

THE CAST:

KIM CAMPBELL (Angel Archer) Kim's first dramatic appearance was as a dancing cranberry. She was five years old at the time, which was when, coincidentally, she started to read to read science fiction. Since then she has trained at the Banff Center School of Fine Arts and worked in the Student Youth Theatre at the National Arts Center, Ottawa, where she also, if I read her c.v. correctly worked as a security guard. Kim came to England for a 3 week vacation before going to the Virgin Islands to crew on yachts, and never made it out. She is frequently seen around SF conventions in the character of a hellcat, and is Guild Mistress of the Guild of Performers in the Barony of the Far Isles.

PETER GILLIGAN (Timothy Archer) Peter's numerous roles include Thomas Purgon in La Malade Imaginaire (National Youth Theatre), Caliban in The Tempest (BBC Theatre, Birmingham), Portia in The Merchant of Venice, and Parker in Blunderbirds are Go (Unicon III). All things to all men (and some women), Peter is an ex-outdoor pursuits instructor, an ex-academic psychologist, an ex-hippy, and currently a psychological consultant for businesses. He describes himself as a 'practising human being', and hopes he's getting good at it. When he's drunk, he talks a bit like Timothy Archer.

MEG KINCAID (Kirsten) Meg was born in Pennsylvania, and educated at Barnard College, the New York School of Interior Design, and Oxford Polytechnic. She came to England in 1966 and has worked as a costumer and psychiatric social worker. Her roles in university and community theatre have included Elizabeth Proctor in The Crucible, Ranyevskaia in The Cherry Orchard, Hermione in The Winter's Tale, Mrs. Peacham in The Threepenny Opera, and the title role in The Madwoman of Chailiot.

MIKE MORRIS (Fred Hill) Mike was born in Oxford and was educated at Bulmershe College, Reading and the De Leon Drama School, Richmond. He has acted and directed extensively in community theatre, including Macbeth (title role/director), and The Bald Primadonna (Fire Chief/director). His professional roles include Petkoff in Arms and the Man and Villain in Goldilocks. Only favourite SF writer: Kurt Vonnegut.

GEOFF RYMAN (Bill, and various parts no one wanted) Geoff first met Kim Campbell at the Tun, but was soon acting with her in Tube Theatre, under the direction of Ken Ellis. Tube Theatre staged comedy skits for a audience that followed the cast on and off tube trains, for a two hour show. Geoff has published short stories in New Worlds, Ad Astra, and most recently, Interzone ('The Unconquered Country', a fantasy based on Cambodia). His first novel The Warrior Who Carried Life is due out later this year from Allen and Unwin.

LIGHTS AND SOUND: An enormous load has been taken off the director's mind by the assistance of Mike Morris on sound and Peter Burrell on lights.

DIRECTION: by Geoff Ryman, but then everybody helped.

THERE WILL BE ONE TEN MINUTE INTERMISSION

The Transmigration of Timothy Archer

by Philip K. Dick

a play presented at Tynecon II
Sunday, 27th May, 1984

adapted by Geoff Ryman from the novel

presented with the permission of the literary executor of the estate
of Philip K. Dick and the Scott Meredith literary agency



Dear Philip K. Dick:

Within a period of two days, two people recommended A Scanner Darkly to me, saying that if I wanted to know what was happening in literature, I had god-damn well better know your work. I got some of your books home, and realized that one was about Timothy Archer.

So I read that. All of a sudden he was alive again, my friend. It brings fierce pain to me, not joy. I can't write about him, since I'm not a writer, although I did major in English at Cal. Anyhow, one day I sat down and scratched out a spurious dialog between him and me, to see if I could recapture the cadence of his endless flow of talk. I found I could do it, but, like Tim himself, it was dead.

People ask me sometimes what he was like. My husband was his son Jeff, so I knew Tim on a rather personal basis. At the time of Jeff's suicide, I met Tim and Kirsten at the airport in San Francisco; they were briefly back from England and meeting with the official translators of the Zadokite documents, at which point in his life Tim first began to believe that Christ was a fraud and that the Zadokite Sect possessed the true religion. This was before he moved to Santa Barbara.

I'm the one who got the phone call about Kirsten's suicide. We were still suffering over Jeff's suicide. I had to stand there and listen to Tim telling me that Kirsten "couldn't wait". Her son was over with me at the time; it was a terrible moment.

Tim differed from everyone else I ever knew in these respects: he could believe in anything, and he would immediately act on the basis of his new belief; that is, until he ran into another belief. Like the Medieval Realists, Tim believed that words were actual things. If you could put it into words, it was de facto true. This is what cost him his life. I wasn't in Israel when he died, but I can visualize him out on the desert, studying the map. The map said that if you drove X miles you would arrive at place Y, whereupon he would start up the car and drive X miles knowing that Y would be there; it said so on the map. The man who doubted every article of Christian doctrine believed everything he saw written down.

Sometimes I tell myself that Tim still exists, but totally, now, in the other world in which he believed, the other world that drew them all to it, first Jeff, then Kirsten, and, ineluctably, Tim himself. How does Don McLean put it in his song "Vincent"? "This world was never made for one as beautiful as you." That's my friend; this world was never really real to him, so I guess it wasn't the right world for him; a mistake got made somewhere and underneath he knew it.

Thank you for your book on Tim, but it hurt to find him alive again. I guess that is the measure of greatness in a piece of writing, that it can do that.

Ideas for Tim were like flowers; he was in a garden of them, and each flower was new and different and he discovered each in turn and was equally delighted with each, but then forgot the ones that came before. He was totally loyal to his friends. Those, he never forgot. Those were his permanent flowers.

The strange part, Mr. Dick, is that in a way I miss him more than I miss my husband. Maybe he made more of an impression on me. I don't know. Perhaps you can tell me; you're the writer.

Cordially,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Angel Archer". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Angel Archer