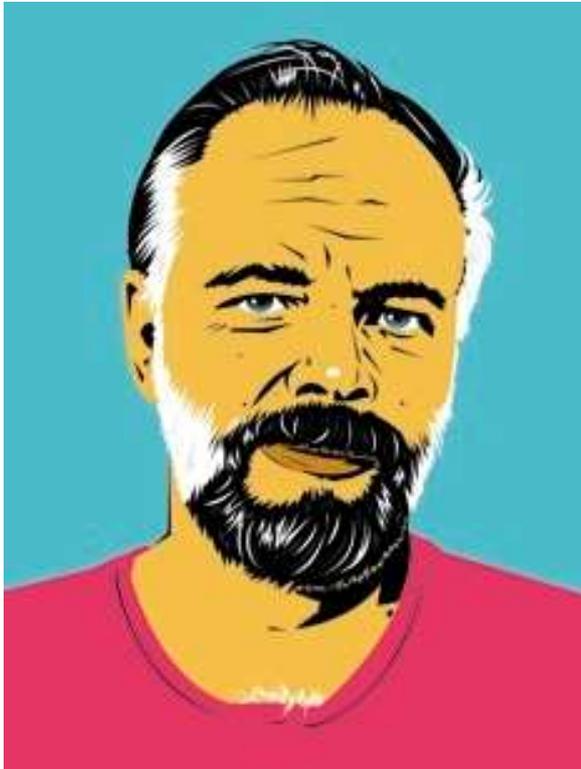


#2 | PKD Otaku

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<http://pkdotaku.gezeitenreiter.de>



PKD Otaku #21 – Editorial

It has been far too long since a new issue of PKD Otaku has seen the light of day. I have no excuses, unless sheer laziness can be called an excuse. But with the gentle prodding of my co-editor, Marc, as well as the urgings of a number of friends I have finally gotten my act together and come up with this, the 21st issue of OTAKU. I hope you, the reader, will find the effort worthwhile. My heart-felt thanks to all the contributors; really it is *your* zine, not mine. And good news: I'm even now pulling together material for the next issue.

Yours Patrick Clark.

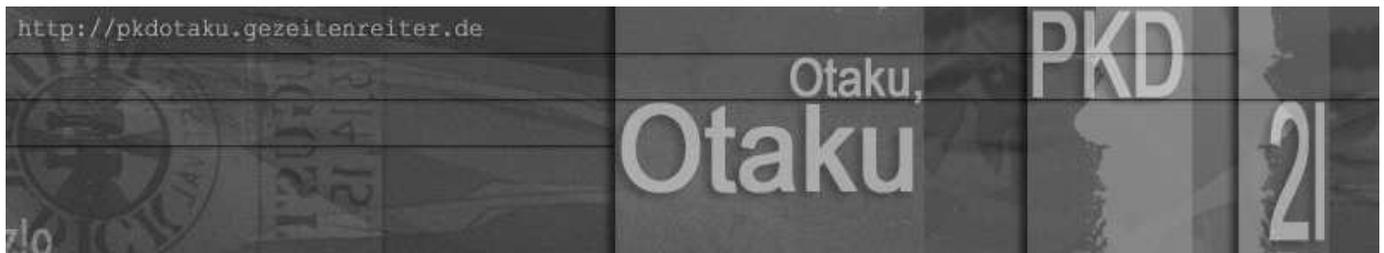
Contributors: Dave Hyde & Marcin Stefanski, Frank C. Bertrand, Frank B. Bertrand, John Fairchild, z!o, Catlover Fat, Laura Entwisle

INTERVIEW WITH THE SLIME MOLD

This interview with PKD Otaku extraordinaire Dave Hyde originally appeared at “Dickian Gnosticism,” a site in Poland at www.dickiangnosticism.prv.pl/wizja.html. It re-appears here through the generosity of Dave and the site’s manager Marcin Stefański.

1. How are you? You are one of the most famous PKD fans on the world. Please tell about yourself in a few sentences.

I live with my wife, Patti, in the mountains of Colorado near the Festival locations. Here in March on the anniversary of PKD’s death (2nd March) it is cold and there is snow everywhere. But in summer it should be warm and sunny. I like to watch birds for a hobby and I like to draw them. This is an easy hobby as I only have to look out the window to see Mountain chickadees and Pygmy nuthatches and the resident winter birds. But... I wander. I don’t know what to say about myself; I’m alive and given that we’re made out of dust that’s not too bad, I guess.



2. Tell about your adventure with Philip K. Dick

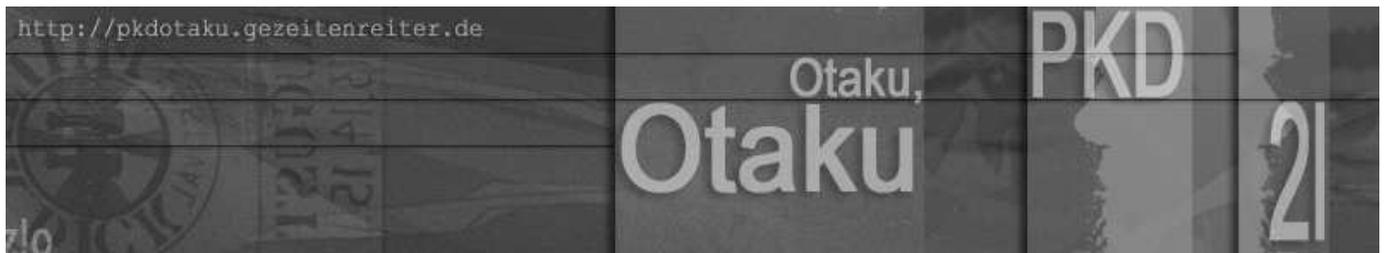
I first started reading Philip K. Dick as a child of about 12 or 13. This was in England and the library at the Royal Wanstead School in London had lots of those 1960's Gollancz hardback editions with the shiny black and yellow covers. I read everything science fiction back then, it was all good to me. I think I fell in love with books before reading. My favorite writer in those early days was Clifford D. Simak. It wasn't until many years later, around 1984 and in America, that I rediscovered PKD – In the factory I then worked at I found an old paperback edition of EYE IN THE SKY and it just stunned me. Literally, when I finished reading that novel I just stared at the wall for many minutes. So then I went in search of Philip K. Dick novels and, this being 1984, the first ones I found were A SCANNER DARKLY and VALIS. It doesn't get any better than this! After that I was on a mission to read everything Dick had written. This was before the internet and you could find many different PKD editions in used bookstores. I bought all I could find. I tried to start at the beginning with SOLAR LOTTERY then EYE and JONES but I got lost after a while.

Anyway, I found the address of The Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter, published by Paul Williams, in the front of a mid-80s edition of A SCANNER DARKLY and I joined PKDS about 1985. I was so happy then; to have found some fellow enthusiasts! Some fellow fans! I started sending articles to the PKDS Newsletter and Paul and Andy Watson, who I mostly corresponded with, kindly published them. I was happy for a while and my wife and I and her brother formed a little "creative unit". We named ourselves 'The Ganymedeian Slime Mold' and I took the name 'Lord Running Clam'. We got a video camera and went off to Washington D.C. to join the anti-nuclear protests there. We published a political newsletter, NO BULLSHEET, which raved against Ronald Raygun and the First George Bush, and we did all kinds of crazy things. We even took our act to New York City where we sold bumper stickers to the crowd at the best Grateful Dead concert I've ever seen at Madison Square Garden. We had a great time!

Then when Paul Williams announced he was discontinuing The Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter, I was shocked at this sudden soon-to-be-coming loss. But I was also ready, I mean, I was already publishing a zine and doing all these different things with Barb Morning Child and The Reverend Dr. X (I wasn't the only one to choose a cool name in the 'Slime Mold!') So it didn't take us long to step into the breach and when 1993 came we published the first number of For Dickheads Only.

It was difficult – none of this stuff is easy to do – I felt a bit of an outsider as I was living in Indiana and all the action was in California. But I thought: 'We're the Ganymedeian Slime Mold and I'm Lord Running Clam, I'm telepathic and overly-friendly, so that is how I shall be'. And FDO was welcomed by the fans and I had a good relationship with Greg Lee who published Radio Free PKD at the same time we did FDO. I've lost touch with him now but I wish I could find him and invite him to the festival.

After I could no longer publish FDO in 1997 due to the Ganymedeian Slime Mold having fissured apart – The Rev. Dr. X died of slow-motion murder in Wash D.C. in 1994 and Barb and I were separating. After that I had to learn how to run computers and go online. Just before the year clicked over from 1999 to 2000 I sent my 'PKDweb' (www.philipkdickfans.com/pkdweb) to Jason Koornick at philipkdick.com. This was the last thing I did in 1999 before celebrating the New



Millennium in Indianapolis where I remember all the gunshots going off over the city; that's all that could be heard for a half an hour! Oh, and then my computer blew up!

3. What is your book "Pink Beam" about? Where can it be bought?

PINK BEAM: A Philip K. Dick Companion is a chronology of Philip K. Dick's stories. For each story and novel I discovered all I could about its circumstances: how did it come to be written? How did it come to be published? What did critics and fans think of it? How did it fit in with the rest of PKD's stories? And so on. Then I put it all in order and wrote intermediate material so that it all flowed together. It can be ordered directly from lulu.com here: www.lulu.com/content/549268 . A big PKD fan in England is going to help me produce a second edition soon, Nick Buchanan.

4. You are responsible for Philip K. Dick festival. Where the idea comes from?

This is a good question because it brings up the obvious question: why has there not been a Philip K. Dick convention or festival yet? Think about it, there are many science fiction conventions all over the world, some very big ones here in the United States. I'm not a very big convention goer and I do not know much about them. I know perhaps they will have a 'PKD panel' at the larger sf conventions here, but I don't know what that means. So, why has there been no convention in the USA? The French did it in Metz back in 1977 and Dick himself attended; the British have quiet little gatherings, but nothing in America.

To answer this has to do more with inside information among PKD fans than anything else. Back in the 1980s and Paul Williams' The Philip K. Dick Society and my own For Dickheads Only and Greg Lee's Radio Free PKD, and other fine efforts in the United States and around the world, we were fans at the fore-front of something. We – the fans – were making it happen: Philip K. Dick was becoming famous world wide, his book sales were soaring, movies were being made in Hollywood, his reputation among scholars was ever-increasing – the whole world was jumping on the band-wagon and singing PKD's tune. But we were the first, we, the fans, are the ones who had faith. Now in 2010 everyone knows who PKD is. His movies have grossed over \$1 billion worldwide for those who made them and his books have many editions in many countries.

I believe it did not occur to us to celebrate Phil's success. To ourselves we felt good about it, thinking, 'Phil has made it at last, even though he's dead.' Then we'd go and read the latest article in The New York Times written by someone we'd never heard of but who is, all of a sudden, a big fan.

Time goes by. The logical time to celebrate PKD was in 1999/2000 when we entered the new millennium. But we didn't and it has only been recently that I have realized why.

It's a matter of who has the right to call for a PKD Festival? Who would the fans listen to and heed the call? One of Phil's ex-wives could do it, as could his children, but after that there's The Total Dickhead, or Guy Salvidge in Australia and perhaps a few other fans around the world – Patrick Clark, for sure, and me. But, this first convention/conference/celebration/festival was destined to be Paul Williams' baby. This would by rights be Paul Williams' place to call for a PKD convention.



But Paul Williams had met with a horrific accident in the mid-90s and was and is unable to make the call.

So that left it up to me. It's taken us 10 years to realize that we have been missing something, that there is a hole in our lives as PKD fans. We have achieved our goal, what we hoped for, prayed for and worked for in the 80s and 90s has come to fruition. We need to celebrate! PKD is not yet absorbed into the critical structure here in America, although that danger is always present, we can abstract him from his uncomfortable place in Academia and give him a place of his own.

This festival comes 10 years later than it should. This is Paul Williams' festival (he'd probably do a better job than me!), and PKD's fans' festival.

Somehow, as you say, Marcin, I am responsible for this festival. And I am. But I take this responsibility lightly, glad that I was able to realize what must be done. I know nothing of festivals or conventions, have no money, am a compete amateur in such things, but... this is what must be done. Obviously, I need help. But I keep the faith.

5. Tell about your vision of the festival

I'm lucky to live in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. If I had remained in Indiana I do not think a good vision of the festival would have occurred to me. I've been thinking about this for a long time, since about 2004, but only nebulously. And my ideas have changed as I've been absorbed into the Colorado Mountains. I live at altitude of about 3000 meters, the air is thin here and the winters can be brutal, but the beauty and space are undeniable.

So, I think that any Festival should be a part of the land in which it is set. In summertime Colorado is a great place to live: sunny, hot – but little humidity, cool evenings, wonderful views of the mountains, hummingbirds whizzing around in their thousands and wildflowers of great variety. The way we live up here is along the highways that connect our mountain towns. There is only one highway connecting the towns of Ward and Nederland it is 15 miles <<Marcin, I do not know the Kilometer translation of miles>> This is the only road between these two town unless you drive 50 miles out of the way. The same applies to the towns of Nederland and Black Hawk. These are curving, mountain roads. And these are small towns and the people who live here are our friends and neighbors. It is the setting of parts of THE MAN IN THE HIGHCASTLE – the 'theme' novel for the conference.

So, the way I look at it simple: we will have a main festival location where most of the activities will go on: vendors, food and drink, music, exhibits, lectures and convocations, etc. But we will also organize our friends and neighbors into welcoming the PKD fans by inviting them into their restaurants and bars and places of business – even offering us secondary festival sites where the fans can sit and have a cold drink, listen to some live music and talk about Philip K. Dick. Perhaps some good spontaneous discussions will occur at these secondary sites. Then there are the two towns of Nederland and Black Hawk to consider. Nederland is a small, hippie-type town, friendly and home to festivals of their own (Search for 'frozen dead guy days'). More shops, restaurants, bars, meeting places here. Black Hawk is Colorado's main casino town. It is just a few miles down the road from where I live. In Black Hawk there are only casinos. But some of these



casinos have hotels and can provide accommodation for fans coming from outside Colorado. And some people like to gamble; Black Hawk will welcome you!

As for vision, I see happy fans in the sun doing all the things people vacationing in Colorado do – we must not forget the natural beauty and the tourist offerings in the mountains here: fishing, hiking, bicycling, camping and, of course, bird-watching. The festival will be spread out along the highways connecting Black Hawk to Nederland and Nederland to Ward. Welcoming signs and banners will direct fans to roadside way stations and hidden shops, itinerant musicians will entertain along the way and a shuttle bus service will take the fans from place to place, from lecture to panel discussion to lunch to more convocations. This is just the nature of the terrain in which the festival will be held. In the evening we will have private meetings and public parties.

But anyone can come to Colorado and enjoy the natural beauty and tourist offerings at any time, what is most important is that this is a Philip K. Dick Conference and festival. I've been a PKD fan for 25 years and I want to learn more of what my fellow fans think, to discuss with them the meaning of THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, to argue over whether Rachael in BLADE RUNNER is an android or a human, to talk about the future and what we can do collectively from our shared spirit. To ask ourselves, and answer, what is the meaning of Reality?

And one last thing: how can we do a better job for the next PKD Festival and where and when shall we have it!?

6. The page of the festival has started. How is the interest about the festival?

Interest in the festival is starting to build. Word is getting out on the internet and also here locally. I do not know how many people will show up but we are prepared to handle any number. If it is a small number then we shall collapse the scope of events into a single location. If a large number of people show up then we shall expand into our full range.

I have so much to do and so little time. I do have some help on the ground here but what we lack is money. I tell everyone that this is Philip K. Dick we are dealing with here: a major figure in world literature, a man who brings great credit to American Letters and America itself. He has generated billions of dollars from his stories and movies, and a search for "Philip K. Dick" on Google generates over 1.5 million pages! Philip K. Dick is HUGE.

It's my job to make this the best festival that I can but to do that takes money – a lot of it. I will do the best I can with nothing - but I believe that the PKD fans here in America and our Colorado business leaders will come through with the necessary financial aid.

7. What do you think about 2-3-74? What is your theory about this happening?

I think that PKD did have these weird experiences: the fish sign, the pink beam, the radio and modern artists and so on. What they mean I do not know. What I find interesting is what came out of them -- VALIS. Perhaps this is what happened: You know when you start life you live in your own house and back yard and small town, then as you grow older you explore the county in which you live and, if you're fortunate, the state or country where you live. The most fortunate get to visit other countries until they attain a global perspective on the world and they lose their provincialness.



I think this happened to PKD but instead of acquiring a global perspective in the geographical or social sense, he gained a (there is not even a word for it!) chronal perspective. He found a place outside of time in which time itself was something in which he found himself in different places, different eras. Recall his sense of Orange County being overlaid by ancient Roman times and his sense of being the secret Christian Thomas. From this 'chronal' perspective <<Marcin, make up your own word here!>> he wrote VALIS.

Consider this: In the back of VALIS is the 'Tractates cryptica scriptura'. Now when you first read VALIS didn't you wonder what the 'Tractates' were all about? Did you come up with an explanation of why they were there?

My thinking now is that in his Pink beam experiences something changed with his knowledge of the meaning of time. We should look at VALIS and, indeed, his other stories for their relationships to any consensus view of time. Philip K. Dick was thinking about the nature of time in ways no one had considered before. At the PKD Festival I hope to discuss this matter with other fans.

8. What do you think about Gnosticism?

In a sense dualist philosophies have the purpose of establishing limits: beginnings and ends. In effect, they address the arbitrariness of existence. Between the up and the down, the male and the female, the good and the bad, life plays out its part in time. The idea of a life in balance arises. From other philosophies like Christianity (a life in faith arises) or even National Socialism (a life in Service) we find different ways in which total arbitrariness is given meaning. One philosophy is as good as another, choose your poison!

Any student of Philip K. Dick has wrestled with the meaning of life. Some of us have even considered PKD's own rationalisations as making sense (plasmatic beings living in the upper atmosphere, 3-eyed invaders from Sirius, demented demi-urges, God fixing things retro-actively so that we would never know if He fixed them at all, and so on). I think at this moment that I write that Mankind, somehow, some way, has gone seriously astray.



THE PKD FESTIVAL

The very first US PKD Festival took place August 13th-15th in Nederland, Colorado. I flew to Denver Friday morning, rented a car and drove to Boulder. Then I went west from Boulder for 18 miles, much of that seemingly straight up. Nederland, the festival site, tops at 9000 feet (2700 meters) and the air is seriously thin up there for us sea level inhabitants. I tired easily and was often short of breath. But the area is wonderfully beautiful. I didn't expect to be so moved. Mountains and forest all around. Little towns here and there, including Nederland, of course. The posted description of our main site was a bit exaggerated. The "Last Chance" is not a biker bar, at least in the sense of a Hell's Angel place. Local people, mostly, with a smattering of tourists (Nederland is a bit of an artist colony) and visitors like us. People in the area were uniformly polite and friendly. If I had to describe it from my very brief visit I'd say it was a place that encouraged independence in thought and lifestyle while still being communal and supportive. Frontier mentality I suppose, in the best sense.

Only about 15-20 people were there at the beginning; maybe 30 over the entire weekend. That was a disappointment in one sense but really those 15 were hard core PKD Otaku, people who knew their stuff and cared about Phil deeply. For me it was a chance to finally, finally meet all the people I had been corresponding with over the year. Dave Hyde, the Festival organizer and really the heart and soul of this strange band of phildickian enthusiast, was the person I wanted to meet most. He and I have been corresponding since 1992! Perry Kinmann came all the way from Japan to be with us. Frank Hollander came from Seattle, John Fairchild from San Francisco; Laura Entwisle, the only person I had met before drove in from Missouri – and it was so wonderful to see her again! People came from New York and Florida and Ohio and up from Denver over the course of the weekend.

There were formal talks and I hope some of those will make it onto either a DVD or CD (everything was taped) and many informal conversations over food and drinks. Or staying up late and just talking, as Laura and I did. Much interesting information passed back and forth.

The talks were all over the map in terms of subject matter. David Gill and Erik Davis described the promise, the problems and the progress so far of getting the EXEGESIS published. God love them for taking the task on and good luck, too: the process sounds a lot like making sausage – or legislation. Frank Hollander shared the joys of collecting first appearances of PKD's writings, which I have to say requires more energy and work than I could muster. Tracking this stuff requires the skills of a first-rate detective. Sam Umland explored the PKD-Colorado connection. We tend, I suspect, to think of Phil a California writer, which he is, of course. But Sam reminded us that Phil's connections are a lot broader than just Berkeley and Orange County. The Colorado connection was especially apt given the festival location just down the road from Estes Park where the Yancy Government continues to fight the good fight against the Soviet menace while we happy tankers sit safe and warm in our underground shelters...and doesn't this sort of remind you of the current War on Terror? Hmm? Anyway, I delivered "PKD and Me," a not entirely coherent description of my relationship (so to speak) with Phil. It is immodestly featured later in this issue.



The formal talks were all exceptional but three really stand out: Dave Gill's discussion of DO ANDROIDS DREAM, John Fairchild's explication of the recent SELECTED LETTERS (the text is now available at Total Dickhead) and Erik Davis' exploration of PKD, HPL, writing and dream states: essentially is language, are *words* a reflection of the "Logos" or are they William Burroughs' "virus"? Erik is one of these ferociously intelligent people (check his Techgnosis site) who is at the same time an open and friendly individual truly interested in what you have to say. He and Dave Gill drove from San Francisco and I'll bet the conversations they had were incredible. Really, I pray this is all going to be available someday. So those were the three standout talks but I must also mention Dave Hyde's second talk on the "Tracte," the appendix from VALIS, because it really was unique. Dave is still working through the "Tracte" and the whole issue of what, exactly, Phil was hoping to learn. Dave called it "the secret of the universe" and on one level I think he meant that literally. He still had more questions than answers and his talk was somewhat disjointed and rushed and under-rehearsed but it was so heart-felt, so trusting and questing that I was quite amazed. Good as all the talks were, Dave's was surely was the most important to me.

In addition to all these talks there were expeditions to Nederland, a fascinating film based on "The Electric Ant," many beers gulped and much good food consumed. The band Blu Simon drove all the way from Missouri to join the festivities and entertain us Saturday night with some serious kick-ass music including their new song "Palmer Eldritch." Great song! The people at my table thought the band should seriously consider producing a PKD-themed album and we all agreed that the next song ought to be "Ubik."

Alas, because I waited 'till the last second to book flights I had to leave early Sunday morning, so I missed the last of the Festival but it was decided that there will be a second festival in 2012 and this time in San Francisco. I'm going to go for sure.

I can't tell you what a good time I had. Simpatico people, stunning countryside, intelligent conversation, good food and a kind of critical mass of PKD material. The PKD clan expanded quite a bit for me. In truth, I really needed this festival. I've been going through some trying times and I had about decided to give up on Phil, shut down the zines and sell some of the books off. The Festival convinced me to stay with my old friend and guide. Maybe look at Phil with new eyes (after Dave Gills lecture on ANDROIDS I rather felt like all my reading had been, at best, superficial, and at worst that I had never properly read Phil at all). So that is my plan.





(left to right: John Fairchild, Patrick Clark, Laura Entwisle, Dave Gill. Bottom row: Perry Kinman and Dave Hyde)

“PKD & ME” -- SPEECH AT THE FIRST PHILIP K. DICK FESTIVAL

Good afternoon and welcome. My name is Patrick Clark and I am delighted to be here today. For one thing I live in Minnesota where the temperatures have been in the 90+ degree range for the last three weeks. The heat index was 100 degrees at 8:00 o'clock last night. To be here in Colorado, sweat-free for the first time, is just wonderful. But I am mainly here to meet friends, people who I have been in touch with for years but who I have never actually seen in the flesh. I'm guessing they are "flesh," anyway. Maybe they are androids and simulacra; this being a Philip K Dick festival it seems a fair question to consider. And I am also very interested in the various talks and programs taking place over the next two days. I think we are going to learn a lot. And have fun, too.



Now before I begin I want to clear up an error. Dave Hyde described me in the original festival materials as “the number one fan” or maybe it was “best fan.” Something like that anyway. This is simply not true. The number one fan, the best fan, the most fanatical fan is indeed here today but it ain’t me. That designation can only go to Dave Hyde himself. I’ve know Dave for years though we have never met ‘till now. He is not an android, I am happy to say. He is a Ganymede slime mold, in fact the famous Lord Running Clam. He’s never claimed to be anything but a Ganymede slime mold and I think we ought to take him at his word. Dave is the one who pulled this festival together. He’s why we are all here today. I would never have had the courage to even dream of attempting this occasion. Dave not only dreamed it he made it happen. Surely he has earned the title of PKD Number One Fan.

Though I am not the “number one fan,” I am a fan and engage in typical fannish activities, chiefly running a zine called “PKD Otaku.” Zines can be a lot of trouble, frankly but they are not too hard to put together and given a steady supply of raw material, a copy machine and cheap postage anybody can do one. Well, now it’s all digital and internet based of course; so even easier. PKD Otaku is up to 20 issues and, Valis willing, there will be a 21st someday soon. My presence here today is entirely the result of being its American editor. (Mark Zito is the German editor.) So if it is alright with you I’m going to give this talk today as if it were a zine – which is to say it will be loose, not entirely coherent, somewhat opinionated and not overly serious. I checked the schedule for the PKD Fest and we have serious stuff coming up so don’t worry on that score.

To begin I should explain that when Dave asked me to speak he likewise asked me what I would speak about. I panicked because I really had no idea and blurted out “PKD and Me.” And so “PKD and Me” appears on the program today. It struck me later that the title was a little ambiguous and that someone might think I had hung out with Phil at some point. I’m sorry to say that is not the case. I never met Phil but you know I could have; it was possible since Phil and I are sort of contemporaries. Well, not very contemporary; he was born in 1928 and I didn’t come along ‘till 1950. So Phil was 22 when I came into the world. When I say “PKD & Me” what I am really saying is that, somewhat to my surprise, Phil has been a constant part of my life even if I was not fully aware of that while it was happening. The awareness came later. But let me explain...

Phil’s first story to see print, “Roog,” appeared in 1953. So I was three years old. I have to admit I missed its publication. And I pretty much missed everything else Phil wrote until 1964. When I was around 13 or so, living in small town in northern Ohio I discovered science fiction. And I went nuts. I probably bought a couple of books a week (40 cents apiece in those days), chewed them up like so much popcorn and then went and got another book. I distinctly remember buying and reading CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON in 1964. It had a great cover, which is how I bought my books back then. I think I liked it; well, I’m sure I liked it though I rather think I had no idea what was going on. I thought it was a space opera when it was really a book about divorce and spousal anger. Shows you what I know. Even so, it was my first ever Philip K Dick novel. I didn’t know it then but I was on my way down a very strange road.

I’m afraid I am going to have to bore you here for a minute with a tedious list of titles and dates. I put it together, post-facto, using Daniel Levack’s wonderful PKD bibliography published by Underwood Miller in 1981. So, CLANS in 1964. In 1965 two short stories, “Oh to Be a Blobel” and “If there were No Benny Cemoli” which appeared in some anthologies that year. 1966 brought CRACK IN SPACE and THE UNTELEPORTED MAN. THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER in 1967.



Dangerous Visions appeared in 1968 with “Faith of Our Fathers.” DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP was published in 1968 but I didn’t read it until the paperback edition appeared in 1969. I bought OUR FRIENDS FROM FROLIX-8 at a department store in St. Louis in 1970 and then got A MAZE OF DEATH out of the public library in 1971. In 1974 came FLOW MY TEARS.

Through out all of this Phil was just one science fiction author amongst the many I rather compulsively read. I’m afraid I was not a very discriminating reader and really did consume the stuff like popcorn. I’m not now sure how much I distinguished Phil from everyone else – except Phil was that crazy writer, the one who wrote the really off-the-wall plots. Plots that I am sure I did not truly appreciate. Let’s admit it: Phil’s plots are totally nuts. Even in my inattentive fast reads I understood that. No one, but no one, wrote like that. At the same time I mostly remember Phil because he always talked about women’s breasts in his books. Honest. In every book, starting with CLANS. No one else in science fiction did that. It kind of distinguished him in the marketplace.

Then in 1975 Paul William’s famous “Rolling Stone” article appeared. And it was at that point that Phil rose above the crowd. Here, finally, was an actual human being attached to a name, a name I had known for years but never really thought about. And he was not just some common run-of-the-mill human being, like me, but one with a personal life every bit as loony as his novels. And so I became determined to read the many novels and short stories I had not yet read as well as essays, letters and interview I hadn’t even known existed. For instance I didn’t read 3 STIGMATA ‘till 1975, ten years after it was first published. And I didn’t read MARTIAN TIME-SLIP ‘till 1973, nine years after the fact. I still have no idea when I first read THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE or TIME OUT OF JOINT but it was in this same time frame. Some fan eh? Then along comes 1977 and A SCANNER DARKLY appears as well as the collection of short stories THE BEST OF PHILIP K DICK.

So, to drop the chronology here, by 1977 Phil and I had “hung-out,” so to speak, for 13 years. That was longer than most of my actual friends at the time. This is all retrospect, of course, but I now see Phil’s real presence in my life. Because in the main I was reading the books as they came out. These books were fresh off the press. It was a bit like a one-sided conversation going on between Phil and myself. He’d write a book, I’d read it. The books became a part of the world I lived in. The actual real world I should say (though you know what Phil would say about what is “real” and what is not).

You know the old saying, science fiction isn’t about the future it is about the time in which it is written; Orwell’s 1984 is really 1948 Great Britain, Asimov’s Foundation series is about Eisenhower’s America. It’s pretty obvious, for instance, that 3 STIGMATA came about because of the new drug culture appearing in the mid-sixties just as FROLIX - 8 reflects the generation gap of the late 60s along with student anti-government movements. All of this may well true. Still, at the time I just thought it was science fiction and so about the future. But it was science fiction that somehow illuminated my particular present. Reading FLOW MY TEARS in 1974 was a chilling experience because it really did seem like a Nixon police state was just around the corner and that we would all be like poor Jason Taverner hunted down by the fascists and thrown into prison camps. Phil really captured the zeitgeist of the period, the paranoia, the fear.

You had to be there. People say that all the time about the 60s when in fact that is true for any time. You had to be there, be it the Roaring Twenties or World War 2 or the Beatles coming to



New York or punk rock or whatever moment in history that means so much to you and brought you to where you are today. You can't really explain it because you barely understood it yourself. That was what reading Philip K Dick at that time was like.

I suppose you can tell by this recitation that I was pretty much a fan of Philip K Dick at this point. And, you know, there was absolutely no reason I couldn't go out to California and meet him. It was just a matter of getting there. Well, I didn't know where he lived in California. That would have been a problem. I suppose I could have found an address if I looked hard enough. Or I could have written him a letter. You know how Phil was about letters! But I didn't. In truth it never, ever occurred to me to do either of those things. I don't know why. It just never did. The opportunity for a real "PKD & Me" passed.

I'd love to be here in Colorado today regaling you with tales of hanging out at Phil's place, smoking pot and talking all night, maybe dishing up some gossip or passing on PKD theories of the universe or what was playing on his stereo or describing his roommates and current girlfriend. But I cannot. All I have are the books. Not, you understand, that the books are a small thing. Just the opposite in fact.

Anyway, 1981 comes along as does VALIS. I remember that experience vividly. I read the book in one sitting on a Greyhound Bus going from Lima, Ohio to Cincinnati. Three hours in the dead of night in the middle of winter. By the time I got off that bus I was a pretty messed up. VALIS remains my favorite PKD novel because it was such an experience of Phil as a person. It was a much more intense version of what I felt reading that Rolling Stone article. Here was a living, breathing human being; not an author but a person, a real person, and one who had suffered but had managed to live through it and emerge more or less sane at the end. It was, in a way, like having visited Phil in California after all – it had the gossip and the pot and the music on the stereo and the friends and the girlfriend and endless theories. But it also had something a real (there is that word again) – a real visit would never have provided: the sense of arriving at the end of a long, sad journey sane and whole again. I needed a sense of that back in 1981.

Then it was 1982 and Phil dies. His death hit me very hard because, you know, we had been friends since 1964; close friends since at least 1975. He was the first of any of my friends to die. I didn't know what to do. And, can I just say, he died on my wife's birthday and even now I cannot think of the one without having to think about the other. What helped a lot with the grieving process were Paul Williams and the Philip K Dick Society. I was an early member and I cannot tell you with what anticipation I awaited each new issue of the Newsletter. I loved the Newsletter; I consider it the best thing ever connected with Phil. The movies suck next to the Newsletter – most of the movies suck anyway but let's not go there.

After the PKDS official Newsletter ceased we were all at a bit of a loss. But committed fans kept the light burning. Our gracious host Dave Hyde started "For Dickheads Only" in 1992. The early issues were mimeographed! Imagine! FDO ran 'till 1999. Greg Lee published "Radio Free PKD," which ran from 1993 until 1997. Great zines the both of them, filled with terrific material. There were some private zines, too, like Perry Kinman's "Rouzlweave" out of Japan.

I used to do a cyberpunk zine in the mid-90s called "Interference on the Brain Screen." One issue of that was given over to PKD though I sort of had to fudge the cyberpunk connection. Then in 1999 I decided to do a zine dedicated to Phil. "FDO" and "Radio Free PKD" had ceased so I stated up "Simulacrum Meltdown" – awful title -- to fill the gap. That continued 'till 2001 when it



grew too unwieldy. I retrenched for a year and then started “PKD Otaku.” My fan status thus reaffirmed I stand before you today. But remember: just a fan, not the number one fan.

People say, “It’s a Philip K Dick World” but is it really? The 50s and 60s and 70s were Philip K Dick worlds, literally since Phil still lived there and wrote books about it. But the 90s and this oh, so fateful first decade of the 21st Century? It’s nothing like Phil wrote about, at least to my mind. His crucial questions, “what is real” and “what is human” have taken a beating here in our science fictional, all-encompassing, online present. There don’t seem to be any hard and true answers to Phil’s questions and, worse, the questions themselves don’t seem nearly so urgent anymore. They are so, you know, 20th Century. That bothers me but I don’t quite know why. Shouldn’t I be moving with the times?

I know why I bonded to Phil in those days and I think I can assume why people from the same era, folks now in their mid-40s and above, likewise bonded. We lived though it all with Phil, after all, so there was a connection that makes sense to me at least. But I confess I don’t know why he is still popular.

What do people who are, say, under age 40 see in Phil? The books are, you know, sort of clunky. His prose is like a “bad translation from the German.” And the plots in addition to being pretty loony, albeit in a vastly entertaining way, typically fall apart before they end. And sometimes they don’t end at all but just stop. The books describe eras that no longer exist, like the 1950s with *TIME OUT OF JOINT* or the 1960s with *FROLIX-8* or the 1970s with *SCANNER DARKLY* -- times now four to six decades past. Reading *FLOW MY TEARS* cannot possibly be the same experience in 2010 as it was in 1974; we now inhabit a completely different social and political landscape. Consider, too, the idea of a Black American President, an edgy enough concept in 1966’s *CRACK IN SPACE* but now? And what we now know about Mars today really removes 3 *STIGMATA* and *TIME-SLIP* from the realm of science fiction to pure fantasy; Middle Earth has more realism than does Phil’s *Red Planet*.

Which of Phil’s books are younger readers reading? And why? I mean someone must be buying the stuff ‘cause it’s all in print and various new editions and new collections keep arriving in the bookstores. I suppose it’s mostly public libraries that are buying that fancy Library of America stuff but who’s buying all those Vintage editions – or downloading them on to Kindle? What do they see in those novels? Is it really just because of the movies? Actually, I hope to find out over the next couple of days both from the official speakers and the Q&As after and just sitting around over a beer with you folks. Because whatever is keeping the Philip K Dick juggernaut rolling along, it’s doing very well indeed. I begin to wonder if the only 20th century authors who will still be widely read in the 21st are going to be Raymond Chandler, H. P. Lovecraft and Philip K Dick. And wouldn’t that be ironic?

I have to confess to you that one of the most disheartening aspects of the PKD boom is its deadly seriousness. Scholarly journal articles, multi-part newspaper accounts in the “LA Times,” essays in “The New Yorker”, university courses, book after book filled with serious speculations. It’s exhausting. There was a time when the PKD brand was known for its craziness and craziness seems in short supply in what I sometimes call “PKD Inc.” Not much humor either. Which is too bad because craziness and humor are such a big part of Phil’s appeal to me. Maybe “crazy humor” is a better way to describe it. Humor, in truth, may very well be the answer to Phil’s “what



is human” question. Only humans laugh. I don’t remember the androids in *ELECTRIC SHEEP* laughing.

I saw a play about Phil last year called “800 Words” by Victoria Stewart and it is really funny. Oh, there is suffering, too, but there are lots of jokes and absurd, one might say “phildickean,” situations such as when a character playing Victoria Stewart herself shows up in the second act to explain to Phil that all of this is just a play she wrote and all his lines have been scripted. Then she asks him to autograph her copy of “*Blade Runner*,” a book which did not appear until after Phil was dead. Meanwhile Phil’s cat tries to tell a joke (“An android, a robot and an alien go into a bar...”). It’s a great play.

I supposed it will come as no big surprise that I prefer the acid-head Phil to his later incarnation as a Gnostic saint. *VALIS* notwithstanding, the Gnostic Phil is too bizarre for me to embrace. I bought the recent *SELECTED LETTERS 1980-1982* and I have to say they make for some tough reading. I believe our next speaker will be discussing the letters at some length so I ought to tread carefully here but, honest-to-God I cannot get through most of the letters to Patricia Warrick – and there are a lot of those let me tell you. To me they are just chunks of the *EXEGESIS* with a salutation at the top and a signature at the bottom.

I’m not crazy about the *EXEGESIS*. I find it difficult, even painful to read. I kind of resent all the time and energy and creativity squandered on the *EXEGESIS* that could have gone into writing new novels. That is to say, novels I, selfishly, wanted to read. It’s all about me I guess. But this is the thing about your favorite author or favorite musician or favorite film director: you got to trust them and follow them where they go. To the extent that you can anyway. Sometimes they will take you to new and exciting places. Other times they take you to a dead end, or to the downward spiral of the *THE DIVINE INVASION*. And sometimes, after leading you astray, they will take you back home, as Phil did for me with *TIMOTHY ARCHER*.

So for me this last volume of letters is very confusing. And yet it is not all mind-numbing Gnostic speculation. There are some great letters here. Phil, for the first time in his life, is making solid money. He has so much money he doesn’t know what to do with it all. So, for instance, he’s looking to invest 20 grand in a stamp collection. Or he’s buying plane tickets for his agent. I’m proud to report that he donated a good deal of money to various charities, especially to aid kids at risk in New York City or crippled in the Vietnam War. Be it noted that Phil NEVER forgot the Vietnam War. Even so he is still in trouble with the IRS. Man, wouldn’t you love to see Phil’s IRS file?

There are letters about *Blade Runner*, too. He writes at one point that the clips of the movie he had see on television, exactly captured what he saw in his head as to how the future would look (William Gibson had the exactly the same thought in the middle of writing “*Neuromancer*”). And here is an interesting factoid: Phil says his vision of the urban future is drawn from the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. Wow!

But then there will be another series of letters about Pythagoras and the Torah and Upper and Lower Realms and the like. It struck me while plowing through the letters that, maybe Phil’s right and left hemispheres really had broken apart, ala *SCANNERS*. That *Horselover Fat* was not simply a literary device created to write *VALIS* but “someone” (if that is the right word) who did in fact really reside within Phil’s skull. We’re in Bob Arctor territory here. Is it even possible that the



man who wrote TIMOTHY ARCHER, one of the sanest, clear-headed books you can imagine, could also scribble away, night after night, on the EXEGESIS? Apparently so. It's a mystery.

A few of the letters discuss Phil's plans for future books. Chief of these is THE OWL IN DAYLIGHT including the heartbreaking news that Phil was ready to sit down and type out a first draft when he happened to hear about a couple of writers who had heart attacks from overwork. One died, a man younger than Phil. The whole episode depressed Phil enormously and he decided to put off the draft for a while. So no OWL IN DAYLIGHT for us.

One of my favorite letters is to Russ Galen on January 30, 1981 in which Phil describes the entire plot of a brand new science fiction novel. It's sort of a combination SCANNERS, "I Hope I Shall Arrive Soon," and "Rautavaar's Case" set against a backdrop of interstellar war against an alien race, with God (naturally) thrown in for good measure. And I'm thinking "Did I just read that right?" Phil could just dash off these plot ideas at the drop of a hat – so who knows if this was serious or not. But I would have liked to read it had it ever seen the light of day – which just makes me bitter about the EXEGESIS.

But then I thought, could Phil even write science fiction anymore? Or rather, would he want to? He says he does; he says he's happy to be a SF author but he was also so proud of TIMOTHY ARCHER, proud that he had been able to get a mainstream novel published by a major imprint. He is still very much in love with Angel Archer and amazed he was able to create her. Would he really be able to go back to writing about insane computers shifting some poor guy from one time stream to another or mankind fighting it out with aliens? I don't know and now we never will.

And this, in turn, has led me to the following conclusion. The letters, the interviews, the EXEGESIS, the memoirs, the scholarly apparatus, the forwards and afterwards to the various editions, the memoirs and biographies – all that stuff is superfluous. You don't really need them. It's not that they are unimportant or that they aren't interesting in their own right because a good deal of the available materials are important and are interesting. And God knows I have shelves and drawers of the stuff. But all you REALLY need are the novels. (Okay the short stories, too.). Think about it: the novels are what Phil purposely presented to the public. It is what we know for a fact he wanted you to read. They are his teachings

Writing novels is what Phil did for a living; it was his profession. The interviews and the letters are actually sort of private communications, Phil addressing another person one-on-one. The novels are for the community of readers, for everybody, and it is there that Phil says what he wants to say. It is in the novels where we should be listening to what Phil is telling us. I re-read a couple of Phil's novels every year and I am always amazed. I always find something new and fresh and richer and deeper than the last time I read them. Even in such so-called "minor" works as THE COSMIC PUPPETS or THE CRACK IN SPACE. I daresay there are hidden treasures even in VULCAN'S HAMMER. In truth I think everything Phil wrote for publication is worth our careful study, but then I am a fan.

Thank you.



My friend Andre read a copy of speech earlier. He wrote the following response. Had he been at the festival his own presentation would have been a knockout as this précis is a sure indication.

You as the veteran/sage who knew HIM when nobody did! And how he inspired you to steer your love life with the I-Ging. Yeah, I could have given a talk how a German (!) kid discovered Dick in the mid-seventies when he was like twelve and how it warped his already sick mind and how he got him even though the translations / editions available back then were grotesque mutilations of the originals by today's standards. And how he thought how well Dick played along with WSB, JGB, and HPL. The subversion and decomposition of the reality scam performed by those brave forensics and disciples of the one true god of Psychopathology. Well, it didn't happen and such a promising venue: "The Stage Stop is a rough ass bar. I can't believe this didn't end badly. Cowboys and miners go to drink there." What Americana I could have digested there!

So everyone reading this zine today begin planning for the next festival in 2012!

THE AKS STORY

While at the PKD Festival I met a fascinating woman, Jami Morgan. She wrote a novel called *A Kindred Spirit* (note second word) about Phil and James Pike and a woman named Niki Perceval who goes on a quest through New Mexico. It has a fair amount of Phil-related material but filtered through Native American shamanism, Hindu spirituality, Buddhism, UFO-contactee/X-File-ish, New Age, Gnostic lenses. I hope that doesn't sound like a mish-mash because it isn't at all. It's a really good book and Jami keeps tight control of all of this material. Primarily it's a journey of discovery with Phil as Niki's guide. Guide from the afterlife that is; the story takes place after Phil's death in 1982. The character of Niki is really well done; she became a real person to me while I read. I was reminded of Rudy Rucker's theory of "transrealism" or "transcendental autobiography" which I believe Rudy describes as "writing about yourself, only more so." (See: <http://www.cs.sjsu.edu/faculty/rucker/transrealistmanifesto.pdf>). Jami gave me what she called the "FDO" copy at the festival. It had yet to go through a final edit. The published version of *A Kindred Spirit* (AKS) is now available.

Here is the "official" description of the story:

Philip K. Dick is dead but he's not done. The semi-famous "sci-fi" writer, sometimes called the Prince of Pulp or a fictionalizing philosopher, has Unfinished Business. And, he's tangled up in the afterlife with the heretical former Episcopalian Bishop of California, James Pike. The two have finally figured out—well, everything, but need a way to convey their message to the masses. Back on earth, in 1982, a young investigative reporter, Niki Perceval, is chasing the ultimate news story—Doomsday. It's a journey through time and space, and a search for what's really real.



I can't recommend this book highly enough. By all means get a copy of *AKS* ASAP. I asked Jami (she publishes as ej Morgan) if I could interview her for this issue of OTAKU and she graciously agreed. So let's begin...

SO WHAT IS THIS NOVEL ALL ABOUT?

The Intergalactic Release of *AKS* (FDO edition) was part of the PKD Festival in Colorado, thanks to the generous invitation of Dave Hyde, our long-time Slime Mold and Lord Running Clam. (I love writing for Dickheads because I don't have to explain terms or acronyms.) *AKS* is my novel *A Kindred Spirit*. On Amazon and my web site I use the phrase, "Philip K. Dick is dead, but he's not done." Much of the story revolves around Phil's unfinished business in the afterlife. As Phil-fans know, he died suddenly and unexpectedly in 1982 and as I learned, from then on there has been ongoing interest in Phil's afterlife. Doesn't every PKD fan wonder what Phil found on the other side? Did it match his 2-3-74 experience and exegesis musings?

I may sound like a life-long Phil-fan, but I'm not. I had barely heard of Philip K. Dick until one fall Sunday morning in 1996 when a group of us were hanging out in the sunroom at the home a friend of mine. John, the homeowner and husband of one of my best friends, was reading the newspaper wearing a pair of those half-lens reading glasses, the kind that sit low on your nose. Without looking up he asked, "Did you ever read PK Dick?"

I sighed and said, "No, I still haven't." John had suggested PKD earlier that year. He glanced up, looking over the top of the half glasses, "You really should." "Okay," I say. "Tell me again which one I should read first," remembering the guy had written a shit-load of sci-fi books. "Oh, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*, which is the real Blade Runner story, or his classic *Man in the High Castle*. Just don't bother with any of his late stuff because by then he was totally insane."

Totally insane. That's what stuck in my mind. I wondered what someone would write if he was totally insane. Of course, I went right out and got the late stuff. The *Valis Trilogy*, as it was titled by the 1990 Quality Paperback edition, is what I found, with an insightful afterword by Kim Stanley Robinson. No book, other than Carlos Castaneda's *Yaqui Way* (which I read twenty years earlier), ever affected me as profoundly as *VALIS*. I think I had only read about forty or fifty pages when I sat up in bed and declared that I would write my own version of *VALIS*. Maybe I'm just as insane as Phil, but the way he told the story in a third person, semi-autobiographical manner with all those wild ass theology concepts so cleverly woven into such fun fiction just blew my mind.

I have written all my life, mostly journalistic articles or news copy for my day job, and dabbled a bit with creative writing at night, but I never thought of writing a novel—not until that night. That was my PKD big bang as Phil thoughts exploded in my head. It truly felt like galaxies of ideas swirling around and I naively thought I could pull all this together into a novel. Ha! That took much longer that I could have imagined that night. But *VALIS* instantly provided a template, or road map, of how I might blend my own experiences, with travel and other cultures, and my ideas about ancient aliens/shamanism/Buddhist philosophy, with some of my own odd "automatic/exegesis/transmission" writing, and produce a novel. That was my initial idea for what evolved into *A Kindred Spirit*.

What I did NOT see coming was how PKD infiltrated my mind and truly took over the project.



YOUR PROTAGANIST, NIKI PERCEVAL, HAS NO KNOWLEDGE OF PHILIP K. DICK AS HER STORY BEGINS, BUT OBVIOUSLY THIS IS NOT THE CASE WITH YOU.

As I said, I had no prior knowledge of Phil, before devouring the 750 pages of the *VALIS Trilogy* along with Kim Stanley Robinson's brief biographical analysis of PKD at the end. That really hooked me. I had to know more about Phil. That seemed more important to me than reading his early novels at that point. So the next thing I read was Lawrence Sutin's *In Pursuit of VALIS: Selections from the Exegesis*.

I can remember pacing around my house, agitated that Phil had died and that I couldn't interview him. As a reporter, I really wanted to. But just as things were weird for Phil, things were getting really weird for me, too. I felt Phil's presence on some cosmic level. My friends could say I was as screwy as they thought Phil had been near the end. But, like Robinson (and Paul Williams) I felt Phil redeemed himself with his final novel *TToTA*, which was clearly about Bishop Pike and very lucid. I was intrigued by the Bishop's influence on Phil and read a lot about Pike, also. I began to feel that Phil was trying to communicate with me, the way Pike might have tried to reach Phil: impulses to read certain material and many inexplicable synchronicities. I would find the exact book I needed or wanted, no matter how obscure. As I wrote in one of my earliest notes: "It's weirder than you can possibly imagine. Nietzsche thought Zoroaster was speaking to him. Jung credited his *Seven Sermons* to a Second Century Gnostic that spoke to him. Bishop Pike thought his deceased son was communicating to him about the true nature of reality and PKD thought Pike and a host of other entities were confirming ALL of this!"

My first draft was called "Biomorphic Madness." Once I started, I wrote fast—finishing a rough draft in less than six months. During that time I determined that if I couldn't speak with Phil, contacting Paul Williams would be the next best thing. I wrote an email to Paul in early 1998. At that time it appeared he was fully recovered from a 1995 bicycle injury, and he was back at the top of his game editing Sturgeon stories and writing more Dylan analysis.

I could literally write another book about that friendship and how it evolved from that first email. It only took a few email exchanges and Paul said I could call him and interview him over the phone for my book. But the *ODDEST* thing happened the day before I was to make the call. I had an extremely vivid dream about going to a building with round, kind of circular hallways (Griffith Observatory?) I was looking for a room where the "talk" was scheduled. When I arrived, a sign in front of the entry read: *A Kindred Spirit* by EJ Morgan. I woke up so startled I nearly choked. That was early Sunday morning and I was set to call Paul that afternoon. I was so rattled by the dream it

became the primary topic for that call. Paul agreed that I simply had to change my working title. *Kindred*, as you folks know, is the K in PKD: Philip Kindred Dick. That and some other very strange





experiences with cats, the Nag Hammadi texts and Pike connection, and my own true story about “Now is the time” (as related in the novel) led to Paul’s declaration: “I really do believe Phil is aiding you from the spirit world.” His quote is on the back cover of my book. I play around with the term “another sign” (omen) a lot in the story. So it was kind of fun and quirky that on the day I was writing this material for Patrick (12.12.2010), I was invited to a local book signing, and look at what I encountered when I walked up!

Paul directed me to a few books that quickly proved I was not alone in my interest in Phil’s afterlife. He suggested I read Michael Bishop’s *Secret Ascension*, the somewhat obscure book of stories called *Welcome to Reality* with an introduction by Paul Williams, and Scott Apel’s *Dream Connection*. After reading all these, I became discouraged about my story. 1) Clearly, PKD in the afterlife was old news. 2) I was certainly not the writer that Bishop, Disch and Spinrad were, so who would care about my silly story? By 1999, I had basically shelved my novel, but as a reporter, I wanted to interview some of these “famous” SF guys to understand, and perhaps do a series, on this phenomenon of being in contact with the late, great Philip K. Dick.

I began with Scott Apel because 1) he seemed approachable for my first interview, and 2) I could hardly wait to compare our “dream connections” with PKD. Greg Lee read and discussed the draft of my article over the phone. He marked it up and was preparing to publish it, perhaps as the first in a series if I could get the other interviews. Unfortunately, Issue #8 of *Radio Free PKD* never materialized. Lee had “real” work to do, we all did, and interest in Phil was beginning to wane. This was before *Minority Report* came out as a major motion picture.

AND THEN YOU BROUGHT AKS TO THE PKD FESTIVAL?

When I heard there was going to be PKD Festival, my jaw dropped. I had already recommitted to editing and finishing the novel, determined to do so after learning what bad shape Paul Williams was in. I wanted to hand deliver the book to him, perhaps for Phil’s 82nd birthday in 2010. But when I learned of the Phil Fest, and how proceeds would benefit Paul Williams, I immediately contacted Dave Hyde and he welcomed the idea of releasing the book at the Colorado event. We came up with the Intergalactic Release and he promoted it on some of the radio shows.

That sent me into a non-stop writing and editing frenzy last spring. Despite my efforts it was not quite ready for “prime time” by August, thus the special FDO Festival Edition. Grammarians found many errors, and Dickheads made a couple of recommendations about content. I came back from the festival edited furiously, and officially published *A Kindred Spirit* September 22, 2010. There’s a book blog and ways to buy it here: www.AKSbook.com



Stay tuned for Part II... “PKD/AKS Redux” (or Part Deux)

The next issue of PKD OTAKU will pick up the rest of the history of *A Kindred Spirit* as well as Jami’s interview with Scott Apel. Here’s a teaser:

EJM: You were interviewing Phil in 1977 and his life-altering event occurred in February/March of 1974. The incident he called the “2-3-74” event. So, all of this was pretty fresh at the time, right?

DSA: Exactly. In fact, the interview in *The Dream Connection* is THE most complete and most in depth description of those experiences that has ever been published anywhere. He may have had longer conversations with closer friends of his, like Paul Williams, but as far as what’s lasted on paper and for anyone who wants to understand those experiences and doesn’t read TDC isn’t getting the full story. I’m very proud of that fact. That this most controversial part of the man’s life is the part we took most seriously, seriously enough to print it in its entirety.

I’ve read the original draft of the interview and it is fascinating. PKD fans can rejoice that this great interview will soon be available.

A KINDRED SPIRIT BY E.J. MORGAN – A REVIEW BY LAURA ENTWISLE

A Kindred Spirit (AKS) is a spiritual adventure story that swept me away on a journey through the mind and spirit of Philip Kindred Dick, across time and space, into dreams and prophesy. It is a story of the musings and obsessions of the conjoined spirits of Phil Dick and Bishop James Pike, of spiritual seekers, charlatans, lost manuscripts and lost desert canyons. The book took me from mysterious explorations in ancient Egypt to the cataclysmic Jupiter Effect, through spirit traveling and sweat lodges, to the possible and explosive end of long, vehemently held belief systems. Astrophysics and metaphysics collided in happy abandon here, as assumptions and conventional beliefs shatter, dissolving into "Ecstatic union with the macro-isomorphic vortex."

AJ Morgan has a gentle way of guiding the reader through a multitude of physical and spiritual realities without a hint of dogmatism. She writes with a light and deft hand about gnarly subjects, "cryptic crap", as Phil put it to Pike: Gnosticism, Christianity, Native American visions and dreams, post-death life, the quest for what is true, real, human, spirit. *AKS* follows the experiences of Niki, a fearless young woman traveling rough roads in her very cool Westphalia van. Morgan paints a vivid verbal picture of the sweeping panorama of colors and textures of the New Mexican desert, and the lands that Niki travels though in her search for completion of PKD's 'unfinished business.'

I enjoyed the sketches and messages in the book; even the table of contents tickled me. They provided a framework of the novel and the many layers of stories and byways taken



during Niki's quest. *A Kindred Spirit* is a sweet, ironic, often funny, sometimes dark metaphysical adventure and all without vampires ;-).

The conjoined spirits of Phil and Pike are the true central characters in the book. Niki's pursuit of a mysterious manuscript stolen from PKD's safe begins with her dream of a bearded man, Phil, who then appears on her TV. "VALIS," he said. PKD is dead, except he's not.

The book was peppered with familiar references- Niki's favorite song, Radar Love, helped me drive many miles back then; the depiction of '80's technology, or lack of it, was quite shocking in a way. It's easy to forget how un-techie the world was just a few years ago.

Rays of cosmic energies run through *AKS*. The message of this book is Peace, both inner and in the world. And for PKD fans, it definitely proves that ultimate cosmic messages are really hidden in Phil's books. We knew it all the time!

I really enjoyed the trip!

FRANK BERTRAND LETTERS

A sad indication of the tardiness of this issue is that these letters from PKD scholar and gadfly, Frank Bertrand, are only now appearing. Frank sent them to me immediately upon reading *PKD OTAKU 20*. It is entirely my fault that they have been delayed until now. In truth, though, Frank's thoughts and observations are always timely as you will read.

Saturday, February 27, 2010

Dear Patrick,

Contrary to whatever rumors might be circulating in the "Internet-PKDsphere," I am alive and reasonably well. And in spite of turning 66 come late October, 2010, I continue to read, reread, and re-reread the fiction AND non-fiction of PKD, a *sapere aude* pleasure I've been pursuing since the early 1960s. (What does it imply when we refer to someone just by their initials? A symptom of our "quick-and-convenient society"? Laziness?) It's also true that I rarely get involved with the "Internet-PKDsphere" anymore. There continue to be way too much mindless pabulum and posturing fluff spewing forth thereon about Philip K. Dick, for which daring to repeatedly complain (as "kipple4u" or "Chaser") I've been accused of being "vitriolic" and "too strident." Apparently we should be righteously (or "dumbed-down") thankful that Philip K. Dick is getting any attention at all, and give our unquestioning allegiance to whatever is posted, whether it's cogent and relevant, or not!

Which is why I thoroughly enjoyed the latest *PKD Otaku*, No. 20. The tactile experience of holding a fanzine is much more, yes, intellectually gratifying, at least for me, than what I've seen on the "Internet-PKDsphere" for the past decade or more. My sincere thanks to you for continuing to publish *PKD Otaku*; may there be many, MANY more!



Regards your comments about how Philip K. Dick has been, and is being, perceived, especially as embellished by the various movies loosely based on some of his short stories and novels, and to a lesser extent that image proffered by academia (the ivory-tower denizens do still mightily strive to force him into a “postmodern” or “mystic” niche), reminds me of two somewhat recent primary source comments by individuals who actually knew Philip K. Dick, as I am someone who interviewed Philip K. Dick. That doesn’t make them or I “experts” (which term/concept I don’t believe in) but does imply a modicum of historical relevance when writing about Philip K. Dick.

As Anne Dick, Phil’s third wife, stated in September 2009, “I loved the black sociological and political humor. I love his imagination. His novels and stories make me laugh out loud. The books deal with dark subjects but they are full of light. They prophesied the future both specifically and generally.” (blog, *IO9* September 5, 2009)... “Philip told his longtime friend Ray Nelson that the pink beam of light occurred when two girl scouts selling cookies came to the door and a pink beam flashed from one of their glasses. I love that kind of Phildickian humor.” (Ibid.)

Dr. Anne Mini, daughter of Phil’s second wife, Kleo Apostolides Dick Mini and Norman Mini, has said, “...when I was in elementary school, my father was dying, and Philip was my only adult confidant. He was going through a hard time as well, with the break-up of his last marriage and the agoraphobia that often made it impossible for him to leave his condo. So we developed a habit of speaking frequently on the phone, often indulging in a little game: could we make up stories about his life so outrageous that the reporters who came to interview him would not believe them? It never occurred to me at first that any of these stories would be believed. Yet as your readers already familiar with some of the wild tale[s] that have turned up in biographies and articles are probably aware, most of those stories were not only accepted by reporters, but have continued to turn up, increasingly embellished, in the years since Philip’s death. He would have found this hilarious.” (Interview conducted by mail, February 2008, first published in French as Dickien (adj.m.): qui rappelled l’univers de l’écrivain Philip K. Dick [www.dickien.fr/dossiers/annemini/interview_anne_mini_dick.html])

A quite apt and incisive phrase, “Phildickian humor,” even more so when parsed as “black sociological and political humor.” It’s one that deserves much more thoughtful discuss/dialogue/debate than given it to date. I would argue that it is what helped Philip K. Dick to cope with the various answers his imagination fabricated for his two thematic questions – what is reality, and, what is “human-ness.” Each and every one of his short stories and novels is an attempt at such an answer. Of these, a few give a notably sustained, multi-foci, multi-layered, almost intuitive response. One of my favorites is *The Man Who Japed*, which I’ve read, oh, four times so far. And it’s title, I think, is a wry summation of how to characterize Philip K. Dick’s so-called “pink beam” incident, especially if we take into consideration some of the connotative flavors for “jape” as found in the venerable O.E.D.

Another Philip K. Dick novel I recently re-reread is *The Crack In Space*, in part because it’s the one he wrote and published just before *The Three Stigmata Of Palmer Eldritch*, about which novel I’ve been writing a long, involved essay devoted to chapter, just chapter, two, wherein the principle protagonist, Leo Bulero, is introduced. But please do carefully consider this from chapter 14 of *The Crack In Space*:



“When you had hopes once,” Hadley explained after a pause, “it’s always hard to go on after you give them up. It’s not so hard to give them up; *that* part is easy. After all, you’ve got to, sometimes. But afterward...” He gestured, grunting, “...What takes their place? Nothing. And the emptiness is frightening. It’s so big. It sort of absorbs everything else; sometimes it’s bigger than the whole world. It grows. It becomes bottomless. Do you know what I’m talking about?”

Being old enough to have graduated from high school in 1962, served as a Vietnam vet (1966-67), and take on the stereotype of a reluctant grandfather, I think I do know what Hadley is talking about, the absurdities of Life! Like, I once had “hopes” about the “Internet-PKDsphere.” Now, it usually reminds me of the Pink Floyd song, “Comfortably Numb.”

Good thing you and I have Philip K. Dick’s novels and short stories, and *PKD Otaku*, to help us get through it all, laughing at least in our minds, if not very much out loud.

Yours in kipple,
Frank c. Bertrand

p.s. This is indeed okay for publication!! Consider it a “Letter –To-The-Editor.”

Addendum

Sunday, February 28, 2010

Dear Patrick,

Two factors of now being 65 years old are becoming more and more apparent to me. One is that it definitely takes longer for me to recover from an illness or injury, and the second is that what remaining memory cells I have left do not always work well together, at the same time! And it’s the latter that I blame for this addendum to my previous letter...

You queried at one point in *PKD Otaku*, No. 20 about the short film *The Nervous Breakdown of Philip K. Dick* (21:47 long, in color). I have a VHS copy of it, ordered from Big Film Shorts (copyright 1999 by them, #S-0024), Burbank, CA. On the backside of the VHS case is printed:

“Down and out writer Philip K. Dick finds evidence that “somebody” is out to get him (perhaps because the novel he is writing unwittingly reveals the truth that a race of mutant androids has taken over the government). In his crazed state of mind, he is convinced that the only one who can save him is the dark-haired woman of his dreams, Sophie. During a series of strange encounters with a suicidal friend, the Black Panthers, his hostile neighbors, the suspicious FBI – Phil becomes increasingly disoriented as reality and fiction starts to blend. As the night wears on,



Phil is convinced that “they” are closing in.”

The producer is Alan Stern, Director – Judy Bee, Screenplay – Juliet Bashore, and stars Brian Brophy and Lisa Zane. It was produced at **The American Film Institute**, The Center for Advanced Film and Television Studies. And it was apparently shown (no indication *when*) at: Los Angeles Independent Film Festival, Taos Talking Picture Festival, Sinking Creek Film Festival, Sundance Channel. Hopefully one or more *PKD Otaku* readers can supply the *when* information.

The title alone implies Bashore’s and Stern’s “image” of Philip K. Dick, which is one that others have tried to propagate/embellish/exaggerate to seem like they’re oh so witty and in the know, with **NO** reputable, credible, verifiable **empirical** evidence to back up their “image,” just their subjective perception/interpretation. I find an awful lot of this when it comes to Philip K. Dick “criticism,” the unsubstantiated statements and claims about him being *this* or *that*. No wonder I become vitriolic and/or strident at times! A prime exemplar would be the Gropnik article in *The New Yorker* magazine last year. Gropnik uses the word “crazy” with reference to Philip K. Dick more than once therein, with no discernible empirical evidence to support his subjective claim. If he had bothered to actually carefully read either of the two reputable extant biographies about Philip K. Dick, the ones by Sutin and by Rickman, he would have learned that the only specific medical diagnosis a medical doctor (and not academic or literary critic!) had given to Philip K. Dick when he was younger is *Agoraphobia*, which doesn’t even have its own unique classification number in the *DSM-IV-TR* (it only has one when co-morbid with another condition, i.e. 300.01, 300.21, 300.22). More importantly, nor does the word “crazy.”

I think what has, and continues to happen, is that the Gropnik’s of the world can’t easily fit Philip K. Dick into their conception/perception of what *normal* is. If he’s not **their** subjective version of normal, he must be crazy, or mystic, or postmodern, or have had a nervous breakdown. Perhaps, and this is just my opinion, such individuals have some form of “cognitive dissonance.” That is, as explicated by Professor Leon Festinger in 1957, “pairs of cognitions (elements of knowledge) can be relevant or irrelevant to one another. If two cognitions are relevant to one another, they are either consonant or dissonant. They are dissonant if the obverse (opposite) of one cognition follows from the other” (*Cognitive Dissonance: Progress On a Pivotal Theory In Social Psychology*, 1999, p. 3).

And the movie producers and writers pick up on this dissonance about Philip K. Dick as a way to make money! Their very loose adaptations of various Philip K. Dick novels and short stories perpetuate these *images*, and make money. I dare them all to prove me wrong with verifiable, objective, credible, empirical evidence!

What is “normal?” What is going to be your baseline for comparison and/or contrast? How are you going to objectively define and measure “normal?” As Aristotle reportedly said of “beauty,” it lies in the eye of the beholder. I strongly suspect Aristotle would have enjoyed reading Philip K. Dick’s novels and short stories, but not watching the movies so loosely based on Dick’s work – as would have Carl Gustav Jung and David Hume.

And Jonathan Swift would have laughed uproariously at Philip K. Dick use of “black humor,” of which Dick said in his “So I Don’t Write About Heroes” interview (given while in Metz, France): “...that in the midst of what is humorous, that there could be something terrible underneath that.



Humor and something black and really awful.” More intriguingly, Philip K. Dick wrote in a 9/30/64 letter, “I find sorrow in humor and humor in sorrow, and not only in sorrow but in the mighty, the seriousness of life, the great weighty matters that assail us and determine our destiny...” (*Selected Letters of Philip K. Dick*, vol. 1, p. 106)

Yours in kipple,
Frank C. Bertrand

2nd addendum
Sunday, March 7, 2010
Dear Patrick,

In that I’m now writing a second addendum to my initial “letter-to-the-editor” for *PKD Otaku* No. 20 indicates, I think, how intrigued I was, and am, by its contents. Perhaps you have hit upon a more efficacious and effective format than the typical serconzine about Philip K. Dick, which usually leaves me disappointed and discouraged. Or, as I look out over the vast wasteland of Philip K. Dick “criticism,” you’ve managed to set up a temporary oasis. I hope there will be much more of the same in the near future.

Two additional items I find warrant comment: that of what the hell is “phildickian,” and Philip K. Dick’s use of the Gilbert & Sullivan quote/allusion: “things are not what they seem.” Regards the latter, the actual words, from near the beginning of Act II of *H.M.S. Pinafore* (first performed 5/28/1878) are:

“Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacock’s feathers.”

They are *sung* by a character called “Little Buttercup,” whose real name is Mrs. Cripps, in a duet with the Captain of the *Pinafore*, Captain Corcoran. That Philip K. Dick would find them meaningful is not unexpected. In a 4-2-1967 letter he writes, “Also, I have several G.&S. sets: *Pinafore*, *Patience*, *Pirates* and *Yeomen of the Guards*....” Then, in a February, 1974 *Vertex* magazine interview, he states:

“Well, let me quote you from a text by Gilbert: “Things are seldom what they seem/Skim milk masquerades as cream.” It just seemed to sum it up in life. I think the main thing in my writing was that I was trying to show my characters taking things for granted, and then realizing that things were quite different, you see.” (p. 96)



More importantly is what Philip K. Dick writes in his 1978 speech, “How to Build a Universe That Doesn’t Fall Apart Two Days Later,” which Lawrence Sutin indicates was likely never delivered and was first published in *I Hope I Shall Arrive Soon* (1985):

“...an author of a work of supposed fiction might write the truth and not know it. To quote Xenophanes, another pre-Socratic: “Even if a man should chance to speak the most complete truth, yet he himself does not know it; all things are wrapped in *appearances*” (Fragment 34). And Heraclitus added to this: “The nature of things is in the habit of concealing itself” (Fragment 54). W.S. Gilbert, of Gilbert and Sullivan, put it: “Things are seldom as they seem; skim milk masquerades as cream.” The point of all this is that we cannot trust our senses and probably not even our *a priori* reasoning.” (*The Shifting Realities Of Philip K. Dick*, p. 275)

I thoroughly agree what you wrote, that “He’s telling us to pay attention, ask questions, dig deeper, keep an open mind, don’t make quick assumptions or hasty decisions.” At least an initial gleaning would give us this. But, things are seldom what they seem.

In the context of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, the fourth collaboration between Gilbert & Sullivan, Little Buttercup, of Gypsy blood, is foreseeing (“oracular revealing”) that things are going to change, that, in fact, Captain Corcoran is not who he seems (the babies switched at birth theme) and is skim milk masquerading as cream. Also involved is an elaborate satire on an unspoken Victorian more, that the upper class (Captain Corcoran) should not marry anyone from the lower class (Little Buttercup). But, the good Captain is indeed from the lower class by birth!

As Philip K. Dick philosophically notes, “we cannot trust our senses and probably not even our *a priori* reasoning,” which speaks to one of his two major themes, what is reality. It can also, I would argue, represent his other theme, what is an authentic human being (what is human-ness). Our senses, as interpreted by our cognitive reasoning categories (Philip K. Dick more than once mentions Kant’s space and time as such categories), sometime lead us astray. Not to mention that he has managed to juxtapose Gilbert & Sullivan with Xenophon and Heraclitus!

And I feel it applies as well to the faddish academic literary criticism label “phildickian.” Is this supposed to refer to being Philip K. Dick like, the man/writer, or, to what he wrote, or, more likely, just one or two of his novels? To wit when one sees “Orwellian” misused in criticism, one usually thinks of something being like *1984*. But Eric Blair wrote a lot more than that one novel.

Intriguingly, Philip K. Dick has contributed to this himself. In an *Exegesis* entry he writes:

“I seem to be living in my own novels more and more. I can’t figure out why. Am I losing touch with reality? Or is reality actually sliding toward a Phil Dickian type of atmosphere? And if the latter, then for god’s sake why? Am I responsible? How could I be responsible?”



Isn't that solipsism?" (*In Pursuit Of VALIS*, 1991, p. 2)

In addition, Paul Williams, Philip K. Dick's initial "literary executor," writes, in the Introduction to the 1991 anthology *Welcome To Reality The Nightmares Of Philip K. Dick* (Broken Mirrors Press) that:

"...his name has become and will continue to be a descriptive adjective, necessary to describe or allude to a certain aspect of contemporary (as well as literary) reality....[O]ne can speak of something as PhilDickian – particularly a situation in which perceived reality is continually shifting, perhaps due to unseen outside manipulation – and everyone will know what is meant." (p. 12)

I'm not at all sure that everyone does know what is meant. That is, what "truth" has Philip K. Dick managed to write, and, what is it? Does it have to do with our senses, perceived reality continually shifting, reality, human-ness, and/or something more?

Yours in kipple,
Frank C. Bertrand

3/27/2010
Dear Patrick,

I've been ruminating a bit more about the etymology of the neologism "phildickian" during the course of which I've found some intriguing "cultural artifacts" (or should we consider them "kipple"?). At Wright State University Professor D. Harlan Wilson taught a course in the spring of 2009 titled: Special Topics In American Literature Philip K. Dick. Near the beginning of his course syllabus is:

Phil•dick•ean (Fil-dik-yuhn) *Adj.* Of or pertaining to the science fiction and pseudophilosophies of American author Philip K. Dick, whose work is distinguished by two thematic binaries/conflicts/ implosions: [1] Reality vs. Illusion; [2] Human vs. Android.

When I recently did a Google search on "phildickian" it came back with 1,900 hits! One of these was something called "The Urban Dictionary." It includes the following:

Phildickian

Having the qualities of a story by Philip K. Dick, a 20th century writer who regularly asked readers to consider the nature of reality and humanity. Films directly based on his work include "A Scanner Darkly," "Blade Runner," and "Barjo"; but many other films and novels at the turn of the century have adopted a phildickian tone. The writing of Grant Morrison is



often phildickian. by Scott Marshall May 4, 2008

Another website is called “Puttering About In A Phildickian Land,” while a third is named “Adventures In A Phildickian Landscape.” The former perhaps alludes to PKD’s mainstream novel *Puttering About In A Small Land* (1985) while the latter is to *Alice’s Adventures In Wonderland*.

So, we have “qualities of a story by Philip K. Dick” vs. “two thematic binaries/conflicts/implosions” as proffered lexicographic explanations for “phildickian.” I suspect neither will make it into the next edition of the O.E.D. I would also suggest that this is all but one further symptom of the unusual degree of interpretative attention given to PKD after he died, wherein informal contends with formal for critical cogency.

A catchy neologism is no doubt as good as having an essay about Philip K. Dick published in *American Studies In Scandinavia* (Vol. 34, No. 1, 2002), *Symbiosis: A Journal Of Anglo-American Literary Relations* (Vol. 6, No. 2, October 2002), or *Reconstructions: Studies In Contemporary Culture* (Vol. 4, No. 3, June 2004).

Or, is this all a glaring example of “bigotry of culture?” José Ortega y Gasset, one of only three critics PKD mentions in his letters (the other two are Lionel Trilling and Sir Herbert Read), writes in “The Self And The Other,” that it (bigotry of culture) presents us “...with thought, as something justified by itself, that is, which requires no justification but is valid by its own essence, whatever its concrete employment and its content may be” (*The Dehumanization Of Art*, Princeton Univ. Press, 1968, p. 197).

I sometimes get this queasy feeling when reading attempts at explicating PKD, like “phildickian.” That is, we should all meekly accept them “as something justified by itself...valid by its own essence,” and not dare ask hard/uncomfortable questions. Could it be such people are denizens puttering about critically in a phildickian land?

Yours in kipple,
Frank B. Bertrand

August 31, 2010

Dear Patrick,

I very much agree with your assessment of the current “It’s a Philip K. Dick World” as being “deadly serious,” “exhausting” and “not much humor either.” But in doing so you are being too kind, polite and politically correct. At some point we all need to start asking very hard questions about “It’s a Philip K. Dick World.”

Media and Academia have managed, over the past several decades, to eviscerate most, if not all, of the philosophical and psychological fascination, intrigue and delight that Philip K. Dick represents as a person and as a writer. To be more blunt, they have obfuscated the hell out of Philip K. Dick! And woe to those who don’t give their esoteric perspectives unquestioning allegiance.

This surreal situation reminds me of two things that should be given more relevant and cogent discussion than they have to date. The first is a concept the oft-neglected SF scholar and critic Giambattista Vico once wrote about called “Conceit of Scholars” (he also wrote about



“Conceit of Ancient Customs” and “Conceit of Nations”). As concisely explained by Terence Dawson in his essay, “Jung, Literature, and Literary Criticism” (in: *The Cambridge Companion to Jung*. NY: Cambridge University Press, 1997) his involves “...the intellectual error of assuming that people always thought in the same way. Critics approach texts written a hundred, four hundred, or even two thousand four hundred years ago as if they were written by people with the same basic psychology as their own” (p. 266).

The thing is, it doesn't even take a hundred years now for scholars to perpetrate this conceit. A would be Philip K. Dick scholars, eager to accrue publish-or-perish points and/or tenure tokens in 2010, will take the latest critical “theorie de jour” and use it to perform a flash-back-retrofit-force fit on Philip K. Dick circa, let's say, 1968 (when *Galactic Pot Healer* was written), conveniently overlooking the specific zeitgeist of 1968 in and around Berkeley, California, Dick's more than once avowed interest in philosophy and psychology (up to 1968), his eclectic reading habits (up through 1968), and satirical use of black humor (as of 1968). What Philip K. Dick was in, *or prior to*, 1968, our scholar asserts, is not important. He is what the 2010 theory claims, so get over it.

My second point is tangentially related in that it gives me comfort to cope with the first one. And that is the title of one of my five favorite Philip K. Dick novels: *The Man Who Japed* (1956). Philip K. Dick has more often than not gotten the last laugh, and the conceit-ridden scholars of 2010 don't even realize it! Dr. Anne Mini (daughter of Philip K. Dick's second wife, Kleo Apostolidfes), in a February 2008 interview, says:

“...we developed a habit of speaking frequently on the phone, often indulging in a little game: could we make up stories about his life so outrageous that the reporters who came to interview him would not believe them?

It never occurred to me at first that any of these stories would be believed. Yet as your readers already familiar with some of the wild tale that have turned up in biographies and articles are probably aware, most of those stories were not only accepted by reporters, but have continued to turn up, increasingly embellished, in the years since Philip's death. He would have found this hilarious.

As do I, Dr. Mini, as do I!

Yours in kipple,
Frank C. Bertrand

“WHAT IF OUR WORLD IS THEIR HEAVEN ERRATA SHEET” BY JOHN FAIRCHILD

I remember the first time I saw a typo in a Penguin book and thinking it was a sign of the impending Apocalypse. Nowadays, of course, we expect to see typos and grammatical errors peppered through our books. Still, it's annoying. PKD scholar John Fairchild obviously feels the same way but instead of just throwing up his hands in despair he actually did something about it: he prepared an errata sheet.



“Typos and errors in *What If Our World Is Their Heaven* by Gwen Lee and Doris Elaine Sauter, Overlook Press, 2000”

Front flap, VALIS is caps. I've seen it Valis in reference books but that's incorrect. Valis was the movie in VALIS. Plus, The Owl in Daylight. Plus, pp. 4,5, and 204, VALIS not Valis. Douglas Trumbull, name misspelled throughout. Pp. 22x2, 23, 29, 167x2, 204. Syd Mead, both names misspelled throughout. Pp. 23x2, 29x2, 41, 202. Pg. 41, Rutger Hauer film (1981) is spelled Nighthawks or Night Hawks depending on USA or international release. Also pg. 203. Pg. 54, top line, Lee quote—extra period after question mark. Pg. 75, middle of page, Lee—it's "Have someone play the part..." Pg. 100, almost mid-page, "...these people who have never use sound..." wording is used. Pg. 119x2 and 204. It's Smetana, not Schmenkna. Best guess on this musical piece per Steve Wright is String Quartet no.2. Pg. 124, Bottom paragraph no end quote. Probably goes 4th line from the bottom, -- arterial sclerosis sets in. (probably) Pg. 129, 8th line, "he offered" needs to be "he's offered." Pg. 198, five lines down, VALIS needs to be in caps. The Broken Bubble, 1988, is not listed. Gather Yourselves Together, 1994, not listed. Among short stories, The Book of Philip K. Dick, 1973, not listed. Note: Sutin's In Pursuit of Valis... (lower case) is the title of the book on the title page. Pg. 199, the film Minority Report is 2002.

“What is PKD?” by Catlover Fat

PKD or polycystic kidney disease is an inherited disease that affects the kidneys. It has been found in exotic cats like Persians or Siamese PKD has been sporadically reported since 1967 as the most effecting disease among cats. Some of the clinical signs are depression, lack of or reduced appetite, excessive thirst, and excessive urination of the infected cat. Nowadays it is the most common inherited disease in the US among humans. Children of parents with PKD have a 50% chance of getting the disease.

What? Can anyone get the connection?

PKD Otaku #21 – Final Words

Now we do hope you enjoyed what you got and feel motivated to contribute with your thoughts, reviews, dreams or anythings else new pkd related or even like to join our staff as regular writer or graphician, supporter. In case you miss any back issue, visit our website at the following url: <http://pkdotaku.gezeitenreiter.de> – see you in spring time.

The Otaku Staff