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The cold war finds a common home

The intertwined worlds of Philip K. Dick and the Strugatsky Brothers

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This chapter continues my journey into the architectural and spatial history of estranged literary genres. It focuses on the work of two of the greatest proponents of science fiction literature, Philip K Dick and the Strugatsky brothers, Arkady and Boris. Living and writing as they did on either side of the ideological frontier that defined the Cold War, we might expect the novels of Dick and the Strugatskys to reflect rival world-views. In fact, it transpires that they have much in common and both play with a series of set piece themes that have become tropes in science fiction literature. They satirise political authority, critique social order, and fret over what it means to be human. They represent our relationship to nature and technology as confused and dangerous and above all interrogate what we understand by reality. It is a similar story with regards to the particular space-time worlds the writers create. Far from the depiction of radically opposed urban situations, their built worlds merge and overlap in unexpected ways. In both cases we enter urban landscapes that are entropic, surreal, and enveloped in fear.

PART I - ON THE LITERARY ORIGINS OF THE DYSTOPIAN CITY

Narratives of an exaggerated present

Science Fiction occupies a pivotal position in the discourse about the relationship between architecture, literature and politics. It is rightly famous for its powerful representations of urban life in which the city is invariably rendered fragile, fractured and forbidding, and it privileges space and time that it bends, warps, and on occasions renders incomprehensible. At its most incisive, it is equally renowned for the penetrating insights it can offer into the ideological character of contemporary society.[1] Given the above, it is perhaps no surprise to find that there has always been an affinity between radical left wing politics, critical theory and science fiction.[2] Whether it is our alienation from nature, the class division of society, the critique of authority or machine violence, SF deals with some of our most profound dilemmas and is never more at home than when it interrogates the meaning of reality and human

existence. Indeed at its most epic and magisterial it is no exaggeration to claim that the best SF has something in common with the historical novel in its ability to paint a 'picture of history' that is, in Lukacs' words, "grand, dramatic and rife with deep conflict in every phase."[3] In short, SF is a genre that is both chronotopically and politically rich.[4]

As it goes about its job dismantling and rebuilding the world around us, SF is dependent for its success on the plausible representation of material and social reality. It must convince us that however estranged, misshapen and uncanny, the 'fictitious city' is nevertheless a version of our own. It may be in the grip of mass insanity, it might possess hallucinogenic properties or be ruled by a pathological tyrant of unknown descent, but whatever form it takes, it must chime with the reality and experience of our everyday lives. This is why SF was famously described by Darko Suvin as the literature of cognitive estrangement and by Frederick Jameson as a means of critically apprehending the present as history.[5]

Dick and the Strugatskys were masters of this dramatic art of historical ambiguity and psychological tension. Indeed, Dick declared himself a "fictionalising philosopher" rather than a novelist, and commented that the aim of his story-telling, was not the production of art, but the search for truth.[6] As for the Strugatskys, they described their literary mission quite simply as a 'journey into the present by way of the future'.[7] They both created plots and urban environments that were vivid, disturbing but always familiar, and what is remarkable is that they achieved this with little extensive or detailed 'scene setting' descriptions of either architecture or the city. The buildings, cities, and places that we encounter in their stories, breathe, pulse, and on occasions like the Red Building in *Doomed City* (1970) assume anthropomorphic qualities. They are fully integrated and embedded in the dialogue and action, such that it is impossible to separate the narrative from the time and space in which it unfolds. Dick's *Do Androids Dream Of Electric Sheep* (1968) is meaningless without the menace of the entropic city, and the Strugatskys *Roadside Picnic* (1972) is unthinkable without the magic terror of the 'ruined zone'. In a similar manner the paranoid plot of *Definitely Maybe* (1977) can only take place within the claustrophobic confines of a small apartment, whilst in *Ubik* (1969), it is the dynamic obsolescence of the city and material world that is the very subject matter of the novel.

Utopian ancestors

In common with all other SF novelists, the critically powerful manner in which Dick and the Strugatskys explore the space-time dimensions of social reality is a narrative characteristic that they inherit from their utopian literary ancestors.[8] More's *Utopia* (1516), Bacon's *New Atlantis* (1625) and Campanella's *City of The Sun* (1602) are recognised not only for their belief in the perfectibility of human kind but how this social ideal was dependent on the creation of an 'ideal city.'[9] This dynamic and indivisible relationship between social and spatial organisation is also what distinguishes the critical manifestoes of the nineteenth century utopian socialists. Like their predecessors they too believed that a 'good city' was a pre-condition of the 'good society', and that through the power of reason, the world could be transformed and humanity reconciled with itself and nature. Fourier's vision of paradise was to be delivered through the phantasmagorical one and a half kilometre long Phalanstère that housed in one building everything one might need from love, to literature and food.[10] In Morris's post-revolutionary London, an agrarian idyll replaces the industrial metropolis, Trafalgar Square is no longer a monument to Empire but an orchard, and Parliament is converted into a 'dung market.'[11] An equally Arcadian life is enjoyed by the proletarians of Chernyshevsky's rural commune who liberated from heavy toil are free to pursue beauty amidst colossal glass and metal facsimiles of the Crystal Palace.[12] Meanwhile Bellamy's anarcho-syndicalist society is

laid out over a Boston that has been rebuilt as a rationally ordered neo-classical city adorned with buildings of "unparalleled size and grandeur".[13]

Over the next one hundred years dreamscapes of an egalitarian future city would periodically reappear, most notably in the aftermath of the Russian Revolution, in which the exploration of utopia was a joint literary and architectural project. The pulsating Cultural Revolution that both preceded and followed the events of 1917 was unprecedented in its scope and diversity. It was the hey-day of the avant-garde when new manifestoes were written for every field of cultural production. In their experiments with montage, split screens and layered narratives, Vertov, Dovzhenko and Eisenstein, rewrote the cinematic rulebook whilst the novels of Bulgakov, Olesha and Pilnyak pushed literary satire and surrealism into new dimensions. Simultaneously the Constructivists and Rationalists were setting a benchmark for those searching for alternatives to capitalist urbanisation with their plans for communes, workers clubs and decentralised flying cities. Out of this cauldron of revolutionary creativity, it is estimated that nearly two hundred native works of science fiction were produced, two of the most famous being Alexei Tolstoy's *Aelita* (1922), and Alexander Bogdanov's *Red Star* (1918), novels in which the drama of a Communist revolution is played out through a Martian architectural assemblage of classical antiquity and industrial culture.[14] But such revolutionary idealism and avant-garde radicalism was not to last and by the late 1920s had largely been crushed by an increasingly totalitarian and culturally conservative State. Yet despite this, the literary exploration of utopia was never fully extinguished. In the wake of the death of Stalin a new wave of SF exploded and in both Efremov's space-opera *Andromeda* (1956), and the anarcho-technological wonder world of the Strugatskys *Noon Universe* (1961) we learn that communism has marched triumphantly out into the galaxy.

Such unbridled optimism in the future of humanity was not restricted to the USSR, and in the west in the 1960s and 70s, there was a profusion of architectural projects and novels that bore the hallmarks of new progressive ideas about social and environmental change. Radical Marxists like the Italian group Superstudio drew a network society without property and objects. The Japanese Metabolists envisioned a merging of Buddhism and biology in egalitarian mega structures, whilst the Situationists in an anarchist manifesto of events, dérives and détournement rejected all forms of modernist urban planning. And it was anarchism mixed with feminism that produced two of the most important SF novels of the time in which the complexities of the utopian imagination and the desire for change were critically explored through the juxtaposition of politically different realities and urban environments. In Ursula Le Guin's *The Dispossessed* (1974) life on the repressive, hierarchical Urras is compared with Annares where there is no private property, doors are unlocked, factories are open onto gardens and the inhabitants sing "O child Anarchia, infinite promise…" Similarly in *Women on The Edge of Time* (1979) by Marge Piercy, we are transported from a world of domestic violence and 'prison hospitals' to the future libertarian eco-commune of Mattapoisett in which gender inequality is a distant memory.[15]

The nightmares begin

There is of course much more that needs to be said about the survival of utopian sentiment in architectural and literary works and about novels like those of Le Guin and Piercy that examine the blurred boundaries between utopia and dystopia.[16] However, for most of the twentieth century explicitly utopian tales of emancipation and liberty were overshadowed by the emergence of a far darker imagination that coincided more directly with the reality

of global war, institutionalised inequality and natural destruction.[17] This gets underway at the beginning of the century with the appearance of new literary voices that were skeptical about the working out a-priori of detailed plans for the construction of an ideal society and city. It is a pivotal moment in which the dialectical balance between utopia and dystopia tips decidedly in the latter direction.

In stories like Well's *Sleeper Awakes* (1899) and E.M Forster's, *The Machine Stops* (1906), the optimistic vision of a technological utopia and perfectly functioning city is brutally arrested by the revelation and realisation that both societies are morally corrupt and diseased.[18] An oppressed and enslaved population languishes underneath the 'gossamer bridges', 'aisles of titanic buildings' and 'gigantic globes of cool white light' in Wells' city. And life is no better for the inhabitants of Forster's completely automated subterranean world who face certain death if they fail to pay tribute to the omnipotent "Undenominational Mechanism'. Within the space of a decade the social and spatial harmony imagined by the utopian novelists is dismembered. Dreams of perfection are torn asunder and the path is set for the publication of the three books that in their critique of history, the city and the ideological pretensions of the ruling class, would come to define the narrative template of the dystopian novel – Zamyatin's *We* (1926), Huxley's *Brave New World* (1936) and Orwell's *1984* (1949).

They need no introduction apart from to underline how in keeping with their utopian predecessors, it is the dialectical relationship between society and space that propels their plots – but of course with one crucial difference – a terrifying narrative of social and space-time disintegration has replaced the happy land story of unity and human solidarity. A rupture occurs. Zamyatin builds the Integral, an all-powerful machine architecture of brilliant glass and metal, that will unbend the wild curve of the universe, flatten the city into a super-rationalised grid and reduce human life to an equation. In the warped London of Huxley and Orwell, the museums are closed, the historical monuments are detonated, literature is shredded and the College of Emotional Engineering and the Ministry of Truth ensure that the masses are kept in a condition of controlled idiocy.

The city sheds its pretension to freedom and becomes the means through which terror is spread and power is consolidated. It is fatally stricken by inequality and dominated by the insidious architecture of political dictatorship. In its fractured streets and squares the everyday life of urban citizens is deformed and perverted. Liberty is replaced by subjugation, protest by acquiescence, and happiness by paranoia. The city is panoptic and saturated with invasive forms of surveillance and control. In its corporations, laboratories, and schoolrooms, reason is replaced by a violent instrumental rationalism, science and technology are politicised with ill intent, and language itself is poisoned and corrupted. In this way the modern metropolis is rewritten as a 'journey into fear' in which the architectural programme of the modern movement is tragically deformed.[19] Amidst the slums, secret police, and machinery of the urban dystopia, there is barely a glimmer of the modern scientifically planned city of social democracy or of the splendid new apartments and building typologies designed to pave the way to freedom. Instead the city is sterile, bereft of adjectives, and inhabited by numbered individuals.

Never out of print, these early dystopian novels have endured and still speak to us today. The reasons are straightforward enough. The alienated societies and broken cities they depict are neither distant in time nor space. Rather they are extrapolations of the contradictions that governed social life in the 1920s and 30s and which continue to threaten our contemporary world. Poverty, disease, environmental breakdown, the destruction of culture and the abandonment of reason are only ever a stone's throw away from the front door.

PART II JOURNEYS INTO THE ENTROPIC CITY

Champions of the oppressed

The adoption of common literary themes by Dick and the Strugatskys and the development of a similar world view was no accident and was born out of their common life experiences and the parallels to be found in the nature of social and urban reality in the USA and USSR.[20] Both Dick and the Strugatskys were steeped in literary classics and extremely well read across a whole number of disciplines. They were also devotees from a young age of SF. Dick devoured pulp fiction and one of the Strugatskys' favourite authors was H.G Wells, who they read repeatedly, illustrated and wrote sequels to. Crucially, like their dystopian predecessors, they were also radical critics of the world around them and in their youth were on the political left. Dick was openly sympathetic to the Marxist critique of capitalist society, the Strugatskys were once devout communists, and although they were to lose faith in the possibility of imminent human emancipation, they both remained resolutely on the side of the people.[21] This is one of the reasons why the main characters in their novels, whether scientists, salesmen, shop keepers, stalkers or androids, tend to be ordinary flawed people going about their ordinary flawed lives in which uncertainty and the unexpected are the only reality.

All three were born within living memory of the end of the First World War and the outbreak of the Russian revolution. They witnessed the Great Depression, the famine and the show trials and lived through the horrors of World War II. In short, Dick and the Strugatskys witnessed some of the most momentous events of the twentieth century that naturally enough were reflected in their work and political outlook. As the machinery of violence once more engaged its gears and the world shivered in the cold wind of the Oppenheimer dilemma, Dick and the Strugatskys along with their contemporaries watched the hope fade of a new world arising from the carnage of global conflict. From Los Angeles and Leningrad, they saw the millenarian slogans and re-born manifestos for radical urban and social change hanging in tatters. Europe was once more divided and the wish-landscapes drawn by architects of a world beyond had not transpired. Despite the best efforts of planners and politicians the city was unstable, it was beginning to crack and splinter. White heat had not produced limitless energy, and freedom from work and want as a result of the complete automation of everything had become the stuff of fairy tales.[22]

On both sides of the Atlantic, war was declared on the Enlightenment, as populations were held hostage by a similar vision of modernity that considered social progress synonymous with technological development. Whether through the fetishism of the commodity or of the plan, qualitative values were replaced by quantitative targets, and happiness by the acquisition of things.[23] Everyday life in both societies became an ideological battleground as the two regimes lay claim to moral supremacy and through carefully designed media campaigns and organised spectacles camouflaged the true nature of social reality. In denial of the idiosyncrasies of the human body, variations on the scientific organisation of labour were universally adopted. Workers in the factories of both Pittsburgh and Rostov were subject to the same conveyor belts, bonus schemes and strictly enforced management hierarchies.[24] Finally, whilst the mass production of consumer goods improved the quality of life, there was no hiding the grotesque truth that in both Washington and Moscow civilian life was held secondary to the reproduction of the 'permanent arms economy' and the maintenance of the cold war.[25] No wonder that philosophers wrote about false consciousness and the end of thought.[26]

This was the ideologically aberrant, politically charged and ecologically fragile panorama that fuelled the literary imagination of Dick and the Strugatskys. It was fertile territory for narratives of disintegration, estrangement and alienation and given such a context it was

somewhat inevitable that a ubiquitous state of crisis would come to saturate the pages of their novels.[27] In powerfully spatialised literary narratives, their characters inhabit societies ruled by clandestine bureaucracies and covert corporations and hurtle through environments in which space and time is warped and twisted. They jointly negotiate ruined peripheries and radioactive zones and encounter sinister and bizarre institutions devoted to torture, surveillance, magic and secret knowledge. Their homes are decidedly unhomely, frequently hallucinogenic and like the city streets are places where paranoia rules over love and solidarity.

The city of barbarism

By the publication of their breakthrough novels, the Strugatskys *Hard to Be A God* (1964), and Dick's *The Man In The High Castle* (1962), two morbid tales of urban disintegration, illusion, and madness, there is no more than the faintest echo of the ideal city and society. The last gasps of old Imperial power had exploded into violence in Africa and India as brutalized colonial subjects threw off their masters. Dictators in the Spanish and Portuguese speaking world terrorized civilian populations whilst the world's superpowers turned the whole of South East Asia into a grotesquely termed 'theatre of war'. Still reeling from the McCarthy show trials and the death of Stalin, America and Russia enjoyed a brief period of respite under JKF and the Khrushchev thaw. But within a year an assassin's bullet and organised conservative reaction would bring both experiments in social renewal to an abortive end. Mindful of the rumblings of discontent, the State prepared itself for political unrest that within a few years threatened the heart of the metropolis from Paris to Prague, and from Tokyo to Sao Paulo. All the time simmering in the background was the very real possibility of Armageddon and environmental catastrophe. Mimicking the precarious global situation,

Figure 10.1 Here in the heart of the city of barbarism he knew that "his hatred for them was as great as theirs for him: they had, five years ago, slaughtered over ten thousand students at the Stanford campus, a final bloody – and needless – atrocity of that atrocity of atrocities, the Second Civil War." From *Flow My Tears The Policemen Said*, p. 43. Photograph: Jonathan Charley.

and transcending geo-political frontiers, the literary world feasted in a carnival of doom and gloom. Writers competed with each other to invent as many ways as possible to betray and murder the city and everything it stood for. Genocidal political dictatorship and the descent into barbarism figured large.[28]

The modern city of fear re-emerges. Monolithic granite blocks and illiterate armed guards haunt the wastelands of time.[29] Public services have stopped working and an unidentified tyranny "that twists men's minds" stalks the city. Rooms shape shift, walls becomes ephemeral. A consciousness spreads that this time history really is ending as urban life descends into a cesspool of brutal primitivism in which guttural children scavenge flesh.[30] Incomprehensible in terms of both language and plan, the prison city stretches to the horizon in all directions. There is no nature, just a bleak grey panorama made up of an eighty-storey high Ministry, a cadaverous 'circus', a wicked fort, a slaughterhouse of undisclosed function and countless, countless chimneys that littered the landscape like desiccated trees on a battlefield.[31] In such cities, arrests and interrogation need no explanation.

As we fully enter the Dick and Strugatsky city for the first time we are met by an overwhelming sense of claustrophobia and impending violence. Democracy has fallen and urban life is precarious. The victorious German Reich and Japanese Imperial Army have conquered the United States and in 'Arkanar', an allegorical Moscow, we find a despotic feudal society that is riddled with plots, murders and intrigue as if a Shakespearean tragedy had merged with Stalin's court.

Under the helmsmanship of Hitler's favourite architect Albert Speer, the eastern Seaboard of the US is rebuilt by the glorious Labour Front who daily march into the city from their camps singing patriotic songs. With the aid of the TODT organisation the factories and corporations are soon functioning again and New York re-emerges as a duplicate new Germania with sleek autobahns and "fine, clean, long-lasting rows of public buildings."[32] In contrast, on the other side of the country in San Francisco the Japanese construct a graceful collage of soaring columns, towers and manicured gardens over the neon detritus of the capitalist city. The elite have retreated to the elevated City of Winding Mists and rising above everything is the cloud bursting Nippon Times building, that, unlike the solid masonry of the Reich, is an elegant display of engineering sophistication, but one that despite everything, "stinks of death."[33]

A funereal stench also wafts across Arkanar. It is a bleak, grisly and ruinous city in which progress has been suspended and species regression is a distinct possibility. It is a modern warrior elite that governs the United States, and it is a mediaeval version that holds power in Arkanar. In barely concealed facsimiles of Moscow's Kremlin, Ministry of the Interior and Lubianka prison, the city is dominated by three buildings. In the labyrinths of the Royal Palace that stink of mould and ammonia, noble Dons, like senators and Reich Ministers scheme against each other. They send their children to the Patriotic School, "a stone building of modern construction" built to withstand any attack, where they are ideologically trained for military and administrative duties.[34] Completing the trinity and overshadowing the main square is the Merry Tower, the town prison. From its conical roof corpses swing in the breeze and from out of its windows the fanfares of a military band thunder across the city and smother the screams of the tortured.

A death cult hovers over both societies and threatens what is left of normal civilian life. War is declared against culture. Zealot mobs ceremonially pile deviant books and paintings on a pyre. The Reich Ministry of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment continues its 1930s struggle against the "spiritual chaos and decadence of abstract art" as part of its campaign to spiritually remodel American society.[35] In Arkanar, all knowledge is suspect

and the learned are exiled. The libraries are closed, the ancient observatory burnt and the Ministry of History and Literature, that is accused of corrupting minds, is padlocked. All the singers, storytellers, dancers and acrobats have disappeared.[36] It is a predicament that the secret intergalactic communist Don Rumata can do nothing about since he is prevented by the law of 'self-determination' from interfering in the affairs of another society.[37] He can only watch things fester and decay as marauding storm-troopers and armed monks prowl the streets whilst the "eternally oppressed" underclass cowers in the subterranean villages of Sweet Smells and Heavenly Shrubs.

The conquered American proletariat, similarly lives in fear, ekes out a life in the margins, and in the "shanty warrens" of the Japanese west is monitored and controlled by "The Standards of Living for Unfortunate Areas Planning Committee."[38] As for the Reich bureaucracy, like the Ministry for the Defence of the Crown in Arkanar, it has no concept of moral boundaries, is oblivious to human suffering and entirely convinced of its natural superiority. In defiance of nature and with the aid of atomic power it drains the Mediterranean for agriculture, and continues its genocidal campaign into Africa, where the "billion chemical heaps…were now not even corpses."[39] Meanwhile it secretly hatches a plot to vaporise the US Pacific coast. Omens and premonitions spread like contagious diseases of the soul. In an oppressive San Francisco life limps along. The zoo in the Golden Gate park is still open and fish swim in the aquarium; there are even people picnicking, but it is already too late. The Japanese Trade Minister, Mr Tagomi can sense the danger. The city has assumed a "dull smoky, tomb world cast."[40] Like a lethal stigmatism his optic perception assumes a sinister perspective. "The horizon is twisted out of line." In the cities of Arkanar and San Francisco, clouds of burning blood blow down Main Street, as history grinds to a screeching halt.

Irradiated landscapes

With the long spectral shadow of Hiroshima within smoking distance of both American and Soviet borders, fear of nuclear obliteration circumnavigated the globe. The airwaves crackled with the very real possibility of annihilation, hands hovered above red missile buttons and firms were busily engaged in the mass production of fallout shelters and arms. 'Invisible' clouds of death drifted off Three Mile Island, and in the non-existent Siberian town of Ozyorsk, a plutonium explosion killed three hundred people. In the literary imagination whole geographical regions are atomised into permanent darkness. Cities are reduced to mere "puddles of glass, surrounded by vast acreages of broken stone."[41] It was a common enough literary trope in the 1950s and 60s and within the sub-genre of catastrophe literature there is a whole library devoted to the consequences of nuclear radiation and to 'survivor' stories, in which fundamentalist Theocracies condemn the city, science and technology, as the devil's work.[42]

Like barbarism, invisible waves of radioactivity transcend all geographical and temporal borders, and in Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* (1968), and the Strugatskys' *Roadside Picnic* (1972), we find two highly original tales of environmental disaster and reality distortion.[43] Mutant technology and unidentified science has dragged humanity to the edge of the precipice where not only the city, but also the atomic structure of life is threatened with disintegration. Entropy takes command. Vast swathes of the earth have been rendered toxic and uninhabitable as a result of nuclear conflict and a rumoured alien visitation. The fragile ecology of the planet has been destroyed forever. The trees have gone, so have the fish and cherry orchards. Artificial animal manufacturers fill the void left by the wholesale destruction of pets. Death blows the wind that comes from the hinterland and zone. Time

Figure 10.2 Adrift in an irradiated landscape I gazed at the "yellow ore piled up in cone-shaped mounds, blast furnaces gleaming in the sun, rails, rails and more rails, a locomotive with flatcars on the rails. In other words an industry town. Only there were no people. Neither living nor dead." From *Picnic By The Road Side*, p. 15. Photograph: Jonathan Charley.

is frozen and there shimmers an underlying emptiness and quiet. Those that can have fled, desperately trying to escape the poisoned frontier that daily advances. The remaining civilian population is paralysed by fear.[44]

The city that adjoins the scorched panorama is slowly dying. Sickness has rapidly spread. Cracked streets are hurriedly abandoned and homes boarded up. The only sign of life is in the flats and cottages located right next to the zone, where a faint light "like a witches breath" still flickered through caked dirt windows.[45] But nobody ventures there anymore, for it has been declared the plague quarters, and in its motionless shadows, silence reigns, the only sound coming from the few survivors who stagger in despair, their skin peeling, hair falling out and nails crumbling. There is nothing that can really be done to arrest the process of decay. The leaden grey sky only occasionally hints of light and as the toxic storms gather in strength and violence, disintegration accelerates. Chairs, carpets, tables, doors, balustrades and all those other symbols of interior domestic civilisation descend into "mutual ruin, victims of the despotic force of time. And of abandonment."[46] Similarly, the thousand apartment blocks that once stretched illustriously across the city, and which pulsed with life, fell, "day by day, into greater entropic ruin."[47] Meanwhile stories circulate of émigré zone refugees who carry some sort of infection that provokes inexplicable cataclysmic incidents, typhoons, tornadoes and other natural disasters.[48] The deterioration of the very fabric of daily life accelerates and it would go on, and on, until eventually everything "would merge, would be faceless and identical, mere pudding like kipple piled to the ceiling of each apartment."[49]

Surveying the devastation are two stalkers who are desperately searching in the folds of a crumbling world for answers. The Strugatskys' Redrick is preparing for what he has promised himself will be his last foray into the zone to find a fabled alien treasure. As he walks down the infernally hot and muggy street he is suddenly overwhelmed by a million odours

that are "sharp, metallic… as huge as a house and as tiny as a dust particle."[50] The air around him stiffens, becomes somehow hard and develops edges, surfaces and corners, whilst space is infused with "huge stiff balloons, slippery pyramids, and gigantic prickly crystals." Meanwhile Dick's Deckard, dosed up on thalamic stimulants, also heads out of the city past the "huge glass windows and lurid signs" of big time animal dealers and the baroque spires of the Hall of Justice, a building he greatly admires but which he realises he has never seen before. He too is met by a panorama that has mutated into something grotesque, with "pebbles the size of houses" interspersed over a desolate landscape that resembles "a shipping room when all the merchandise has left" and only the fragments of empty crates remain.[51]

These are not places for humankind. The dust blisters the skin. Exposure to what light there is induces fever. Undeterred Redrick crawls across the angry land and prostrates himself in front of the glistening god like orb and with his last breath proclaims; "happiness for everybody, freedom, and no one will go away unsatisfied."[52] Equally determined in his quest, but without the aid of his empathy box and mood enhancers, Deckard is also frighteningly alone. As he cruises over the dead zone bereft of crops and animals he too reflects upon his existence and what the future holds. Like Redrick and everyone else he yearns for happiness and security, but such desires are in the back of his mind as he is overwhelmed not by thoughts of love and God but by the shattering thought that maybe "reality is a fake."[53]

Chronotopic slipstream

We can be certain of nothing any more. The dread beat of collapsed expectation pulsed across the Atlantic. Bemused Soviet citizens watched on as the rhetoric of 'developed socialism' disappeared into a wilderness of cultural orthodoxy, queues for sanitary towels and

Figure 10.3 Everything came apart in the chronotopic slipstream. "He would soon be leaving a trail behind him, bits of crumbled cloth. A trail of debris leading to a hotel room and yearned-for isolation. His last laboured actions governed by a tropism. An orientation urging him toward death, decay and nonbeing. A dismal alchemy controlled him culminating in the grave." From *Ubik*, p. 184. Photograph: Jonathan Charley.

tales from the Gulag. US citizens worked equally hard reconciling the imminence of the American Dream with the Vietnam War, the repression of 68 and the murder of innocents in Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* (1966). A mood of 'everlasting uncertainty and agitation' ripples through both the Russian and American city and infects the literary imagination on both sides of the Berlin wall. Things become obsolete overnight and dreams are destroyed in their infancy. The best made plans and the most well organised markets can do nothing to halt the process of entropy that like an alien force appears to have a mind of its own.

A psychiatric patient possesses a unique ability. Whenever he thinks about the modern city he triggers a chain of calamitous events, in which towers vanish, others appear that had never been built, and suburbs dissolve like smoke in the wind. Obsessed by Malthusian ideas about population he instigates a carcinomic plague that wipes six billion people from the planet and then proceeds to wreck his hometown.[54] In another time zone a breeze laden with 'danger and icy despair' blows down the city streets. The lampposts sway and cast an uneven light as a nameless psychosis slowly spreads around the globe. Logic and causality are reduced to black ash as people find themselves "outside of space and time." "All the usual references and norms" are destroyed and overturned. Individuals for no apparent reason fall out of windows and let go of steering wheels. Scientists and doctors struggle to diagnose what is happening as " the world of generally accepted concepts" is dismantled.[55]

It is a similar process of material and chronotopic disintegration that awaits us as we enter the Dick Strugatsky city for the third time.[56] The dream factories are open and busy manufacturing myths of progress. At stake is nothing less than the control of time, as two competing bureaucracies set out to prove that humankind can not only master nature but also conquer and manipulate it in whatever way they want. In *The Doomed City* (1970), the Strugatskys most explicit critique of the utopian aspirations of the Soviet project, citizens live in a sealed dome, and flanked by an infinite yellow wall and an abyss are subject to an experimental programme to build an ideal society, city and ecology.[57] It is a city that has appeared out of nothing, "huge and vast," with "multiple stories heaped up on top of each other and buildings banked up above buildings."[58] In *Ubik* (1969), we are confronted by an alternative version of a super-urbanised world, one run according to the principles of the free market in which the whole of everyday life is commodified and citizens inhabit giant mass produced 'conapts', Dick's favourite housing typology.[59] All building services from door entry systems to showers have been privatised and residents take care to avoid the "rent robots" and creditors as they visit the autonomic pharmacy to receive their daily medication designed to keep them placid. But despite the efforts of planners and commodity producers, there is nothing they can do in either city to halt the descent of the 'future now' into an unstoppable maelstrom of atrophy and disaster.

The artificial sun fails and plunges the doomed, domed city into complete darkness for twelve days. Baboons appear from out of nowhere and invade the city centre. Power is restored and the sun flickers into life, but this does little to allay the suspicion amongst the panic stricken citizenry that the Great Experiment has begun to fail. Madness stalks the streets. By all accounts the authorities have tried all manner of tricks and cleverness to rescue the situation, but to no avail. Stagnation has assumed command and now "everything's just rolling along under its own inertia."[60] Worst still, rumours spread that the experiment has simply spun out of control and that its very existence is threatened by anarchists and nihilists who reside in a mysterious Anticity. If that was not bad enough a shape shifting psychopathic Red Building, a merger of a graveyard and secret police headquarters, is wandering the city on its own volition devouring both innocent citizens and reality itself. Reality is also at stake in Runciter Associates, one of Dick's many venal capitalist corporations, a typically

clandestine organisation that can only be accessed through vertical descent chutes. A hybrid detective and security agency, it is dedicated to tracking down telepaths and psychics some of whom can reportedly change history itself. After an abortive mission to protect a business mogul's corporation from telepathic intrusion, time starts going backwards, objects revert to older forms, and it is no longer clear whether memory is real or fabricated.

Social collapse and urban destruction accelerate and in both novels we find protagonists desperately interrogating the world around them in the hope that the process of entropy can be stopped. As they move out of the *Doomed City*, Izya and Andrei find bodies smashed to smithereens at the bottom of the wall, and kilometres of neighbourhoods that have been transformed into a "black, charred desert…of continuous ruins, overgrown by prickly, brownish briars." The roads are broken and the buildings dilapidated. Everywhere there lay "abandoned ruins – the remnants of incongruous colonnades that had slumped into shoddy foundations" with "walls propped up by girders, and gaping holes instead of windows…"[61] Scattered across the desolate expanse are fragments of civilisation. Smelling of putrefaction, a once impressive Pantheon with a slippery black marble floor has collapsed into a ruinous ensemble of columns.

For the hapless 'reality technician' Joe Chip, the process of decay and the destruction of the last semblance of a civilised world are equally profound. Designed obsolescence is one thing, the failure of plans another, but full-scale temporal regression and the form reversal of everything around him is beyond the laws of physics. The only possibility of arresting the process is to procure an innocuous looking aerosol about which the manufacturers make an extraordinary claim. It is the result, they maintain, of highly advanced scientific research and when used appropriately, "the reversion of matter to earlier forms can be reversed, and at a price any conapt owner can afford."[62] But for the tragic Chip, there is no salvation, his body, clothes, physical environment, in fact, his whole world, disintegrate around him at a speed matched only by the rate at which Izya and Andrei watch the Great Experiment fall apart. Little can be done to arrest the process of accelerated material transformation. Thermostatically controlled heating systems become primitive gas heaters.[63] The swish hi–fi system reverts to an analogue wireless. Whole buildings and shops regress in time, and turn from stone to wood, neon light to candlelight, hut to cave.

Tragedy awaits both cities. There is no magic commodity or plan to be had that can rescue the situation, just the tragic debris left behind from attempts to conquer nature and marshall time and space. Izya finds himself in an 'amazingly smooth' white plateau without dimensions, and imagines a temple that contains the "compressed experience of humankind." It is a wonderful thing that grows of its own accord, "absorbing all the best that human history produces," its melodies, books and architecture. He wants to believe that the temple is being built but despite the noble aspirations of the Great Experiment, he sadly reflects on the truth that all attempts to change the situation and to "level out the human playing field and set everyone on the same level, in order to make everything right," has ended in the temple's demolition and its replacement with "the foul smelling pyramid of the new political elite."[64]

Chip's epiphany is no less alarming and disturbing. Capitalism is no longer a tale of dynamic invention and prosperity. He receives a demand from the Ferris and Brockman Credit Agency that informs him that his "entire conapt building – is now programmed against an extension of services and/or credit to pathetic anomalies" like himself.[65] Adrift in an ocean of disillusionment that matches the predicament of Izya, to his mounting horror he looks down main-street. "He could see the tall, peeling yellow building at the periphery of vision. But something about it struck him as strange. A shimmer, an unsteadiness, as if the building faded

forward into instability and then retreated into insubstantial uncertainty."[66] And so we leave Izya and Chip, alone, facing a future that is not just bleak but vanishing in front of their eyes.

Ministries of bad intentions

The best SF novelists are gripping storytellers and social critics, but they are also prolific architects of memorably 'estranged' buildings and organisations, which like the general categories of space and time, are the sites of narrative construction. The list of building typologies is immense, and as in the 'real world' range from the morbid and terrifying to the absurd and surreal. No dystopian SF city would be complete without covert bureaucracies, gargantuan Ministries and venal corporations. But to realise its full potential it needs other institutions that specialise in the suspension of belief. The architectural imagination of the SF novelist has no limits. In the Institute of Sorcerers people are transformed into natural phenomena and doctors drill brains in the Moral Reformatory. Nearby engineers design new life in the Halls of Creation, whilst the living converse with the dead in the Beloved Brethren Moratorium and pleasure seekers queue at the entrance to the Order of Lenin Experimental Brothel.[67] In short the SF city is simply littered with buildings designed to govern and twist reality.

Rising to the challenge, Dick and the Strugatskys were also master builders and as we have seen as adept at urban construction as they were at urbicide. With trowels and set-squares they fill the suburbs and back alleys of the city with an astonishing display of weird architecture: 'Vassal corporations' of the Pentagon, carnivorous town halls, motels specializing in polymorphic experience, spectral Justice Departments and UN Institutes investigating alien activity. These are just a few of the buildings designed to conquer hearts and minds, on the one hand through fear and violence, and on the other through the fabrication

Figure 10.4 Inside the ministry of bad intentions "…the stone bowels of the corridors suddenly contracted, straining to squash their victim; the black chasms of manholes gaped underfoot, breathing out an icy graveyard stench." From the *Doomed City*, p. 110. Photograph: Jonathan Charley.

of beguiling illusions and binding historical myths. In this way history is rewritten, social reality is deformed and populations conquered.

Like the dematerialisation of the familiar, the destruction of truth and the manufacture of ideology were favourite themes of both Dick and The Strugatskys, and in *Monday Starts on Saturday (1965),* and *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch (1964)* we encounter two extraordinary organisations dedicated to the production of falsehoods and ghost existences.[68] Archetypal evil capitalist Palmer Eldritch is CEO of P.P Layouts, a multi-national corporation based in down town New York City. Designed like a boutique military bunker and thermosealed to protect it from surface level burning weather storms, it is constructed out of a 'pale synthetic-cement,' and specialises in the production of fakery and alternative realities. Meanwhile far away in an otherwise non-descript Siberian town of four storey blocks, canteens and fish factories, sits the 'The Academy of Sciences – National Institute for the Technology of Witchcraft and Thaumaturgy.' Like P.P Layouts it too is the headquarters of an organisation engaged in the manufacture of illusions that extends to the architecture of the building itself. From the outside, the institute defies the normal rules of perspective and geometry, for although it "looked like a two-storey building," it possesses in actual fact "at least twelve floors." The interior is no less disorientating. Its corridors extend for at least a kilometre, and bizarrely all of the windows "looked out on to the same crooked street."[69]

Surreal within themselves, it is what happens inside the two buildings that is particularly otherworldly and bizarre. Seemingly engaged in nothing more than harmless fun, P.P. Layouts manufactures the Great Book Animator, a machine that enables consumers to select a literary classic, choose a version that is long, short, happy or sad, and render it in any graphic style. So, for example, Moby Dick can be transformed into a comedic short story animated in the style of Picasso. In the world of P.P Layouts, truth, authenticity and rationality have no place and fare little better in NITWITT. In a transparent parody of the Soviet fetishisation of science, laboratories devoted to microbiology or atomic physics, have been replaced by the Departments of Linear Happiness, Prophecies, and Insoluble Problems, and a giant Van Der Graf Generator that distills children's laughter.[70]

But beyond the world of innocent fantasy both institutions harbour darker secrets. As well as the Animator, P.P layouts produces the 'VR Board Game', Perky Pat, that when played in conjunction with the physical arrangement of props, and the consumption of hallucinogenic drugs, induces a parallel state of being, so powerful, that momentarily at least all memories of the misery of daily existence are forgotten. Long before the 'gulf war never happened', any scenario and environment can be imagined, and the experience is so all consuming and convincing that the hovel dwelling desperate poor are addicted to the simulacra to the point where the distinction between the real and unreal loses any meaning.[71] It is also habit-forming, potentially lethal and can induce "escape dreams" that are grotesque, "baroque fantasies of an infantile, totally deranged nature."[72] NITWITT is no less unsettling, and busily proselytises the idea that happiness lies in the constant cognition of the unknown. With its anthropomorphic bats, chained skeletons, and cannibalistic ifrits, it is similarly devoted to the creation of hallucinations that envelop mind and body. Orchestrating the programme of reality distortion is an array of deviant characters. There is the "maniacal Vybegallo, inventor of sordid experiments on nutrition and human behaviour" who in his quest to fabricate the ideal citizen also hatches cadavers. Then there is the inquisitor and taxidermist, Cristobal Josevich Junta, the 'Head of the Department of the Meaning of Life,' a 'heartless' man who venerates the stuffed body of an SS Standartenfuhrer. They are just two characters in a cast list that includes demented magicians, golems, and men suffering from a "thousand years of sclerotic amnesia," all of whom compete for attention in a festival of absurdism that has menacing undertones.[73]

As is in all their novels, Dick and the Strugatskys create unwilling and unsuspecting victims whose job it is to negotiate these upturned worlds. Nobody can escape the clutches of P.P Layouts pharmaceutically engineered dream worlds, and the skilled 'pre-cog' conapt living Barney Mayerson, is one of the many individuals who fall under its spell. Having consumed experimental "brain disorganising toxins", he suffers a nightmare in which men turn into girls and the city is overrun by ferocious creatures called Glucks. Unable to prevent the onset of cognitive derangement, he is reduced to apathy and resigned to his fate. Staring into the empty void of his tiny vidscreen that has fused over, he feels nothing. He lights his last cigarette and reflects on the megalomaniac ambitions of Eldritch who is determined to smash any semblance of reality. "…Eventually he'll snare us all. Just like this. Isolated. The communal world is gone. At least for me…"[74]

Equally desperate to cling on to the remains of normality as he navigates a building that has come to resemble a cross between an asylum and a propaganda machine, the kidnapped computer programmer Sasha tries to track down an explanation for his predicament in the Book of Fates located in the 'book depository' that like Borges' library is infinite, with its shelves lined up along highways marked off with signposts that show distances in kilometres. Like Barney Mayerson, Sasha's hallucinations change in tone and colour. He imagines "an immense maw gaping wide to receive a magically generated stream of animals, people, cities, continents, (and) planets…"[75] Exhausted and confused he glimpses "magnificent spectral buildings, dull yellow plains and …a cheerless sun shining through the grey mists from close to its zenith." As his dreams intensify he keeps running into the ruins of ancient and medieval utopias, and finds himself in a city where the buildings seem to grow taller every time he looks. "It was cold in those places, with only the occasional eruption of an explosion and a bright glow flaring up behind the grey wall."[76]…Out on the periphery of the real, Barney Mayerson and Sasha contemplate the very real possibility that nothing is true, and nothing ever happened.

The paranoid hearth

The sense of alienation and of surreal displacement from anything remotely resembling ordinary civilian life is profound and unremitting – barbarism, radiation, dematerialisation, delusion, and there is more to come. As the edges of the Cold War hardened in the late 1970s, and the world descended yet again into political and economic crisis, paranoia becomes entrenched. The seeds of neoliberalism take root, the assault on the Commons is prepared, and psychoanalysis and critical theory are called upon to explain the marked increase in nervous disorders, depression and schizophrenia. Disordered reason and emotional disturbance stalk the city, and the most banal spaces of all become the sites of grotesque and terrifying transgressions. Home ceases to be a place of sanctuary and becomes *uncanny* and *unheimlich* as individuals display the advanced symptoms of *oicophobia*, fear of returning home, and *photophobia*, fear of fear itself.[77] In the remote log cabins of the Appalachian mountains and the dachas of the Russian silver birch forest, security gives way to anxiety and unwanted hallucinations replace the aroma of home baking. The dystopian writer is once more spoilt for choice by the narrative possibilities opened up by the cracked mind and by the narrative reconstruction of the home as the site of disturbing phenomena and unexplained events.[78] Domestic life will never be the same again.

Tranquil wicker fenced suburbs are transformed into a devil's brew of crypto-fascist surveillance and misogynist hell. Housewives survive on a diet of prayer, aspirin and piped seashell music. The porches of homes are removed to prevent casual chatter between

Figure 10.5 In front of the paranoid hearth a lone survivor was found mumbling. "God knows. A nightmare, a weird other world beyond the mirror, a terror city reverse thing with unrecognisable entities creeping about." From *A Scanner Darkly*, p. 105. Photograph: Jonathan Charley.

neighbours. Pyromaniac firemen accompanied by vicious mechanical dogs patrol the streets and burn what is left of literary culture. Even the comfortable life of the residents of an exclusive tower block is torn to shreds as the power fails and neighbourliness gives way to class war. Everything is out of kilter. Without warning an ordinary flat becomes a portal through which the horrors of plantation slavery are relived.[79] Obsessed with paranoia, schizophrenia and mental illness, individuals suffer from "hysteromaniacal depression," and sitting at home, alone, see falsehood in everything.[80] In a desperate attempt to reverse the process of entropy and preserve cellular structure, a bedroom is converted into a wired up 'alchemical' laboratory.[81] Rooms rotate. The interior geometry of an apartment expands into infinite space. Furniture talks, and a divan turns out to be a time machine that "translates genuine reality into fairy-tale reality."[82] A stranger with the power to augment the thoughts of others, infiltrates a house party and announces that reason is dead.[83] Meanwhile it is from the boundless central hall of the House of Death, where "time weary of tossing from wall to wall" has "stopped still and thickened," that visitors in search of freedom descend a staircase to the Room of the Last Confession where they bid farewell.[84]

As we cross the threshold of the entropic city for the last time, we find that a similar creeping sense of unease has infected the two apartments that lie at the centre of the Strugatskys' *Definitely Maybe (1977)* and Dick's *Scanner Darkly (1977)*. The undercover police agent Bob Arctor, who is part of a nationwide surveillance programme to destroy an epidemic of the brain-eating narcotic, Substance D, lives in a non-descript American suburb, the sort of place where it didn't really matter where you went since "there was always the same McDonaldburger place over and over, like a circular strip that turned past you as you pretended to go somewhere…"[85] Thousands of miles away in an equally typical small Moscow apartment, the astrophysicist Malionov, shuts his windows, pulls the curtains on the shimmering city, and hides from the hottest day for two hundred years.

Given their respective occupations as 'investigators of strange phenomena' it is to be expected that everyday life is far from normal. In America a low level civil war is going on between the 'freaks' that live in "cheap and durable plastic houses" and 'straights', who have retreated to their "fortified huge apartment complexes."[86] Consuming drugs so as to infiltrate the criminal underworld, Arctor wiretaps and bugs his own home so that he can spy on the tripped out dealers who live with him.[87] Having already lost his family, he struggles to maintain his own sanity that is slowly slipping away as his addiction takes hold. Malionov's situation is little better. His wife is absent and he is alone in his tobacco filled flat with the remains of fish-bones, bread crusts and cold tea. Despite his best efforts everything seems to be conspiring against him from working and completing his "immortal edifice."[88] He receives peculiar unsolicited phone calls, unexpected visits, and his neighbour Colonel Snegovoi, an expert in rocketry, is found dead. The following morning, a knock, the doorbell rings and on the landing there are two Tonton Macoutes in dark glasses. Detectives from the Criminal Investigation Department, they quiz Malionov about his scientific exchanges with the deceased before accusing him of his murder.[89]

The prospects of a tranquil life are retreating further into the distance. Home has become hostile territory. An experimental scientist under the influence of a highly potent psychotropic drug that affects neural tissue, lies on his bed, and stares at the "lurid phosphene activity" dancing across the far wall, that appeared to be "a frantically progressing montage of…modern-day abstract paintings."[90] And it is not just the bedroom, but the living room, flat and neighbourhood as a whole that is turned into a psychedelic battlefield and crucible of paranoid surveillance. Along with nine other nearby apartments, the Justice Department holo-scanners monitor Arctor's home and record his delusions. Worried that he will become stuck in an endless horror film or find himself bouncing off the walls of a psychiatric hospital, he insists that the Maylar Microdot Corporation has shrunk to a height of one inch and rants about a ninety-foot fire-breathing wall of hashish that invades an Eskimo village.[91] His friend Jerry, fearing an attack by alien aphids tapes up his apartment and prepares to flood it with cyanide gas. As Arctor loses his grip on reality so does Malionov and with equally alarming speed. Nothing in his life makes sense anymore. He drinks, frets and confers with his fellow scientists who have also had strange calls. His nerves are shot, and he hears unfamiliar voices from behind the couch and landing. Yet nobody's there. Gripped by hysteria, a mysterious delivery of fine food and wine leaves him even more confused as he contemplates the events of the previous day, all of which seemed "particularly crazy and improbable, even unhealthy."[92]

Events take a turn for the worse. Arctor realises that any one of "eight dozen weird heads, …and psychotic paranoids with hallucinatory grudges" could pick on him at any moment. He watches on as his home is transformed into "a nightmare, a weird other world beyond the mirror, a terror city reverse thing with unrecognisable entities creeping about."[93] Vile degenerative things begin to occur. A friend crawls on the floor and eats from animal dishes, whilst he imagines himself having sexual relations with a wall. Experiencing similarly awful visions, Malionov imagines himself as a catfish holed up in a crack, surrounded by monstrous vague shadows that threaten to grind him into powder. Another colleague the scientist Grubar also suffers hallucinations and witnesses the invasion of his flat, first by space aliens, and then by all his ex-girlfriends who smash up his furniture and try to poison him. Increasingly separated from humanity Malionov feels himself being dragged off to an unknown destination for no apparent reason. Everything around him has gone haywire. Like Arctor he declares the whole thing "A nightmare. Absolute nonsense," and all because, he concludes, he is working on Interstellar Matter.[94] Losing his sense of reason, he clutches a white envelope, dreams of his theory of M-Cavities, and repeats over and over again a phrase that could

have been penned by any one of Dick and the Strugatskys characters; "Since then crooked, roundabout, godforsaken paths stretch out before me…"[95]

Entropic city of hope

Dick and the Strugatskys are relentless in their portrayal of estranged landscapes, ruined suburbs, paranoid institutions, and hallucinogenic homes. Yet despite this, and however bleak the prospects remain for the city and its inhabitants, the central characters of the Dick and Strugatsky universe are all engaged in some sort of quest for truth and meaning in their lives. They struggle for answers to the fundamental questions of human existence, and long for some kind of salvation and redemption.[96] This suggests that we need to be far more cautious in how we characterise novels and stretch the disciplinary and genre boundaries to more accurately reflect the porous borders and overlapping narratives that exist between the pessimistic and optimistic imagination.[97] In reality dystopia and utopia are not opposites, so much as twin aspects of the same human story.

Although we might find ourselves on the edge of an abyss, as we frequently do in the novels of Dick and the Strugatskys, there still flickers a sign of that "unimpaired reason of militant optimism", without which history truly does end.[98] In other words however dark and dystopic their novels might appear to be, it is precisely in their radical negation of the world that hope springs anew, for as they gaze out on the wreckage of civilisation they are secretly looking for that elusive place called home.

It is this paradoxical dilemma that preoccupied Ernst Bloch and which he captured so powerfully in the phrase 'anticipatory illumination', the alluring idea of the search for a home that "stands on the horizon of the real", a home that we have all felt and imagined but one that we will never know. Amidst then the entropy, surrealism and fear, novels born of the critically dystopian imagination still offer a glimmer of hope even if it is 'outside of the pages', by allowing us in Jameson's words to 'apprehend the present as it really is', and to reveal the latent tendencies in all societies that drag us towards the end-game. It is only through the realisation of the repressed sickness, embedded corruption and ideological delusions that govern social reality and urban life that we can begin to imagine a different sort of future, not a blue print for a better world, but the obligation to carry on dreaming about it.

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Notes

1 This is one of the reasons why literary SF has leant itself so readily to cinema. Two of the most narratively compelling and visually spectacular films of the late twentieth century, Tarkovsky's *Stalker* (1979) and Ridley Scott's *Bladerunner* (1982), were adapted from *Roadside Picnic* (1972) and *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* (1968), novels that set out to interrogate nothing less than the meaning and fragility of human existence. Equally enthralling were the TV adaptation of Dick's *Man in the High Castle* (1962), and Aleksei German's epic translation of the Strugatskys *Hard to Be A God* (1964), both of which dealt with the urban inequalities, psychological trauma, and violence that comes with political dictatorship.

2 Indeed several of the most well known critical historians of the genre were profoundly influenced by Marxism and its off-shoot Critical Theory. Darko Suvin's *Metamorphoses of Science Fiction*, Frederick Jameson's *Archaeologies of The Future*, and Carl Freedman's *Critical Theory*

and Science Fiction, are just three of the more notable works that helped establish the genre as something to be taken as seriously as the historical novel, Greek tragedy or Romantic poetry. Indeed if Freedman had his way, Science Fiction would enlist Rabelais, Kafka and Beckett and in a proposition guaranteed to have the guardians of high literary culture spill their tea, goes as far as to suggest that Dante and Milton are closer to Isaac Asimov and Arthur C Clarke than they are to Wordsworth and T.S Eliot. More particularly, the idea of utopia, the critique of history, our historical relationship with technology, our alienation from nature, the class division of human society, and the camouflaging effects of ideology – are all themes that emerge from the works of Marx and Engels, and are tropes that reverberate in one way or another in every work of science fiction. In a similar fashion, the ideas of the Frankfurt School on instrumental reason, alienation and the critique of mass culture and authority, are naturally attuned to the abuse of power, madness, and mangled realities that pervade the genre.

3 Georg, Lukacs, *The Historical Novel* (London: Merlin Press, 1989), p. 203.

4 The idea of chronotopic richness comes from the work of Mikhail Bakhtin who suggested that it is by the organisation and characterisation of time and space that we can distinguish between genres and that far from being a backdrop it is space and time that drives and propels a literary narrative. Mikhail Bakhtin, *The Dialogic Imagination* (Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 1981), and *Speech Genres and Other Late Essays* (Austin, TX: University of Texas, 2010).

5 See Frederic Jameson, *Archaeologies of the Future- The Desire Called Utopia and Other Science Fictions* (London: Verso, 2005) and Suvin, Darko, *Metamorphoses of Science Fiction* (London: Yale University Press, 1979). My own modest contribution to the debate about how we might characterise SF, is the expression, 'narratives of an exaggerated present.'

6 See Lawrence Sutin, *Divine Inspirations - A Life of Philip K Dick* (London: Orion Books, 2006). The comment is taken from his personal memoir Exegesis, but Truth was also the title of his self-published newspaper in 1943 that included a comic strip called 'Future Human', champion of the oppressed.

7 The best biography of the Strugatskys is by Dimitri Volodikin and Gennady Prashkevich, *Bratiya Strugatskie* (Moskva: Molodaya Gvardaya, 2017). The quote is taken from an interview in Voprosy Literatury, Volume VIII, pp. 73, 196.

8 Of course, it is not something that is unique to SF, and it a characteristic to be found in other genres, it is just that SF does it in a particularly powerful manner. Such is the umbilical connection between them that one way of understanding utopian literature is to see it in the words of Suvin as the "sociopolitical subgenre of science fiction." Darko Suvin, *Metamorphoses of Science Fiction* (Yale University Press, 1979), p. 61.

9 One of the most remarkable and scholarly overviews of utopian thought is to be found in F. E. Manuel and F. P., Manuel, *Utopian Thought in the Western World*, (Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1979) See in particular A Citta Felice for Architects and Philosophers, pp. 150–180. An excellent catalogue of images of utopian cities can be found in Ruth Eaton, *Ideal Cities: Utopianism and the (Un)Built Environment* (London: Thames and Hudson, 2002). Aircastle is the capital of More's network of fifty-four identical towns that make up the island of Utopia. It is an ordered squarely planned city surrounded "by a thick, high wall, with towers and blockhouses at frequent intervals." There is no contradiction between 'town and country', and Aircastle works in harmony with the agricultural communes that town dwellers take turns to live in. Before modern council housing was ever imagined we discover that "Every house is an imposing three-storey structure. The walls are faced with flint or some other hard stone, or else with bricks, and lined with roughcast." Remarkably they also have flat concrete roofs and glazed windows, and along with communal dining rooms and rich gardens, it is a model of integrated town planning that would not appear in real time and space for another four hundred years. See Thomas More, *Utopia* (London; Penguin, 2006) (1516), pp. 70–74. Bacon's Bensalem is a no less remarkable city that is devoted to scientific enquiry. It boasts a delirious array of research institutions dedicated to everything from meteorology, to mathematics, and mechanics. There are institutes for acoustic experiments "where we practice and demonstrate all sounds, and their generation", others devoted to colour "Where we make demonstrations of all lights and radiations", and machine laboratories "…where are prepared engines and instruments for all sorts of motions." And at the centre of what resembles a cross between Cedric Prices' Fun Palace and a Science Museum, there stands the magnificent Salomon's House, a repository of knowledge that brings together all of the worlds 'sciences, arts, manufactures and inventions.' Francis Bacon, *New Atlantis* (1625), in The Major Works (Oxford

University Press, 2002) pp. 471–488. Not to be outdone Campanella walks us through a geometrically ordered circular city of interlocked palaces and promenades, at the centre of which rises the Temple's 'planetarium' dome on which the "heavenly bodies are painted." Like Bensalem, it is a city dedicated to knowledge and reason and skilled in stonework the inhabitants have inscribed on the city's walls a sequence of frescoes that speak of everything from fine art to astronomy and metallurgy, including "all the phenomena of the air, such as the wind, rain, and thunder." Tommaso Campanella, *The City of the Sun* (Las Vegas: IAP, 2009), pp. 12–18. The communist overtones of More's Utopia and Campanella's abolition of the family and private property made them favourites for socialists and earnt Campanella a plaque in Red Square.

10 Before modernist architects adopted the idea, and a century before the Unite d'Habitation, Fourier designs a whole city within a single building, a model of perfection that includes everything one might need - "dining rooms, …meeting rooms, library, temple, the telegraph, the coops for carrier pigeons, …an observatory…a winter garden", not forgetting the wonderful Seristeries "places for the meeting and interaction of the passional senses." Charles Fourier, *New Material Conditions-The Establishment of a Trial Phalanx*, reprinted in The Utopian Vision of Charles Fourier, Selected Texts on Work, Love and Passionate Attraction, Translated and Edited by Jonathan Beecher and Richard Bienvenu (London: Jonathan Cape, 1972) (1851–1858), p. 235ff.

11 In William Morris' arcadian idyll, fish jump out of the River Thames, and the streets are lined with 'pretty gay structures' and red brick houses. William Morris, *News from Nowhere and Selected Writings and Designs* (London; Penguin Classics, 1986), (1890).

12 In Vera's dream the reader is taken on a tour of the city of freedom that appears like an amalgamation of classical antiquity and modern technology. "Temples and public buildings, each one of which would be sufficient to add to the beauty and glory of the most magnificent of today's capitals". Nikolai Chernyshevsky, *What Is To Be Done?* (Itacha: Cornell University Press, 1989), (1863), 359–380.

13 As for Bellamy's Boston: "Miles of broad streets, shaded by trees and lined with fine buildings, … stretched in every direction" with large open squares filled with trees, statues and fountains and public buildings of an unparalleled "colossal size and architectural grandeur." Edward Bellamy, *Looking Backward 2000-1887* (Oxford; Oxford University Press, 2007), (1888) p. 217.

14 Richard Stites, *Utopian Visions and Experimental Life in the Russian Revolution* (Oxford University Press, 1989), p. 168ff.

15 There are of course many other SF novels in which the utopian impulse lingers and creates some extraordinary cities that are well worth a visit. High on any itinerary would be a trip to Olaf Stapledon's Neptune in *Last and First Men* (1930), where a fully socialised humanity inhabits star seeking architectural pylons that are twenty miles wide at the base and built out of artificially produced adamantine atoms. And no journey into reimagined utopias would be complete without a visit to Diaspar, in Arthur C Clarke's *City and The Stars* (1956). The refuge of human kind after an apocalypse it is a controlled paradise inside a bubble dome that predictably boasts multitudinous spires, monumentally impressive buildings, and which is in effect a complex urban machine in which all needs are catered for. But of course all is not as it seems in utopia, for an elite cast of priests controls reproduction and plans everyday life in meticulous detail. They have even allowed for some sort of eccentricity and turmoil, because after much research, "it had been discovered that without some crime and disorder, Utopia soon became unbearably dull."

16 See the work of Jameson and Moylan, referenced below in note 95 for the critique of the overlap and porous borders between the pessimistic and optimistic imagination.

17 The problem with such appeals to reason, as Engels was to famously quip, was that the more that utopia was worked out in detail, the more it drifted off into the realm of pure fantasy. For the historical materialist, if plans for the future transformation of society were to have any meaning, they had to be rooted in material and social reality. To a large extent the same went for the literary representation of possible new worlds that if they were to have any narrative power had to relate to the actual life experiences and aspirations of readers. F, Engels, *Anti-Duhring* (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1978), (1893), p. 311.

18 See H, G, Wells, *The Sleeper Awakes*, (1899), and E, M, Forster, *The Machine Stops*, (1909).

19 See Jameson, (2005), *Archaeologies*, pp. 180–210.

20 This is not to suggest equivalence but simply to recognise that the truth lies beyond the rhetorical presumption of complete difference. How you defined the USSR in the 20th century was the litmus test through which you could gauge somebody's political position. I was a regular visitor

from 1984 onwards, wrote my PhD on Soviet Architecture and the City and after countless arguments, books and bottles of vodka more or less agreed with its characterisation as State Capitalist.

21 Arkady Strugatsky was born in 1925, Philip K Dick in 1928, and Boris in 1931. It was in his first literary comic the Truth, that Dick creates a character called 'Future Human', a "champion of right, defender of the oppressed". Although in later life he was a political maverick and combined mysticism, Buddhism and his very own divine revelation, he was nevertheless sufficiently left field to be placed under surveillance by the FBI. As he explained in his Exegesis: "I may not have been/ am CP (Communist Party), but the basic Marxist sociological view of capitalism – negative – is there. Good." *Divine Invasions*, p 91.The Strugatskys' father was a devout communist and the youthful Arkady and Boris shared his idealism and belief in the Soviet project.

22 In the USSR of the 1960s there was a genuine belief that with advances in robotics, cybernetics and automation, heavy labour and toil would become obsolete and a new Soviet citizen would emerge, a sort of creative intellectual worker. Work would lose any association it once may have had with exploitation, and in manner not unlike that imagined by William Morris, would become indistinguishable from art. Indeed it was a brand of utopian dreaming that continued right up to the collapse of the USSR. As late as 1985 essays were still being published that predicted the liquidation of physical labour.

23 In Marx's essay on the Fetishism of the Commodity, the Secret Thereof, one of the most powerful passages in Capital, he speaks eloquently of how we mistakenly come to understand social relations between people as a relationship between things. It is a thesis that was to be hugely influential in later discussions about reification and ideology. A similar phenomena existed in the USSR in the sense that the exploitative relations between the State and the worker, and between management and the labour force were largely camouflaged by the obligation and priority by whatever means necessary, of fulfilling the plan. In other words, the goals of socialism became 'fetishised' as the pursuit of quantitative targets.

24 Taylorism was uncritically adopted in the Soviet Union. It was argued that as the means of production were socialised by the State the exploitative dimensions of Taylorism and subsequently Fordism did not exist. Gastev was the Russian equivalent of Taylor and wrote extensively on the Scientific Organisation of Labour. Subjectively however for the worker laying bricks or riveting on a production line, the experience of the labour process was almost distinguishable from that in an American factory. It was a situation made worse by the fact that Trade Unions had lost any independent voice with which to criticise the way in which the labour process was organised.

25 The concept of the 'permanent arms economy' comes from one of the most important critiques of the political economy of the late twentieth century Ernest Mandel's *Late Capitalism*, (London: Verso, 1999). It is estimated that up to a third of GDP in the USSR and twenty percent in the USA was spent on the pursuit of the space race, nuclear weapons and military expansion.

26 Adorno and Horkheimer were the undoubted masters of the pessimistic intellect. Take for example the following: "Mathematical Formalism, however, whose medium is number, the most abstract form of the immediate, instead holds thinking firmly to mere immediacy. Factuality wins the day; cognition is restricted to its repetition; and thought becomes mere tautology." From Theodore Adorno and Max Horkheimer, Max, *The Dialectic of The Enlightenment* (Verso; London, 1989), p. 22.

27 Indeed one could be forgiven for thinking that Dick and the Strugatskys had attended seminars with Horkheimer, Adorno and Marcuse, such is the sense of profound displacement and alienation that saturates their novels.

28 There are too many to list but there are some that are favourites. One is Harry Harrison's gripping condemnation of overcrowding, super-urbanisation, food scarcity and eco disaster in, *Make Room! Make Room!* (1966), another is John Christopher's *Death of Grass* (1956), in which a deadly biological virus escapes from a secret laboratory and destroys all strains of rice and grain, and in both George Stewart's *Earth Abides* (1949) and the original eco-catastrophe novel, Mary Shelley's *The Last Man* (1826), it is a mystery plague that wipes the species from the earth and leaves cities intact and at the mercy of nature. One of the most prolific novelists was of course the late great J.G. Ballard, who was a one-man catastrophe merchant and who in novels like *Drought, Drowned Earth* and *High-Rise* dealt with everything from environmental catastrophe to feral class war. In more recent times there have been an number of anthologies devoted to the 'end-game'. See for example Adams, J, J, *Wastelands-Stories of the Apocalypse*, (Nightshade Books: Sao Francisco, 2008).

29 'Wastelands of Time', is a version of Nabakov's "terrains vagues of time" from his dark brooding novel *Bend Sinister* (1947) in which he creates one of the original dystopian cities, Padukgrad.

30 A fragmentary view of Doris Lessing's, *Memoirs of a Survivor*, (London: Harper Perennial, 2007) (1974).
31 This refers to one of my all time favourite dystopian novels in which a brilliant linguist finds himself adrift in a city that is an amalgamation of Moscow, Budapest, Berlin and Prague. Ferenc Karinthy, *Metropole* (London: Telegram, 2008).
32 Philip, K, Dick, *The Man in the High Castle* (Penguin: London, 2001), (1962), p. 87.
33 Ibid., p. 213.
34 Arkady and Boris Strugatsky, *Hard to Be a God* (London: Orion Books, 2014) (1964), p. 57.
35 The full passage reads thus: "To advance the spirituality of man, over the sensual. Your abstract art represented a period of spiritual decadence, of spiritual chaos, due to the disintegration of society, the old plutocracy. The Jewish and Capitalist millionaires, the international set that supported the decedent art. Those times are over; art has to go on – it can't stand still." Dick, *The Man In the High Castle*, p. 43.
36 Strugatsky, *Hard to Be a God*, p. 72.
37 This is a play not only on the anti-imperialist slogan of 'self-determination' for colonised and oppressed people, much vaunted by the left in 1960s and 70s, but also an ironic critique of the orthodox Marxist stages approach to history that sees a teleological path that goes from slavery, to serfdom, wage labour and finally communism. Clearly history in Arkanar is not unfolding by the rules.
38 Dick, *The Man In the High Castle*, pp. 11, 19.
39 Ibid., p. 19.
40 Ibid., p. 223.
41 Walter M Miller, *A Canticle for Leibowitz* (London: Weidenfeld, 2013), (1959), p 72.
42 In Miller's *Canticle for Leibowitz*, learned monks hide in desert seminaries and collecting fragments of text, try to piece together human history constantly on the look out for warrior simpletons and mutant scavengers. Meanwhile in Leigh Brackett's *The Long Tomorrow* (1955), a fiercely religious Mennonite autocracy has assumed power, and deemed all forms of urban life, machinery and scientific knowledge an affront to God.
43 Nuclear catastrophe also haunts the pages of Dick's *Man in the High Castle* (1962), *Penultimate Truth*, (1964) and the Strugatskys, *Doomed City* (1970).
44 It is a toxic landscape that Jameson describes as "a magical, incomprehensible area of radically other space" a Utopia in reverse, *Archaeologies of the Future*, p. 73.
45 Arkady and Boris Strugatsky, *Roadside Picnic* (London: Orion Books, 2007) (1977), p. 19.
46 Ibid., p 55.
47 Philip, K, Dick, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*, (London: Orion Works, 1999) (1968), pp. 18–19.
48 Strugatsky, *Roadside Picnic*, p. 108.
49 Dick, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*, p. 19.
50 Strugatsky, *Roadside Picnic*, p. 67.
51 Dick, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*, p. 197.
52 Strugatsky, *Roadside Picnic*, p. 143.
53 Dick, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*, p. 201.
54 A glimpse inside one of Ursula le Guin's most 'architectural' novels, *The Lathe of Heaven*, (London: Gollancz, 2001) (1971).
55 Mikhail Emtsev and Eremei Parnov, *World Soul*, (New York: Macmillan, 1978), p. 53. A wonderful novel that more than matches the sense of uncertainty, transience and fragility in Le Guin's novel.
56 Of all the tropes and themes that Dick and the Strugatskys play with, the atmosphere of material and chronotopic disintegration, and of the dematerialisation of the familiar permeates all of their novels.
57 It is an explicitly anti-utopian novel in its barely veiled condemnation of all forms of engineering that try to make 'new' people or conquer nature. It was never published during the Soviet Union and it is not difficult to see why.
58 Arkady and Boris Strugatsky, *The Doomed City* (Chicago Review Press, 2016) (1989), pp. 31–32.
59 For example the conapt makes an appearance in *Ubik, Do Androids Dream, The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* and *The Penultimate Truth*. For an overview of the conapt and other building typologies that concentrates on their cinematic representation see Fortin, D, T, *Architecture and Science Fiction Film – Philip K Dick and the Spectacle of Home*, (Ashgate: London, 2011).
60 Strugatsky, *The Doomed City*, p. 85.

61 Ibid., p. 15.
62 Philip, K, Dick, *Ubik*, (London: Gollancz, 2000), p. 135.
63 Ibid., p. 141.
64 Strugatsky *The Doomed City*, p. 453.
65 Dick, *Ubik*, p. 27.
66 Ibid., p. 171.
67 These are just a few of countless weird architectural ideas in my directory. In order: Gennady Gor, *The Garden in Magidoff*, Robert, (ed), *Russian Science Fiction – 1969 – An anthology* (New York University Press, 1969), in which a man becomes a park. The moral reformatory refers to the new "State Institute for Reclamation of Criminal Types" in Anthony Burgess, *A Clockwork Orange*, (London: Heinemann, 1962). The Halls of Creation are one of the many building typologies to be found in Arthur C Clarke's machine city Diaspar, in *The City and the Stars*, (London: Gollancz, 2001) (1956), and the brothel comes from a late Soviet dystopian novel by Vladimir Voinovich, *Moscow 2042* (Florida: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1986).
68 Dick in particular was a legendary 'magician' and obsessed with fakery. In *Man in the High Castle*, the trader Childan deals in manufactured 'historical artefacts,' as do the 'tankers' who live in subterranean boxes in the Penultimate Truth. In both novels it's not just objects that are fabricated but history itself.
69 Arkady and Boris Strugatsky, *Monday Starts on Saturday* (London: Orion, 2016) (1964), pp. 95–96.
70 NITWITT is a barely concealed critique of the Soviet fetishisation of science. As a means of combatting idealism and ideas that dealt with phenomena that couldn't be measured and quantified, everything and anything to do with the production of knowledge in the old Soviet Union was prefixed by the term 'nauchniye', scientific. The satirical conflation of magic with scientific fetishism and technological determinism then, earns NITWITT its place in the grand tradition of Russian literary surrealism and absurdism a lineage that can be traced back to authors like Gogol and Bulgakov.
71 There are clear parallels to be made between the Dick and Strugatskys understanding of the central role that simulacra and the spectacular production of myth played in social development and the diagnosis of contemporary society in Debord's *Society of the Spectacle* (1967), and in the works of Baudrillard such as *The Political Economy of the Sign* (1976), *Simulacra and Simulation* (1981) and more recently *The gulf war did not take place*, (Sydney: Power Publications, 2009).
72 Dick, K, Philip, *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, Gollancz: London, 2003, p. 135.
73 Strugatsky, *Monday Starts on Saturday*, p. 120.
74 Dick, *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, p. 179.
75 Strugatsky, *Monday Starts on Saturday*, p. 135.
76 Ibid., pp. 166–170.
77 For the exploration of architectural 'estrangement', phobias, and more generally 'psychopathologies of space' see two important books, Anthony Vidler, *The Architectural Uncanny: Essays in the Unhomely*, (MIT Press, 1999), and *Warped Space*, (MIT Press: 2001).
78 Whilst the Western writer had relatively little to fear from censors or secret police, overt critiques of home and the abuse of power was a rather more dangerous activity for the Soviet writer who relied more on a unique blend of satire and surrealism. This was a tradition brilliantly exploited by the first generation of Soviet writers like Bulgakov, Pilnyak and Olesha, but SF was also a fantastic vehicle through which to ask questions. The 1960s was an especially fertile period in which dozens of writers, many of them scientists and engineers, made subtle critiques through 'outflanking' literary manoeuvres.
79 For aficionados of SF the references here will be familiar enough and are some of the more famous examples of the 'estranged' domestic frontline – the genuinely disturbing town of Gilead in Margaret Atwood's *Handmaid's Tale* (1985), *Fahrenheit 451* (1976) by Ray Bradbury, Ballard's incomparable *High Rise* (1975), compulsory reading for all architecture students, and lastly Octavia Butler's harrowing and moving *Kindred* (1979).
80 This is from *The Case of Comrade Tulyaev* (1950) by Victor Serge. Although not an SF novel in the traditional sense of the word, it is in the spirit of Kafka, Nabakov and Koestler a 'dystopian' novel about a real life totalitarian state.
81 Voiskunsky, Yevgeny and Lukodyanov, Isai, 'A Farewell On The Shore', in Magidoff, Robert, (ed), *Russian Science Fiction – 1969 – An anthology*, (New York University Press, 1969).

82 Strugatsky, *Monday Starts on Saturday*, p. 111.
83 This is from a short story 'The Man Who Was Present', in a collection by another popular SF writer at the time, Bilenkin, Dmitri, *The Uncertainty Principle*, (Macmillan: New York, 1978).
84 The extraordinary House of Death that is controlled by a cybernetic brain, comes from Maximov, Herman, 'The Ultimate Threshold', (1965) a short story published in another fantastic Soviet anthology by the same name, Ginzburg, Mirra, (ed), *The Ultimate Threshold – A Collection of the Finest in Soviet SF*, (Penguin: London, 1970).
85 Philip, K, Dick, *A Scanner Darkly*, (London: Orion Books, 1999, (1977), p. 22.
86 Ibid., p. 19.
87 Ibid., p. 107.
88 Strugatsky, Arkady And Boris, *Definitely Maybe*, (London: Collier Macmillan, 1978), p. 10.
89 Ibid., p. 27.
90 Dick, *A Scanner Darkly*, p. 15.
91 Ibid., pp. 153–154.
92 Strugatsky, *Definitely Maybe*, p. 45.
93 Dick, *A Scanner Darkly*, p. 105.
94 Strugatsky, *Definitely Maybe*, p. 93.
95 Ibid., p. 143.
96 Just as the traces of hope and freedom can be detected in the most apocalyptic of science fiction novels, so there hovers in even the most passionate and erstwhile utopias the threat of boredom and the denial of liberty. For example Aircastle is easily recast as an authoritarian surveillance city where "everything's under state control," and it is not difficult to imagine Fourier's Phalanstère transformed into a rather scary religious cult. This is because the construction of such ideal worlds in which social and spatial order reigns is dependent on the close observance of rules and inevitably burdened by a latent authoritarianism that threatens individual liberty and freedom.
97 Both Jameson and Moylan have suggested that we need new categories like critical dystopias, and anti-utopias, in order to reflect the different political intentions and character of the various branches of SF. See Tom Moylan and Raffaella Baccolini, (ed), *Dark Horizons - Science Fiction and the Dystopian Imagination*, (London: Routledge, 2003), pp. 1–12, Jameson, *Archaeologies*, pp. 198–199 and the pivotal chapter 'Utopia and its Antinomies', pp. 142–170.
98 Ernst Bloch, *The Utopian Function of Art and Literature - Selected Essays* (MIT, 1988), p. 107. The work of Ernst Bloch has been a key reference point in the discussion of utopia, dystopia and the shape and possibilities of a world beyond capitalism. Deeply poetic it is highly charged with terms such as the "utopian function," "wish-landscapes", and "anticipatory illumination", all of which lend themselves to this sort of critique. Similarly rooted in the ideas of Bloch, Tom Moylan comments that: "A central concern in the critical utopia is the awareness of the limitations of the utopian traditions, so that these texts reject utopia as a blue print while preserving it as dream." Moylan and Baccolini, (ed), *Dark Horizons*, p. 2.

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