I ever looked like this?" and showed him a picture. The picture was on an Air Force ID card. And when the police were stopped by the police one day, the cops took one look at the guy and said, "You’re Army, aren’t you?" he said, and the cops split.

[Cont. on 91]
Theory: The guy was a military intelligence agent looking for users of "mello jello." The house was hit by a branch of the military, trying to get information that would help them get their drugs back.

Looking over my notes, I realize I could go on and on. The local heroin rehab center assured me that the break-in was unmitigably the work of the Terra Linea Maistrenen ("They try to make it look like it was left-wingers that did it, they score two things with one hit"). One lawyer was convinced—notice how it's never Phil who dreams up these theories—that the house was hit by religious fanatics searching for occult documents that the late Bishop James Pike might have given Phil (in one of his books, Phil mentioned his friendship with Bishop Pike and thanked Pike for "a wealth of theological material" which Pike had made available to him).

But the main thing is not, "What could have happened?" The main thing is, "What did happen?" Isn't it? I'm not too sure anymore.

Saturday morning, three days after my arrival in Fullerton (during which time Phil and I left the house only once, to visit, at my request, the university library that houses the Philip K. Dick collection), I packed my tapes and my papers, thanked Tessa for her cooking, said goodbye to Phil and Christopher and got back into the "time machine." Golden Air West Flight 344 to Los Angeles. I was on my way to Marin County, to the city of San Rafael, to search for a perspective of my own.

III

In San Rafael I went to the offices of the local daily newspaper, the Independent-Journal. It took me two hours to find the item I wanted: one line, from the summary of residential burglaries reported by Marin and Sonoma law enforcement agencies the previous week. "Santa Veneta, Wednesday. Personal possessions valued at §500 taken from the home of Philip Kin- dred Dick on Hacienda Way."

There was one oddity about this item, perhaps meaningless—there was the Nov. 25 burglary reported the week earlier, November 22nd. Could this be corroboration of Phil's story about the police saying it never happened? Maybe this report was added to the following week's list and backdated, only after the police decided to list the break-in as a real event after all. Or maybe it was a simple clerical error.

I talked with two people who were around the house before and after the break-in. Both had seen the file cabinet and the rest of the house after the hit; both described the scene to me in some detail without ever contradicting any significant aspect of what Phil had told me. They both knew Phil, of course, but didn't know each other. Loren Cavall had been by the house a number of times; he invited Phil to speak to her high school class after reading a story of his in a textbook. Tom Schmidt, who in his young 20s, had lived in Phil's house in 1970 and was a frequent visitor the following year. When I called Tom and explained what I was doing, he started to answer some of my questions over the phone, then stopped. "This may sound funny, but there were a lot of strange things going on around that house, and uh, this phone call would fit right in..."

I suggested he call Phil and check me out. He did and the next day we talked over a cafeteria lunch at the Marin County Civic Center, scene of the courtroom shoot-out that failed to free George Jackson and made a temporary fugitive of Angela Davis.

Tom thought Phil was "living in a fantasy world," but "he's entitled to go overboard in areas—it's part of his survival." What he saw of the house after the break-in made him believe that wherever it was, "they were looking for more than just something to sell." And he added that there had been at least two burglaries of Phil's house, possibly inside jobs, certainly motivated only by the cash value of the objects taken, prior to the November 17th break-in.

Loren Cavall said the file cabinet looked like it had been pried, but also said it looked burnt and there were burn marks on the walls. And, "it must have been someone who knew when Phil would be out of the house, because he seldom was." I introduced her to a couple who also knew Phil, and all three agreed it was probably people who were in the house, around the scene, who did it.

The night after the break-in, Phil stayed at the house of another science fiction writer, Avram Davidson. Avram said Phil professed himself to be "absolutely baffled" at who could have done it; at the same time he seemed "intrinsically uninterested, marveled at the efficiency of the jobs."

I talked with people about the break-in, not so much in hopes of "cracking the case" (I make an unconvincing California detective—unable to drive it car—talking (Cont. on 93)

"It's a good turntable by itself, and as an added bonus it also stacks records." Creem, March 1975

In the old days, a serious audio enthusiast wouldn't touch anything but a manual turntable. He felt he had no choice. That anything with automatic features simply didn't perform. But as Sound magazine says in its August 1975 issue: In recent years...the quality of the automatic turntable has risen dramatically. And the performance of the B.I.C. 960 certainly substantiates our belief that a serious music lover can attain extremely high quality in an automatic unit just as in the best manuals.

In a Sept. 1975 test report, Radio & Electronics agrees, noting that B.I.C. "might very well be considered a top-performing manual turntable in its price category."

Modern Hi-Fi and Music (Aug./Sept. 1975) reports: "Wow and flutter of 0.03% at 33 1/3 rpm and rumble less than -65db; specifications which are more typical of a good manual than most automatics..." And because they're not imported (B.I.C. turntables are built entirely in the U.S.) the price of this performance comes as a pleasant surprise.

If you're serious enough about your system to spend $100 or more on a turntable, a B.I.C. 940, 960, or 980 has what you want and more of it—all three are multiple-play manual turntables sharing the same quality features and high performance.

See if your high-fidelity dealer doesn't agree. He has literature with all the details. Or write to B.I.C. (“bee-eye-see”) c/o British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y. 11590.
mine in a lot of places, that is what attracts me to his books. He doesn't see things in dull probabilities. He sees all the sparkling — and terrifying — possibilities, the complex living and breathing and changing reality that other authors shy away from.

Phil wrote a book called *Ulthik* which is enjoying a sort of cult popularity in France among young Marxist intellectuals and other French tastemakers; it's a book about people who find reality regressing all around them, collapsing into its former self, so that 1985 automobiles become 1962. Wally's Knights and fresh packs of cigarettes become ancient and stale in an instant. Messages directed at these people start appearing everywhere in their environment, on the backs of matchbooks, in TV ads, on restroom walls — messages from a former boss who recently died. Only he claims they're dead. They live in a comic projection of the present into the future. (Joe Chip can't get out of his apartment because it takes a nickel to open the door, and he never has one.)

Phil wrote *Ulthik* in 1966, but while he was writing the screenplay for the movie that will either never happen or else make Phil's name a household word — has pulled Phil back into Ulthik reality, he says, even to the point that he started dreaming scenes from *Ulthik* six months before he even knew he was going to be writing the screenplay.

"Did you know that Ulthik is true," he asked me in a letter, "we're in a sort of cave, like Plato said, and they're showing us endless funny films? And even now and then reality breaks through, from our friend who was here once and then died, but has turned back? Remind me to expand on this when you get here."

Another quote, out of context, from an unpublished collection of letters called *The Dust-Hearted Ghid*:

"Tess and I started out with conflicting realities, found that when each of us really tested the other's, it collapsed. But now, instead of mutually destroying each other's realities, we are sharing a joint one between us. If two people dream the same dream it ceases to be an illusion; the basic test that distinguishes reality from hallucination is the consensus testment, that one other or several others see it too."

"This is the idior cosmos, the private dream, contrasted to the shared dream of us all, the koiros cosmos. [Cont. on 94]"
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[Cont. from 93] What is new
in our time is that we are begin-
ing to see the plastic, trembling
quality of the kouros kona—
which scares us, its insubstanti-
ality—and the more-than-enerv-
ator quality of the hallucina-
tious. Like SF, a third reality is
formed halfway between.

The books are the clue, and I
keep mentioning different ones
because no one Phil Dick book
has the answer. Reading these
books is an ongoing experience,
now I read a Dick book that
means nothing to me the first
time I read it will completely
destroy me the second time.
I am destroyed in that my
sense of reality has been height-
ened to that breaking point; it is
a very pleasurable and reward-
ing experience. The man who
writes the books is destroyed in
a different way:

"What matters to me is the
writing, the act of manufactur-
ing 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."   

"While other authors kill off
their characters, Phil struggles
to keep his alive, usually in the
face of horrible conditions that
he, as author, has created. This
is no mere chess game, how-
ever; Phil believes in the
horrors, he sees them.
The conditions prevail in his own
life and he struggles against
them with a well-developed
sense of humor that in no way
believes the intensity of what he's
experiencing. When he was in
San Rafael and before he moved
to Fullerton, he tried to commit
suicide. He swallowed 700 mil-
liters of potassium bromide
—but he also wrote the phone
number of a suicide center in
huge letters on a piece of cardboard,
just in case he might change his mind. "Fortunately
the last number was a one and
I could just barely dial it..."

If two people dream the same
dream, it ceases to be an illu-
lusion. Philip K. Dick's books
and life are ultimately affirmative;
they strengthen our sense of
what is really real. They also
feed our doubts about every-
things else.

In the next decade or so,
Phil's multiplex view of the
world—his ability to see and
deal with five contradictory
realities at once—may become
a prerequisite to sane survival.
More than one person has
pointed out that reality—for all
of us—is becoming more like a
Phil Dick novel all the time.

In Hollywood and New York,
four different filmmakers are
trying to make movies from
Phil Dick novels (in addition to
the two already mentioned, Jay
Cox has optioned Time Out of
Joint, and Herb Jeffreys is working
forthcoming). In Europe there
are rumors—no doubt premature
—that Phil will be nominated
(or a Nobel Prize). And in
Fullerton, Tessa is making cof-
fee and Phil is waiting for the
mail, anxiously, expectantly.

The world's most consistently
brilliant science fiction writer is
trying to figure out how he's
going to make it through another
day.

BOOKS BY PHILIP K. DICK

Solar Lottery, 1955
A Handful of Darkness (short stories), 1955
The World Jones Made, 1956
The Man Who Japed, 1956
Eye in the Sky, 1957
The Cosmic Puppets, 1957
The Variate Man (5 short novels), 1957
Time Out of Joint, 1959
Dr. Furtwangler, 1960
Vulcan's Hammer, 1960
The Man in the High Castle, 1962
The Game-Players of Titan, 1963
Marion Time-Slip, 1964
The Stimulak, 1964
Class of the Alphane Moon, 1964
The Penultimate Truth, 1964
The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch, 1965
Dr. Bloodmoney, or How We Got Along after the Bomb, 1965
Now Wait for Last Year, 1966
The Crack in Space, 1966
The Unlikely Man, 1966
Counter-Clock World, 1967
The Zap Gun, 1967
The Gypsyman Takeover (with Ray Nelson), 1967
Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?, 1968
The Preserving Machine (short stories), 1969
Gesbert Purr-Healer, 1969
Kill, 1969
Our Friends from Frozax, 1970
A Maze of Death, 1971
We Can Build You, 1972
The Book of Philip Dick (short stories), 1973
Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said, 1974
Confessions of a Crap Artist, 1975
A Scanner Darkly, forthcoming
Desert Icarus (with Roger Zelazny), forthcoming