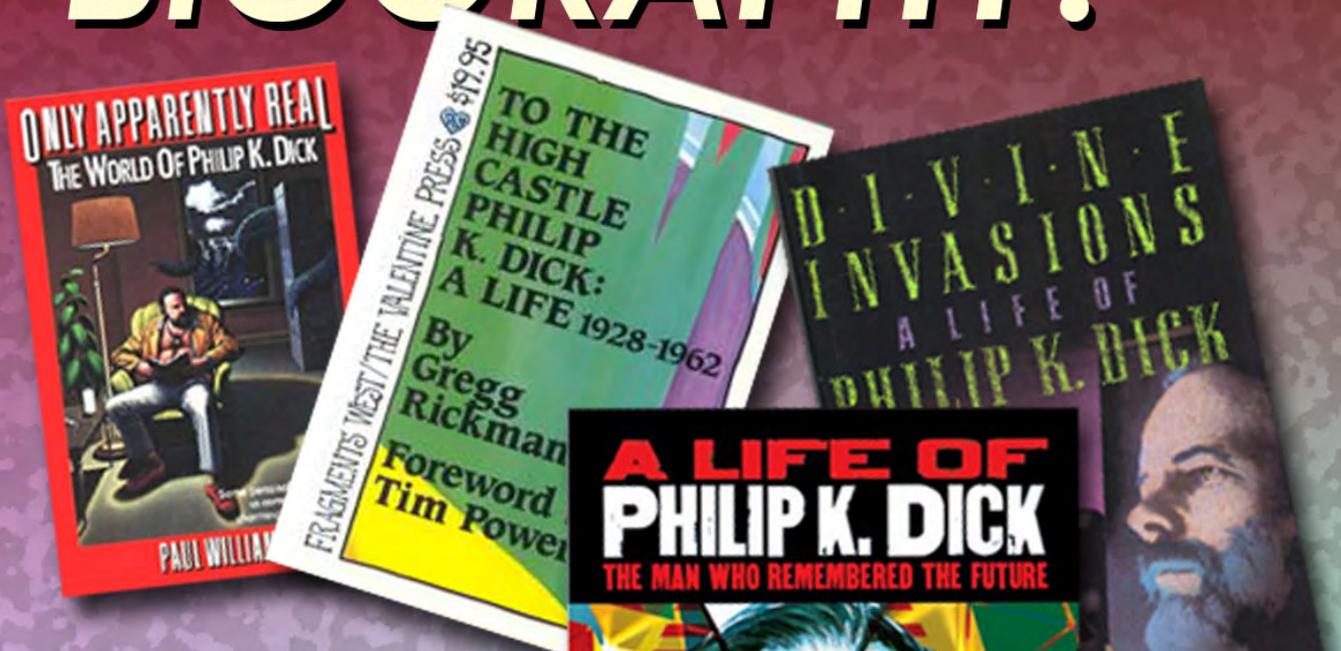


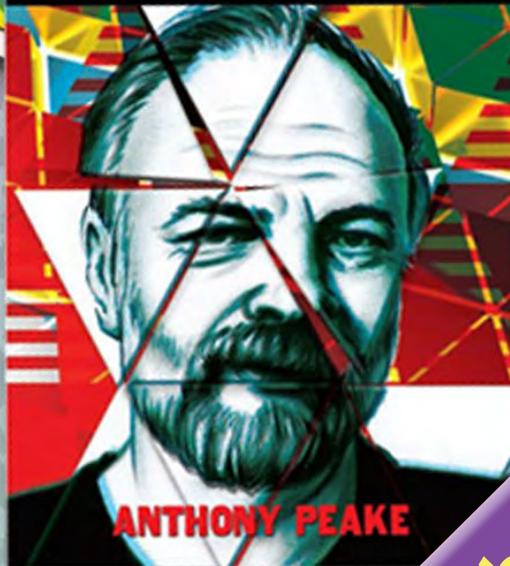
Photo of Phil © Tessa Dick, by kind permission

August 2013

NEW PHIL DICK BIOGRAPHY!



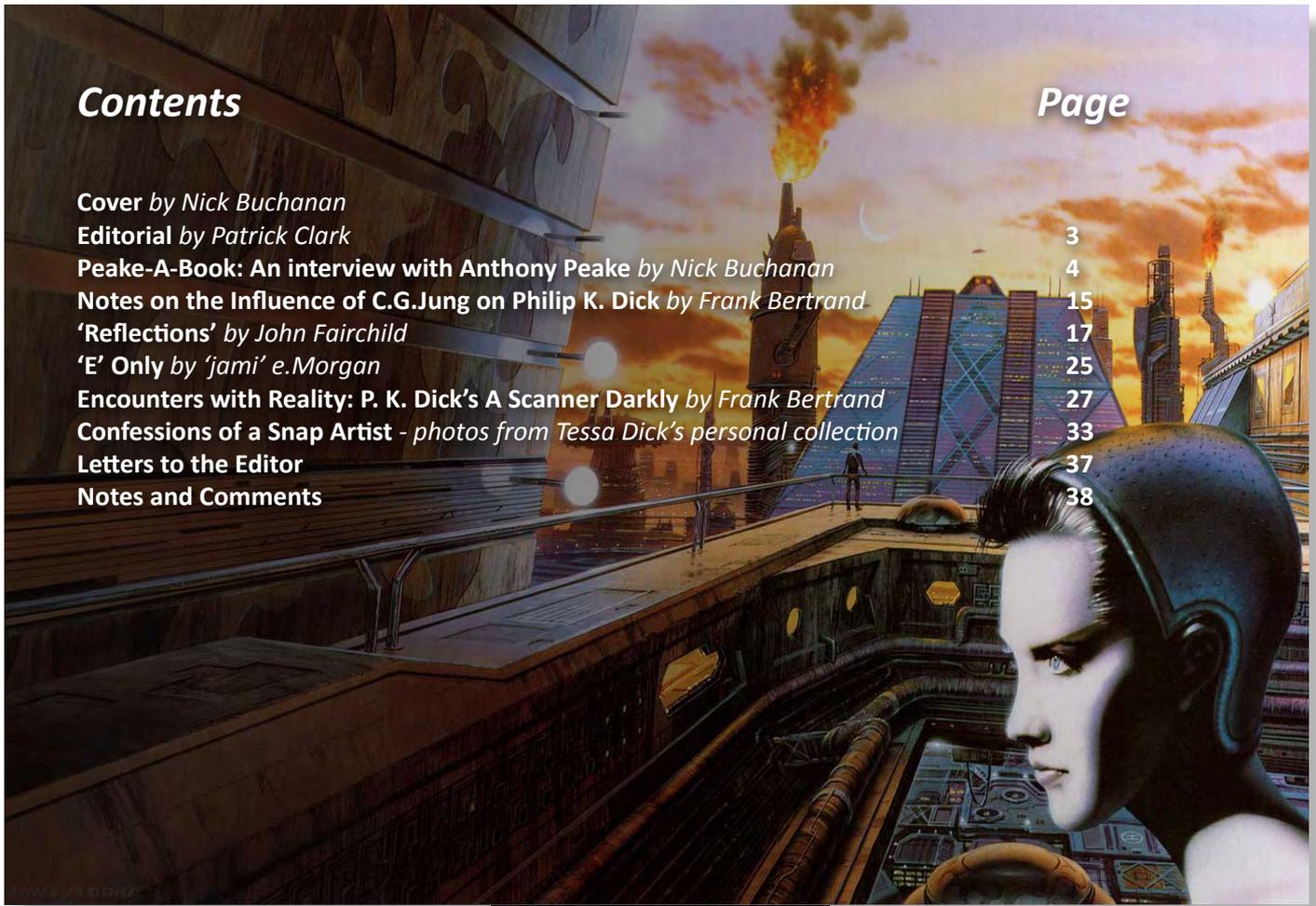
**LENGTHY
INTERVIEW
WITH
AUTHOR
ANTHONY
PEAKE**



**New Photos of Phil !!
(from Tessa)**

P K D

#29



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Otaku is a zine made by fans for fans.

It exists to celebrate, explore and discuss the work of Philip K Dick.

The Otaku Team have enjoyed the writing and ideas of Philip K. Dick for decades, and continue to do so.

The subject of Philip K. Dick benefits from diverse perspectives, opinions, and insights.

In this zine we hope to explore the Novels, Short-Fiction, Non-fiction and ideas of Philip K Dick.

If you would like to contribute (a letter of comment, an article, essay or review) please make your submission in MS Doc, Rtf or Txt form to the Otaku Team c/o Patrick Clark via email:

pkdotaku@gmail.com

All submissions are welcome and considered, but we cannot promise that all will see print.

Thank you for maintaining the dialogue!

-- The PKD OTAKU Team

PKD Otaku Layout, Logo, Graphics and Typesetting
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Editorial

by Patrick Clark

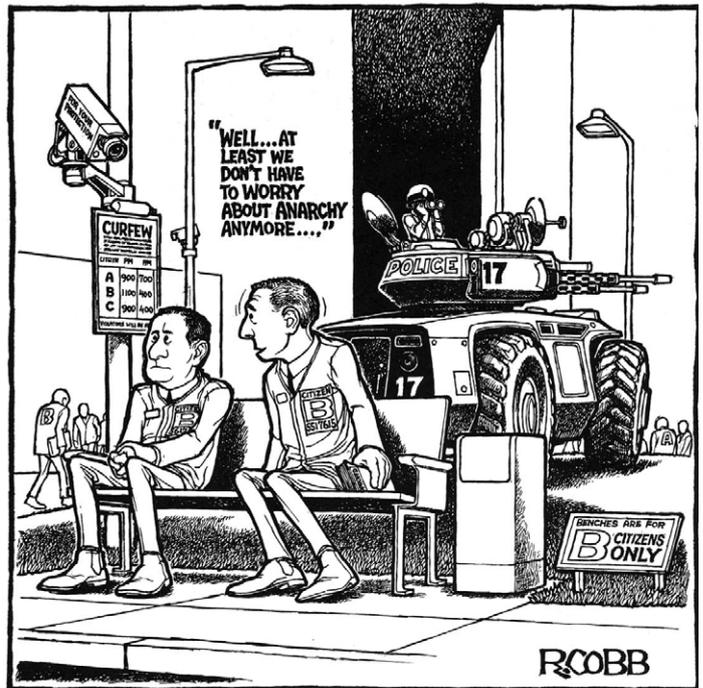
“The temperature, at noon in New York, had exceeded the previous day’s by 1.46 Wagners. In addition, the humidity, as the oceans evaporated, had increased by 16 Selkirks. So things were hotter and wetter; the great procession of nature clanked on, and toward what?” The temperature has gone way up here, too, though by how many Wagners and how many additional Selkirks I have no way of knowing. All I know is that it is hot as hell and as muggy as a swamp out there. I’m sitting at the keyboard trying to stay cool without very much success and wondering about the state of Philip K. Dick in August 2013. It seems to me that Phil’s bright star has faded a bit from the blurred firmament we call popular culture. I hardly ever see references to our guy anymore. Is it because the movies have dried up? The only thing out there now is John Simon’s “Radio Free Albemuth” still, as far as I know, without a proper distribution deal or even a DVD platform. “The Adjustment Bureau” has come and gone. There are some titles being considered but the only one in pre-production is “Nebulous” (whatever that is) due in 2015. I hate to think that this lack of films is crucial to Phil’s rep but I suppose that it is.

I expected more PKD references in the press when the Edward Snowden story broke. The NSA scandal had “phildickian” written all over it. Yes, yes: the surveillance aspect of Phil’s writings is certainly not the be all and end all of his themes. He had bigger fish to fry. Anyway, the spying that appears in his books is a symptom of a much larger and more insidious aspect of society that troubled Phil. I mean the abuse of power on the part of government and industry, especially advertising, that manipulated words and language so as to control the reality in which we live. The NSA spying is all about that, too, especially their response to media stories. “It’s for your own good!” “Snowden is a traitor!” “The Court said it was okay!” “We’re fighting terrorists.” You could see reality “twist slowly, slowly in the wind” as the excises and lies spewed out. Despite his relevance to these matters there was nary a mention of Phil in the commentary I read. It seemed a strange absence to me.

Most people expect to have their privacy violated by the police

Of course the really weird aspect of Snowden and the NSA was that most people took it in stride. As Jean-Luc Godard once remarked, “Informers inform, burglars burgle, murderers murder, lovers love.” And spies spy and snoops snoop. No one except the pundits seemed at all surprised by the revelations. Most people, it appears, expect to have their privacy violated by the police, by the social media, by the banks, the retailers and the hackers. This would have baffled Phil I think. He knew all about being spied upon. But it doesn’t baffle me living here in the 21st Century and, really, I ought to be worried about my easy acceptance of the matter.

Back to Phil... Okay, so there are no movies on the horizon and maybe he has dropped off the journalistic horizon – for a while, maybe, but Phil had the present/future too scoped out to be long out of sight. Anyway, the really important point is that all of his books are still in print and readily available. And there are new and important books appearing very soon. You’ll read about an exciting one in this issue in fact. Good work is still being done on Phil and for this we should be very happy indeed.



Cartoon by Ron Cobb <http://www.roncobb.net>

Peake-a-Book: An interview with Anthony Peake

by Nick Buchanan

© August 2013

Just over a year ago I interviewed Anthony Peake for Otaku (#25) when he was doing research for a forthcoming book on Philip K Dick. His interview proved to be one of the most popular features ever to appear in OTAKU. Now that his book is finished and at the printers due for imminent release, Anthony agreed to do a follow up interview specifically for PKD OTAKU readers. Strap-in and get ready for a ride! Anthony was in great form and his encyclopedic mind connected together so many wide and, at first sight, disparate materials. I was dazzled - I hope you are too...

Nick: Now that your book 'THE MAN WHO REMEMBERED THE FUTURE: A LIFE OF PHILIP K. DICK' is written and about to be published any day now, I was wondering if your perceptions of Phil had changed in any way?

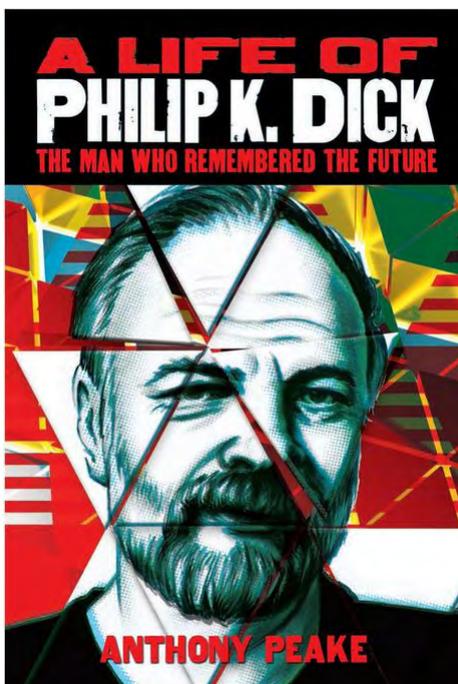
Anthony: An excellent question Nick. Well, thanks to your good self with the loaning of quite a lot of material, I felt that - it was quite peculiar - having read virtually everything that was available on Philip K. Dick from various sources, I felt that I was almost becoming him in the sense that I was almost thinking like him in many, many ways; which is quite strange and I don't know if other writers who have written biographies before ever have this sensation, but you so immerse yourself in the minutia of somebody's life that you start to find you're melding into them.

My opinion of Phil changed in two dramatic ways; the first one was that I was in awe of his intellect, and I was in absolute awe of his eclectic way of thinking. He was very much a thinker that bounced here, there and everywhere, which is rather like I do, in the sense that I'll pursue one thing and then rush off and pursue something else. But also I found that there were elements of him that I really didn't like at all. I didn't like the amazing duplicity of the man in the sense that he would say one thing in one letter, and then say something completely different to somebody else. I caught him out doing this time and time again until I got to the point of saying well this is telling me more

about the person's personality than it is telling me about his life, so I decided that I wouldn't feature a lot of that material because it wasn't really telling me a great deal about what happened to him. He couldn't necessarily be trusted.

Nick: I know that a while ago Gregg Rickman even suggested the possibility that Phil may have exhibited some of the attributes of folks with Multiple Personalities. How would you feel if that turned out to be the case?

Anthony: I think that's not far out, to be honest. Like we all role play - because we all do - we decide to take on a particular persona depending upon circumstances. But effectively, with Phil, it went that one step further where he seemed to be different people to different people. I very much put this down to his childhood; he was quite a lonely child, he lost his sister, then there was the absent father and his curious relationship with his mother - I think these led to an insularity that was profound in him and he may have sought protection by trying to be all things to all men. I am reminded of one of the letters that he wrote to Isa, where he is talking about when he was a kid, other kids used to hate him so much that they threw stones at him, and at one stage he had to hide underneath a



car. Which of course came out later in **Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?** with Mercer having the rocks thrown at him. I thought this was a very telling thing to say to your daughter, to say I didn't fit in. But it seems to me that even in terms of his drug usage for instance, he wanted to come across as being an absolute LSD Drug Fiend to one group of individuals, whereas he would deny completely that he took drugs to others. I wonder whether like many people who have this dissociative Personality syndrome that he compartmentalized his lives into these particular areas and didn't allow them to overlap. Maybe he genuinely didn't know he was doing it. So I think Gregg is on fairly interesting ground there.

Nick: And of course duplicity became part of Phil's stories, especially in **A Scanner Darkly** where one person bifurcates to the point where he sees himself as a separate identity and is able to investigate himself. This also has resonances with some of your ideas about precognition and Phil previewing his own death.

Anthony: Yes, very much so. The idea I discuss in my book **The Daemon** is one where we can split into different personalities and one of them is a higher personality than our everyday regular self. Phil, like myself, was fascinated by work done by Wilder Penfield, and he was also fascinated by the work of people like Roger Sperry and Michael Gazzaniga who were working with split-brain patients. Clearly Phil took this on board and used it as the basis for **A Scanner Darkly** – the idea of human personality being placed in both sections of the brain. So clearly this was something that played upon his mind – or minds (laughs). No of course we also have the wonderful complexity of the split of Horselover Fat and Phil Dick the science fiction writer. What I was intrigued about with this was that he went into profound denial about that. He was determined to say that he wasn't both personalities in the book, and he wasn't conveying a message. I think he wrote to Ursula Le Guin denying quite vociferously...saying something like 'How dare you say...'

Nick: Methinks he doth protest too much...

Anthony: ...and then you'll get a letter a few days later saying 'Oh definitely yes, the two characters are me. I made it obvious by the names.'

Nick: There's something else I'd like to factor into this equation, because we are talking on 'hallowed ground' here (laughs) by discussing the duplicity of Phil; I think anyone who approaches Phil through his letters, interviews and biographies, and gets in some way close to Phil the man, will recognise that particular characteristic. And I think there are two other ingredients which may have contributed to such duplicity. One is his endless ability to look at things in different ways and think flexibly which may have given rise to him having a wide range of opinions and ideas from one day to the next. And the other ingredient might be connected to his 'gushing nature' where he almost romanced people, it seems to me. I know from Tim Powers' and Paul Williams' accounts of their friendship with Phil that once they got to know him it felt like the relationship was very intense – that Phil would make each individual feel very quickly that they were the most important person in his life.

Anthony: Yes, very much so. You know the term that was used in the 'Jesus Army' it was called 'Love Bombing.' Phil

very much seemed to do that. You were his friend, and while you were in his presence the relationship was intense – the way that he really wanted to involve himself in your life and understand. Time and time again he has male friends whom he becomes very close to – and there's always a group of male friends that he seems to bond very closely to – but then somehow alienates, because of the intensity.

Phil believing that he was in some way not quite human, that he had come from elsewhere.

When Phil meets women, and you see this in the letters, he falls in love every ten minutes (laughter). He falls in love with his psychiatrist. When Tessa and he were both seeing this psychiatrist and he clearly makes a pass at the woman. And then when he's rejected – if someone rejected Phil they became a persona non grata! They were back in the water and he would write incredibly nasty things about other people. I am reminded of his attitude towards Kathy, the way in which he's writing these incredible letters of love to her and at the same time he's saying 'Oh Kathy, she was nobody.

She dumped me and ran off with somebody else' [*Kathy was mentioned in The Dark Haired Girl (1972)*]. The same thing happened with the woman who went with him to the Metz conference – and because she was ill at the conference, she suddenly was a nobody again and he said that she'd had some form of breakdown.

Nick: It is certainly an attribute worthy of examination – this business of a smothering love which can sublimate without warning to its opposite, a total rejection...

Anthony: Is it a fear of rejection again? We have this feeling of Phil desperately not wanting to be rejected and wanting to be loved. Does it go back to his childhood and the way he was as a child; lonely? Clearly from the descriptions of what he used to wear – Kleo describes him as wearing clothes of the mid 1940's and he looked odd, weird and not quite there in some way.

Nick: Perhaps because he always walked that 'singular' path, he may have been seen as something *other*, something *outside*. Perhaps this led to the rock throwing or the isolation? But there is something else here relating to rejection and the fear of rejection, whereby Phil may have seen any significant bonding with a female adult as a way of 'finding' his long lost twin. In this sense, once there is a parting, the pain and loss of the original is re-experienced as a sort of echo or engram. Perhaps it was less painful for

Phil to proclaim his rejection of another rather than suffer their rejection and separation from him? I am of course, speculating here.

Anthony: I know that a lot of writers are very keen to micro-analyse Phil's psychology but unless you knew the man it is hard to say.

Nick: Sure. Returning to your book for a moment, how would you describe it? Is it a biography like Rickman's and Sutin's or is it a philosophical enquiry?

Anthony: It's a book of two halves really. In that the first half is a biography of Phil's life. But there was little point in just writing another biography of Phil because effectively it's been done and Sutin's is excellent. Why reinvent the wheel? But what I do is write very much from the viewpoint that I take, because I am interested in Phil's psychology, I'm interested in the influences upon him, and the way he places those intellectual and emotional influences into his writing. In the second part of the book I am interested in the mysterious side of Phil. Was he a precog? What was going on in his head? What did happen in 2-3-74? Was it as Phil described it being or was it somewhat exaggerated or semi-fictionalized? So really the book is more a review of Phil, the man, the life, the influences, with a large section which tries to understand what Phil's theophany was about and what it meant to him.

One of the areas that I never in a million years expected to go down the route of, was Phil's fascination – which I discovered in a William Sarill interview – regarding Phil believing himself to be a 'Star-Child.' This intrigued me, because I'd never come across this in any of the other biographies.; Phil believing that he was in some way not quite human, that he had come from elsewhere. If you start to then read into a lot of his stories – particular his later stories – there is this dislocation. I am reminded of the story **The Eye of the Sibyl** where you have this little boy who is outside of time and being manipulated by these three-eyed aliens.

William Sarill informed Phil of a book called 'The Star People' (by Brad and Francie Steiger) which was published in 1981 and on page 41, it mentions Philip K Dick without directly identifying him. In other words there is a science fiction writer who describes the fact that he was a Star-Seed, he was something that had been imposed upon this world. Now if

you start looking at this and you start looking at the elements of Phil's writing towards the end of his life, this is what he was starting to believe. He became preoccupied with this concept of the Homoplasmate. There's a letter he writes to Brad Steiger. He says that he wished to:

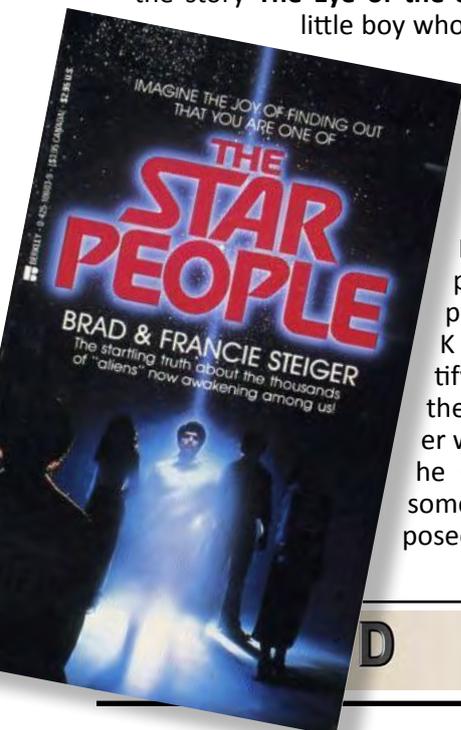
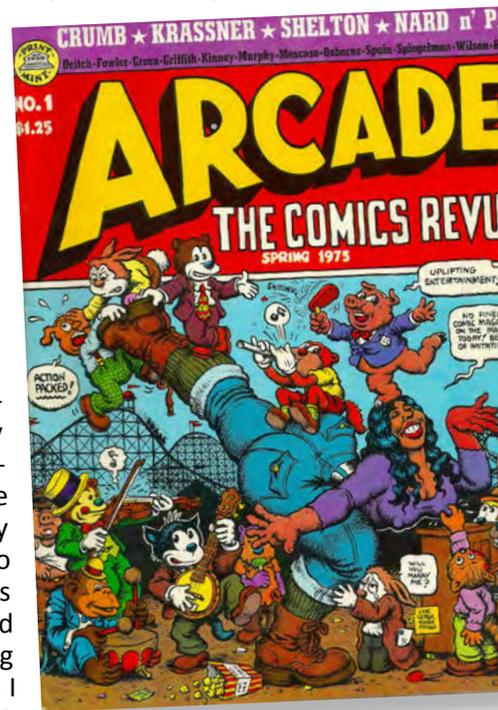
'...hide behind the veil of fiction. I can claim that I made the whole thing up. The revelations I received were so astonishing that it has taken me five years to arrive at a place where I will even put forth that the concept is fiction.'

- Steiger, Brad **Philip K. Dick's Phylogenic Memory and the Divine Fire Alternate Perceptions Magazine Issue 118. November (2007).**

He believes that he was in some way a DNA packet floating in space which manifested inside himself. So it's really, really intriguing.

Nick: It's not something I've heard before, but if it's in the Letters then I must have read it at sometime. It sounds fascinating and worthy of further investigation. Oddly enough I don't think **The Eye of the Sibyl** was published in Phil's lifetime and it is an odd story with all that stuff about the third-eye and the caduceus. I think it was Paul Williams who finally got it into print when he organized the **Collected Short Stories of Philip K. Dick**. But it's certainly lesser known.

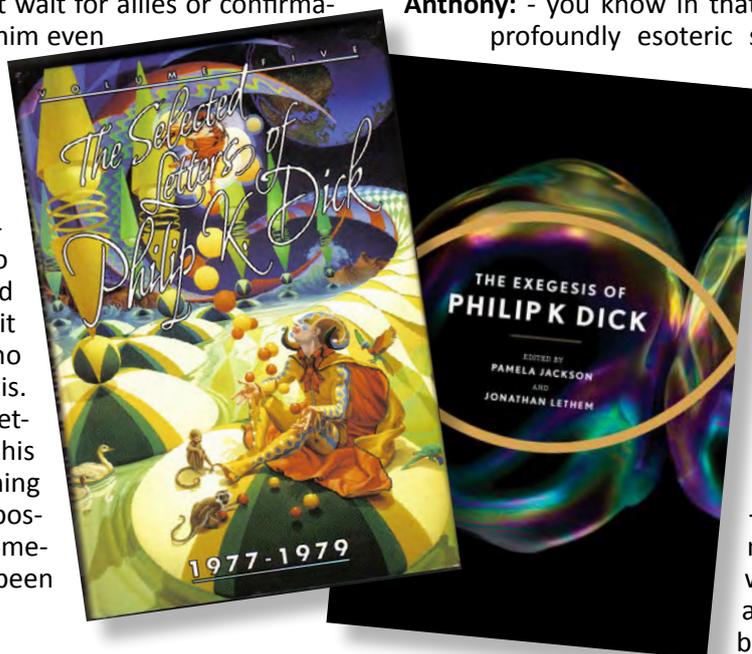
Anthony: Well apparently it was initially written for Art Spiegelman for his magazine 'Arcade' and what they were going to do was to do one of Phil's stories as a comic. But what I find particularly intriguing about this is that when I was writing this Philip K. Dick book I had just finished writing my next book which is called '**The Infinite Mindfield**' and in this I deal with DNA and with the idea of DNA as an intelligence; and I deal with the role of the pineal gland. And then I start completely afresh with a completely different subject matter which is the life of Philip K. Dick, never expecting there to be any kind of synergy between the two subjects; and then as I am getting to the end of the Phil book, suddenly – POW! It



all comes together and the last section of the book could have been part of **The Infinite Mindfield** because we are talking about exactly the same subjects and again it's this uncanny mirror relationship I sometimes feel that I have with Philip K. Dick, in the sense that he was thinking exactly the same things as I was thinking years ago. This is the admiration I have for the guy. He was putting things together that we're now able to pull together but we have the web available to us! I'm 60 on my next birthday – and Phil died eight years younger than I am! And he managed to do all that – all that reading in such a short lifetime.

Nick: Absolutely. Whenever I look at Phil's life and work I am struck by his singular and courageous persistence towards his enquiry. He did not wait for allies or confirmation – and to me this makes him even more endearing – it is as if we are eavesdropping on a genius at work.

Anthony: It does. I felt that particularly when I was reading **The Exegesis** and also the **Selected Letters**. I had a profound difficulty with it sometimes because I had no real right to be reading this. Because these were private letters that he sent, you know, his Exegesis doodles and everything else. You feel that you are imposing yourself on the life of somebody...where it should have been private.



The other thing I became fascinated by towards the end of the book was Phil's fascination with re-awakening, you know, anamnesis. One of the stories that I'd only heard but re-read was **The Piper in the Woods** which I listened to on the PKD Philosophical Podcasts which you sent me. The story's title is from a chapter in Kenneth Graeme's *Wind in the Willows* – *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn*. Again here we have Phil trying to get a message across that we are in a state of forgetting; that we have forgotten who we are. In **The Infinite Mindfield** this is very much the theme that I am taking; the idea that we are effectively God. That every single consciousness is God, in a state- in a similar way to the way Emmanuel is in *The Divine Invasion* has forgotten that he is God.

Nick: Anamnesis - remembering our forgetfulness. Oddly enough the scene in the *Wind in the Willows* crops up in a different form in **The Cosmic Puppets**. So, it must have been on Phil's mind that far back-

Anthony: -Even that far back! And of course **The Cosmic Puppets** amazed me because when I was at University I did a course on the Sociology of Religion and a course on particular religious beliefs and the background to them. So I am very aware of the Zoroastrian concept of good and evil, and black and white, and the eternal battle between Ahriman and Ormazd. That novel, considering it was so early on- you know, for people to say that Philip K. Dick only became a philosophical writer when he was older and into the sixties and seventies and before then he was just a pulp writer is total nonsense-

Nick: I agree

Anthony: - you know in that novel he's dealing with profoundly esoteric subjects which he later revisited in **Galactic Pot-Healer**, and these subjects are all profoundly Gnostic. Sometimes certain post-modernist writers are analysing to the Nth degree exactly what Phil's writing was about – they're missing the point. Phil was a profoundly philosophical writer but he was writing his world view – and nothing more or nothing less than that. He was bringing into a novel all of his ideas and 'pot-boiling' them (*laughs*).

Nick: And the experience of the whole, philosophically seems far more important than any detailed analysis of any particular sentence.

Anthony: Oh totally because we know Phil, I mean he wasn't the greatest writer in the world, sometimes his style was a bit cramped. Patricia Warrick called some of his novels 'The Broke-Back novels' because they start in one story line, and then he realizes he can't continue it all and starts another one.

Nick: It's almost like the McGuffin in Hitchcock films where you begin with a red herring which is later dropped in favour of the real story.

Anthony: Yeah and he does that so many times. But that's the delight of Phil. To me, his writing intellectually fascinates me. For instance in relation to **Galactic Pot-Healer**, it's only because of my research into **The Infinite Mind-**

field that I got very, very deep into Kabbalah and I spent a lot of time having Skype conversations with a Rabbi in Colorado called Rabbi Joel Bakst. And it was only through speaking to the rabbi and the things he was saying to me (and this guy has studied has studied the Kabbalah all his life – he’s one of the world leading experts) and there were things that he said to me that were resonating in my head. And when I started doing the research with Phil I was saying this is exactly what Phil has written...the object, the glass container which has been shattered - and this is pure esoteric Kabbalah beliefs, the light within us all. And again, Phil was writing about this in what would normally be termed a ‘trashy science fiction novel’ – and this is the genius of the man.

Nick: It is and it is incredible how he stalks some of life’s richest philosophical treasures almost by stealth, he appears to get in the back door. I am always staggered by the way that he does that again and again, finding things which we have only had confirmed by recent knowledge. It seems that when we get there, we find Phil’s footprints already there.

Anthony: I know. For instance, something I had got into a few years ago was Existentialist Psychiatry, you know guys like Ludwig Binswanger. I got really interested in that and exactly what he means by all that, and then suddenly as you start getting into Phil’s life you find My God, he’s already written about this! He wrote about the idea in **Maze of Death** and of course you have it too in **Martian Time-Slip**. It’s purely existentialist psychiatry – the idea of the Tomb World that Phil uses all the time. His level of reading, but not just his level of reading, it was his level of understanding concepts, well!

Nick: He seemed to have this facility to connect things together didn’t he, as well as understanding each separate field-

Anthony: -superb!

Nick: -he seemed to have this incredible Velcro mind which could relate a whole range of things which people would never dream of connecting in any way.

Anthony: No, absolutely. I’m nowhere near Philip K. Dick in terms of the thinker he was, I would never dream that I was, but in many ways he seems to have a similar mind to myself in that it is a dustbin of nonsense and snippets of information that you acquire over years; and then they suddenly come out in some kind of logical order that you had never even predicted yourself.

Nick: Absolutely. Phil often said ‘God is in the Trash.’

Anthony: Yes he did indeed. The trash in the road, blowing pieces of litter. In many ways this is profoundly Gnostic - that God would come back as a piece of trash.

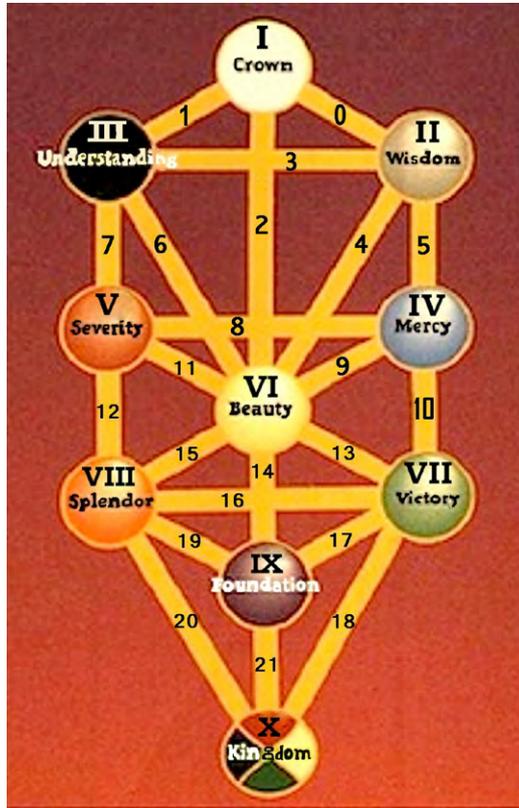
Nick: God is in the trash and the Devil is in the detail.

Anthony: I spent a lot of time talking with Tessa and in fact doing minute things like understanding the layout of the apartment that Tessa and he lived in. There are certain chronological things that are cited time and time again in articles about Phil concerning the diagnosis of Christopher’s inguinal hernia. I started to go into the Nth detail about this because there were things which didn’t make

sense to me. For instance - and I’ve spoken to Tessa in detail and I’ve put it in the book – the Pink Light incident ; Tessa and Phil had bought a ‘JESUS’ sticker for their car which they’d placed on (I think it was) the back bedroom wall. It was clear to Tessa that what actually happened when Phil saw the Fish symbol around the girl’s neck, was that he turned around and there was a flash of reflected light off the Jesus sticker – which he then interpreted as being something special.

But the more intriguing thing is Christopher’s diagnosis. Phil tells the story that he was listening to Strawberry Fields Forever by the Beatles and then suddenly this

pink light appears and tells him that Christopher is seriously ill (or he hears the Beatles singing Christopher is ill and he’s got to do something). He comes rushing out, tells Tessa, they grab Christopher and take him to the doctors, the doctor immediately says he’ll die if we don’t get him to a hospital, they rush him to the hospital and they do the operation. That’s not what happened. Not even vaguely. For instance, Phil was asleep in the bedroom; the record



player was in the living room, so there is no way Phil could be listening to the Beatles; end of story. Second thing, Phil comes running out and tells Tessa. Tessa then goes to the doctor, leisurely. The doctor looks at Christopher and says yes, there seems to be a little bit of a problem. But the operation didn't take place until a year later. There was no rush. Indeed, the reason that there was a vast delay in Phil's Rolling Stone interview with Paul Williams, was that it was at that time that Christopher was having the operation and so they had to keep delaying it. If you read the letters this is crystal clear, and also in the letters he makes out that Christopher's illness was nothing – it was just something that was passing.

Now the other thing that I picked up that may be news to you – I don't know maybe it's not because you know him fantastically-

Nick: No, go ahead-

Anthony: - is that Phil's claim that the knowledge of the Hernia had been 'downloaded' from some outside intelligence-

Nick: He had something of a hernia once himself didn't he?

Anthony: He did. He had a twisted hernia. He was playing tennis with Kleo many years before, and being Phil, he went into great detail at that time as to exactly what this kind of hernia was. Tessa tells me that her brother(s) also had this kind of problem. So Tessa and him were very aware that this could happen with Christopher-

Nick: And he would read up on such things-

Anthony: Of course, he's that kind of mind. He would do that. So, to make out that suddenly this information came from nowhere, is again Phil embroidering what is a fascinating incident. Phil went into profound hypnogogic states.

Nick: You have two Books coming out – apart from The Man who remembered the Future: A life of Philip K. Dick, you also have The Infinite Mindfield: The quest to find the gateway to higher consciousness.

Anthony: What's weird about this, is that The Infinite Mindfield was completed a good six months before the Phil book and yet the Phil book is going to come out before the Infinite Mindfield.

Nick: It is good that they have come together because, from what you have said, they appear to talk with one another-

Anthony: Oh totally. It is quite odd, quite strange.

Nick: I know that the nature of DNA and the pineal gland are explored in The Infinite Mindfield. Wasn't there some relation between Pineal, the gland and Peniel, the biblical place?

Anthony: It was Joel Bakst who pointed that out to me. He has written a series of papers and a book which can be read on his website. It's the location where Jacob wrestled with what he thought was an Angel (Genesis 32). Joel calls his concept the P2P concept –that's Pineal to Peniel because he believes there's a direct link here between the symbolism of Jacob's Ladder (Genesis 28) and DNA. It is the way in which we are being communicated with via our own DNA. Quite intriguing stuff.

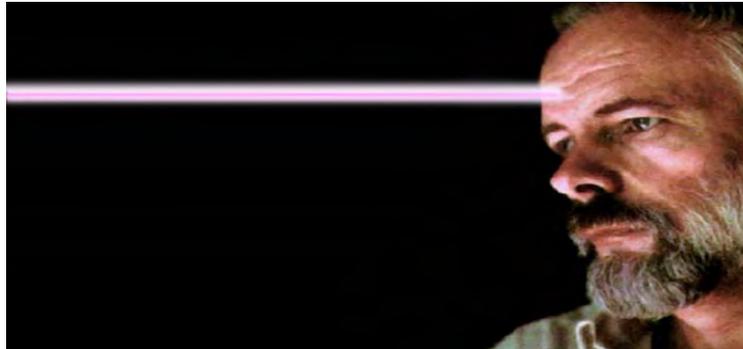
Nick: Isn't it true that the pineal gland appreciate or respond to light in some way, perhaps even generate light-

Anthony: In many ways yes it does. There is a guy called István Bökkón who is a Hungarian professor who has been doing research on light being given off the human

body – by eyes and everything else. It's called Bio-luminescence and bio-photons. Light is being given off internally by the DNA and it comes up through the channels of the body. Let's say it comes up through the Kundalini channels – the Ida and the Pingala that go up the spinal cord. If you look at all of the ancient pictures, and the ancient mystical traditions of the caduceus and everything



else, you see the twin snakes coming up and when they get to the top, there is usually a symbol of two wings and a circle. If you said that the caduceus going up was the spinal cord, with the Ida and the Pingala, you then get to the top where you've got the two hemispheres of the brain symbolised by the wings and in the middle you have the Pineal gland. And it's the idea of the light being drawn up as with a Kundalini experience and the light explodes and is processed by the pineal gland. Now, the Pineal gland is an ossified eye; there is no doubt about this. It has visual capabilities – it has rods and cones in it. For instance



there is a lizard in New Zealand called a Tautara that actually has a third eye and it can see out of it. If you look at the evolution of animals (from Fish and reptiles and everything else.) and you see how the pineal gland evolves, it evolves with it. So the pineal gland moves back into the centre of the head. Now we know that the pineal gland excretes Melatonin - the thing that puts you to sleep; also very, very close chemically to Melatonin is DMT, Di-Methyl Triptamine. Now DMT is known to be the most powerful hallucinogenic drug known. 5-MEO DMT is an even more powerful variation that gives a very, very different mystic experience, it gives a much deeper experience similar to the near death experience. Now what I am suggesting in the book is that the pineal gland excretes DMT at times of stress, enlightenment, etc. and brings about to unusual experiences – and I believe that these are the experiences Phil had when he had his 2-3-74. Now one of the things

that Jamelle Morgan mentions in one of her articles is the hypothesis that Phil suffered from Transient Ischemic attacks, very, very small strokes. Now if you take that into account and then you take into account Phil's theophany and the things that were happening to him, it suddenly starts to make sense. It was his brain actually almost waking up – and I put together a neuro-chemical analysis of what was happening in Phil's brain, and it makes sense. But had I not written **The Infinite**

Mindfield, I wouldn't have had the knowledge to draw those conclusions.

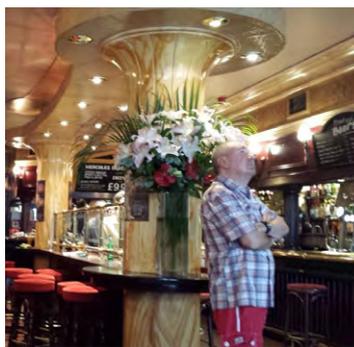
Nick: And this is the odd thing about the way books talk to books, and apparently unconnected subjects can illuminate one another. In this case had you not written your other books, then a whole dimension to your book on Phil would be missing.

Anthony: Well, totally. And one of the things which fascinate me was that there is one substance which according to Phil's letters he did take – DOM (4- methyl -2,5-di methoxy methamphetamine) a very powerful hallucinogenic drug. And I found an incident that Phil describes on the evening of 25th February 1975 where he goes to the guys next door and he obviously got some DOM from these guys and took it in the toilet. It was the night when he was particularly depressed because it was Laura's fourteenth birthday or something and he was missing her. And if

you start to take into account that something could have stimulated 2-3-74, he could have been taking this drug earlier which could have stimulated the opening up of his pineal gland and everything. We know he was also playing with vitamin C – he took a huge overdose of Vitamin C at one stage. Then if you read in the exegesis, he becomes preoccupied with the pineal gland, and again going back to The Eye of the Sybil, the creatures he encounters in The Eye of the Sybil have a third eye in the centre of their forehead, so again we have the pineal symbolism.

Nick: The twin snake symbol is also used in the School of Tropical medicine. I just wondered if there was any relationship there?

Anthony: The whole symbolism comes from the Staff of Osiris and I think from there it moved to medicine. The symbolism is Masonic. When I was younger, I used to drink in a pub in London called 'The Hercules Pillars' and it is a very strange pub in that inside it has two pillars in the middle of it. I got talking to someone about the symbolism of these and I discovered that it's Masonic because across the road is the Big Masonic Hall in Holborn, and it's a Masonic pub. Now it was only by subsequently reading up about the Ida and the Pingala that I realised that the Hercules Pillars symbol-



ism were not the Hercules Pillars of mythological beliefs (into the Atlantic to the Mediterranean) it is from the twin snakes of the Ida and the Pingala. So we have Masonic symbolism here of the idea of the opening up of the third eye. Now if you read Manley Hall, the great writer on esoteric and Masonic traditions, it screams out at you – this is what Masons are all about.

Nick: Sure. I was interested because of the notion of transcendence. Obviously Phil was interested in altered states as well as altered perceptions – as well as the conflict and congruence of the inner and outer worlds. One of the properties of Phil’s recollections from his ‘epiphany period’ of February/March 1974 seems to be to do with Light and colour – there’s the Blue light, the Pink light, the Kandinsky images, the Paul Klee type images. I wonder if there was a relationship there between the pineal gland-

Anthony: -I draw parallels in both books to this. Phil was a classic migrainer and I believe that in many ways there are links between classic migraine and Transient Ischemic attacks. I found an article written in a specialist medical magazine which said that effectively it is almost impossible to differentiate between classical migraine and Transient Ischemic attacks. Now if we take this into account, suddenly the whole Kandinsky bit takes on a whole different picture because what is really happening here is that he is having a very powerful pre-migraine aura. As a classic migrainer myself who gets these auras and sees these things – and I do – I know exactly what he is describing there.

I suggest that people read the writings of a lady called Hildegard of Bingen – she was a Christian mystic who used to do these amazing drawings of her migraines - you actually see the castellation effects, you see swirling figures. This is what was happening with Phil. Another thing you get with classic migraine (which is nothing like a simple headache) is tastes in the mouth. I found in a letter which he wrote in 1967 – and Anne Dick reproduces this letter as well – it’s about the time he had his initial breakdown, he describes ‘vivid, horrible tastes, and pain of a trigeminal sort, inability to spell words or type, loss of memory, found snuff tin mysteriously in kitchen cupboard, lost important documents, bees in the head, time senses went out completely...’ These are all things I get when I have a migraine attack. This is Phil spot on, and I don’t think anyone’s spotted this. I know that Gregg Rickman is very interested in the idea of Temporal Lobe Epilepsy, and I agree with him totally but I think Phil wasn’t Temporal Lobe Epileptic, he was a migrainer – but there are massive

similarities between migraine and TLE – and also between Migraine, TLE and Schizophrenia. And of course, Phil considered himself to be an undiagnosed Schizophrenic.

Nick: I was just about to use that word ‘Schizophrenic’ in relation to migraines because one aspect of migraines which you discuss in one of your books (which fascinates me in relation to Phil) is the idea that the migraine is revealing more of what is out there; that the visual disturbances are almost like the migrainer perceiving the artificiality of the construct.



Anthony: Very much so. When I was reading the Exegesis I felt, Phil, you’ve nearly got it. Time and time again he gets so close to where I am and the dots I’ve joined. I think I join the dots slightly better than he does, sadly. I think it’s purely because I have written books about this subject. For instance he becomes fascinated with the work of Henri Bergson and Aldous Huxley, but he doesn’t make the links to his own 2-3-74 in quite the right way because Henri Bergson argued that the brain is an attenuator, something which cuts out information. And it is only when you have esoteric experience, noetic experiences, take certain drugs, or have certain neuro-chemicals released in the brain, that the brain’s ability to act as an attenuator is compromised. And this is what happened with Phil. Suddenly his world view, his doors of perception flung open. This is what he was seeing – the Kandinsky visions, he was seeing the holographic nature of reality. He was seeing the reality behind the reality. Now we know about Phil’s fascination with Gnosticism and the Black Iron Prison. He was seeing elements of the mechanism that makes the Black Iron Prison work. He was seeing behind it, almost catching glimpses of the Palm Tree Garden on the way. But he was seeing the mechanisms and tragically he didn’t really draw those parallels to the extent that I think I am doing with my writing – which sounds vain but it’s not meant to be.

Nick: No, I accept that. When we think back to Phil making these kind of enquiries all those decades ago, it’s phenomenal how far he got-

A painting by Hildegard of Bingen

Anthony: -Oh God, Yes. When I read the **Exegesis** I felt that if I had sat down and made notes of my writing over the last fifteen years it would have been like that. We follow the same routes, the same ideas! We've got so many parallels, we've got the Gnosticism, the neuro-chemistry, everything is there, the ancient belief systems. Phil was well on his way. He would have beaten me to it. I have no doubt that had he lived, he would. Funnily enough, against my better judgement, I rewrote the start of the book because I wanted to write something different but my publishers said no, we want you to write the story of your encounter with Anarch Peake, and we want that to be the introduction. Now I'm ill at ease about this because I feel that maybe people will misinterpret that. But my publisher was adamant. Now in the book I have twenty or thirty incidents where Phil showed precognitive abilities throughout his life-

Nick: Wow!

Anthony: -and some of them are incredible. For instance the encounter with the black man in the all night petrol station which he had actually written in *Flow My Tears the Policeman Said* two or three years before – and then he finds himself re-living the incident. If you take my hypothesis that Phil was remembering his last life and incorporating it into his novels, and his Daemon remembered (because of course the Daemon manifests when you are being creative) and his Daemon had him write this only for him to re-appreciate and re-experience from his past-life the meeting with the black man at the petrol station. So clearly here we have Anthony Peake's idea of the Bohmian-IMAX and living our life again, manifest in Phil's life as an example. Now in the book, what I suggest at the start is, could it be that Phil could have had a future vision, possibly in an alternative universe where he didn't die (because the argument people say with my hypothesis is well you only live your own life, you live the one life, how can you change it? Well my argument is that of course within the Zero Point Field - which I mention in *The Infinite Mindfield* – every single possible life which you could possibly live is encoded, so therefore every survival scenario is encoded in there. So in one universe Phil did not die in 1982, he survived. He lived on and he survived to see my books being published and possibly even lived on to see this book (about Philip K. Dick) being published-

Nick: (*laughter*) -and if he saw it at all he would have seen something like 'Anarch Peak' on the spine-

Anthony: He would have seen Philip K. Dick with his face on the cover and the name A. Peake on the bottom. Again it's a weird idea, but if he did see my book cover in some kind of hypnogogic dream sequence, because we know he saw books flying at him, books were shown again and again to him. I am reminded of 'A Budding Grove' which he thought would be of great significance and in fact it was a biography of Warren G. Harding – and it turned out to be one of the most boring books ever written.

Phil considered himself to be an undiagnosed Schizophrenic

(*Note: Phil was familiar with Proust's 'Within a Budding Grove' and knew this was not what he was being shown. When he found the book in his library he recognised the book's colour and spine – it was 'The Shadow of Blooming Grove,' but he had only been 'shown' the '...a Budding Grove.' part - Nick.*)

But he 'saw' books. Now who's to say he couldn't see my book about him flashing before him? But he would have had to have had that experience before he wrote **Counter Clock World**. And of course he hadn't had a lot of these experiences - but who knows? And he thought Anarch Peak, that's a good name. I accept that clearly he's trying to make out that Anarch Peak is James Pike, but I don't know. I can't find anywhere where he specifically states that.



Nick: Yes, it's too good a coincidence not to open with. It should be there – and people can take it in the way in which it is intended. Something I wanted to pick up on in relation to your ideas of a Daemon (which readers of *Otaku* may or may not be familiar with) –perhaps we could use the term 'Higher Self' just for now, even though I know it is latent with a lot more meaning for you? To tie up and link in with Migraine episodes and the notion of an attenuator which filters out reality; When hallucinogenics or the brain itself or enlightenment opens up the attenuator and we see a greater reality which perhaps the visual disturbances of Migraine and Schizophrenia are part of, sometimes people can have a medical breakdown due the overload – and it seems to me that according to your model, the Daemon would be able to handle that amount of information, but the person as it were (the Eidolon) would not-

Anthony: Yes, very much so. This is the position I take in my first book *'Is There Life After Death?'* and develop it in my second book *'The Daemon: A Guide to your Extraordinary Secret Self.'* My model was fairly crude initially and it was the idea that the non-dominant hemisphere contains the Daemon, the higher self, the being that has access to the Zero Point Field, has access to the information of all your previous lives and everything else; whereas the inhabitant of the dominant hemisphere, ordinarily the left hemisphere of the brain, is the Eidolon or everyday self which lives life in a linear fashion and in fact, suffers from the forgetting that Phil talks about – in the sense that the Daemon doesn't forget, the Daemon remembers all previous lives whereas the Eidolon has drunken from the River Lethe, the River of Forgetting and has forgotten the fact. Even Greek Myths talk about this. I use the analogy that the Eidolon is rather like a sprite on a computer screen when you are playing a first person computer game. The Daemon is the game player who has played the game many times before, whereas the Eidolon is the being on the screen who dies and gets reborn again when the game player decided to re-boot the game again. But what I suggest is, that under certain circumstances, emotional circumstances, psychological circumstances, Neuro-psychological, neuro-chemical, whatever we want to term it, the communication channels get confused and the information stream that is ordinarily accessed by the Daemon, leaks over the corpus colosum into the dominant hemisphere of the brain and is accessed by the Eidolon. But the Eidolon does not have the perceptual capacity, the structural capacity, or indeed the intellectual capacity to understand what it is seeing; so what it ends up seeing is this blur of information. An analogy could be used here that we're living in a hologram and effectively the Eidolon sees the hologram as it is normally seen when it is exposed to laser light and seen in the right way. If you are outside the hologram and you are seeing the hologram as it really is, it is just swirls of light, it is not formed in any way. This is what happens when the doors of perception are so wide open that somebody cannot comprehend what they are seeing and it literally drives them mad. This I think is what happened to Phil. I think the doors to his own Daemon consciousness were open. His Daemonic consciousness is the being that he would call VALIS – call it A.I., call it whatever but it was happening in his own head – but this doesn't

mean it wasn't real because there is inner space as well as outer space. But he was opening up the channels of communication and he wasn't able to manifest it strongly, but A.I. was. And the voice he heard and the being that helped him through his famous exam when he was a kid and he had forgotten the formula for the displacement of water – and suddenly this voice in his head turns around and tells him how to do it. The voice then manifest itself later in his life when he was watching this program about turtles – and the voice comes in and speaks to him. That's the voice of the Daemon.

Tessa was fantastically helpful

Now if you put this in Philip K. Dick terms, the Daemon would be a plasmate and the Eidolon would be a homoplasmate. It is a joining together of the two elements of the brain (for want of a better term). This is why the last chapter of my book *'The Daemon: A Guide to your Extraordinary Secret*

Self' is about Philip K. Dick. So if anybody is interested in getting just a quick synopsis of where I was leading to for the book I have written on Phil, you will find it there.

Nick: Thank you. I'm glad that you have explained the Daemon / Eidolon model because it fits so well with Phil's experiences. Before we conclude, I wanted to ask you about Tessa allowing you the use of some photos for your book.

Anthony: Yes I was delighted about this. As anyone out there will know if you are a published author, and you are published by a publisher, you send your manuscript off and then you effectively lose control of it, in the sense that editors get involved, proof readers get involved with it, and they play around with it. And the book is a good third longer than they wanted it to be – it's a massive book, the longest I've ever written – and because of this they said because it's much bigger now, we can probably put a plate section in there. They said there are so many photographs of Phil out there which are in the general marketplace, can you find actually find any unique photographs which have never been published before. I contacted various people and Tessa was fantastically helpful in the sense that there was almost a shower of photographs which came through – many of which had never been seen before. I know that my publisher chose some of them, but not all of them which is quite frustrating for me because I feel that the unique photographs would be interesting. But they have



Photo of Tessa Dick (Courtesy of Tessa Dick)

given space to a photograph of William Burroughs because of Phil's interest in his work, and also a photograph of the 'android' (of Phil head). Tessa was wonderfully helpful – she has been fantastic! Anne was incredibly helpful for me as well. Gloria Bush was really helpful. I'd also really like to thank somebody who was very responsive to his own work and his influences in Phil. He's the guy who did the Marvel comic of Electric Ant – and he was really keen to help out. Brad Steiger submitted one or two things. I particularly feel great thanks for Ray Nelson who gave me some fantastic information – some of which I didn't use, because it would have been naming names of individuals.

Nick: I won't press you on that one (laughter).

Anthony: -Bill Sarill was helpful too. He was witness to two or three things. And Bill was very much the co-structurer of the Zoroastrian novel-

Nick: -A Maze of Death?

Anthony: A Maze of Death. It was only after I'd read everything that I went back to A Maze of Death and thought it was wonderful. And funnily enough Eye in the Sky-

Nick: Yes, Eye in the Sky is great. I agree.

Anthony: I re-read that and thought, wow! This is cool stuff!

Nick: -and when you look how early it is too!

Anthony: Oh, totally. And I love Confessions of a Crap Artist



Nick: Some of those early mainstream novels are great-

Anthony: - oh yes! Why on earth nobody picked them up-! I read Confessions of a Crap Artist and I thought this is stream of consciousness, you can see elements of Joyce in there, and it's brilliant! How could no one see that? I can see how bloody frustrated he must have been.

Nick: I know. He did so many of them as well. We can thank Paul Williams for getting them back into print.

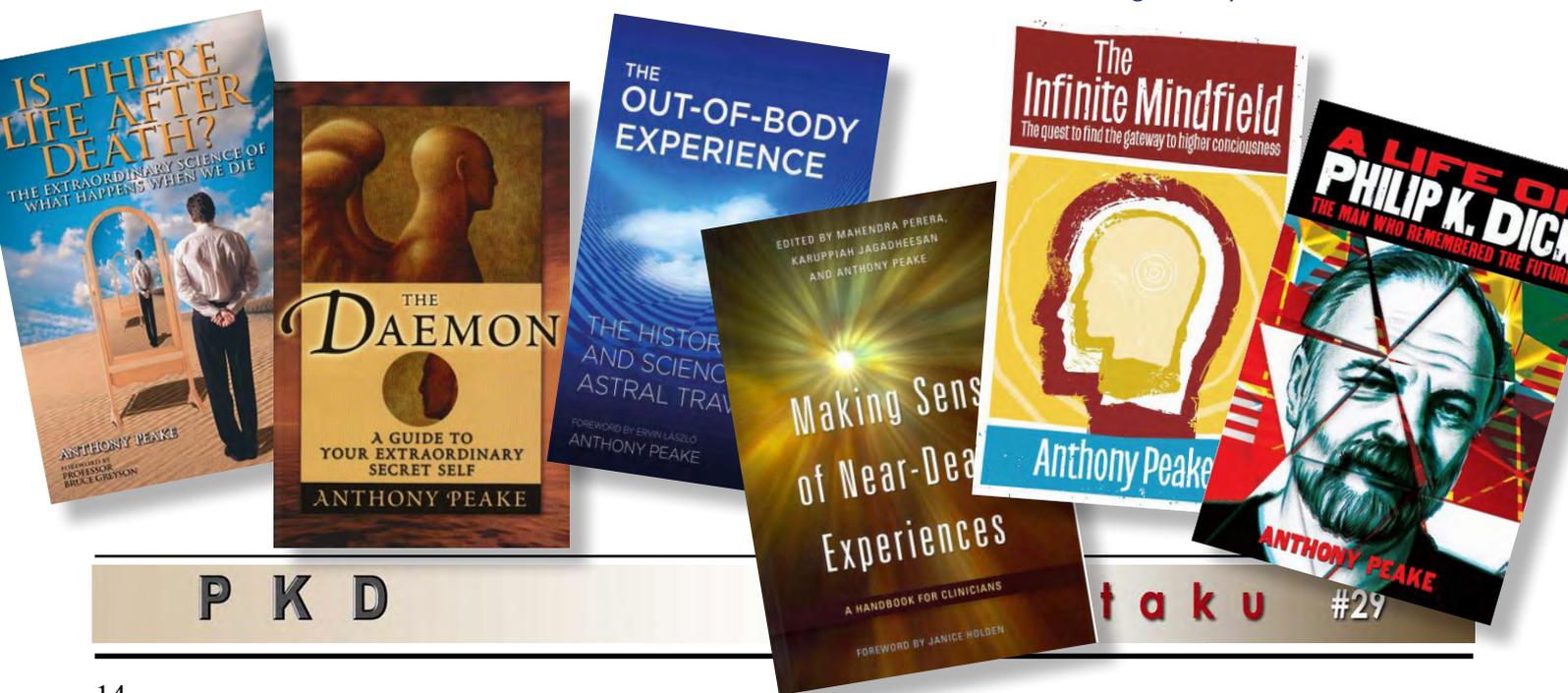
Anthony: All credit to him

Nick: Yes. He did so much for every PKD fan... Well Tony, I'm sure we could talk endlessly about Phil, and indeed about your own research and ideas. But let me say on behalf of Dick-heads everywhere, thank

you very much for giving Otaku so much of your time.

Anthony: Thank you Nick, it's been a pleasure.

Anthony Peake's web address is: www.anthonypeake.com & his forum is: www.cheatingtheferryman.com





Notes On The Influence of C.G. Jung on Philip K. Dick

By Frank C. Bertrand

The American “science fiction” (an unfortunate publishing category; H.G. Wells called his novels “scientific romances”) writer Philip K. Dick has mentioned in his interviews, essays, and letters that Jung was a major influence on him. Without getting into Bloom’s *Anxiety Of Influence* (1973), or *The Intentional Fallacy* (Wimsatt & Beardsley, 1946), just what evidence is there for this, other than what Philip K. Dick claims?

BACKGROUND INFO:

As initial potential evidence, one could try:

1) “Myth, Shadow Politics, and Perennial Philosophy in Minority Report,” by Cathleen Rountree, CG Jung Page

at: <http://www.cgjungpage.org/index.php?opt ... &Itemid=40>

2) “Vessels of Spiritual Transformation: C.G. Jung and Philip K. Dick,” by Josh Lind, on Internet at: <http://totaldickhead.blogspot.com/2010/ ... ation.html>

3) “Myths of Inner and Outer Space: Science Fiction and the Quest for Transcendence,” by Maureen B. Roberts BSc, PhD at: <http://www.jungcircle.com/space.html>

4) “An Alien God and a Jungian Allegory: The Galactic Pot Healer,” by Robert Bee at: <http://www.irosf.com/q/zine/article/10385>

In the six volumes extant of the *Selected Letters Of Philip K. Dick*, the earliest mention of C.G. Jung occurs in a letter dated 6-7-64, to the British author James Blish, wherein Philip K. Dick writes: “I know a little about psychiatry and I know this: the schizophrenic doesn’t believe what you

say. He grasps you by some horrid hidden handle (as Jung says, by the unconscious, by your repressed hostilities).” (Vol. 1, 1996, p. 83)

In Gregg Rickman’s fascinating biography of Philip K. Dick, titled, *To The High Castle Philip K. Dick: A Life 1928-1962*, he writes, in chapter 20: “One psychologist whose work he did appreciate was Carl Jung. The impact on Philip Dick of Jung’s thought would be hard to underestimate. “I was reading Jung in the forties when the only book of his in the U.S. was *Modern Man In Search Of A Soul*,” [1933] he wrote Patricia Warrick in 1980. “I bought one

later book and tried to translate it. I went to the library at U. C. Berkeley and read their translations. They had translated only the introduction...a few mimeographed pages. Pat, I felt such hunger for knowledge.” (pp. 202-203)

[The referenced letter to Professor Warrick is dated 12/27/80, and a fuller quote reads: “I pointed out to him that I was reading Jung in the Forties when the only book of his in print in the U.S. was MODERN MAN IN SEARCH OF A SOUL. A couple more were available from England, but the later Jung was available only from Switzerland in German; I bought one

later book and tried to translate it. I went to the library at U.C. Berkeley and read their translation. They had translated only the introduction ...a few mimeographed pages. Pat, I felt such hunger for knowledge!” *Selected Letters of Philip K. Dick*, Vol. 6, 2009, p. 25]

Two items from Lawrence Sutin’s salient biography of Philip K. Dick, *Divine Invasions A Life of Philip K. Dick* (1989):

1) From chapter 3 - “There was a Miriam whom Phil adored, but she instead became lovers with Connie Barbour, a future Jungian therapist; Miriam and Connie became Phil’s neighbors when he moved (later in 1949) to

She led him to read virtually all of Jung’s work available in translation

larger digs at 1931 Dwight Way. Kleo Mini describes Connie as “like an older sister” to Phil; she led him to read virtually all of Jung’s work available in translation.” (p. 60) 2) From chapter 6 - “Phil and Anne were taking confirmation classes at this time, and Phil grew fascinated with the doctrines of the Episcopal Mass and, most especially, of the transubstantiation of the Eucharist. This fascination led him to read, quite independently, Jung’s essay on “Transformation Symbolism in the Mass.” (p. 128) [CW, Vol. 11, p. 201]

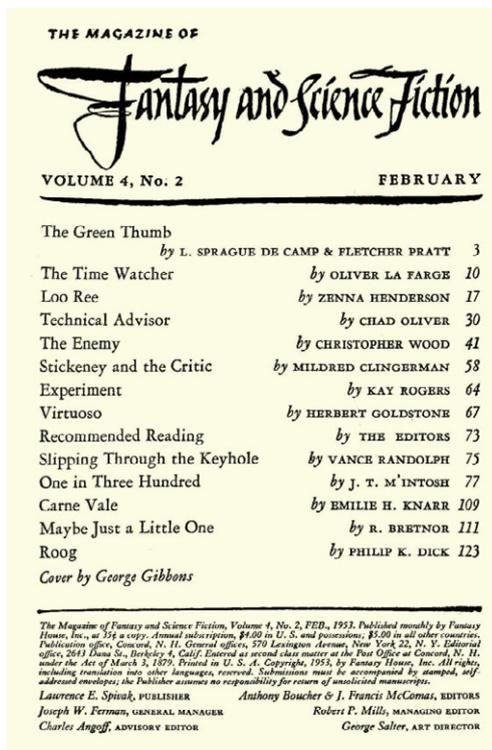
Anne R. Dick, in her 2009 “Revised with New Material” edition of *Search for Philip K. Dick 1928-1982*, chapter three, writes: “About this time [1961] I started reading some of Carl Jung’s writings. Dorothy Hudner had been deeply influenced by Jung’s works, and when she heard about my interest she sent us one of the beautiful Bollingen editions. Both Phil and I read it and soon acquired and read the whole set.... Phil studied Jung’s volumes *Alchemy* (CW 12) and *Symbols of Transformation in the Mass*. He was interested in Jung’s idea that a new world religion would soon arise, a religion based upon a quaternary instead of a trinity. The fourth force will be, Jung said, the force now regarded as demonic. This statement had a big influence on Phil.” (p. 60)

In a September 10, 1976 interview with Daniel DePrez (Science Fiction Review, No. 19, Vol. 5, no. 3, August 1976), we find:
“SFR: How did you come to discover the I CHING so far ahead of most people in this country?
DICK: Well, I was interested in Jung. Jung wrote the introduction to the Wilhelm Baines translation, and I came across it in a ...I’m not sure. I guess I came across it in a list of Jung’s writings, and sent away for the I CHING in order to read Jung’s introduction.” (p. 7) [CW, Vol. 11, p. 589]

During an interview with Richard A. Lupoff, conducted early to mid October, 1977, is this:
“LUPOFF: Were you reading Jung then?
DICK: Yes. Yes, definitely. He was a major influence on me.
LUPOFF: Can you recall specific works?
DICK: *Psychological Types* (CW 6) would be one. I read all the Jung that was in print in English at that time, but not very much was in print in English. Since then I’ve read so much more because the Pantheon Press people have published all of Jung in English. I can’t remember which ones

were in print in English then, except *Psychological Types*. Most early Jung.” (published as, “A Conversation with Philip K. Dick,” Science Fiction Eye, Vol. 1, no. 2, August 1987, p. 51)

Almost 18 months later, in a May 1979 interview with Charles Platt, Philip K. Dick states: “I was beginning to sense that what we perceived was not what was actually there. I was interested in Jung’s idea of projection -- what we experience as external to us may really be projected from our unconscious, which means of course that each person’s world has to be somewhat different from everybody else’s, because the contents of each person’s unconscious will be to a certain extent unique. I began a series of stories in which people experienced worlds which were a projection of their own psyches. My first published story was a perfect example of this.” (“Philip K. Dick,” in *Dream Makers*, by Charles Platt. NY: Berkley Books, 1980, pp. 147-148)



Secondary Info:
Science Fiction, Myth and Jungian Psychology
 Kenneth L. Golden

Lewiston, NY: Edwin Mellen Press, 1995, \$109.95

From: *C.G. Jung and the Humanities: Toward a Hermeneutics of Culture*

Edited by Karin Barnaby and Pellegrino D’Acierno
 Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1990

“One of the characteristics of our culture that may be different from previous cultures is that virtually all our information comes through representations rather than through sensory apprehension of reality. And what a lot of the self-consciousness of contemporary pop culture does is to help us adjust to this hyperreality aspect of our culture. Perhaps one final illustration I can suggest is the work of the science fiction writer Philip K. Dick. On one level his work is offensively sexist. But on another level his work is among the best I have found in representing and dealing with the changes in human consciousness wrought by the new media....Dick has taken the somewhat degraded genre of science fiction and turned it from adolescent technological fantasies into modern myths about the relation between technology and psychology.” (p. 90)

“Reflections”

by John Fairchild

When Paul Williams decided to stop producing the *Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter*, Greg Lee immediately said he wanted to start a successor newsletter. Greg’s *Radio Free PKD* followed almost seamlessly time-wise, due to Paul actively working with Greg and Greg wanting this to happen. The last issue of the *PKDS Newsletter*, #30, was dated December 1992, and the first issue of *Radio Free PKD* was dated February 1993.



or whatever it is, that are actually interested in this trivia and it’s fun. That kind of interaction taking place in real life. And I didn’t feel like I had to carry the ball, which was great. I didn’t feel like it was down to me to make it work. I was one person of many.

That was just a wonderful, friendly, public moment. As Brian Aldiss and a number of other people reported, it was just a really good time. You were with people you felt like you liked. Most of the newsletter is done alone and in private. There have been moments, working with Andy Watson, and Ferret in the early days, that was fun, and Andy and I and then Andy and Ferret and I would get together and get the newsletter pasted up. I still like the mailing parties, they’re great.

The official Program cover from the PKD Celebration Weekend, Epping Forest, UK 1991

I had asked Greg if he would want me to interview Paul as a sort of “thank you” for doing the newsletter, and Greg enthusiastically said yes. The following interview, slightly edited, appeared in issues #1 and #2 of *Radio Free PKD*. The interview was conducted on October 18, 1992.

– John Fairchild.



jf: It sounds like part of you must regret giving up the newsletter. Clearly it’s time to move on to new things, only being a human, part of you is going to have a sense of loss.

jf: So tell us your best memory of the last nine years.

pw: The celebration in Epping Forest is certainly what comes to mind. That was like a dream, spending two and a half days in this world of Philip K. Dick fans. It was wonderful. I could hypothetically imagine ways in which it would have been no fun at all-- to be in all kinds of weird arguments with people with ideas you think are crackpot or whatever. It wasn’t like that at all for me. It was a very intelligent, interesting, human bunch of people.

The fact that there was so much theatre, so much original creativity, not just people talking, but people doing their own creative work-- it was an inspiration. It was fun to have everybody there-- Larry Sutin, Gregg Rickman, John Joyce-- the different people who have written about Phil or shared this fascination. It definitely was like the newsletter come

to life, that conversation I’m having when I write the news column, that sort of imaginary conversation I’m having. I’m writing the news column for people that actually want to know these things. The couple of thousand people,

pw: Oh yeah, that’s why I’m glad I sort of gave it up over a two year period. It makes it easier for me. I

knew it was coming but it didn’t happen all at once like a big shock.

When I was putting the last issue together, #29, I had this thought, “Why am I giving this up? It’s going so well.” But it’s nice to quit while you’re ahead. It’s nice to quit when you feel there is still plenty more to say. And I’m optimistic about *Radio Free PKD* working out. I like the idea that the energy is there to keep something going. It will be different, which is good-- it’s like fresh blood. It’s just healthy to be not doing the same thing all your life. It becomes the inhabitant of one particular corner.

jf: What disappointments have you had?

pw: There have been moments when people in Phil’s life were unhappy with me because of something I did or maybe didn’t run in the newsletter. I wouldn’t do it exactly the same way if I had it to do over again. The Linda Levy letter -- I did it without showing it to some of the people talked about in it, and if I had it to do over again I would be more respectful. Apart from that, there haven’t been a lot of disappointments.

I think it was sad for me when Andy Watson moved on from being managing editor. I think my giving up the newsletter may have been something that had to happen sooner or later once that had happened, because Andy’s contribution was just so great. I didn’t know how to replace him with someone that would work that hard at it and be that good at it. It just made the project bigger

for me and more demanding and less fun. Again, I can't say that I was disappointed when Andy resigned as managing editor because I knew he was doing it to do Journal Wired and to explore other things. The newsletter had been an opportunity for him to get good at certain aspects of publishing and to meet a bunch of people and know that he could go out there and do some stuff himself. So it's something that I'm really happy about. Somehow I think that his experience of the newsletter was very positive for him as well. Of course I was disappointed when he left, but not that I would have wanted him to do anything else. I think it was the right thing for him. And he did it at a time that the newsletter could have gone on without him.

jf: Got any unsolicited advice for Greg Lee?

pw: I think I've probably given it to him person to person (*laughs*). In a way my advice would be to not listen to my advice. The challenge is for the publication to be his publication, although it's always the readers'. You're doing the work, you're making the decisions, so it reflects what you want it to be. So after having the PKDS edited by Paul Williams for nine years, you're going to get the best results by not paying too much attention to Paul Williams' ideas at this point. Let something new and different evolve. Obviously if you scratch me I have ideas on everything, that's why I did it a certain way. But I'm not saying that's the only way to do it. In fact I think I'd enjoy it more seeing it a little differently.

jf: Regarding new books, Sutin's new book will have half non-fiction, with half Exegesis. I'd like to see at some point the Collected Non-Fiction of Philip K. Dick. Do you think it's too early in the ballgame to have the collected non-fiction?

pw: The book that Larry Sutin is editing for Pantheon does complicate that in a way. Until we know, and at this point Larry doesn't know what's going to be in the book, it's kind of hard to talk about. In a sense I think it's fair to say that you could do a collection of the really good non-fiction, the good essays, and that wouldn't be a real big book. Half of Larry's book may include most of the good essays. And adding in the Exegesis may work out very well, 'cause that's another kind of essay.

The thing that will be probably missing from the new book and was missing from Larry's first book, understandably, and is still something that we need, is to have a true Exegesis selection. That is to say, Phil would write 80 pages in a night, and in a sense, we haven't really had an experience of the Exegesis, for better or for worse, until we have one of those 80 page segments that rattles on and rambles on until he finally crashes at 6 in the morning. When he goes from page H1 to page H71, that's probably a night, and one of those long segments, if you could find one that would stand well, would really give you an experience of the Exegesis.

As far as the non-fiction goes, I don't know that there is enough of it, if you leave out the Exegesis, to make a very big book.

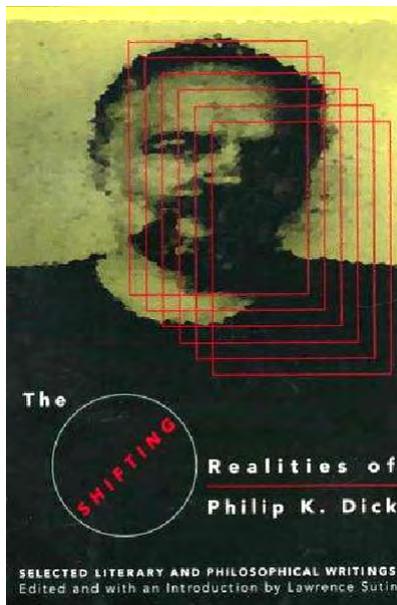
jf: So your comment about complicating it, that just means that what might be left might be minor works, and at best you would have two different books, together comprising the collected non-fiction.

pw: Right, but when I say complicating it, I don't mean it in a critical sense. Theoretically the book Larry's doing could be much more exciting. A collected book might be a fan's book, whereas Larry's book might have a slightly broader reach than people who already know that they are fascinated by Philip K. Dick.

jf: Do you see Phil being taught in philosophy classes?

pw: Quite possibly. In the first place, you could teach him in philosophy classes using just the fiction. Now don't shoot me for saying so, but if you bill Phil as a philosopher, and he is, you have to acknowledge that he's a kind of a crackpot philosopher. I don't think that's a bad thing-- he's a beautiful amateur who rides a hobby horse and gets carried away with it. And that's his virtue.

I'll have to hedge a little. I was going to say as a writer, he's a great novelist, not necessarily a great non-fiction writer, a philosophy writer. It's true, but the reason I'll have to hedge a little is that there is an interesting beauty in some, certainly not all, of his non-fiction writing. In the Metz speech, there is a turn of language and a tone, a mood that pervades it, not just the ideas, but



the actual choice of words. I love the choice of words in *Confessions of A Crap Artist*. I love the writing as writing, and I think there is some non-fiction by Phil that has that literary quality or value. I don't mean that it's pretty good, I mean that there's something magical in the way that it's written. Although again, that makes you a memorable writer, not necessarily a memorable philosopher.

I think he will be taught in philosophy classes, but as someone who introduced very important philosophical concepts or brought them to our attention through his stories or through some of the non-fiction writings or the Exegesis. I hope that there will never come a time when the Exegesis will be taken too seriously. I think that the Exegesis is very much the late night ruminations of a guy who's obsessed with writing and obsessed with talking and obsessed with something that happened to him. And if you take it that way and find in it the things that are exciting to you, then that's great. But to take it as some kind of holy writ or as some kind of conscious work, I think you would be incorrect. It's not a conscious work. He called it his notes. He referred to it as his Exegesis, but he also referred to it as his notes.

It is notes. He wasn't on speed when he wrote them, 'cause he wasn't taking speed then, according to him, and I believe it's true. He didn't take it in the last 10 years of his life. But as someone who had been on speed for most of his life before that, he had the habit pattern of a speed-freak-- the rhythm of what he was writing was not dissimilar to what he was writing on Benzedrine in '70-'71. Except there he had the endless thoughts about the women he had met and what was going on with them, whether or not they liked him. It had the same sort of structure as the Exegesis. It's sitting down and talking to yourself on paper, which can have absolute bursts of genius. But what is the form-- the form is notes. What I'm saying is that you can take the Exegesis as seriously as you want as long as you take it as notes. Don't try to pretend that it's something else. It's sitting down saying "Aha, forget everything else, I think I've got it now, this is it, this is my thought, this is my question." And then following that and going on with that... That's what the Exegesis is. It's very intense rambling.

jf: What direction do you see the Phil Dick-associated universe going?

pw: I really don't know. There will probably be some more movies. Whether there are some more movies or not and what they are and how good they are will make a

big difference in the public side of the Phil Dick Universe. If *Martian Time Slip* is made, if *Three Stigmata...* or *Clans of the Alphane Moon* or "*The Short Happy Life of the Brown Oxford*" is made and it's an eighty million dollar movie and it's a big hit -- that creates a kind of mystique. You can't predict it. It could also end the mystique. It could be suddenly "Oh, we're tired of Phil Dick." Not of reading his books, but of everybody talking about him all the time. It could be like people being obsessed with something for a while and now it's been done to death -- I'm talking about fashion. The public perception.

Hopefully, people will always read this man. If I had any ambition with my regard to the estate and to the newsletter, it was to keep Phil in print and read by people and to keep him current.

In that sense I'm very happy about the Vintage editions, because they put the work in front of people, some new people.

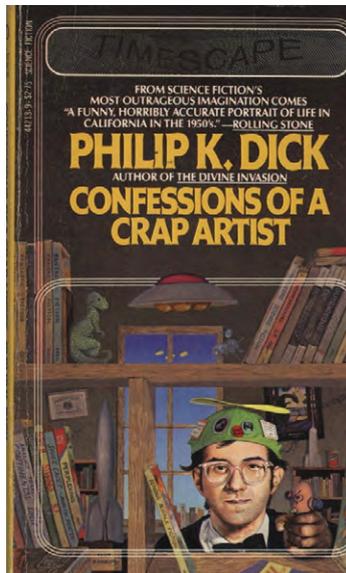
And you know they are going to stick around. Even if they don't stay in print, they'll be in used book stores forever. You can sort of see a process where if they go out of print, someone will do library editions. There will be a rhythm where if you want to find Phil Dick stuff you'll have a good chance of finding it. At least for the foreseeable future, for decades and decades into the future, it looks like a reasonable amount of his work will be reasonably available. And that's great.

jf: Aside from the Dicktionary, which we know about, will you be doing any Phil Dick related stuff in the future? [\[The Dicktionary just didn't happen. Once Paul had the bicycle accident, things just started dropping by the wayside. The Dicktionary was not in a state such that it could have been taken over by someone else. - jf\]](#)

pw: I'm not committed to doing anything right now. I'm also not saying no, I won't do anything. I think if someone came to me with a project right now, I would tend to pass on it.

You asked me if I had regrets-- when I think that the Exegesis is not in my garage anymore, I think "My God, that thing's been sitting there for nine years and I never really spent the time with it that I would have liked to." It's not there. There's the sense that that's something I would have liked to do.

I still naturally like Phil's work and am curious about a lot of things, but as far as actual projects--- if someone's making a movie about him and they want to hire me to do something, it would probably depend on how much I liked the people doing it and how much they were paying me. I don't have this idea that I'm the keeper



of the flame and it's up to me to get it done right. They're plenty of other people out there who care just as much as I do.

jf: Will you still accept invitations to conferences?

pw: That is something I would like to do. If there's a Phil Dick conference I would hope that they would invite me. I'd get a kick out of doing that kind of thing.

jf: And if a third biographer shows up on the scene you'll tell him a completely different story.

pw: (*laughs*) I've tried to be real cooperative with the biographers. When I was working with the estate I made papers available, and told them where to find people, that kind of thing-- I don't feel regarding my own recollections that I've had that much to say. I said a little bit in *Only Apparently Real*, certainly both Larry and Gregg interviewed me-- it's probably just the way my mind works. Maybe if I was on the right drug I'd have all kinds of things to say about the times I've spent with Phil that I've forgotten about or never had any way to talk about. It isn't like I feel there's something that I know and I haven't told.

jf: What was your main attraction to Phil?

pw: To the writing or to him as a person?

jf: You choose. First the writing-- first you read him.

pw: Right.

jf: You did the *Rolling Stone* piece...

pw: I actually met him long before that. I was attracted to his writing when I was an acid-head magazine editor living in New York City, reading, in 1966 and 1967, *Time Out Of Joint, Three Stigmata*... and so forth. They just excited me tremendously. A picture of reality, a sense of reality, or unreality, that was totally different than anything I had ever read, although they had a slight link to Borges and Pynchon, who I was also excited about. There was so much Phil Dick to read, and if you were a science fiction reader, so accessible. I wrote about him for an under-

ground newspaper, *Avatar*, at the beginning of '68, and in Sept. of '68 I went to the World Science Fiction Convention which was in Oakland that year. And I brought along a copy of the article I had written for the underground paper and gave it to him when I met him. We hung out and were a part of a crowd at the convention that was taking what we were told was synthesized THC. We were taking these capsules that was alleged to be pure THC, the active ingredient in marijuana.

I found out later it was what's now known as PCP or Angel Dust, horse tranquilizers, so things got kind of weird. So Phil and I were taking this, and lots of other people, too. We had the whole Claremont Hotel to ourselves.

jf: And Phil was handling it?

pw: Yeah. He came back the next day, anyway. I don't remember anybody freaking out-- things just got very peculiar. Real Phil Dickian. Anyway, we be-

came friends at that convention, and I moved to California about a month or two later, and I saw him a number of times over the next few years. And it was the next year, in 1969, that he first gave me *Confessions of a Crap Artist* to try to find a publisher for; at that time I was acting as an agent for him. So I guess that says something about what attracted me to his writing-- it felt like a "head" thing -- in the sense of psychedelic -- which is just a way of saying a particular intense, convoluted awareness of reality being aware of itself -- the Phil Dickian themes that we're so familiar with now. He was a very special writer.

He was more of a downer than most of the stuff I was attracted to. I really liked Phil Dick so much, yet the stories he tells are so depressing in a way-- yet they don't depress me. Sometimes they do-- you read too much Phil Dick at a time and you get in a mood that can be just dreadful. Still it feels liberating to have someone talk about the way things really are.

We became friends because we enjoyed each other's company. That's why anybody becomes friends. Initially, and maybe not just initially, he liked me because I liked his writing. I made him feel good because I had good things to say about his writing. And at the same time it kind of excited him that "Gee, this guy is involved in the underground, and he likes my writing." It was something a little outside of Science Fiction.

I liked him because he was funny; he had a way

He was writing me like I was his dearest friend in the world. It gives you this sense of being in a relationship that's out of control.

of talking, a way of being humorous about himself and his own extreme stuff. He had a quick mind, and I have a quick mind, so you can have fun together if you get along. You can have fun saying clever little things and having the other person pick up on them.

He scared me a little too. After Nancy left, when all the kids were hanging out in San Rafael -- I couldn't get a fix on that; it seemed pretty weird and unstable. As it says in the Rolling Stone article, after I came back from Japan in '72, I think I contacted him because I wanted something for a new magazine I was starting, and he wrote back to me about the break-in a year earlier-- the tone of voice of the letter was not uncommon, but I didn't know that. He was writing me like I was his dearest friend in the world. It gives you this sense of being in a relationship that's out of control. It's like you go out on a date and think it might be promising, and the next time you see them they're madly in love with you. You back off. Phil had a way of coming on strong in letters. Malcolm Edwards had the same kind of experience, and Peter Nicholls-- "Whoa, wait a minute, you're telling me too much. You're taking me too much into your confidence, I don't know if I can live up to this."

But I guess I didn't back off altogether, and we stayed friends. The Confessions of a Crap Artist project kept us in touch, and then in 1974 I sold *Rolling Stone* on the idea of doing a piece on Phil. That resulted in my going out and spending three days with him and Tessa, and we had a great time.

We were talking about him all the time, and he liked that, but we had a lot of fun. I don't remember getting tired of him talking about him. I felt that he cared about me and what I was doing, yet he was the sort of person that the conversation would focus around the new ideas that he had and what did you think about them? You got to play, but you were being a character in his universe. And that was fine with me-- I loved that universe. It's like if you're a pal of a rock and roll group and they just want to play you their songs, that's not so bad if you like their songs.

For some reason, I guess Phil wasn't too scared of me. He let me keep coming around. A lot of people would make him nervous.

The thing that I remember most clearly about Phil is his voice. I don't remember it now as clearly as I'd like to, but his voice, for me, was him. He'd pick up the phone and say "Paul, this is Phil." And he'd say it in a serious way and in a slow, drawn-out way, and in a kind of apologetic way. And then we'd start talking and immediately that humor would be there. Again, a lot of the humor is communicated through the inflection of the voice. It's something very subtle and therefore very intimate. When he was talking with you and joking with you, you were very special, and each other very special at that moment. The connection that he could create through the way that he talked with someone, could be very, very strong. And I think that people who only met him once would report the same thing-- that they just felt so close to him, so totally at home-- if they did. At other times he might just freeze you out.

You can tell this from his books or from his letters, that he was capable of sharing anything and everything in his life with someone at any given moment, with a complete stranger.

I think that the cassette we put out with the Newsletter is important, and I encourage people to get the John Boonstra tape, which is a telephone interview. It's Phil talking on the telephone to a stranger, with someone who he has exchanged a letter with, and who he feels close to, who he has decided is sympathetic; that he should open himself to this person in a particular way.

And the way that he does that is uniquely Phil. All his personality is there in that kind of interchange.

You get the feeling from his books that sex was uncomfortable for him a lot of the time. Something both wonderful and terrible, but certainly awkward. Parenting is also a kind of intimacy that -- well, it was typical of Phil that he loved his children so much he couldn't bear to be with them. Because if Isa came

to visit then she'd go away again, and then he wouldn't be able to survive that. He was real close to Christopher when I came to see him in '74-- Chris was around a year old. He went through periods of being a really loving father, but I'm just saying that some of the more human intimacies were double edged swords for him. He broke up with his wives, he felt his writing space was being in-



fringed on -- he himself said he could become a tyrant when he was writing, and I don't think that's an exaggeration.

Where Phil could be really, really intimate was a one on one conversation, or to a certain extent a group conversation like in the Thursday night meetings. It's like he was doing an emotional and intellectual strip-tease. Taking the veils away, one after another, for his own benefit as well as yours. Going deeper and deeper into "Who am I and what is this reality we're in right now."

It's not strange that he had that power of intimacy, because I think that's what you the reader are experiencing. That's why you make such a close connection with Phil Dick, if you do-- because you're having that intimate experience with him when you're reading the novel. He's talking to you the way no one's talked to you like that. So you love him and you want to read more. And in that way it's the same experience. That's why in that sense the Exegesis and the non-fiction stuff when it hits its stride can have the same kind of power.

That quality is so timeless. As I said, the quality that I loved in him as a person is not that different than what people love in the books. They may not realize it, but it's the way that he's talking to them, the way he's being with them, the way he's sharing himself with them and taking them seriously. And speaking the language they understand and thought it was their own private language until he came along. It's not just that he had the intellectual capacity to do that, but he combines it with the emotional capacity to do that with you right now. Because you happen to be here.

The people that he could do that with were his friends -- and they might be strangers. It's like hugging the black man at the end of *Flow My Tears...* It's the idea of people making a connection. He's trying to tell us that it's one of the forms of love, in *Flow My Tears...*, and maybe the highest form, according to Phil. It's not physical in the sense that it doesn't involve touching, and yet there is a physical aspect to it -- presence. You're sitting there with this other person, and if it's over the telephone you're once removed, and if it's in a book you're once removed, and yet in some way the intensity of being there with that person comes through in the book. And that's why we get the idea "whoa, these books are different from other books. I don't know what it is, but there's

something special about them."

It could also be scary, and it would scare people away. There would be this intensity, and if you were a young woman and he was attracted to you, you'd kind of go "well, what does he want?" Or if he does want that what am I going to do about that. So that's a situation where a person could be naturally uncomfortable.

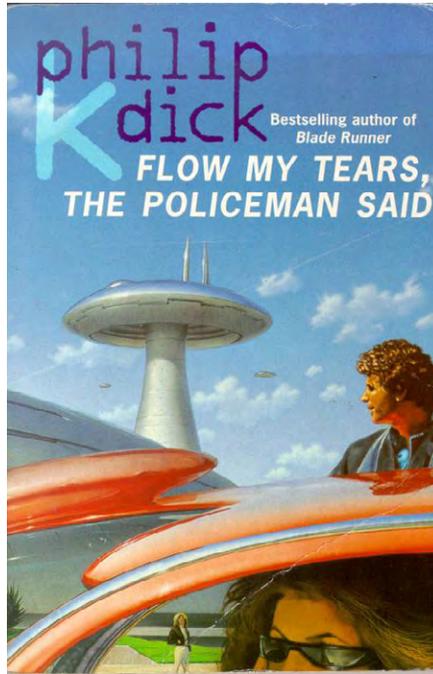
Unless your relationship with Phil was well enough established, his relationship with Mary Wilson, say, where that wasn't an issue, that was already handled-- you weren't lovers, you weren't going to be lovers, but then he and she would talk about everything under the sun, and there was some kind of male/female relationship there, too.

If you were visiting Phil in 1964, which is before I knew him, and suddenly he showed you the gun he was keeping under his pillow because of blah, blah, blah, and the way he was talking, tripped out on speed or crashing, it would be very understandable if you edged away (laughs). And didn't necessarily come around the next day. It wasn't just when there were guns in

the picture, needle users dropping in, as in 1971, it would also just be a kind of intensity where he had some great crisis in his life and he expected you to be there to solve it. If you didn't know him, or if the energy was in a certain way, that would make people back off.

And from the other side, we know that Phil was a great one for saying that he'd go to a convention and get sick when the time actually came. He was an agoraphobe, afraid of crowds. The classic thing is that he loved music so much, and already by high school he couldn't go to a classical music performance because of his fears. [Fear of] needing to go to the bathroom and not being able to hold it in, something like that. That actually kept him from doing what in theory he loved most in the world, going to hear a musical performance.

So it was not uncommon, and it happened to me, that you'd plan to see Phil and he'd say yeah, I think so, and when you'd call he'd say no, no, not now. So you'd never know for sure until he'd say yeah, come on over, I'd love to see you. I remember those times, and it seems like it was usually, yeah, I'd love to see you. But there were times when he invited me and changed his mind at the last minute. It was something he did very commonly. The times I saw Phil in public are really rare.



He could be the life of the party

He could be the life of the party. In fact, that was the way he dealt with his fears. Switch over from being a guy alone in his room, or if he's in his room with you he's talking about himself -- to being at a science fiction convention or being out to dinner with 10 people and he's the entertainment. He could go into that mode and be very funny.

I guess the story Roger Zelazny tells about Phil and Metz, where people didn't know whether to take him seriously or not when he said he had the power to kill fleas and remit sins -- it was serious and it was a joke. That's very funny, kill fleas and remit sins, and if you don't get it, you're just not on his wave length. If you do get it, it doesn't mean it's not serious. It means you can laugh about it and laugh with him as he laughs himself -- while he's really telling you something that in some fashion or another has some meaning to it, at least as an idea. But if you don't get the humor, he was a very spooky guy. Like, what's going on here? And that was fine for him, too; he didn't want anything to do with someone who didn't get the humor. Then they were spooky to him. If someone couldn't laugh along with it, then he didn't really know where they were at. So he'd edge away from you.

jf: We've had this conversation about my ability to connect with Phil's humor, and I was reading something the other night and it connected so well... part of the reason I can't see some of Phil's humor is that it's so close to where I live -- it's so close to me.

pw: Well, I think the basic thing is this. **VALIS** is a very funny book. If you read it once and you don't see anything funny in it, that's all right. Go back and read it again. But if you do read it again and still don't see anything funny in it... then I don't know. Except to say that you should back away from **VALIS**. It doesn't mean that you're humorless, it just means that you're not on that wavelength. But if you read **VALIS** twice and don't see it as a very funny book, then you're in serious danger of being one of those people who takes **VALIS** seriously in an inappropriate way.

There's an appropriate way to take it seriously, but if you're taking it seriously without getting to the stuff that's belly laugh funny-- "If I bring back the ashtray can I have my prefrontal [lobotomy]." Or try this -- if you can't do that with **VALIS**, go back to the precursor to **VALIS**, *The Lucky Dog Pet Store*. The introduction to *The Golden Man*. After he wrote that, then he wrote **VALIS**. 'Cause he knew how to write **VALIS** after he wrote *The Lucky Dog Pet Store*. It explained everything. And a few weeks later, bam-- after four years of waiting he was writing **VALIS**. It came right out. [\[The introduction to The Golden Man does not have an actual title. It is merely titled "Intro-](#)

tion." -- jf]

So go back and read *The Lucky Dog Pet Store* and... it is very serious, and it's very poignant, and it's angry, and he says he's angry. But there's a humor there and it's in his tone of voice. It's not even as obvious as the humor in **VALIS**, but it's shorter. I'm not on real safe ground here 'cause I haven't re-read it recently or haven't ever read it with a specific eye towards humor-- I just know that it's so much Phil.

It's like John Dowie, the British stand-up comedian started including Phil Dick in his act-- and working on the play that John Joyce started-- it became part of his stand-up comedy show. But it became the unfunny part. Oddly. It's like John resonated so closely with Phil's humor that it actually became his vehicle to say the stuff that John always says that's side splitting funny, at least for a British audience, or for a John Dowie British audience-- to say those things in a way that isn't funny. It's like "I really mean this." It's weird, you can't explain it. It's like that Phil Dick state of mind that's in *The Lucky Dog Pet Store* is so close to John Dowie's humor that in some ways it actually loses its humor when he performs it.

Maybe because John is funny when he's talking about himself and Phil is funny when he's talking about himself, but then when you transmute this stuff and you're John Dowie being Phil Dick, it's something different. I don't mean it isn't good. I think John Dowie being Phil Dick can be brilliant. But it's not funny. The timing, the pacing is different. Only Phil has the pacing.

I think the Metz Speech could be funny. But when Phil did perform it it wasn't. The pacing was real weird at Metz, by all accounts, and the tape that I've heard of him rehearsing it is very flat, but you can read between the lines. There's something dancing there. I think a person could stare at me like I'm crazy, and say "what are you talking about, really?" And all I can say is, for me, the last couple of pages of *Confessions Of A Crap Artist* are beautiful and poignant and sad and funny. When he says "It seems evident that my judgment is not of the best." That's such a funny line-- it's so deadpan. It's like "right-- no, I guess it isn't, is it Jack?"

VALIS is a very funny book

jf: Some of the humor is too serious to be humorous. It's like when the wife of Deckard, Iran, dials up a six-hour self-accusatory depression.

pw: Yes, it's great -- it's black humor. The important thing is that it was funny to Phil. If he was with you, I think that

he would be comfortable with you if he felt, and he could probably tell, that you thought it was funny too. And I would imagine that people like Tim Powers and me and lots of other people who were close to him at one point or another -- that was part of the connection -- we didn't

think Phil was crazy to think that this stuff was funny. Or to think that it was real and serious. That particular mix that he had of being serious and self mocking and funny at the same time, seemed like the right mix, the right way to be able to talk about these things, the right way to be able to share them.

It's what Horselover Fat does in **VALIS**, or the combination of Phil Dick and Horselover Fat in **VALIS**. It's like the character knows he's crazy, so his craziness is not too spooky to hang out with, even though it's being told in the first person.

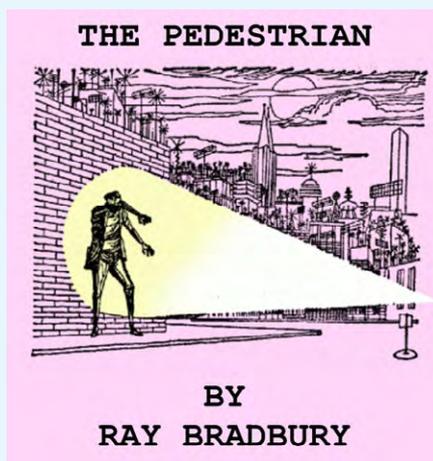
He has some perspective on it. He realizes how ridiculous this sounds as he's saying it, and he goes on saying it. And that would be a typical Phil stunt to practically choke over what he was saying because he would realize how ridiculous it was. And then after laughing his head off about it, to go on with what he was saying (laughs). Because he was serious about it.

I had a great time. I thank Phil for the opportunity to do the Newsletter. I think 99 people out of a hundred I think it would be horrible to mess around in their lives and in their writing, so much, after they were dead. Phil invited it. He wanted it. He wanted to be paid that kind of attention. Most writers, it would be kind of sick to pay that much attention to them. Phil somehow gives us a

way of doing it lightly. For myself, I don't feel like a total creep, spending all this time on this dead guy. And talking about his private life and whether he was crazy or not and the things he wrote -- because he talked about this stuff all the time and you felt like he wanted you to go on with the conversation. That he hoped that his characters would keep talking after he was gone. And then in his own egotism, that he was perfectly aware of, and more or less at home with in some ways, he wanted you to keep talking about him.

He had this life lived on paper, so for you to continue to explore on paper... in some ways he would have loved the complete run of the Phil Dick Society Newsletter. He would have gotten a big kick out of it. Most of us, I myself, want people to read my stuff after I'm gone -- want an intimate relationship with me as the voice in the book. But I'm not sure I like people talking about me. I throw away my manuscripts, drafts, don't keep carbons of letters. Phil liked to do that. There's a reason people use him as a character in their stories. I couldn't see doing a newsletter on Heinlein or Vonnegut. Someone could do one on Harlan Ellison, maybe. He's the kind of person who could go on being a character after he left the room or the planet.

The last couple of pages of Confessions Of A Crap Artist are beautiful and poignant and sad and funny.



As in Ray Bradbury's superb story in which a fear-haunted citizen of Los Angeles discovers that the police car trailing him has no driver, that it is tailing him on its own, we should be sure that one of us sits in the driver's seat: In Mr. Bradbury's story the real horror, at least to me, is not that the police car has its own tropism as it hounds the protagonist but that, within the car, there is a vacuum. A place unfilled. The absence of something vital that is the horrific part, the apocalyptic vision of a nightmare future. But I, myself, foresee something more optimistic: Had I written that story I would have had a teenager behind the wheel of the police car -- he has stolen it while the policeman is in a coffee shop on his lunch break, and the kid is going to resell it by tearing it down into parts. This may sound a little cynical on my part, but wouldn't this be preferable? As we say in California, where I live, when the police come to investigate a burglary of your house, they find, when they are leaving, that someone has stripped the tires and motor and transmission from their car, and the officers must hitchhike back to headquarters. This thought may strike fear

in the hearts of the establishment people, but frankly it makes me feel cheerful. Even the most base schemes of human beings are preferable to the ost exalted tropisms of machines. I think this, right here, is one of the valid insights possessed by some of the new youth: Cars, even police cars, are expendable; can be replaced. They are really all alike. It is the person inside who, when gone, cannot be duplicated at any price. Even if we do not like him we cannot do without him. And once gone, he will never come back.

- Philip K. Dick. **The Android and the Human (1972)**

“e” Only aka Homeopapes are Here, Hoorah!

By ‘jami’ e. Morgan

What? I can hear you guys saying they’ve been here for at least five years (actually longer!) What’s new? I say the tide is turning—NOW is the time for “e” only. At least “e” mostly, but I’m all in.

Let’s begin with the fact that just as PKD Otaku #29 was going to press, Amazon.com founder Jeff Bezos bought the Washington Post. Some have questioned his motives, but wealthy people buying newspapers is nothing new. Newspapers have always had wealthy, influential owners. Think of the Hearsts and other moguls... hell, think of Benjamin Franklin becoming a publisher once he saved his pennies. If I could buy something as iconic and important as the Post for 1% of my assets, I sure would. The fact that billionaire Bezos, the brain behind the Kindle and the major mover and shaker of the e-reading world, is now publisher of the Post gives me great hope that he may provide a showcase of what a 21st century homeopape should be. E – e – e all the way, and I’m not just talkin’ Exegesis either ;)

We’ve been waiting 50 years for the Jetsonian promise of flying cars, the famous Food-a-Rac-a-Cycle (replicator), and of course household robots. But finally we’ve got something better than George Jetson’s televiewer which was more like newspaper-on-a-wall or our flat panel TVs than our beloved Phildickian handheld homeopape.

I don’t know how you read your Otakus, but this PKD ‘zine has definitely evolved into eye Can-D on an iPad or Kindle Fire. And, look at Dave Hyde and Henri Wintz’s fabulous [Precious Artifacts app](#) for the iPad. If you haven’t seen it you must.

It’s like no other PKD bibliography with its smooth scrolling interface and eye-popping graphics. Their layout and design is stunning. A fine tribute to the homeopape that leaves cover collectors drooling and no doubt would bring tears to Phil’s eyes.

Our editor Patrick wondered what would Phil do (W-W-PKD-D) about eBooks. I think he would embrace them,

both publishing and reading them if he could afford the homeopapes, I mean eReaders. Which, of course he could, had he lived and benefited from his movie rights. I bet he’d be telling everyone he thought of eBooks back in the 1960s, which he did. His ex-wife Tessa says, “The ideas that my husband explored are timeless. As Jami said (while discussing her new ebook) sometimes questions are more important than answers because they open our minds to endless possibilities. I’m sure that Phil would agree.” (Sorry, she didn’t answer my direct Q on ‘papes, but she did amuse me by saying Phil claimed to be a Zen Master when she first met him.)



Before iPad or Kindle, Knight Ridder, of Boulder, Colorado, was trying to make Phil’s fantasy a reality. Who knew? (Maybe our LRC.) Just click to see [how the first homeopape was developed](#) in the early 1990s! Hopefully you’re watching that video clip on a sleek hand-held tablet, if not you’re missing the true homeopape experience. I must admit even though I was deeply involved in the early days of home computing (1980s) and early internet, I had no idea tablets were in development twenty years ago! We were still sorting out how people would access the web—whether it would be AOL, through our hobby BBS systems, or if the fledgling Mosaic browser was feasible for public use. I do recall Microsoft’s first tablet PC around the Y2K timeframe. It was hyped as “pen computing”, for drawing and note taking, not as a digital reading device. I wasn’t alone in missing its homeopape possibility, but I’m Seeing Clearly now (blatant transition to my new eBook.)

Why yes, Patrick, thanks for asking, the book is done! It should be published by the time you are reading this Otaku. Just go to my [author page on Amazon](#), and you should find my new nonfiction eBook Seeing Clearly listed there. What’s that, Patrick? You wonder how this one relates to PKD? Well,

even though I say in the intro that “there’s nothing about Niki or her road trip and only a few passing references to PKD”, turns out he’s mentioned twenty times (I counted.) That guy just won’t leave me alone! Always insinuating himself into my writing, geez! My new book is a nonfiction exploration of topics raised in my AKS novel—the “big questions” about God, the afterlife, and what’s really real—the ones that drove Phil to endless Exegesis. Mine is abridged, only about a tenth of



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the size of Phil's "e", perhaps a couple hundred pages if we hacked down another tree to print it.

And that brings me back to why no paperback from me this time. Why sacrifice our precious trees for so much printing? Sure, keep the beloved books you have (I ain't giving up my four or five feet of Dick.) Those trees are long gone. But going forward, as the economists say, can't we stop the presses and exchange our pulps for digi books?

Less pollution, petroleum products... ouch, I can hear you guys yelling, "What about Apple's sweat shop contracts? Or other gadget manufacturing?" Well, I can't solve all the world's ills, and we geeks are going to have our phones, tablets and PCs anyway. So, why not try "e" and go as green as we can? For those who are already there, congrats! So far we only have this one planet.

I haven't even touched on soggy, wet, and moldy books. How many of you have been through that with all the recent flooding? Even here in parched New Mexico I managed to ruin a box of books during our one rain storm of the year. Plus I can take my virtual PKD with me when I travel. I have nearly 200 books on my Kindle and they sync up across all my devices. Oh, the joy of searching. I can search my complete Kindle collection for phrases, references and ideas. Without that, I'm in worse shape than the old library index card days when it comes to finding something on my shelves, or boxes.

For those who still resist digital reading because it's yet another gadget and/or software to learn, I hear you. Even as a gadget geek from the get-go I sometimes get frustrated dealing with technology. But Amazon, in particular, is improving the process all the time. No matter what

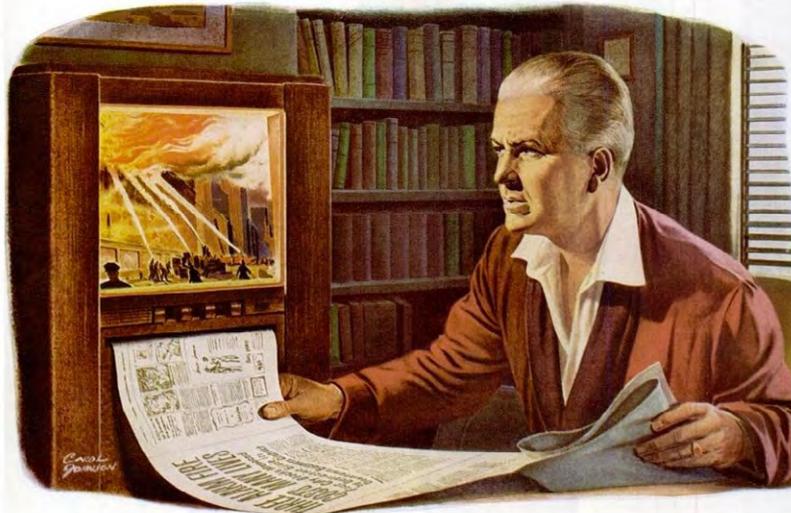
phone, tablet or device you have, you can run the Kindle app. It's free and basically installs itself.

You could start with one of Phil's books (many are eBooks now), or send yourself a free PDF book or DOC article (they're all over the web and free.) If you tried that for Kindle and didn't use the "convert" trick, that might explain why you dislike e-reading. For a standard text article, attach it to JoeChip@free.kindle.com (your name, and "free" so you aren't charged the document fee if you're using WiFi.) The

most important trick is adding CONVERT in the subject line. When you receive the file, it won't be a tiny illegible document. Now you can adjust font size and navigate around. Even better, there's a new way to send anything you find on the web directly to your Kindle. This truly opens up endless possibilities, including the vast supply of 'zines and other interest-specific materials. For those who want to try, here's the [latest update](#). (Amazon should hire me or at least give me commissions.) ;)

I still love my original Kindle keyboard, even though I have a Fire and iPad for other uses. For just plain book reading you can't beat the ultra-light eReaders with their easy-on-the-eye e-ink.

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A PDF like our Otaku won't work in the traditional eReaders or Kindle apps because the graphics get misaligned. However, on iPads, Kindle Fire or other tablets just clicking on a PDF will open it right up and all Nick's eye Can-D looks just dandy ;) Enjoy!

Editor's Note: No need for any additional bio on "e" jabelle (aka jami)—her author link says it all. Congratulations on your new book!

Encounters with Reality: P.K. Dick's A Scanner Darkly

by Frank C. Bertrand

re >al >i >ty (rɪəl'ɪtɪ), n., pl. -ties for 3-6.

1. the state or quality of being real.
2. resemblance to what is real.
3. a real thing or fact.
4. Philos. a. something that exists independent-ly of ideas concerning it. b. something that exists independently of all other things and from which all other things derive.
5. something that is real.
6. something that constitutes a real or actual thing, as distinguished from something that is merely apparent.

The above is the definition entry for the word reality in *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language*. By itself it seems somehow austere if not facile. There are, nonetheless, several points of interest, not the least of which are the implications of the subtle differences between definitions two and five. Consider also the thorny philosophical issues hinted at by definitions four and six, especially six which is a bald summation of the appearance vs. reality problem; many, many erudite books have been written on this one aspect of reality alone.

Of even more interest, however, are the sundried ways in which these definitions of reality have been the basis for diverse efforts by artists, writers and poets to explicate reality by example and/or depict the futility of attempts to do so. T.S. Eliot, in his poem *Burnt Norton*, from *Four Quartets* (1943), sums up this dichotomy best when he writes, "What might have been is an abstraction / Remaining a perpetual possibility / Only in a world of speculation." Later, in the same section of the poem, Eliot states that, "human kind / Cannot bear very much reality," words which are also spoken by Thomas Beckett in Part II of Eliot's play *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935).

Maybe so. One writer who has singularly and inventively explored whether or not Man can bear very much real-

ity is Philip K. Dick. At various times he has written about reality as follows:

1) If I knew what a hallucination was I would know what reality was. ("Will the Atomic Bomb Ever be Perfected, And if so, What becomes of Robert Heinlein?", in *Lighthouse*, no. 14, October 1966, p. 5.)

2) If two people dream the same dream it ceases to be an illusion; the basic test that distinguishes reality from hallucination is the consensus gen- tium, that one other or several others see it too. ("The True Stories of the Three Stigmas of the Five Break-Ins of Philip K. Dick," by Paul Wil-

liams, in *Rolling Stone*, November 6, 1975, p. 93.)

3) Most of the SF readership knows that in my work I am constantly asking, "What is reality?" and, "Why does it seem to differ from person to per- son?" (from a letter, in *Scintillation*, no. 12, March 1977, p. 38.)

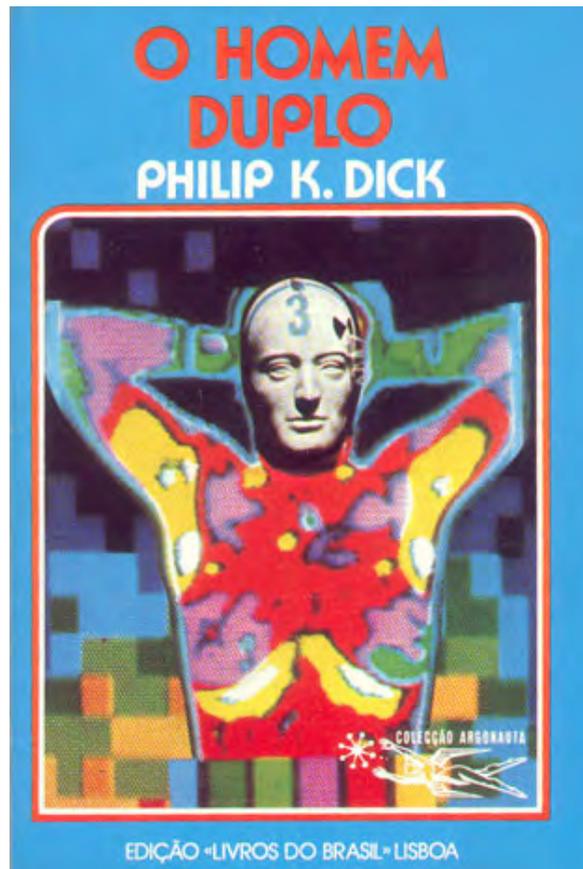
4) I like to fiddle with the idea of basic categories of reality, such as space and time, breaking down. (from the Afterword, *The Best of Philip K. Dick*, ed. John Brunner, NY: Ballantine Books, 1977, p. 448.)

5) We also have a desire to fill in all the missing pieces in the most startling or unusual way: to add to what is actually there,

to piece out the concrete reality which can only say so much and no more, to share my own glimpse of another world. ("Who is an SF Writer?", in *Science Fiction: The Academic Awakening*, ed. Willis E. McNelly, a CEA Chap Book, 1974, p. 47.)

6) But I have never had too high a regard for what is generally called "reality." Reality, to me, is not so much something that you perceive, but something you make. You create it more rapidly than it creates you. ("The Android and the Human," in Philip K. Dick: *Electric Shepherd*, ed. Bruce Gillespie, Melbourne: Nostrilia Press, 1975, p. 65.)

From these excerpted quotes can be gleaned the intellec-



tual seeds that have germinated into many of Dick's 31 novels and 112 short stories, to date. One key word, associated here with reality, would certainly be hallucination. And at least one key concept is whether or not reality is an individual thing, differing from person to person, and at times being difficult to differentiate from hallucination. It is this idea that is apparently one of the two main motives for Dick's latest novel, **A Scanner Darkly** (1977), the other being the horrors of drug use/abuse. In **A Scanner Darkly** the main character lives the contrasting realities of two personas, Robert Arctor (a "doper") and S.A. Fred (a "straight" and undercover narcotics agent), "Robert Arctor" being Fred's undercover role. But a drug enhanced, if not induced, schizophrenia of the hebephrenic type makes it increasingly difficult for Fred/Arctor to distinguish between the two realities of himself and his undercover self. Which reality is real, or more real, Fred's or Arctor's? Or, as he states it, "I would know, if anyone did, because I'm the only person in the world that knows that Fred is Bob Arctor. But, he thought, who am I? Which of them is me?" (pp. 74-75)

Possible answers lie in Dick's use of the word reality in **A Scanner Darkly**, wherein it occurs eleven times, ranging from "He felt, in his head, loud voices singing: terrible music, as if the reality around him had gone sour," (p. 63) to "If He is active here, He is doing that now, although our eyes can't perceive it; the process lies hidden beneath the surface of reality, and emerges only later" (p. 205). The words and ideas associated with reality in **A Scanner Darkly** are varied and rich in implications. Most intriguing, though, is its use on page 100 where a character named Luckman reads from a book either by or about Teilhard de Chardin:

He to whom it is given to see Christ more real than any other reality in the World, Christ everywhere present and everywhere growing more great, Christ the final determination and plasmatic Principle of the Universe, that man indeed lives in a zone where no multiplicity can distress him and which is nevertheless the most active work-shop of

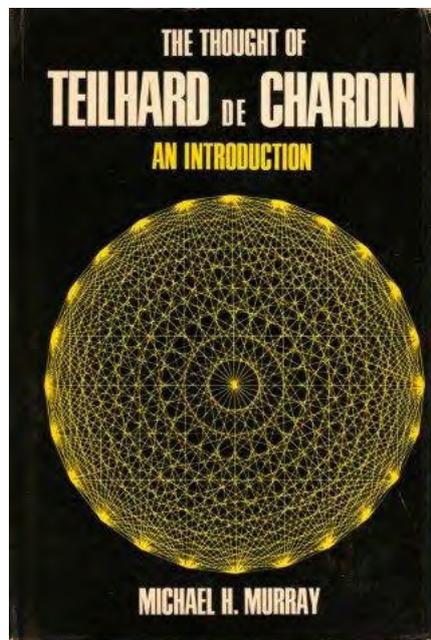
universal fulfilment.

Of all possible historical figures, why Teilhard de Chardin? (He is also mentioned in chapter nine of Dick and Zelazny's **Deus Irae** (1976)) And why this particular quote?

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (1881-1955) was a Jesuit Priest, paleontologist, and philosopher who trekked through Asian deserts to the Himalayas, dug for clues to man's ancestry in Africa, survived both the Japanese and the Communists in war-torn China, and aided in the discovery of the several-million-year-old Peking man. But it is as a philosopher that de Chardin interests Dick and is of importance here. De Char-

ardin's major work, which wasn't published until after his death, is *The Phenomenon of Man* (1955; english trans. 1959). His major thesis is a doctrine of cosmic evolution, which attempts to show that evolutionism does not entail a rejection of Christianity. In this respect he sought to convince the church that it can and should accept the implications of the revolution begun by Darwin, but he met with uniform opposition from ecclesiastical superiors. More relevant here are de Chardin's ideas and comments about reality.

What is reality and why does it seem to differ from person to person?



As delineated in Emile Rideau's *The Thought of Teilhard de Chardin* (1967), de Chardin maintained that knowledge of the real (reality) is obtained by two complementary means. The first is the classification of the forms, or ideas, of reality in an organic system whose boundaries are ever expanding. This organic system includes scientific knowledge, which leads directly to philosophical knowledge and is normally continued in moral and religious action, or spiritual existence. The second way considers the movement in time that makes of reality a history, that is, the process that makes it possible to determine the place that every phenomenon must occupy in the order of its appearance, thus making

knowledge itself a historical fact. By these means Man's knowledge of reality proceeds from the abstract to the concrete with thought (reason) regulating the passage from the manifestation of things to their law and their reality. But, it is faith only that will give a new consistence

and new certainty to this truth of the real that has come from reason. And the reality obtainable by this method is the world (universe), but only in so far as it is itself united to Man and thought by him; more importantly, only in so far as Man himself, the thought of the world, is united to God.

There is one additional aspect of de Chardin's concept of reality alluded to in the quote from **A Scanner Darkly** that merits some explication, that of his interconnected notions of form and energy. Being (absolute reality), in knowledge of the world, emerges as truth in the discovery of the movement of the phenomena towards a maximum of order, or unity (form, structure, organization, internal finality). The multiple whole of phenomena (world/universe), then, in time and space is physically held together by an organic interdependence of its elements through the influence of forces of convergence and attraction. Intrinsically linked with this notion of form (structure) is de Chardin's notion of energy, that which constitutes the *internal* structure of beings. This energy is of two kinds, tangential and radial. The latter is spiritual and *internal*, increasing and irreversible, an energy of arrangement and unification. The former is mechanical and *external*, superficial and peripheral, an energy of dissipation and dissociation. Tangential energy is manifested in a tendency towards maximum order (form, structure), radial energy is a tendency towards maximum disorder (repetition, inertia, death). The life-matter whole, then, is woven together by a dialectic of continuity and discontinuity; against order there always stands disorder.

It is this aspect of disorder, of radial energy, that is most pertinent to the de Chardin quote in **A Scanner Darkly**, for one prevalent kind of radial energy is entropy, what de Chardin calls "The mysterious involution of the world." And entropy results in unorganized multiplicity, multiplicity being inertia, a check or break, a drag, a tendency towards dissociation. This multiplicity is, no doubt, of the same kind as that mentioned in the de Chardin quote, "...a zone where no multiplicity can distress

him..." It is, in turn, meant to implicitly point towards, I think, what the main character in **A Scanner Darkly** experiences, i.e., multiplicity or dissociation; dissociation in its psychiatric sense means the unconscious defense mechanism of keeping conflicting attitudes and impulses apart, a way of satisfying two opposing urges and still maintain a sense of integrity and self-esteem. In its extreme form dissociation can result in a loss of personal identity, or a splitting into two or more contrasting personalities; both of these happen to the Arctor/Fred character in **A Scanner Darkly**.



Almost as intriguing as the reality quote from page 100 in **A Scanner Darkly** is the one of page 63, where reality is modified by the adjective sour, sour here meaning as in sour music, i.e., off pitch or badly produced, for there is a mention of "loud voices singing; terrible music." A reality that is off pitch or badly produced implies its obverse, a reality that is "on" pitch or "rightly" produced. This generates, in effect, contrasting realities and one possible answer to Dick's question in quote three, "Why does it [reality] seem to differ from person to person?" The other, and probably more common meaning of sour should also be noted, that of a bitter or acrid taste. It is not entirely inconceivable that Dick intended this to be a secondary "After taste" quality of the reality perceived (ex-

perienced) by Arctor/Fred in **A Scanner Darkly**, of a kind not unlike that intimated by a line from Act I, scene iii of Shakespeare's King Richard II, "Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour." Or, as Arctor might paraphrase it, "reality, sweet to perception, proves in experience sour."

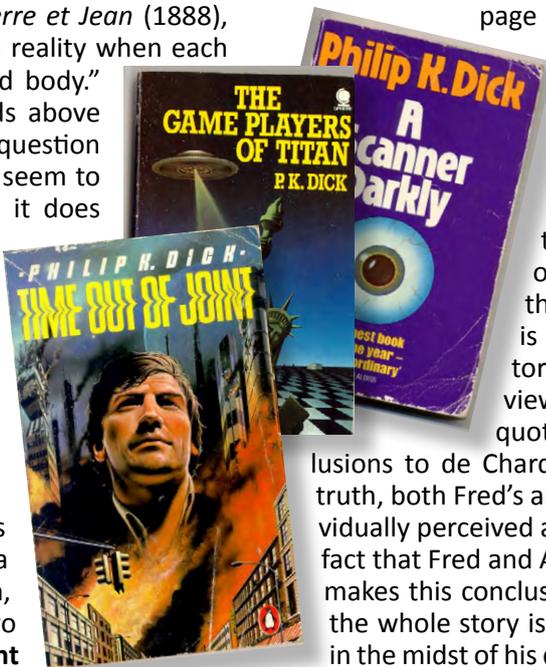
Compare this, now, with part of quote six, wherein Dick states that "Reality, to me, is not something that you perceive, but something you make. You create it more rapidly than it creates you." What this means can be better understood by briefly considering what is technically referred to in philosophy as the coherence theory of truth. This theory, which is one of the two traditional theories of truth (the other being the correspondence theory), has to do with poetic truth, truth created by a process of making; reality that is discovered and

Dissociation can result in a loss of personal identity

in a sense created in the very act of perception. In the coherence theory, the epistemological process is accelerated by intuitive perception; evidence is replaced by self-evidence. The stress is on the individual experience, the individual vision. As Maupassant wrote in his essay, "Le Roman," prefixed to his novel *Pierre et Jean* (1888), "how childish it is, anyway, to rely on reality when each of us carries his own in his mind and body." This appropriately echo's Dick's words above and provides another answer to his question in quote three, "Why does it [reality] seem to differ from person to person?" That it does so is also explained by something Ian Watt wrote in his seminal study, *The Rise of the Novel* (1957): "from the Renaissance onwards, there was a growing tendency for *individual experience* to replace collective tradition as the ultimate arbiter of reality" [emphasis mine].

The most perplexing reality quote is on page 75: "strange how paranoia can link up with reality, now and then, briefly," a notion that is found in two earlier Dick novels. In **Time Out of Joint** (1959) there is mention of "the odd blurring of reality and his insanity," and in **The Game Players of Titan** (1963) it's noted that "there's a relationship between the telepathic faculty and paranoia." Though initially thought in response to the actions of another character, Barris, in **A Scanner Darkly**, Arctor soon includes himself: "knowing what I know, I still stepped across into that freaked-out paranoid space with them..." (p. 78). But, just what does Arctor's reflection mean? Paranoia is a psychotic disorder marked by slowly developing systematized delusions of persecution and/or grandeur. And while delusions of persecution categorize, in a general way, the actions of Arctor and his friends, pages 75-79 in passim, the connection with reality is not at all clear. It makes more sense if the inference to paranoia is meant to be the paranoid type of schizophrenia. In this psychosis the major symptoms are poorly organized, internally illogical, changeable delusions, often accompanied by vivid auditory, visual, or tactile hallucinations. The individual's grasp of reality progressively loosens until, in some cases, there is a total withdrawal from reality; the person becomes apathetic and indifferent to everything outside itself. As Dr. Bruno Bettelheim observes in his article "Individual and Mass Behaviour in Extreme Situations" (1943)

the self seeks refuge in schizophrenia when reality "becomes unendurable," a view that is similar to T.S. Eliot's phrase about man being unable to bear very much reality. It is this sense of paranoia that gives more significance to the congruence of reality and paranoia quote on page 75, for it aptly describes *not* Barris's but Arctor's state of mind in **A Scanner Darkly**.



By now it is apparent that despite several incongruities enough similarities exist among the excerpts to generate at least one answer to our query near the beginning about which reality is real, or more real, Fred's or Arctor's; it is an answer that reflects viewpoints expressed by Dick in his quotes. Noting, in particular, the allusions to de Chardin and the coherence theory of truth, both Fred's and Arctor's reality are real as individually perceived and experienced by each. But, the fact that Fred and Arctor are one in the same person makes this conclusion at best problematic. Perhaps the whole story is a hallucination viewed by Arctor in the midst of his drug enhanced (or induced) hebephrenic schizophrenia. In this case, the first Dick quote is a fitting epithet for Arctor and **A Scanner Darkly**: if I knew what a hallucination was I would know what reality was.

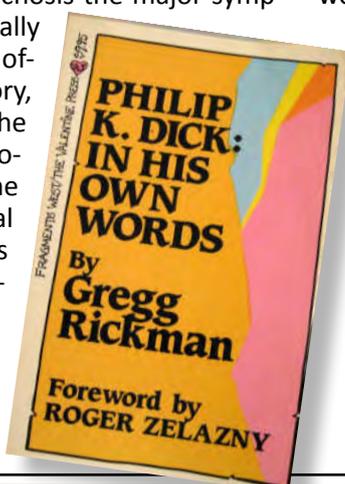
[publishing history: *Philosophical Speculations in Science Fiction & Fantasy*, Vol. 1, no. 1, March 1981, pp. 12-17.]

POSTSCRIPT
(added on: 8/21/2013)

That this essay, "Encounters with Reality: P.K. Dick's **A Scanner Darkly**," is now 32 years old does not make it particularly notable and/or venerable. What does merit your attention is that it's the only one I know of, out of some 40 plus published items I've written about Philip K. Dick's work, that he actually commented upon, twice.

The first instance is an interview on April 22, 1981 with Gregg Rickman. Therein he says:

"This is an example of the incredibly stupid, pernicious, affected, pompous, meaningless academic crap that gets written. This character studied **Scanner (A Scanner Darkly)**, and all he does is wind up talking about Teilhard de Chardin. Because I quote from Teilhard in the goddamned book. Luckman reads a few sentences. So this guy leaps to the conclusion that the secret to Scanner lies in Teilhard de Chardin. And then goes on to analyze Teilhard de

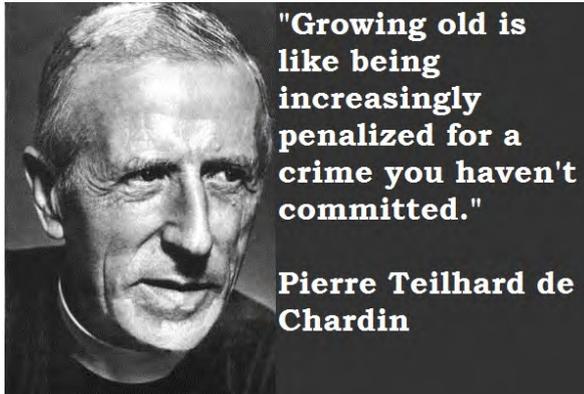


Chardin." [Philip K. Dick: In His Own Words, Fragments West/Valentine Press, 1984, p. 88]

multiplicity of responses doesn't distress me. And without getting too far into the contentious, thorny thicket of the "Intentional Fallacy," about the de Chardin allusion, Phil does write in a November 20, 1964 letter to Terry Carr that:

Some two months later, in a June 11, 1981 letter Phil wrote to Erwin H. Bush, co-editor of the journal *Philosophical Speculations In Fantasy and Science Fiction*, where my essay was published in March, 1981, he writes:

"Thank you for the copy of volume one, number one. I had already read Frank Bertrand's article (on my novel **A Scanner Darkly**) and enjoyed it. It is an excellent article, but he makes too much of the Teilhard de Chardin quote that appears in the novel. I quoted that passage only to provide a total relief against the street language, and the street characters, another and different world breaking into the world momentarily." [The Selected Letters of Philip K. Dick 1980-1982, Volume 6, Underwood Press, 2009, p. 166.]



"Growing old is like being increasingly penalized for a crime you haven't committed."

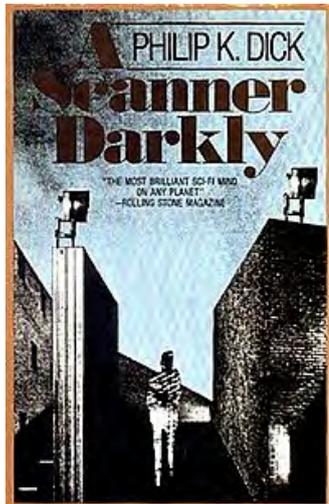
Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

"So it is always assumed that the writer "intended" what he did, which is a reasonable assumption – better than the rather cynical polar-assumption that he did not intend what he said; but here is an example where a critic saw more than I con-

sciously intended...but I must agree that his theory, as I study it, explains what maywell have been my unconscious intent." [The Selected Letters of Philip K. Dick 1938-1971, Volume 1, Underwood Books, 1996,p. 129, emphasis in original]

Considering the stark contrast between "stupid, pernicious, affected, pompous, meaningless academic crap," and "It's an excellent article," perhaps I should feel like Barris does in chapter 8 of **A Scanner Darkly**:

"What is that?" Arctor said.

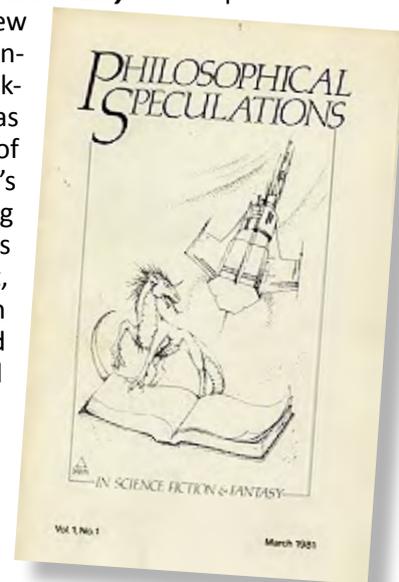


"Chardin. Teilhard de Chardin."
"Jeez, Luckman," Arctor said.
"...that man indeed lives in a zone where no multiplicity can distress him and which is nevertheless the most active workshop of universal fulfillment." Luckman shut the book.

With a high degree of apprehension, Charles Freck moved in between Barris and Luckman. "Cool it, you guys."

"Get out of the way, Freck," Luckman said, bringing back his right arm, low, for a vast sweeping haymaker at Barris. "Come on, Barris, I'm going to coldcock you into tomorrow, for talking to your betters like that." [A Scanner Darkly, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1977, pp. 100-101]

One could certainly speculate about **why** Phil responded the way he did. The interview was informal, in an ongoing informal setting with Gregg Rickman, whereas the letter was more formal to the co-editor of a journal. More likely is Phil's long-standing and vacillating antipathy toward "meaningless academic crap." But I wasn't, am not, and never will be an "academic critic." I stopped 7 courses into my MA, and walked away, when it became all too obvious that academic credentials were far more important than actual ability, that writing incestuous academic criticism in an obfuscatory style to impress other academics was/is the norm.



I do, however, very much agree with Philip K. Dick when he says, in the interview already cited, that:

"What the critics and especially the academic critics have done (is to dismiss my later work), and they don't have to deal with an ongoing process. That makes their work for them much easier. But this is very destructive to the author involved, for the author very soon gets the impression that he has done his good, his best writing already, and he did it some time ago." [Philip K. Dick: In His Own Words, p. 89]

But I don't. It is Philip K. Dick's allusion, not mine. Phil's

This is still happening, some 32 years later, though since Phil died in 1982, the critical polarity has reversed. His early work is being dismissed in favor of the so called **VALIS** trilogy and his writer's journal, the **Exegesis**. Certain academic and non-academic cliques, in my opinion, are determined to make Phil into a postmodernist gnostic mystic who had a series of "revelations," or perhaps "epiphanies," circa Feb/Mar 1974. Then, all they have to do is write their jargon-laden essays and books about this based on belief and faith, and not any kind of scientific/

empirical evidence. They shy away from using what Phil actually wrote in favor of what some "expert" thinks he wrote or tells them he meant to write.

If you think I'm kidding, or some kind of disgruntled, secular, cynical curmudgeon who's had too much CAN-D, please check out one recent manifestation of this parapsychological phenomenon in a new "page" on *Facebook* titled: "First Philip K. Dick Memorial Virtual Church of Gnosis in Christ."

[© FCB 8/13]



PKD Wahol style © Nick Buchanan

Confessions of a Snap Artist

Tessa's Photos ('cleaned' and colour balanced by Nick Buchanan)

Tessa Dick, Phil's wife (1973-1977) - who is a great friend and supporter of PKD-Otaku made these personal photos available for use in this zine. Some of these have never been 'publicly' seen before. We appreciate that Tessa is willing to share these with Phil's fans. There will be nine other never-seen-before Photos of Phil which Tessa has made available for Anthony Peake's new book (four of them of Phil as a baby / toddler).



Photo Courtesy of Tessa Dick

Phil with Christopher (Cameo Lane, 1973)

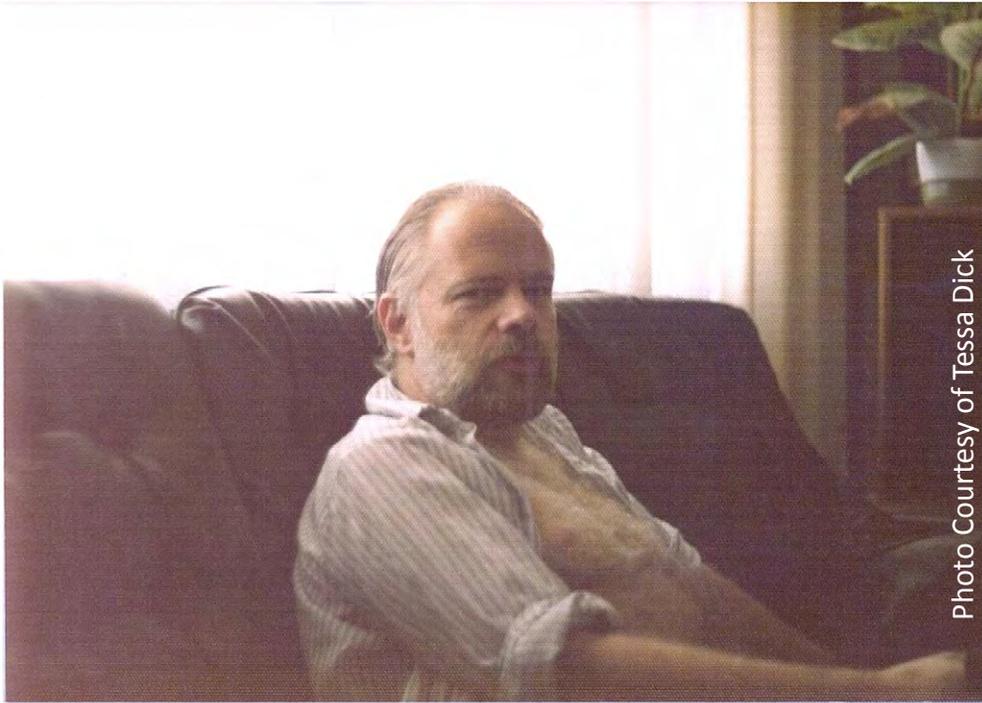


Photo Courtesy of Tessa Dick

Phil in Cameo Lane Apartment (circa 1974)



Photo Courtesy of Tessa Dick

Phil shows cat to Christopher (sitting on Tessa's lap) - (Circa 1973)



Photo Courtesy of Tessa Dick

Phil kisses cat (circa 1974)

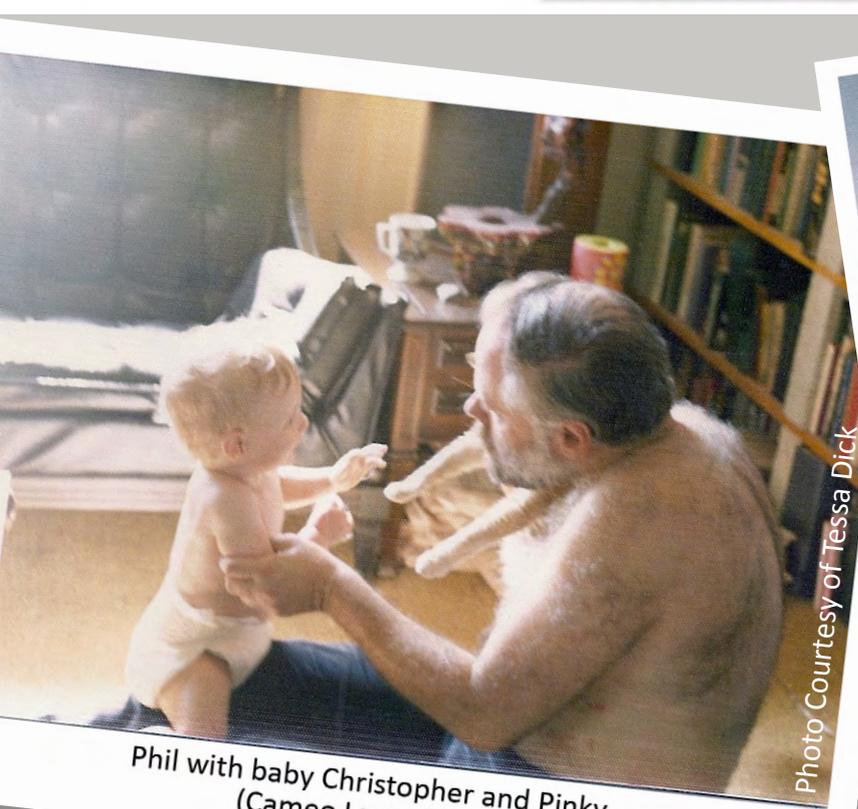


Photo Courtesy of Tessa Dick

Phil with baby Christopher and Pinky
(Cameo Lane, 1973)

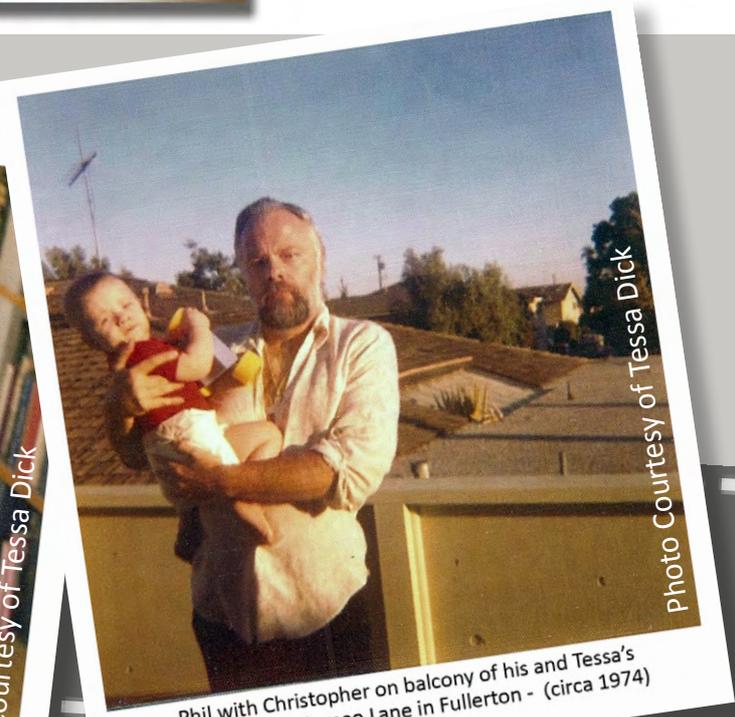


Photo Courtesy of Tessa Dick

Phil with Christopher on balcony of his and Tessa's
apartment on Cameo Lane in Fullerton - (circa 1974)



Photo Courtesy of Tessa Dick

Tessa on Cameo Lane balcony - her hand on Christopher's head
(1974)

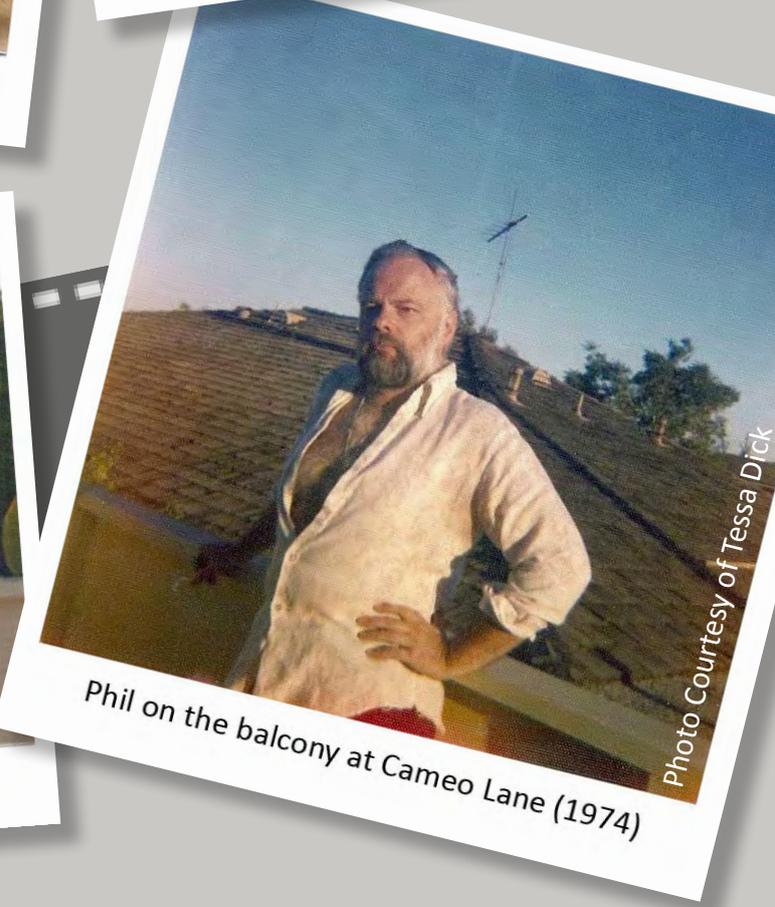


Photo Courtesy of Tessa Dick

Phil on the balcony at Cameo Lane (1974)

Thank you for sharing, Tessa!

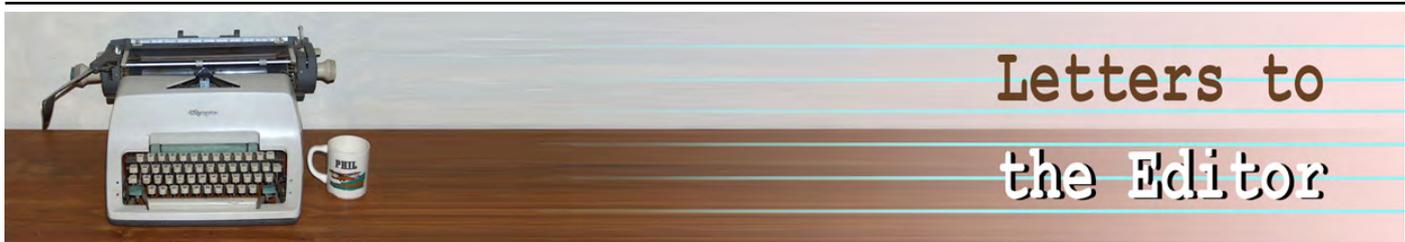


***Don't miss
Tessa Dick's new internet radio show***

“Ancient of Days”

Special Episode: The Pink Light Show

Monday, September 2nd, 3pm PDT, 6 pm Eastern and 10 pm UK.
Phone lines will be open so CALL IN: 347.324.3704 90 minute program to
discuss “the Beam” experiences, PKD Otaku, homeopapes, and
Anthony's forthcoming book. LIVE on
FreedomizerRadio.com



Letters to the Editor

Simulacrum Correspondence

Dave Hyde, also known as GSM, sent the following message.

"This came to me via esoteric email, thought you might like to publish it in the LOC section of next PKD OTAKU? Great Job! Love you all!"

Intimations of sinister pasts and desperate futures meshed in my brain as I read PKD OTAKU 27 from front to back. What an excellent endeavour! All involved are to be congratulated. Somehow in this edition it all came together for me: the re-discovery of an area of great concern to PKD: totalitarianism. This issue of PKD OTAKU addressed this subject in an engaging and skull-cracking way. From Patrick Clark's chiseled introduction, to the fascinating article on PKD's ancestry, to Frank's Bertrand's successful gunpowder plot in the bowels of Academia and Nick's protuberant and perturbing illustrations and challenging essay, to, gee, the whole thing! Well, what can I say? It's really great to have something good to read about Philip K. Dick.

Yrs truly
Charles Ferbis, Agony Nuts, Arkansas

Meanwhile, Frank Bertram also received a mysterious communication.

"It seems I'm the recipient of some of the same "esoteric email" as his eminence Sir Lord Slithering Clam. What follows showed up late last night in my inbox. I checked, and there is such a place as Mars, PA."

Manfred Bleekman III
Am Web Estates
Mars, PA 16046
March 13, 2013
My Dear Esteemed Editor,

I write to you, Sir, hoping I am in time to warn you about a certain scurrilous scallywag going by the name of Charles Ferbis, lately of Angry Nuts, Arkansas. Reliable sources tell me that this raucous reprobate has been sending letters to fine Japanese publications like your own, PKD Otaku, appearing at first glance to be crafty criticism of a recent issue.

Do not be fooled, I tell you, Sir, by skim milk masquerading as cream, for said Charles Ferbis writes with forked brain and seeks to subvert your outstanding efforts at Philip K. Dick perspicaciousness. He does so by favoring perverse panoplies of postmodernist persiflage to accomplish his dastardly deed, using code phrases such as "sinister posts," "excellent endeavor," and "fascinating articles."

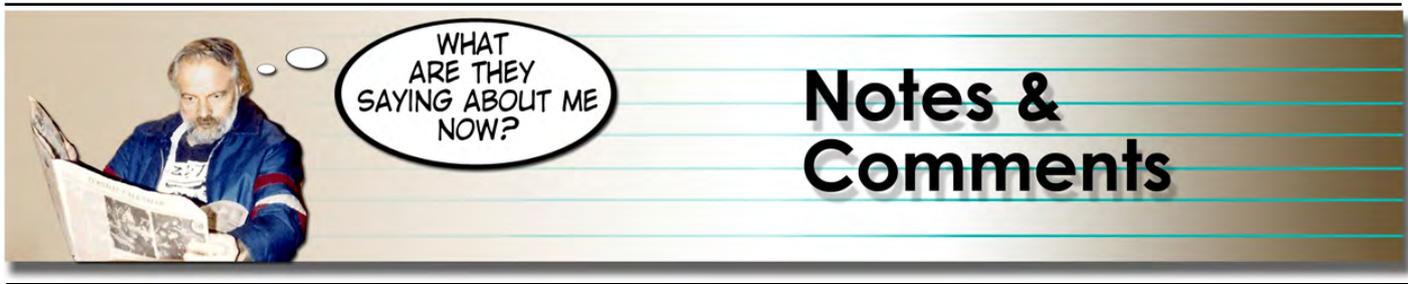
If, dear Sir, you should indeed be the recipient of such a missive, it de-

serves nothing less than a bright, bold "use with caution" label affixed to it.

I remain, as ever, your humble servant,

Manfred Bleekman III





An Index to the Selected Letters 1974

A new Philip K. Dick book by David Hyde is available from Amazon, both as a trade paperback edition and a Kindle edition. This is the second book published by Wide Books, a publisher dedicated to the work of Philip K. Dick.

In 1974 PKD announced his visionary 2-3-74 experiences to the world, opening up a puzzle and a quest for philosophers and seekers of all stripes to find the truth in the voluminous speculation that followed from these letters. From pink beams and strange dreams to orthogonal time and tutelary entities from the stars, it all begins in THE SELECTED LETTERS OF PHILIP K. DICK: 1974. This INDEX TO SL 1974 is intended as an aid to the students of Philip K. Dick's life and the scholars whose task it is to sort it all out. With the recently published EXEGESIS OF PHILIP K. DICK (2011), THE SELECTED LETTERS OF PHILIP K. DICK: 1974 (1991) and this INDEX TO THE SELECTED LETTERS 1974 (2013) scholars can now more closely study this critical year in the life of the 21st Century's most acclaimed writer

Who is Fax Goodlife?

Some readers may be familiar with various Gregg Press versions of Phil's novels. Gregg Press specialized in hard-cover library editions. They appeared in uniform green covers, without dust jackets. They were pretty ugly but, man, they were sturdy. They constituted the first, often the only, hard cover editions of Phil's many titles. The texts were simple photo offsets of original paperback editions, slightly enlarged. There was usually frontispiece illustrations by artist Hannah Shapero that were distinctly odd. Gregg also took the time to commission introductions to the novels. They chose top-notch writers for this, too: people like Thomas Disch, Robert Silverberg, Norman Spinrad, Paul Williams, David Hartwell and...Fax Goodlife.

Yeah, Fax Goodlife. What's her story? There is virtually no information on her beyond that she attended a Clarion Writers Workshop at Michigan State University in 1977 (she is identified in a photo from that class). She published nothing under that name in science fiction circles that I could find though presumably she wrote something for the workshop. The 1977 workshop was taught by Harlan Ellison and I imagine Harlan required a certain amount of product. Really, all we have is her introduction to Phil's VULCAN'S HAMMER. It is copyrighted 1979.

The introduction is pretty pedestrian. She discusses the plot in some detail but spirals off on a few tangents such as a leaflet given to her warning about an Electronic

Fund Transfer conspiracy, thoughts on radiation leaks at the Hanford nuclear power plant, Three Mile Island and Aldous Huxley. She quotes D.M. Rowles, a classmate at Clarion, that we are "living in a bad science fiction novel." (In a footnote she remarks that Rowles' story "S.F. Moments" would be appearing in Ellison's famous "Last Dangerous Visions" -- "expected publication: 1979." Still waiting for that to appear.

While no great shakes as an introduction, Fax Goodlife's piece is kind of interesting as a sort of university student view of one of PKD's lesser works. Mostly I'm curious as to how she got the assignment in the first place. Next to Disch, Spinrad, Silverberg and Williams she is certainly an odd choice. And what happened to her? And why is she called "Fax Goodlife" anyway?

Why Phil will forever be known as a stoner

Idiocy from "Litreactor" (who?) and the "Urban Dictionary"

(1)

"10 Big-Time Literary Druggies" by Ed Sikov. "Litreactor": April 5, 2013

[...] Philip K. Dick

"Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" is possibly the most brilliant title ever. That it was thought up by a druggie ought to go without saying, but I'm saying it anyway to make a point: all of the writers in this list were aided, not hampered, by their drug use. Philip K. Dick loved a whole range of drugs, from the mellow (pot) to the freaky (mes-caline). He took shitloads of amphetamines and tripped with abandon. He respected the effects that drugs had on his imagination, and he used what he learned while flying to create dazzling alternate worlds in his science fiction. Dick was no utopian, though; precisely the opposite. He wasn't afraid to take chances -- not in his drug use, and not in his writing. His visions were dark, his parallel universes disturbing. The drugs he took enhanced his genius, and he wasn't ashamed.

(2)

Urban Dictionary

Philip Kindred Dick was a genius with a silly last name. If you generally read books and haven't read any of his I

suggest you do. He is widely considered to be one of the greatest science fiction writers ever. In my opinion he is THE greatest. Among sci-fi readers my opinion is pretty common; if sci-fi fans had a vote on the greatest writer ever he would probably win.

He also was a total loony, certified paranoid schizophrenic, and like many other great artists used a huge amount of drugs; mainly speed but everything else too. Phil used drugs to travel to the limits of human psyche sacrificing his own sanity in the process. But he sent us a beautiful and useful message back from there and it is right there in his books. If some smart kid there wanna try hard drugs like weed or heroine out of pure curiosity, don't do it. I can tell you from experience that they are addictive and in the end they just make you miserable. Make you sad. Instead read *Ubik* to find out exactly how they gonna mess your brain up. Main point is that you don't have to alter your mind with any substances to understand Dick's books. My sister likes him and she's as straight as they come, a doctor like his husband, mother of two little girls, drinks fucking decaf. Personally I've read him high, slow and low but the books have given me most when I've read them sober. Like I'm on Phil's trip so I don't have to take anything that makes me sick afterwards.

Mr. Dick is best known for the hit films like *Minority Report* adapted from his books. But he should be best known for his novels. He didn't write any scripts or screenplays in his entire life (1928-1982), only novels and short stories. I've seen most of the movies based on his writings and think they're OK but only *Blade Runner* is as good as them books. Movie critics say pretty much the same.

His novels, on the other hand, are pure fucking mind-blowing magic.

*

The consensus SF world is long gone. The gleaming spacecraft, the extraterrestrial colonies, the world-transforming breakthroughs -- it just didn't happen that way. Furthermore, we know enough today to realize that it

couldn't have happened that way.

But Dick's world -- that's something else again.

Consider the reality we're living in today. Schoolchildren kept in line by use of drugs such as Ritalin and Adderall. Technology that is as exasperating as it is necessary. Criminal syndicates operating at the speed of light from the other side of the world. A president with a record so convoluted and opaque that it's impossible to tell what is false and what isn't. (See Dick's short story, "The Mold of Yancy," in which a presidential candidate is totally unavailable and never seen outside of his video ads, because, it turns out, he doesn't actually exist.) Masses of people living in virtual alternate uni-

verses -- game clubs, social media -- in preference to dealing with the world as it exists. An encroaching surveillance state intent on tracking every living individual at all times under every possible circumstance. A would-be aristocracy slowly separating itself from the masses. Effectively invisible weapons that can kill from high altitude without the victim even knowing he was targeted.

What is this but a Philip K. Dick universe? --J.R. Dunn

*

William S. Burroughs and Philip K. Dick, two of cyberpunk's most important inspirations (or so I've seen claimed) were obsessed with *Life, Death, Body and Soul*. Burroughs writes personalized Books of the Dead, guidebooks-in-progress for

those wanting to cross to the "Western Lands", to survive, to transcend, *Death*. Dick wrote books describing an unreal world, ruled by an insane Creator, hoping for rescue by True God. Unfortunately very little of this filtered down to cyberpunk. -- Douglas-Truth

*

"*Ubik*" (1969) is a mystery wrapped in a horror story told by a (probably) dead man. It has psychic intrigue, government interference, half-alive cryonically frozen characters and a crumbling reality. See also: competing realities, untrustworthy perception. -- Carolyn Kellogg

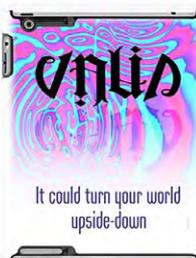
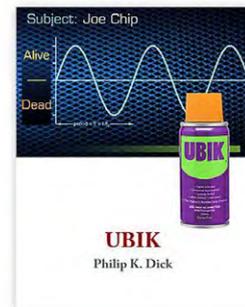
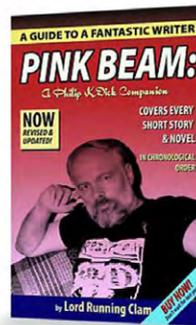
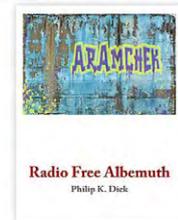
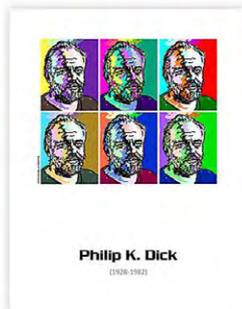
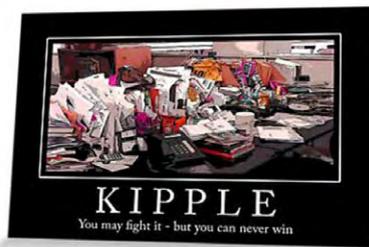
ARTWORK INSPIRED BY PHIL, HIS STORIES AND HIS IDEAS

- Now available as Greetings Cards, Prints, Framed Prints, T-Shirts, iPad Covers, iPod Covers, and even stickers!

Designed by Otaku Designer & Graphic Artist, Nick Buchanan. Check out the store at

<http://www.redbubble.com/people/paligap/collections/228995-philip-k-dick-related> (just click this link).

There's new items being added all the time.



Note: These are just a small selection !!