

Photo of Phil © Tessa Dick, by kind permission

July 2016



Angus Taylor
Undisguised Factual Reality

P K D

#33

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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

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Editorial

by Patrick Clark

This issue is dedicated to Perry Kinman.

Frank Spotnitz, who produced THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE Amazon television series, was interviewed in The Village Voice. He had this to say:

Describing the novel as “a story where the good guys [not only] lose, but lost a long time ago,” Spotnitz recalls that he was first drawn to Dick’s book as a college student for its insights into “living in this climate of defeat.” He adds, “It was haunting and made me think about how often that actually has happened in history. In America, particularly, we tend to think it can’t happen here.”

“That’s why, he says, 1962 itself is so important as the show’s chronological background: “The genius of [Dick’s] setting it in 1962 is that the war is in the memory of most people who are alive. It’s moving and disturbing because you’ve got a whole generation of men who are alive and fought and lost. And then you’ve got their children who are coming into the world, and it’s the only world they’ve ever known. They don’t remember what it was like before.”

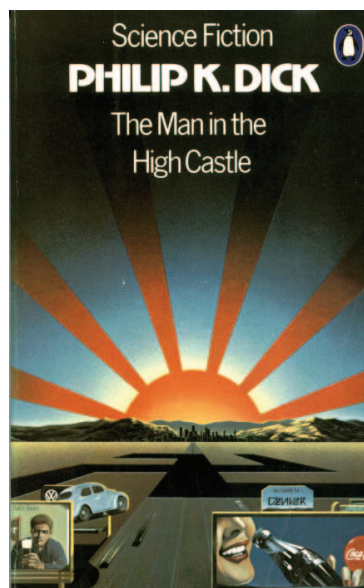
That struck me. One tends to not worry too much about the actual time a book was written when one reads an older book, particularly science fiction which by its nature doesn’t operate in a real time. If it is a good book it will work regardless of when it first appeared and when someone opens it. So you can pick up a novel by H.G. Wells or Jules Verne or E.E. “Doc” Smith or Isaac Asimov or Robert Heinlein or William Gibson any time at all and not only enjoy it but understand it. Obviously this is true for Philip K. Dick. And yet clearly the reader contemporary to a book’s composition brings something

more to the text because they have lived in that same time along with the author. There are nuances or intuitions that the readers will miss for having arrived too late upon the scene. So, **THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE** is a book I read and enjoyed and feel like I got a good deal of it. But to me the Axis Powers winning the war is just a clever conceit. A fairy tale almost. I didn’t experience World War II but Phil did and when he wrote about his alternate world he brought that experience into the book with him. As did my father, a young soldier fighting in Germany, who years later owned a copy of the 1964 paperback edition of **HIGH CASTLE**. When he read that book he brought something more to the experience than I ever could. He lived through a time when an Axis occupation of America was not just a clever idea but an actual fear.



And the same is true for those of us who lived through the Sixties and Seventies. When I read **A SCANNER DARKLY** I read the very same book as any Millennial picking up the novel in the 21st Century. That 21st century reader is going to enjoy the book and get a lot out of it and very likely understand to a very great extent what Phil was trying to do. But I

bring something visceral to what they look like, what their houses and apartments look like; the furniture, the kitchen cupboards, the dishes stacked in the sink, the sorts of magazines lying around the house. I see the posters on their walls. I know how those people talk and how they dress and what their cars look like and the music on their radio stations. I also know the background radiation of paranoia on the edge of perception and I know the unspoken rules of the day. I hung out with them in person so I just know.



Obviously you don’t need to know any of that to enjoy Phil’s book and see what he was trying to do. Still, having experienced first hand the actual world of **A SCANNER DARKLY** I see things on the periphery that young readers might not. This will only get worse as the years roll on. At some point Phil’s 1970s Southern California milieu will be as foreign as Charles Dickens’ London or Ernest Hemingway’s Paris. I see the day when a book like **SCANNER** will require extensive footnotes to explain the details.

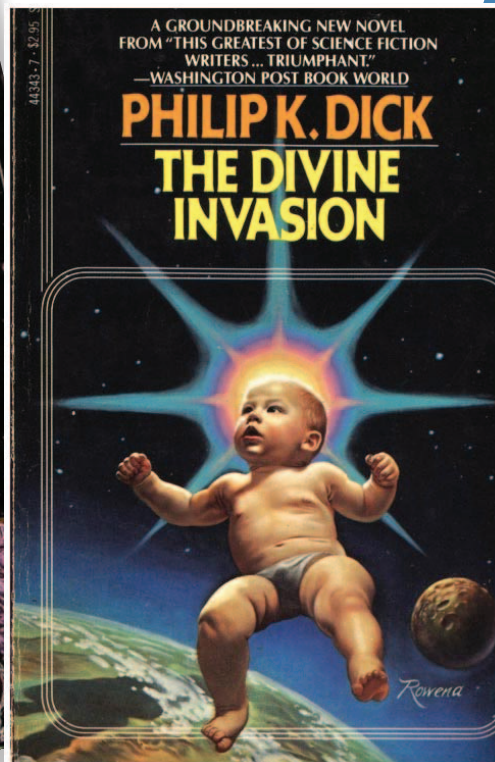
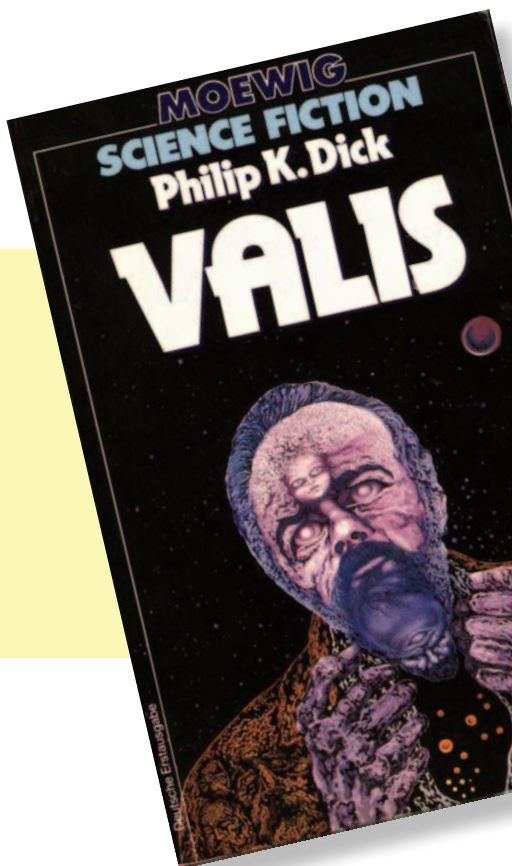
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I am amazed to discover that the **VALIS** Trilogy now consists of **VALIS**, **THE DIVINE INVASION** and...**THE OWL IN DAYLIGHT**. This according to Wikipedia. I know, you probably thought that **THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER** was the third book of the trilogy. I certainly did. But apparently not, especially as Wikipedia is the default resource for all human inquiry. I must say I am at a loss as to how a book that was never actually composed and that does not have even a definitive plot or outline can somehow be considered part of a trilogy. I mean since it was never written how can anyone know if it is part of an ongoing series? Who wrote this Wikipedia article in the first place? What arguments are made to prop up the assertion?

Traditionally, **TRANSMIGRATION** has been considered the third novel in the trilogy – begging the question as to whether there really is a trilogy in the first place. I don't see the need to categorize these novels into some artificial cluster but if it was necessary I'd drop **TRANSMIGRATION** in favor of **RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH**. **RADIO FREE** was actually written, albeit not published until after Phil's death. We can at least hold it in our hands and turn the pages, which is something we manifestly cannot do with **THE OWL IN DAYLIGHT**. And **RADIO FREE** is obviously con-

nected to **VALIS** seeing as it was the latter book's first draft.

Despite a good deal of thematic similarities I see **TRANSMIGRATION** as being a stand-alone work, whether or not such a thing as a **VALIS** trilogy exists. It is so much better than the other works. Better written, more coherent, with more sympathetic characters and plot. It's obviously a Philip K. Dick novel but it possesses far greater depth. I see it as Phil's most mature work. I know it lacks the psychedelic fireworks we typically look for in a PKD work. It's almost mundane in its setting and story. That's another reason to remove it from any trilogy construct. Having said that, though, I must also say this: Horselover Fat and Angel Archer exist at the same time in California; one in Berkeley and one in Orange County. They might easily have crossed paths somewhere. It is not out of the question that could meet, have a cup of coffee, talk with each other – or, I imagine, Angel would listen to Fat promulgate without much chance to get a word in edgewise. I am sure he would have reminded her of her famous father-in-law and she would have treated Fats with politeness and maybe some wry humor before walking away thinking, "Well, there's another one. That guy really needs to meet the Bishop."



Angus Taylor wrote a number of essays about Phil all of them with startling titles: “Can God Fly? Can He Hold Out His Arms and Fly?”; “The Politics of Space, Time and Entropy” and the lovely Philip K. Dick and the Umbrella of Light which you can read at Michael Fisher’s great Philip K. Dick fan site -- www.philipkdickfans.com/mirror/essays/umbrellaoflight.pdf But it was always “Death by Meteor Strike” that stuck in my head. Never read it of course. *Energumen* was a Toronto-based fanzine and quite unknown to me. But after some digging around I was able to finally find a pdf of the essay and then contacted Angus to ask permission to present it here. He not only graciously consented but went back through his old essay to make corrections and adjustments. What appears here then is the definitive version.

PHILIP K. DICK and THE PSYCHOGENIC ORIGINS of DEATH BY METEOR-STRIKE by Angus Taylor

Technicians of the Ordinary, Scientists of the Preposterous

It seems that editor Ben Bova of *Analog* wants “stories for the future” [*sic*] for his magazine. They should be “told for scientifically trained, technically employed adults. Usually, we like the theme to revolve around an ordinary technician involved in an industry 50 to 50,000 years from now.”

How dull. How dreary. How trivial. Of course, if there’s one thing I can’t stand it’s this sort of sick, New Wave garbage about ordinary technicians eking out their ordinary existences in ordinary industries of the ordinary future. Like some neurotic quantum mechanic whimpering away in the hold of some freighter on the Rigel-Aldebaran run while making boring adjustments to the ion-phasors of the hyperwarp converter. Ho hum. No friends, I’m afraid you won’t find any of this sort of pandering to the tastes of an effete elite of gloom-ridden *litterateurs* in the works of one Philip K. Dick.

What alternative does Mr. Dick offer us in place of the tired anti-heroes of *Analog*? Well, for example, he offers us Lance Arbuthnot and his monumental and revolutionary thesis on “The Psychogenic Origins of Death by Meteor-Strike”. Mr. Arbuthnot (*a nom de guerre* of one of the characters in COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD) would have us believe that if a person is killed by a meteor it’s because he hated his grandmother. A preposterous theory?

Everything about Dick’s stories is preposterous. I love it. Preposterousness is the essence of good science fiction. To hell with facts. Science fiction has little to do with facts, but much to do with truth. “Never let the facts stand in the way of the truth” should be the motto of all sf writers. Facts are for technicians. Facts are for hacks. Truth is for scientists like Einstein and science fiction writers like Dick.

Plato and the Bonds of Erotic Polymorphic Experience Motel

“I have a rule,” Runciter said irritably, “about my employees sleeping with one another.”
“For or against?” Zoe Wirt inquired.

This article has been inspired by the fact that I have been on a Philip Dick binge recently. This binge may last quite some time, since it seems to be some sort of universal law that there are always more Dick books in existence than it is possible for any one person to read. Once you get hooked there’s no stopping. It’s worse than the Hardy Boys.

Dick’s writing is very *dense* in the manner of French anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss or of Jefferson Airplane’s *After Bathing at Baxter’s* album — although a lot more fun to read than the former and considerably more unsettling than the latter. It is also endlessly funny and inventive.

The businessman chuckled, then picked up his morning ‘pape, opened it to the front page. “Ship from outside the Sol system reported crash-landed on Pluto,” he said. “Team being sent to find it. You suppose it’s *things*? I can’t stand those things from other star systems.”

(Neither can I, as a matter of fact. Yecch!) The man is wearing “the gray pith helmet, sleeveless shirt, and shorts of bright red popular with the businessman class.”

My favorite Dick invention is the devolution of Platonic idea-objects (ah, yes!), in which everyday objects regress in time, not into earlier, newer versions of their particular selves or constituent materials, but into previous versions of the universal archetype of a whole class of objects. For instance, a television set may turn into an old radio playing a pre-World War Two soap opera. In *UBIK* the hero finds his whole world devolving in this manner, reverting from 1992 to 1939. Actually, this is happening because, though he doesn’t realize it, he is in the period of “half-life” following his death, with his body preserved in cold-pac in the Beloved Brethren Moratorium in Switzerland.

The disintegration of things-as-they-are is a preoccupa-

tion — indeed, an obsession — of Dick's. On a television commercial a housewife says, "I came over to Ubik after trying weak, out-of-date reality supports..."

"Yes," Runciter's dark voice resumed, "by making use of the most advanced techniques of present-day science, the reversion of matter to earlier forms *can* be reversed, and at a price any conapt owner can afford. Ubik is sold by leading home-art stores throughout Earth. Do not take internally. Keep away from open flame. Do not deviate from printed procedural approaches as expressed on label. So look for it, Joe. Don't just sit there; go out and buy a can of Ubik and spray it all around you night and day."

The world of human reality leads a precarious existence and persons who allow themselves to become separated from the society of their fellows are in that much more danger of having their individual realities undermined: "In the absence of the Batys and Pris he found himself fading out, becoming strangely like the inert television set which he had just unplugged. You have to be with other people, he thought. In order to live at all." It's the fight against entropy, and Dick sees the enemy everywhere.

"Kipple is useless objects, like junk mail or match folders after you use the last match or gum wrappers or yesterday's homeopape. When nobody's around, kipple reproduces itself. For instance, if you go to bed leaving any kipple around your apartment, when you wake up the next morning there's twice as much of it. It always gets more and more." ...

"No one can win against kipple," he said, "except temporarily and maybe in one spot, like in my apartment I've sort of created a stasis between the pressure of kipple and nonkipple, for the time being. But eventually I'll die or go away, and then the kipple will again take over. It's a universal principle operating throughout the universe; the entire universe is moving toward a final state of

total, absolute kipple-ization." He added, "Except of course for the upward climb of Wilbur Mercer."

Toward a Theology of Dog-Pooh

But is Wilbur Mercer just a fake, a television gimmick? Or is there really hope?

I mean, after all; you have to consider we're only made out of dust. That's admittedly not much to go on and we shouldn't forget that. But even considering, I mean it's a sort of bad beginning, we're not doing too bad. So I personally have faith that even in this lousy situation we're faced with we can make it. You get me?

—From an interoffice audio-memo circulated to Pre-Fash level consultants at Perky Pat Layouts, Inc., dictated by Leo Bulero immediately on his return from Mars.

From this passage we can see not only Dick's conversational, Holden-Caulfield-style writing, but also the way in which theology infuses all areas of life in his stories. There is a funny and revealing scene in *THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH* involving the words "desiccation", "desecration", and "defecation" in regard to a dog and a memorial pillar. Dick's characters discuss theological and metaphysical questions with a casualness and intensity

generally reserved by people for last weekend's football games. Everyone talks about entropy, but no one can do anything about it. But if the body must disintegrate, maybe the soul is permanent, and we can all be reborn. "Christ, I hope so. Because in that case we can all meet again. In, as in *Winnie-the-Pooh*, another part of the forest, where a boy and his bear will always be playing...a category, he thought, imperishable. Like all



KIPPLE

You may fight it - but you can never win

of us. We will all wind up with Pooh, in a clearer, more durable new place."

One of the endearing (if that's the word) characteristics of these stories is that they treat serious subject matter with a humor which adds to — not subtracts from — the

level of discussion. ("A topic of world-shaking importance, yet dealt with facetiously; an android trait, possibly, he thought.") Dick does not mumble the usual platitudes about doing good either. The hero of *DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?* is a bounty hunter who kills escaped android slaves. Now, it's pretty obvious from the story that android slavery is wrong, but this is not the hackneyed civil-rights story worked into the ground by legions of sf writers — the theme here is the hero's coming to terms with himself: doing wrong sometimes to do right, as Mercer says.

"That was an undisguised piece of factual reality, hard as it was to face." Dick's characters are always making very definite pronouncements about things — especially about what is real and what is not — and often contradict themselves with equal vehemence in the next paragraph. They are forever talking themselves into believing the most outlandish theories about what's going on — because they are trying so desperately to find something to believe in. The more definite their pronouncements, the more you can be sure they don't have a clue what they're talking about. Events will contradict them almost before the words are out of their mouths. At least no one can accuse Dick's plots of proceeding linearly from A to B to C. Heaven forbid. And it usually does.

Maybe Portland Really Is the Capital of the World, But I've Only Seen the Bus Station There

Speaking of heaven, I find it impossible to discuss Philip Dick's work without mentioning *THE LATHE OF HEAVEN* by Ursula K. Le Guin. This is a gorgeous story, in the best Dick tradition, and a real added fillip to anyone's science fiction library. As a matter of fact (and you know what they're worth), it's so much in the Dick tradition that Le Guin's syntax begins to resemble that of Dick — though her writing is lacking to some extent in the mad humor that characterizes Dick. One almost wonders if the two authors have not conspired to perpetrate some gigantic hoax on the science fiction world. But then, why should Mr. Dick maintain a monopoly on this kind of writing? The more the merrier, I say.

Le Guin's hero starts tripping into other realities via a somewhat more regular type of dreaming than the drug-induced dreaming of so many of Dick's characters — but the results are equally strange. Le Guin's hero has "effective" dreams — dreams that come true, changing reality:

history books, people's memories, their very existences — the whole shebang. The hero, who is terrified by his involuntary power, is at one point struck by the thought that since his latest dream has, as usual, just brought into existence a reality *which always has existed*, therefore his memory of a previous reality is false, merely a bad dream; therefore he does not have the power of effective dreaming and never did have. (Put that in your pipes and smoke it, all you ordinary technicians of the ordinary future!) But he fails to comfort himself with this thought, and for good reason (see Asimov's drug-induced fantasy *THE END OF ETERNITY* regarding the concept of "physiotime" and overlapping sets of realities).

The Machine as Oracle, the Alien as Angel

Dick's stories are filled with machines that mimic life. In addition to the usual crew of humanoid robots, there are talking you-name-its, including talking rooms, talking suitcases, and talking doors that have to

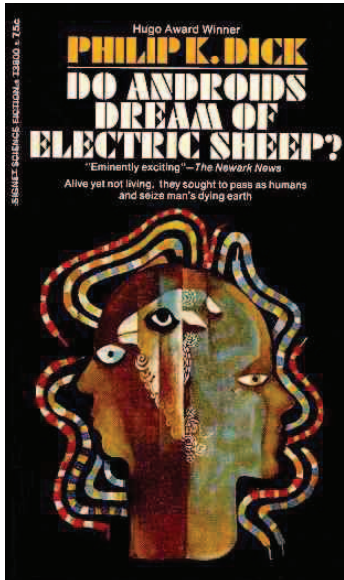
be paid before they'll open and threaten to sue if disassembled.

"Considering you're a robot," Joe said, "I don't see what you have emotionally involved in this; you have no life."

The robot said, "No structure, even an artificial one, enjoys the process of entropy. It is the ultimate fate of everything, and everything resists it."

The robot in science fiction is not simply a mechanism, nor is it, simply, a human being in disguise. It is both and neither. It speaks in riddles and offers new insights, as Gully Foyle discovered. It puts man in contact with the mysterious. Asimov's robots are not simply chess-playing computers; the Three Laws are never quite enough to explain the fascination they hold for us all. The telepathic robots and super-human machines of *THE CITY AND THE STARS* are part of a larger order of things, a greater design than the inhabitants of Diaspar can, or want to, understand. Science passes beyond simple human understanding, opening up a truly mysterious universe. With the rise of modern science and its increasing assumption of a position of authority in society, the idea of progress has become increasingly secularized until today it is being remysticized *through the agency of science itself*, "Mysticism is just tomorrow's science dreamed today," says Marshall McLuhan.

"I wonder, he thought, how many theologically inclined



robots there are in the universe. Perhaps Willis was the only one..." Robots may not usually be into theology as heavily as Willis of GALACTIC POT-HEALER, but they nevertheless usually act to reveal, even if ambiguously, hidden knowledge or to dispense bits of wisdom. (Willis' real ambition, by the way, is to become a free-lance writer — a suitable profession, perhaps, for an oracle.) There is a nice bit at the end of NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR where a taxicab gives the hero some valuable advice about his broken marriage.

Aliens play a somewhat different role. In THE LATHE OF HEAVEN, as in NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR, the non-humanoid aliens, contrary to human expectations, prove to be friendly, helpful, and wise. A Le Guin alien (from Aldebaran) is green and nine-feet tall. "It was grotesque to the point of being funny, like a sea turtle, and yet like a sea turtle it possessed a strange, large beauty, a serener beauty than that of any dweller in sunlight, any walker of the earth." It can intervene to help the hero if necessary.

"If desired. Speech is silver, silence is gold. Self is universe. Please forgive interruption, crossing in mist." The Alien, though neckless and waistless, gave an impression of bowing, and passed on, huge and greenish above the gray-faced crowd.

It speaks in proverbs and platitudes, but not like a robot, not because of its own inherent limitations, but because of the inherent limitations of inter-species communication. The robot is a channel to the divine, but is itself closer to the human. The alien partakes of the very essence of a divinity which lies beyond the merely human.

He lay back. He clearly sensed the pity and protective compassion of the Alien standing across the dark room. It saw him, not with eyes, as short-lived, fleshly, armorless, a strange creature, infinitely vulnerable, adrift in the gulfs of the impossible: something that needed help... Orr slept...Through his sleep the great, green sea turtles dived, swimming with heavy inexhaustible grace through the depths, in their element.

Perhaps a Cactus on Some Warm World

It seems to me that Dick and Le Guin are very close to the heart of what science fiction is all about. Not a literature of comfort, but one that unsettles while still retaining a strong medicine of humanism. Anyone who can describe Seth Morley's meeting with the Intercessor at the end of A MAZE OF DEATH the way Philip Dick does can't leave us feeling too bad about things. Dick plunges madly into the heart of life and refuses to come out. My own favorites among his books are UBIK and NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR, with THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH not far behind. And that's not counting THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE — his best book in some ways, but one which falls somewhat outside the orbit of his usual style and subject matter.

Ultimately, the enjoyment to be derived from his stories cannot be properly analyzed in the abstract. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, as our friend from Aldebaran might say, though Dick's pudding will not prove to be everyone's cup of tea. But if you can chortle and guffaw and nod sagely when you read a Dick story, why then you

may just find yourself on the bus, as it were, heading for the bookstore to grab the next installment of Mr. Dick's Autonomic Perpetually Self-Renewing Saga of the Universe. That is, if the Second Law of Thermodynamics doesn't get you first.

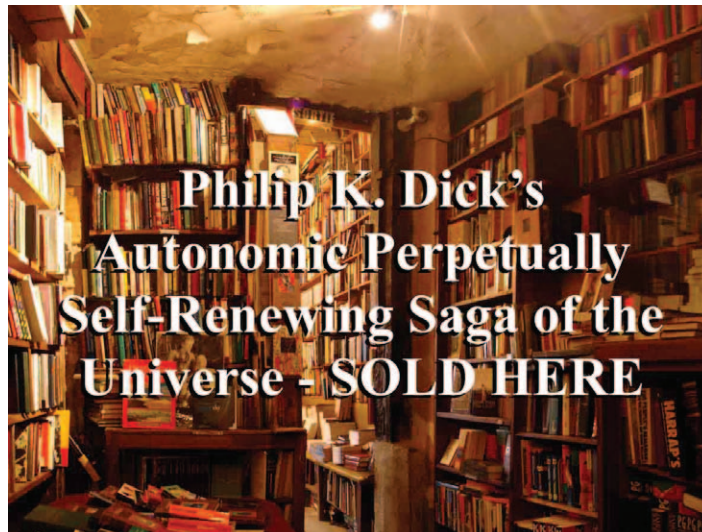
And that's the truth.

Editors note: Within the vast bibliography of secondary material concentrating on Phil you will occasionally find a title that is just so evocative or so weird — or both — that it just stops you cold. One such work

that has always captured my attention is "Philip K. Dick and the Psychogenic Origins of Death by Meteor-Strike" by Angus Taylor. It appeared in yet another fanzine called Energumen published in 1972. I first saw the citation in the second part of Metaphysical Conjurer A Working Bibliography back in 1995. Some digging uncovered the fact that the title most certainly comes from Chapter 16 of COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD:

"So you maintain," Doug Appleford said briskly, "that if a person is killed by a meteor it's because he hated his grandmother. Some theory."

Some theory, indeed.



To the Lighthouse

Introduction by Patrick Clark
Research by Perry Kinman
Thanks to Grania Davis & Robert Lichtman

Though he is now a household name, there was a time that the only publications giving PKD the time of day were the SF fanzines. Phil wrote for them himself and others wrote about him there, reviewed his books and explored his ideas. In publications such as Niekas, Oblique, the more substantial Science Fiction Review and others Phil could let his hair down, be outrageous, go off on tangents and otherwise mix it up with his fellow SF fans. Fanzines encouraged this sort of communication.

Terry Carr, editor, writer, anthologist and Phil's go-to guy at Ace Books, published a zine called Lighthouse and Phil contributed an essay in No. 14, the October 1966 issue, called "Will the Atomic Bomb Ever Be Perfected, and If So, What Becomes of Robert Heinlein?" This essay was subsequently collected with a number of Phil's other nonfiction works in "The Shifting Realities of Philip K. Dick" by Lawrence Sutin. In an introductory note to "Will the Atomic Bomb Ever Be Perfected" Sutin remarks that

There was a tempest in a teapot when, in a subsequent issue of Lighthouse (No. 15, August 1967), an SF fan wrote a letter attacking Dick for the callousness of his remarks both as to Heinlein and as to Dick's mother, and implying that Dick had suffered permanent brain damage from his use of LSD...Dick replied to this attack in the following issue with blustering outrage, implying that he might bring a suit for libel...

This clue was enough to snag the interest of PKD archeologist Perry Kinman who has a long history of tracking down obscure PKD writings. Fanzines are, by and large, quite ephemeral. A fifty-year old amateur publication doesn't have much hope of surviving. But after much digging Perry was able to obtain a number of issues of Lighthouse. And he uncovered an error in Sutin's note: Phil could not have replied to the attack "in the following issue" because there was no following issue. Lighthouse ceased with number 15. Perry did find in earlier issues of Lighthouse (No. 13, August 1965 and No. 14, October

1966) a wealth of new material involving Phil. Phil had published in Lighthouse earlier in November 1964, issue No. 11. His essay "Drugs, Hallucinations, and the Quest for Reality" led to a lively exchange with fan Vic Ryan that generated a host of letters from readers in the next and last issues.

While Phil's two essays have been in print for some time, the rest of this information has long been unavailable. We are pleased to bring it to your attention here in PKD Otaku.

Perry especially wished to acknowledge Grania Davis and Robert Lichtman for their aid in making the material available.

Text within double parentheses are by Terry Carr.

Lighthouse #13

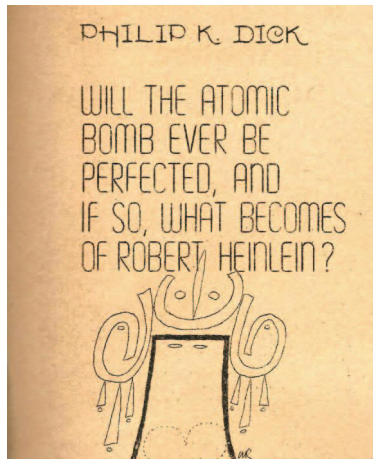
Vic Ryan, 2309 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois

Thank you for LIGHTHOUSE. I enjoyed 'And Then I Didn't Write' precisely because you did, of course, although there was one quote ("What to tell your child before bomb goes off") that's reminiscent of my all-time favorite bit of reporting. That was

a directive to Cook County (Ill.) Jail, picked by the New Yorker. It said, in effect, that following a nuclear attack, the jail inmates, who had been released prior to the bombing, were to be rounded up again as quickly as possible. Good, clear planning for possible exigencies, I thought.

Re Dick's article: It's "psychotomimetic" drugs, or psychedelics, or hallucinogens/hallucinogenic drugs. And they make miserable mob-controllers, it'd appear. The visions of whole populations sitting quietly in the gutter, having beautiful, transcendent experiences while the enemy forces move in is simply untrue; mass administration of the psychedelics would lead to an incredible panic, carelessness, destruction. This is pretty clearly demonstrated by Sidney Cohen's BEYOND WITHIN, a highly interesting book that I'd recommend unreservedly.

Dick's article both puzzled and annoyed me. For all its theoretical sophistication, it's full of ambiguities and downright inaccuracies. For one, while it is true that the hallucinating subject actually does see things, not merely thinks he sees them, this doesn't necessarily mean the objective inaccuracy arises outside the brain. Quite the contrary. Even synesthesias – that odd phenomenon of sensory "crossover," where a person will taste colors or see sounds – occurs, apparently, in the cortex, not in the ascending sense pathways. For another, his is the only contention I've ever seen that a schizophrenic's "private



language” can be comprehended very thoroughly at all, let alone that the psychotic is as therapeutically amenable as the neurotic. The notion that tinkering with someone’s neurosis may unearth a psychosis is as ancient and unsophisticated as the one which says: cure a hysteric of his tic or smoking or whatever, and the symptom will “pop out” again somewhere else, as a twitch or some such thing; that’s a carry-over from Freud’s (among others) hydraulic model, and not a very useful one at that. The Kantian view of the impossibility of naïve perception is not, as I’m sure he must realize, “universally accepted”; Nietzsche, among others, offers a very viable alternative. “Trained M.D. psychiatrists” is a double-redundancy. And so on.

Above and beyond that, though, I felt his whole contention full of hot water and strained semantic connections. I’ve been researching a thesis on the psychedelic drugs for a year now, done virtually all the reading there is on them, on psychopathy and organic deliria and hallucinations, and still I can’t really follow what he’s trying to say. I haven’t read the Ehrenwald book – hadn’t even heard of it, which is considerably more surprising – but I have an idea what I might think of it.

Even if delusions are “accurate” perceptions of generally extrasensory data; even if the problem in hallucination is overly-acute perception – what the hell difference does it make? Leary and Alpert would contend that a world where everyone experienced these acuities would be better off, but until they are a common, pervasive situation, then they’ll continue to be aberrant. That may not be much of a justification for social ostracism and “imprisonment,” but it’s been used in the past and will continue to be. If nothing else, a paranoid simply isn’t able to function, whether his disorder is the result of cognitive or perceptual disturbances.

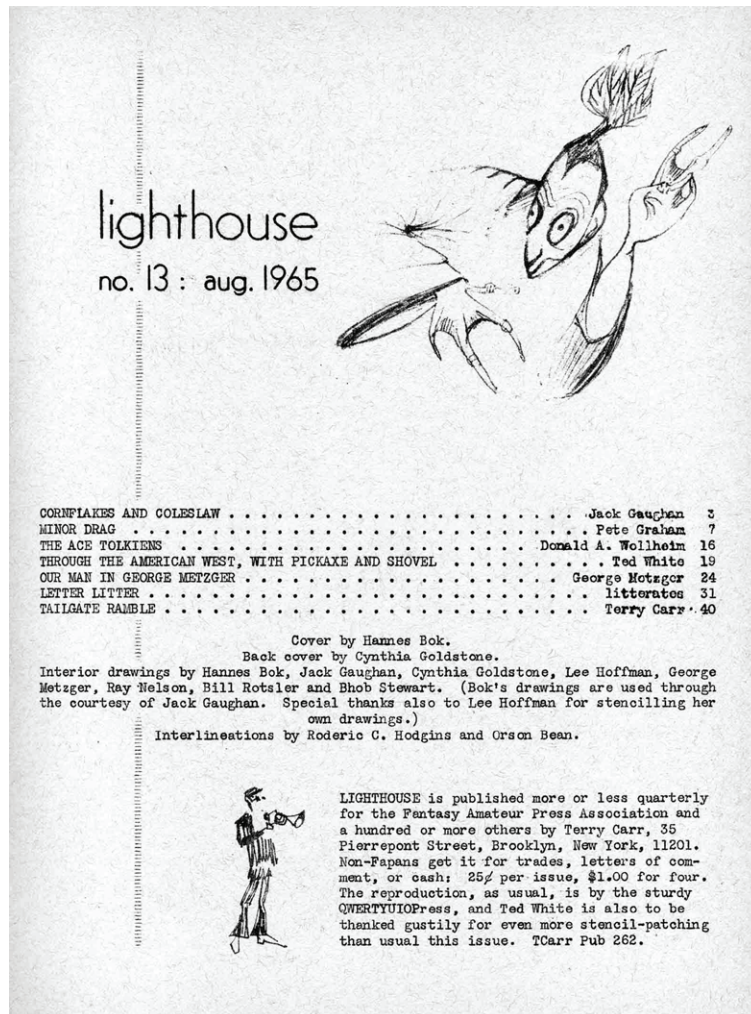
I really wonder about his contention, other than on these pragmatic grounds. For one thing, hallucinations occur reliably precisely when there is no external stimulation – in sensory deprivation experiments. For another, work in “priming” a sense modality – visual with flickering lights or kaleidoscopic colors, auditory with clicks, etc. – has indicated there are definite synaptic limits to such things; that a peak stimulation can be achieved, equal to the shortest refractory period of the neuron involved. When this limit is reached, when the cell simply can’t fire any faster – there still isn’t any evidence for hallucinations or bizarre ideology.

((Who the hell says a paranoid isn’t able to function? Stop making cracks like that, or next time I’ll cut your letter.))

Other comments on Phil and his article “Drugs, Hallucinations, and the Quest for Reality” in LIGHTHOUSE #13

[PKD] had had at least some contact with fandom in years past – he was at the SFCon in 1954, for instance, and had an article in Cliff Gould’s OBLIQUE a couple years later.

((I suppose what you may have meant by suggesting a connection between Phil’s novels and his experiences with fandom was that his preoccupation with questions of reality and unreality might have been influenced by observing fans in action. This doesn’t seem to have been the case, but it’s a lovely notion all the same. Fandom as a miniature society would be a sort of complicated Perky Pat layout, and I envision something like Palmer Eldritch at the Pacificon, with committeemen rushing around shouting, “What is reality? What is reality?” while Palmer Eldritch, in a thousand guises, sneaks into the convention hall without a membership badge. Oh, it’s a beautiful concept; sometimes I wish Carl Brandon were still alive....))



BERYL HENLEY, 59 The Fearnings, Crabbs Cross, Redditch, Worcs., England

I found Philip Dick's article absorbing. I was rather surprised, though, to find no mention of Ron Hubbard here. Instead, Ron turns up in Cynthia Goldstone's letter about Jack Parsons, and Scientology is mentioned in your comments on SYNAPSE. I'd have thought Mr. Dick (or may I call him Phil?) would have included Ron's theories along with those of Ehrenwald, for Scientology postulates that all physical "reality," as we see and know it, is a series of "agreed-upon considerations".

I wonder, by the way, how the world as seen by animals differs from the world we see. Many animals are colour-blind; if we could communicate with them as we do with each other, how would we convey to them the concept of colour? And what, I also wonder, do animals perhaps see that we don't? Why do dogs sometimes bristle and snarl at nothing? Nothing that we can see, that is. Remember the "cobblies" in Clifford Simak's CITY?

I note that Lewis J. Grant says (of Teilhard and Fuller), "Both have sort of a metaphysical viewpoint about materials and natural laws." I quote from C.E.M. Joad's GUIDE TO PHILOSOPHY: "A contemporary philosopher describes most systems of metaphysics as variations on the theme of cosmic lying."

((As for communicating with color-blind animals, it seems to me it would be about the same as with color-blind humans. Wouldn't it? And yes, I do indeed remember Simak's cobblies; in fact around Berkeley fandom when I was there, the bristling and hissing of animals at nothing was commonly called "cobbling". Phil Dick has obviously considered the question, too – one of his first short stories was a lovely little thing titled Roog – that being the name dogs had for the aliens they saw. That's why the dogs would leap up, barking, "Roog! Roog! Roog!")

Lighthouse #14

MEET OUR GODDAMN AUTHORS

Philip K. Dick, besides being the author of The Man in the High Castle and some other novels you may have heard of, is also the originator of the designation

"The Garbage Man Story" to refer to books like The Space Merchant, Preferred Risk and so on – the kind of SF novel that was so popular for awhile in the 1950s, when Social Extrapolation set in and writers began writing dystopias about futures in which the world was taken over by the ad men or insurance underwriters or, as in Phil's reductio ad absurdum, the garbage men. The funny thing is, Phil is also the author of the original garbage man story itself: ROOG (F&SF, Feb. 1952), which was his first sale. The story was done again recently by someone named Alfred Grossman, in THE GOBBITCH MEN (Amazing, Feb. 1965).

PKD n Vic Ryan Debate in Lighthouse #14, P.84-86

((Here's another Special Feature of this issue's letter column: a brief debate between Philip K. Dick, boy Hugo-winner, and Vic Ryan, by day a mild young psych major at a university whose name you'd recognize if I could remember it. This all results, as Lths readers with long-range total recall will remember, from a Phil Dick article a couple of issues (1.5 years) ago about drugs, hallucinations and the quest for reality, and thence from Vic Ryan's letter of criticism in our last issue (c. 1 year ago). Phil wrote a reply to Vic, and I passed it on for a re-reply; unfortunately, my seldom renowned efficiency broke down after that and I never did get around to giving Phil another whack at it. He and anyone else may consider the subject still open in these pages, however, should these letters spark interest:))

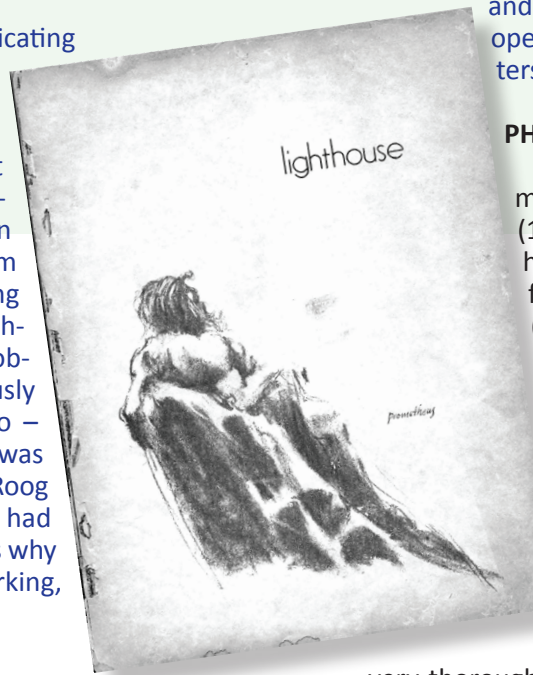
PHILIP K. DICK

I'd like to comment on Vic Ryan's retort to my article on, ahem, psychotomimetic drugs: (1) If he can't follow what I'm trying to say, how then can he say my whole contention is full of hot water?

(2) The idea which I present as to the origin of the hallucination – its location, so to speak – can be found in Erwin Straus' article in 'Existence (Basic Books, New York, 1958) called AESTHESIOLOGY AND HALLUCINATIONS. The view may be new to Ryan, inasmuch as it is not held much in the U.S. but rather by the European existential analytic movement.

(3) My statement that schizophrenic private language can be comprehended very thoroughly is not mine, as Ryan claims, but that of Carl G. Jung (vide The Psycho genesis of Mental Disease, Pantheon, N.Y., 1960). Since this was one of Jung's most important contributions to depth psychology I cannot believe that Ryan has never come across it – if, as he says, he has been researching a thesis on psychedelic drugs.

(4) As to psychiatric success with psychotics, specifically catatonic schizophrenia: vide p.40 footnote of Jung's



'Symbols of Transformation,' Harper, N.Y., 1956. Also Harry Stack Sullivan, 'Clinical Studies in Psychiatry,' W.W. Norton, N.Y., 1956; all material pertaining to the catatonic state.

(5) Ryan calls the notion that tinkering with someone's neurosis may unearth a psychosis "ancient and unsophisticated." I suggest he read through a very fine volume, 'Psychotherapy of the Psychoses,' Basic Books, N.Y., 1961. (I forget which page, so get busy reading, Mr. Ryan.) Also Jung's 'Memories, Dreams, Reflections,' Pantheon, N.Y., 1961, gives a good example; also vide Sullivan's 'Conceptions of Modern Psychiatry,' W.W. Norton, N.Y., 1954.

(6) I don't think Ryan has the meagerest idea of Kant's analysis of sense-perceptions. All I can suggest here is that he sit down and read Kant and see what it's all about.

(7) The Ehrenwald book which Ryan has never heard of is 'Telepathy and Medical Psychology,' foreword by Gardner Murphy, W.W. Norton, N.Y., 1948. Unlike Ryan, I am not surprised that he has never heard of it. I am interested in Ryan's statement that, without ever having seen the book, he has "an idea what I might think of it." I wonder how Ryan plans to gain new knowledge if the only books which he respects are those which he has already read. Strange mind, there.

(8) Ryan sees nothing important in the discussion as to whether hallucinations are overly-acute perception. I think it is important. This is the actual nitty-gritty of Ryan's beef with me and mine with him. Take, as an instance, the possibility that the paranoid is actually picking up unconscious hostile thoughts of people near him; if this is so then we have a new valuable instance of ESP – and in addition we know that we cannot cope with a paranoid if we have such buried hostile thoughts: this is a strong warning as to how such an illness has to be handles. In fact – but the hell with it; I've probably lost Ryan's attention long ago.

(9) I'm afraid that paranoids function far too well, Mr. Ryan; that's why it's so hard to break down their system.

Read any textbook on the subject – especially Sullivan (supra).

Here endeth my sermon. Amen.

VIC RYAN

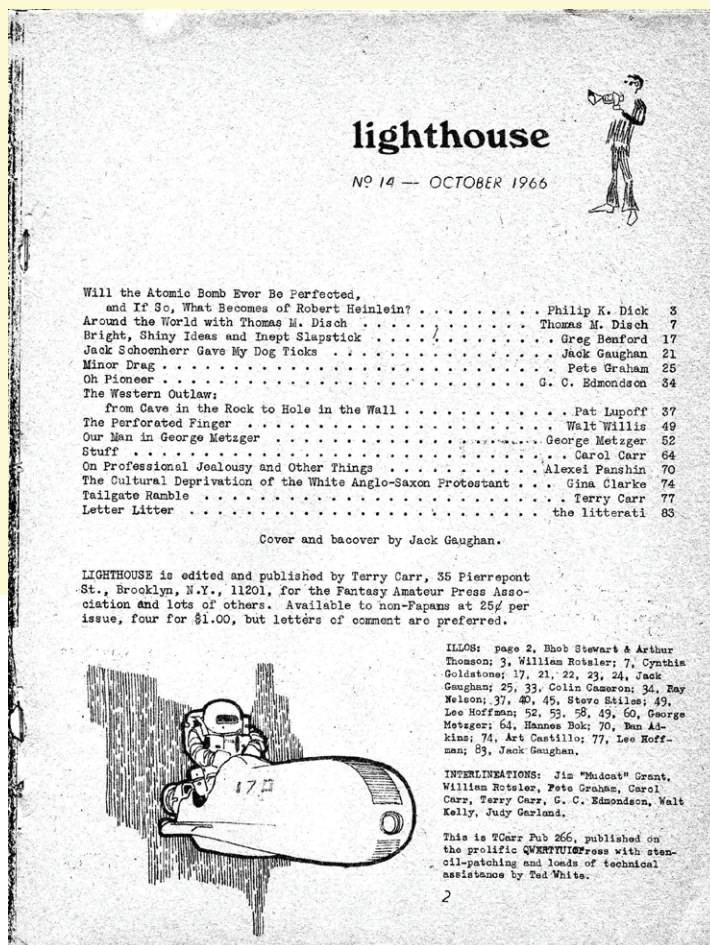
Thanks for giving me the opportunity to comment on Mr. Dick's letter before the long time-lag set in and both of us lost interest. ((*sigh*))

Since Phil seems to have made an honest effort to educate me and bend my intellect toward the better things – such as European psychoanalysis – the least I can do is confess my sins in the matter. One was not reading Ehrenwald, rather trusting in Mr. Dick's renowned communicative abilities. This has been corrected, incidentally. I read the Ehrenwald book – for a paper on the epistemological consequences of the psychedelic drugs – and found it just as Philip had said.

Gibberish.

My second, and indescribably worse, sin seems to have been my failure to accept Jung and/or Sullivan as the be-all and end-all of psychological or psychiatric thought. Jung I like. The idea of a "collective unconscious" fascinates me, but only romantically. Professionally, the idea isn't worth much, at least if we're to believe the behavioral geneticists. Sullivan, on the

other hand, I respect professionally. He brought psychiatry down from the clouds and made it a viable interpersonal concern. But as far as understanding the schizophrenic's private language is concerned? Sure, he – and others – can point to rather brilliant successes, cases where clinical intuition has been upheld by discovery of empirical fact. But this isn't quite what I'd mean by "comprehend." No doubt there is a psychological determinism underlying the psychotic's language and grammar; but it simply isn't accessible to most of us, most of the time. The hang-up here is one of language: what Phil seems to be suggesting is that the psychotic's language is "capable of being comprehended"; my point is that it is "usually incomprehen-



sible." The same sort of hang-up seems to be operating in the discussion of how well a paranoid "functions." We'll dismiss the category of paranoid schizophrenics, who almost by definition suffer from thought disorder and an inability to interact with their fellows, and concentrate instead on the rare "pure" paranoids, the ones with the full-blown, tight little pseudocommunities and delusional structures. They "function" in the sense that they are not subject to any gross behavioral disturbances as an everyday event. Under most conditions they will get along in the world. But they certainly aren't functioning as most of us are functioning, and they certainly lack the flexibility and situational plasticity required by most functioning adults.

It's only fitting and proper, I suppose, that P.D. downgrade my background in the literature; after all, I can't claim to have read everything ever published by old reliable Basic Books, as he has. Nor do I read 'Fate' magazine, which, if my brief acquaintance some years ago serves me properly, deals with this sort of stuff. I have read Sullivan (The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry), which I consider a good book, but more a refreshing change of emphasis than a Bible or even a classic in the field. Social psychologists love it, but its clinical usefulness is negligible. I've read quite a bit of Jung, but mostly on anima and the introversion-extraversion typology. And, believe it or not, I have read Kant – at least all of the Modern Library edition, although it was a painful process that I didn't undertake willingly, and one which wasn't altogether successful. I did catch a thought here and there concerning perception, however.

I'll probably check your "very fine volume" on the matter of producing psychosis through "tampering" with neurosis, but for every "very fine" reference you can give me I should be able to throw back half a dozen that hold just the contrary. Respected men like Eysenck and Szasz, to name just two, don't feel that this is the case. Arming themselves with references proves nothing, but I suspect I favor the opinions of practicing psychologists over practicing science fiction writers. I'll also buttress my view with clinical experiences – as an observer, Mr. D. – which you may or may not choose to argue with. To view neurosis and psychosis as lying on the same continuum of behav-

ioral disturbance is simply unproductive. The neurotic is a stable person, in his own fashion; rarely is he so reliant upon a single defensive stance that tampering with it can precipitate a psychotic break. He is used to dealing with all sorts of tampering at the hands of a cruel world.

Mr. Dick, I'd respectfully suggest that you dim your enthusiasm for Jung and Sullivan, who may be entertaining writers and good names for dropping at cocktail parties or in fanzine letter columns, but carry about as little weight as phrenologists in modern clinical settings. Better have your friend at Basic Books stop sending you those sensational tomes; there's much better stuff being published elsewhere.

P.S. In truth, I'm hostile to neither Basic Books – of which I have a couple of dozen – nor Mr. Dick – whose writing I enjoy. I even have a Xeroxed copy of his article, because I find it thought-provoking. I only object to its being considered serious psychology or psychiatry.



LIGHTHOUSE 15 Aug 1967

1. Comments about PKD in letter section
2. PKD letter in letter section, P.93, dated late March 1967
 Isolde was born Wed March 15, 1967
 Nancy and Isolde came home from the hospital on Sat Mar 18, probably
 The Buick is a '56 Buick with a Calcutta taxi horn,
 Sutin – Divine Invasions, P.141

.....

All of this comes from the 'Letter Litter' section at the back of the zine, starting on page 76.

Tom Purdom, P.78

"I also liked the exchange between Philip Dick and psychologist friend. It reminded me of two principles I've tried to keep in mind: "Beware the man who has read a book," which I got from Gregory Diaz, and "You haven't begun to understand a subject until you've read the re-buttals," which I got from article writing."

Ben Solon, P.78

"And besides, a good deal of the material included in #14, while interesting and often amusing, is damn near un-commentable. I mean, what can one say about Phil Dick's thoughts while taking LSD, or Disch's account of his travels?"

Ted White, P.81

"The rest of your fanzine, LIGHTHOUSE, is just fine. Philip K. Dick is fine, Pete Graham is fine, G.C. Edmondson is (shudder) fine, Pat Lupoff is fine, Walt Willis is fine, George Metzger is fine, Alex Panshin is fine, and even (I am surprised) Thom Disch is fine."

Harry Warner, P.83

"Jack Gaughan makes the best impression of the pros in this issue, and Philip Dick comes out worst. Dick sounds very much like Elmer Perdue on an off day."

Archie Mercer, P.83

"Phil Dick writes disjointedly but brilliantly – an excellent start to the zine."

Chuck Hansen, P.85

"LIGHTHOUSE is always great, but why did you have to start off this issue with a damned emetic? Yes, I mean Phil Dick's article. It makes me vomit. Ah well, what can one expect of anyone who pickles what brains he has with LSD and "certain chemicals"? Of course a cat may look at a King – and criticize him too, I suppose, for what his criticism is worth – which in this case is damn little. When Mr. Dick produces any work of science fiction or fantasy which I regard as being comparable with even the lesser works of authors like Heinlein, or George O. Smith for that matter, I will take his criticism more seriously. He sounds like he hadn't slept the stuff off yet.

Mr. Dick says he has written 23 novels and all are terrible but one, but he isn't sure which. Why make an exception for one? –let's just say they were all lousy. He states that his mother demonstrated her love for him by sending him clippings proving that the crud he takes causes permanent brain damage, and sneers that "It's nice, a mother's love." At least she tried to warn him. It is too late, apparently; the damage seems to have been done."

((Chuck, you'll be happy to know that Phil offered to write for this issue an attack upon apple pie, the American Flag, and E.E.Smith, but I turned him down cold))

Elinor Busby, P.85

"I don't at all doubt that Philip K. Dick is correct in saying that there has always been a Tony Boucher: "if not the one we know then some other, very much like him." I believe one runs into Tony Boucher from time to time through all

history and all literature. Can't think of any specific examples; I'll work on it."

Sandi Gerber, P.85

"In re Dick vs Ryan: a most unequal contest, which Dick has won hands down. I don't know -- personally--either of the gentlemen. Matter of fact, it so happens that Dick isn't even on my list of favorite-sf-writers. This has nothing to do with any judgment on my part of his work; it has to do with not resonating on the same wavelengths, is all. (I rather suspect for much the same reason that I don't resonate with Bob Dylan either)

On the other hand, I've been glancing with approval at the rats-and-pigeons boys lately. I mean, first came The Worm Runners' Digest; and just the other day I read that the "American Association for the Psycho-Physical blah blah blah" – anyway, the dream-researchers – speak of themselves as the "eyeball wiggle watchers"! Now that is a healthy phenomenon.

But in the matter of this particular controversy, Philip K. Dick is the Expert around here. And Mr. Ryan hasn't learned how to laugh at himself yet, because he doesn't have the necessary perspective.

(Shall I present my credentials? Never mind that psychology, in the broader sense of the word, has been my major field of study-and-experiment for at least the last dozen years. But for two quite-recent years I worked for a prominent – and rather notorious – psychotherapist; that job consisted mainly of reading 'every single journal' in the field, not to mention related areas like neurology, anthropology, existential philosophy, etc. In this context, that should be enough for Ryan. The internal evidence of this letter itself will, I'm pretty sure, satisfy Dick.)

What really bugs me...well, here's a sketch:

Several Distinguished gentlemen are having a most Learned discussion on, say, alcoholism. And they cover the subject thoroughly: the chemical compositions of both alcohol and people; the psychological causes and effects; statistical studies; sociological research; the whole lot.

And over on the sideboard are several bottles of various brands and types.

'And not one of them has ever touched the stuff!'

Just in case I haven't made myself clear: You can study for as many years as you like, but until you've interned, you don't qualify for your M.D.

You can – and should – experiment and cross-check and compare and double-check as much as possible when you're breaking ground in a new field like, for instance, ESP phenomena. But unless you're a functioning esper, and I mean consciously aware, you won't even know where and how to begin.

Take "depersonalization," a part of schizophrenia and a part of a lot of other states-of-mind. You can observe

till you're blue in the face, but you're just not going to understand the thing until you've been there and back. Preferably several times, so you've learnt what is your way of handling it. (Me, I go to bed and sleep it off; it generally means I've overloaded, and have a fuse that wants replacing. Just isn't my schtick, at all.)

And a couple of minor points:

The really Big people in the Behaviorist school know perfectly well that what they're doing doesn't contradict Jung or anyone else of his ilk. They also know that the "clinical setting" has very definite limitations, and isn't competent to handle whole areas of things which they quite properly stay out of. They know that the conception of Science itself is going to have to enlarge considerably before they'll be able even to touch those things. Which is in the process of happening, and has been for the last 50 years; it just hasn't quite filtered down to all the lower echelons yet.

The fine distinction between "most functioning adults," and ones that are "neurotic," and ones "psychotic"... are strictly 'arbitrary' lines drawn and determined by the culture. And if Mr. Ryan still disagrees, he needs a very large portion of cultural anthropology under his belt.

I happen to think that ignorance is a valid excuse for making an ass out of oneself. (I do it often; there are some things that can't be learned until you've made all the mistakes first.) But once it's been made clear; once (or twice) it's been pointed out firmly that maybe here lies something you know nothing about and therefore aren't qualified to talk about and be taken seriously ... 'then,' my friend, you go and find out for yourself. Or you wrap your hurt feelings around your prejudices, and wonder why nobody thinks your opinions count for anything anymore.

Mr. Dick... you know perfectly well that you can "lead a horse..." etc., and if he persists in not drinking, then that's 'his' problem, and probably no longer worth your time and energy.

Mr. Ryan... I've been a bit harsh. You sound an intelligent young man with a good deal of potential, hampered only by youth (which isn't 'your' fault, after all) and lack of experience. Why don't you try a bit more of the latter? It can be very painful; it can also be ecstatic. But whichever, at least you know you're 'alive.'

Join the dance; it's worth it.

((This is an argument into which I do not want to mix, since I'd be over my head on either the theory 'or' the experience end. The closest I'll come to a comment on psychology here is to mention that this letter reads amazingly like a Campbell editorial, stylistically, and there's nothing better calculated to get most fans' backs up than that.))

Ray Nelson, P.87

"Vic Ryan's letter to Phil Dick on schizophrenia makes me

paranoid. He keeps saying all the books Phil quotes are no good, but he never tells us what books 'are' good. Not even one. All Ryan does is pull rank. "I'm a psych major," he seems to be saying, "and I 'know'." Actually, I think he is the sort of guy who becomes the kind of shrink Carol writes about in Stuff (which is so great it should see pro publication somewhere). He seems like a sort of white liberal of mental illness. Most shrinks who haven't dropped acid are that way. Phil and I are the real niggers of madness, baby, the real nuts. When the Vic Ryans of the world go to school, it's to study 'us!' We know what schizophrenia is, but we won't never tell. ... giggle giggle giggle...

((I have a feeling you're saying about the same thing as Sandi, only with more affect.))

Andy Porter, P.87

"Jack loves this stuff. He may be a nice guy (after all, he gives me free covers, too), but he's some sort of perverted pro. The pro who turned fan. And here in Lighthouse are Phil Dick, Tom Disch and G.C. Edmondson, all pros who're contributing to a fanzine. Has insanity hit the pro world.

Buck Coulson, P.88

"Carol may not write beginnings or endings, but she does wonderful middles.

I agree with Philip Dick on one point: I rather wish he hadn't written his Palmer Eldritch book, too. Not for the same reasons, though. I disagree with Dick on dialog – I find Heinlein's dialog more believable than most. More believable than Dick's, when you come right down to it. Possibly this is simply a difference in cultural background: what sounds right to a Midwesterner is terribly "square" to your hip New Yorker or Californian. Nevertheless, Heinlein's characters talk like people; most other stf characters talk like characters in books. (Except for Doc Smith's; they always talked like the original Tom Swift)"

((I think I'll have to stand with Phil Dick re Heinlein's dialog: he tries too hard to make his characters talk like real live people. It reminds me of a passage in 'The Catcher in the Rye' where Holden Caulfield is writing about a performance by the Lunts which he'd seen: "The trouble is, they're 'too' good as actors. I mean they're always breaking in on each other when they talk, just like people really do, and you keep thinking, Goddam, what great actors, that's just how people really talk. And the 'trouble,' I mean, is that you just keep noticing what great 'actors' they are, not about what the 'characters' are actually 'saying.' " Which is a beautifully ironic piece of writing on Salinger's part, because of course you can make the same objection about Caulfield's monologue. But it's certainly all too often true of Heinlein, I think: his characters are so folksy that they aren't people.))

Robin Wood, P.88

"There seems to be almost as much mention of psychedelics in LIGHTHOUSE as one might find in a college coffee shop. I really don't know what to add, being no expert. One trip."

"Articles by such as Dick and Clarke have me almost interested in reading science fiction again, a habit I'd thot I'd shaken."

((We have some of this kind of writing in science fiction already, and I know of at least two sf novels coming up which are specifically and intentionally psychedelic science fiction. (I thought Phil Dick did the job beautifully in 'The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch,' but apparently there's much more to be said on the subject.) ...))

Jerry Page, P.90

"I'd like to comment on Philip K. Dick's item, but really shouldn't. There's not much there but self pity. This probably explains his popularity, because self pity has been for some time a known and identifiable quality in that great American institution the Best Seller. I've contended for a long time that Dick's characters and situations do not lend themselves to science fiction and that he's trying to write mainstream fiction about everyday people in the Real World. No one ever listened to me, but I still believe it. Who knows? Writing such a novel might even make him happy. But I doubt it! I don't think he'd be happy, being haddy"

((Phil Dick 'has' written a number of mainstream novels, though he never managed to sell one. That was what he was doing during the years of seeming hiatus in his writing before he returned to the field with 'The Man in the High Castle. I don't know what his feeling is toward those novels now, but apparently they made him happy enough while he was writing them, or he wouldn't have kept on with them despite lack of sales....))

John Foyster, P.93

"It had been my impression that PKDick was flippant in his writing (in the way that Heinlein, to go to the other extreme, is not), and this article of his is pretty convincing in this respect. Nevertheless, some of his paras are worth reading – perhaps more worth reading than his novels, which are, shall we say, mass-produced."

((Phil Dick is seldom flippant, if ever; don't be misled by the light tone he often adopts when writing about serious things. Actually he's cursed and blessed with a finely-honed sense of the tragic combined with a sense of humor. See the following letter for instance:))

Philip K. Dick, P.93

Well, see, the thing is we have this new baby, named Isolde or something like that (Isa for short; pronounced EE-sah). Every kind of pataphysical strange mechanical thing went wrong with the minor functions; however, Nancy and the baby are fine. On the way to the hospital at 4:30 a.m. the brakes on my car went out. So after that when I went to visit Nancy and daughter I took a cab, the fare of which ran, per diem, \$24.00. Hence all the cash which I had hidden away melted rapidly into nothing. Meanwhile I had no car to get to the bank with to cash a check. Then the sandwich machine at the hospital went mad. It would present a row of pie-slices and sandwiches and then, before you could open one of the little doors, it would whisk everything away and present another gathering of food items, which it would then whisk away as before, and so on, all this accompanied by loud groaning noises. At last it stopped and I got a little cheese sandwich out, which I ate. After I had finished eating it I found a tiny pouch of plastic containing mayonnaise.

After several days I got my car towed to a garage. "Besides your brakes being out you have a bad U-joint and also your transmission has a bad planetary gear," the mechanic claimed, with a sour leer. When I got home I found that the off-switch had gone out on my turntable and I couldn't shut the turntable off, so I had to listen to lp's for five hours (Gotterdamerung) until finally I got up enough strength to unplug it.

Meanwhile I had a mystic vision: the following phrase. THERE IS A METHOD TO GOD'S MADNESS. At the time this did not seem very likely. Anyhow, my brother-in-law quit his job (he was an insurance underwriter) and he drove me around so that I could gather up money and switch cash from one account to another. When I got Nancy and Isolde home from the hospital on Saturday I phoned my mother and step-father to tell them how things were. "How's your allergy?" my step-father asked right-off. I said it was okay. "Do you still want Aunt Lois' piano?" he inquired. "Well," I said, "gee, I dunno. Care to come and see the baby and Nancy?" "We have a bad valve on the Ford," he rejoindered, "and we can't go very far." I said, "I'll give you my Buick." "Well, we only want to have a car to go to the grocery store," was his retort. I hung up, feeling vaguely lousy.

All the time at the hospital Dr. Goldberg skulked around, waiting to see how the baby would be (he's a baby doctor, a pede-something). Nobody else paid any attention to any of us except him. In fact they weren't going to show me the baby except that he rapped on the wall and made them do so. But they did voluntarily let me see Nancy. She looked well, but pale. Dr. Goldberg meanwhile had himself paged on the p.a. system so as to seem important. (He's just started his practice, so you understand.) "You'll have

moments when you hate the baby," he informed me. "I hate it already," I countered. I waited in what the hospital calls the heir port. It had a tv set and a day-old 'Chronicle, the latter of which I read. My brother-in-law noticed that I had a hole in the sole of my shoe.

He drove me home and I tried to start my 'old' Buick, which I keep as a standby car in case the other fails, and it wouldn't start. "All the intake valves are stuck open," the AAA man said, and drove off. I went inside the house and fed the cats. The diaper service called and asked if my seven dozen diapers and pail had arrived. I said they had (which was true). I called the drugstore and refilled on all my pills; it came to \$96.00 – I kid you not. They delivered them free, with a VW bought with money paid by me for pills during the past year.

I then slept for several hours, during which I had a dream. In the dream I was being fired from a job which I wasn't adequate for. When I awoke I remembered that I'm a famous s-f writer and don't need the job anyhow, which cheered me up. I dropped by the record shop (my brother-in-law driving) and found that all the lp's which I had bought during the previous month had been reduced in price to 99 cents. I left the store, feeling vaguely miserable.

Nancy had a long delivery and they forgot to give her a caudle or saddle block or whatever it is, so it was like natural childbirth, which I understand smarts. While riding to the hospital in a cab I observed a sixteen-wheel Safeway truck forcing my cab off the road into a ditch. "It's rare for them to try that on a cab," the driver told me. He handled the situation very well, so I tipped him a dollar. He said to ask for him every time I wanted a cab (number 7, he said). Next time I wanted a cab I asked for number 7 "He's in San Francisco," the dispatcher said, so I got cab number 5, which was driven by a man having pyloric spasms. I gave him a Librium and a Darvon and he felt better. I tipped him 75 cents, feeling that I had already tipped him in part re the pills. "This is the first relief I've had from this pain in eight years," he told me gratefully, "My doctor has given me every test and I can't figure out what's wrong. You're really great, mac." I asked him who this doctor was. It turned out to be my doctor.

((That letter was written late in March, and since then both Nancy and Isolde have been doing fine. Phil's life continues to have its ups and downs, but he manages to deal with all but the worst downs with this kind of whimsically philosophical humor.))

Andy Main, P.95

"Phil Dick reminds me of GULF, by Heinlein; I agree it's fascism (from what I can remember of it) and I remember that it's the only story ever I couldn't read the first time I tried. I wasn't bored by it; I was shocked and disgusted.

I've read it since, and found it interesting though still tasting bad.

I find Phil's practice of writing down thoughts had after a trip very interesting; I'll try it some time."

Jim Sallis, P.95

"..calls Lths "the fanmag for hippies," which it isn't, quite; he likes Metzger and Disch, but adds, "The bright spot though, has to be Dick's thing (which, incidentally, was read a couple of days ago to a poetry class here at the University). I could read something like that for the next three weeks, sans relent. I loved it."

PKD Psych Books – a list of works cited in the PKD/Vic Ryan correspondence

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The Psychogenesis of Mental Disease

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Symbols of Transformation

Carl G. Jung: Harper, New York, 1956, P.40 footnote

Clinical Studies in Psychiatry

Harry Stack Sullivan: W.W. Norton, New York, 1956

Psychotherapy of the Psychoses

Basic Books, New York, 1961

Memories, Dreams, Reflections

Pantheon, New York, 1961

Conceptions of Modern Psychiatry

Harry Stack Sullivan: W.W. Norton, New York, 1940

An Outline of Abnormal Psychology

Revised edition, Modern Library, New York, 1954

Telepathy and Medical Psychology

Jan Ehrenwald: forward by Gardner Murphy, W.W. Norton, New York, 1948

The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry

Harry Stack Sullivan

Medical Researchers:

Erwin Straus – phenomenologist and neurologist, German-American

Hans Eysenck – psychologist, German

Thomas Szasz – psychiatrist, American

Harry Stack Sullivan – psychiatrist, American

Jan Ehrenwald - psychiatrist and psychotherapist, Czech-American

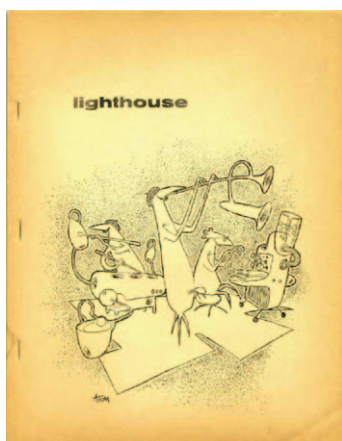
The Manchurian Candidate

Richard Condon, McGraw-Hill, 1959

Lighthouse fanzine notes

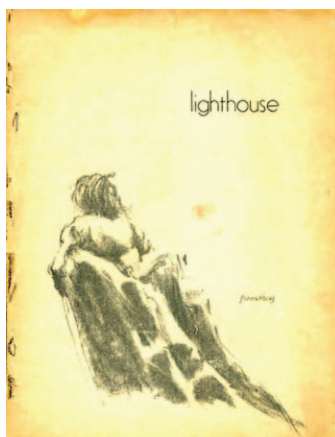
1. On all zines the inside cover is a blank page.
 2. #11 has no page numbers
 3. #14 an #15 start page numbering on the Table of Contents page, as page 2.
 So front cover is page 1
 With that system #11 is 57 pages, #14 is 90 pages, #15 is 96 pages

1. General
 #1May 58 P.18
 #2 Feb 61 P.29
 #3Aug 61 P.33
 #4Nov 61 P.66
 #5Feb 62 P.94
 #6May 62 P.17
 #7Aug 62P.46
 #8May 63 P.4
 #9Aug 63 P.26
 #10Aug 64 P.48
 #11Nov 64 P.57–



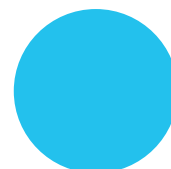
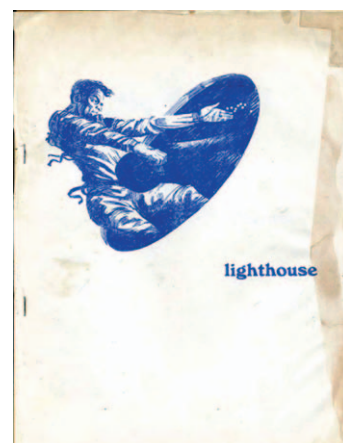
P.3 PKD article “Drugs, Hallucinations...”
 P.36 “*Curse courtesy of Philip K. Dick’ Carol Carr wrote “And I should be hit by a flying flexie* if I changed one word” in her ‘TAKE FIVE Mailing Comments” article. (in two letters to the Carrs Phil mentions ‘Flexie’: Sept 24, 1964 [SL 38-71 P.93]”Terry Carr gets run over,” and Sept 30, 1964 [SL 38-71 P.104] “Horace Gold, the cat, gets run over.”)
 P.52 Lighthouse guide “Lighthouse, the first ten: 1. By Issue, 2. By Author #12Feb’65
 [info from The Kevin Smith Library, Case Western Univ., Ohio
 #13Aug 65 P.48
 – Vic Ryan’s letter about PKD article that prompts Phils reply.

#14Oct 66 P.90 –



P.3 PKD article “Will the Atomic Bomb ever...”
 P.81 ‘Meet Our Goddam Authors,’ brief intro of PKD as “..originator of the designation “The Garbage Man Story”
 P.84-86 Brief debate in Letter Litter between PKD and Vic Ryan on PKD’s “Drugs, Hallucinations...” article in #11

#15Aug 67 P.96



.....
 Lighthouse is a science fiction fanzine by Terry Carr.

The first issue of Lighthouse, published in 1958 by Terry Carr and Pete Graham, was intended to be a one-issue-only zine. At this time, Terry Carr was still publishing Innuendo. After relocating to New York, Graham revived Lighthouse and released two issues on his own as a Fantasy Amateur Press Association zine. When Terry Carr moved to New York in 1961, Graham offered him co-editorship of the zine. Later, Carr assumed editorship and Graham wrote a column for the zine. 15 issues were published in all. It was nominated for a Hugo Award for Best Fanzine for 1967 and 1968.

Contributions have included “Darkhouse” by Alva Rogers, his story of the SF crowd in the 1940s when he was living in Jack Parson’s house during the time Parsons was engaged with L. Ron Hubbard on the Alistair Crowley magical ritual known as the “Babylon Working”. “Darkhouse” was later quoted extensively in the book Sex and Rockets: The Occult World of Jack Parsons.

Also included is the article “Drugs, Hallucinations and the Quest for Reality,” by Philip K. Dick in the November 1964 issue, and “Will the Atomic Bomb Ever Be Perfected, and If So, What Becomes of Robert Heinlein?”, which was first published in Lighthouse #14 (October 1966).

Along with Philip K. Dick and Alva Rogers, other contributing writers included Redd Boggs (The Lovecraftsman, Shangri L’Affaires), Carol Carr, Sidney Coleman, Gina Ellis (Descant, Honque, Queebshots), Pat Lupoff (Xero, Horrib), Richard (Dick) Lupoff (Xero, Horrib), George Metzger, Joanna Russ, Ted White (Stellar), Walt Willis (Hyphen), and Donald Wollheim (The Phantagraph).

Contributing artists included Arthur Thomson (ATOM), Hannes Bok, Jack Gaughan, and Ray Nelson.

Peter Graham and Terry Carr were also co-editors of Void, along with Gregory Benford and Ted White. Terry Carr also published the fanzines Klein Bottle, with Miriam Carr, and Innuendo, with Dave Rike. He also released the one shot Entropy during the run of Lighthouse.

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 UC Riverside internet site shows they have a complete set. library.ucr.edu

False Memories or False Worlds?

by Nick Buchanan © 2016

By the time you've finished this article you'll either think I am suffering from mental health issues, delusions of grandeur, or you'll feel as if *your world* too has shifted a little. I'm prepared to risk your misunderstanding because I think the topic too important to shelve.

I imagine every Philip K. Dick fan will know of Dick's fascination with the idea of false memories. He wrote many stories where a character's memories no longer match their situation and there is often an unsettling stand-off between *memory* and *reality*, to discover which is at fault. In Dick's explorations it's either, neither or both – and the reader is left in a head-spin. To live in a world where your memories are repeatedly contradicted is to know that either you or it (or both) have changed.

Dick's life appeared to be made of similar material to his fiction. Here's one of his recollections:

*"...and then there's that scene [in **Time Out of Joint**] where he goes to the bathroom in the dark and he's reaching around for the light-cord and he reaches and reaches for a cord hanging down and suddenly he realizes there is no cord hanging down, it's a switch on the wall. Then he says to himself well when did I ever reach for a cord hanging down in a bathroom? And he can't remember. Well now that actually happened to me and that was what caused me to write the book. I walked into my own bathroom in my own house which I owned, groped around in the dark up in the air for a cord and finally realized that there had been no cord **ever**. And I couldn't remember any time in my life when I had reached for a cord."*
(Philip K Dick interviewed by Charles Platt – 1979)

Reading Dick's fiction, I used to imagine how disturbing it

would be to have one's memories refuted – a whole host of them - contradicted and called into question. *Now I know. And it's deeply disturbing.* Something has happened for some of us (not all). A shift has taken place and things are not the same. Someone has even calculated that the shift in question might have begun around August 5 2001.

I want to be clear about this. I am not flirting with the idea of trying to be like Phil, and this is not an act of self-aggrandizement. In fact although my experience is shocking, it is apparently very common. I claim no special status

because there are literally thousands around the world who have noticed that *their clear memories about some very specific things no longer match current reality*. I am not speaking of misremembering things – I am speaking of things becoming other than they were. The interesting thing here is that thousands of us agree about which things have changed and we also concur with how exactly they have changed. What we don't know is why or what has caused it.

Things I knew well are now different – most have changed for the worst. The evidence suggests that those things have *always been different to how I remember them*. The evidence in the *koinos kosmos* suggests that I am simply mistaken – but the evidence in my *ideos kosmos* suggests otherwise, and it's compelling. The pressure on my inner

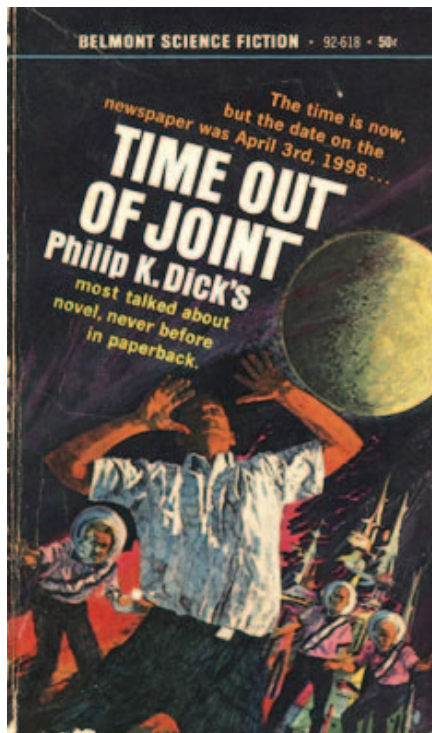
world to simply comply with the outer world is huge, but I am holding on - and you might be too, very soon.

For all my grand claims, I first bumped into this phenomenon in the most prosaic of ways. I remembered reading The Berenstain Bears books to my children when they

were younger, and I wanted to recall the husband and wife team who wrote and illustrated them. I searched

using Google and was surprised that my search was corrected thus "*Showing results for BerenstAIN Bears.*"

But of course, I wanted the BerenstEIN Bears (as I had first typed). At first I did not appreciate the full implications of the discrepancy. I knew it **was** stein because when we got



Showing results for **Berenstain Bears**
Search instead for **Berenstein Bears**

them from the library and I first read them, *I recall wondering whether stein was pronounced 'steen' or 'stine' as in Frankenstein*. I settled on a 'steen' pronunciation. According to Google, there never was a BerenSTEIN, *it has always been BerenSTAIN*. You are assuming no doubt that I must have mis-remembered it. That would be fair and logical. Except that there are literally thousands like me who remember the Berenstein Bears. I and they (like me) are claiming that the books themselves have changed, have retro transformed. *I am serious and that is the chilling part. And it is not the only book whose print has changed*. The bible has changed too...



Now, this verse was so beloved that the Jehovah's Witnesses had loads of tracts printed depicting this idyllic world where Lions and Lambs peacefully cohabit in grassy fields. It was an icon of their faith. The comic book Preacher still refers to the original verse through the dialogue of an Angel (#3).

Of course this is not about Bibles or Berenstein's – this is about *reality changing*. Yes, I am claiming that the KJV Bible which has been on my shelf for 35 years has somehow changed in its wording. That

the physical printed words in an old book are now not as they used to be.

Let's be clear from the outset, there are many versions of the bible and they all have different phrasings and different word choices. I appreciate that. This has nothing to do with the differences I am highlighting here. Between the ages of 11-15 I went to a Bretheren church which only used (and accepted) the King James Version of the Bible – that's the translation which was begun in 1604 when Shakespeare was alive and was published in 1611. I love that version. The language is rich, poetic and often beautiful. I have read it many times and in my teens I studied it in great depth (using both Scofield and Thompson chain references). I don't agree with it all but I have a very clear memory of many passages like this one about a prophesied time of peace in which animals won't eat one another:

"The Lion also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;"
(Isaiah 11v6a)

Except it no longer says that in my KJV bible, it says:

*"The **Wolf** also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;"*
(Isaiah 11v6a)

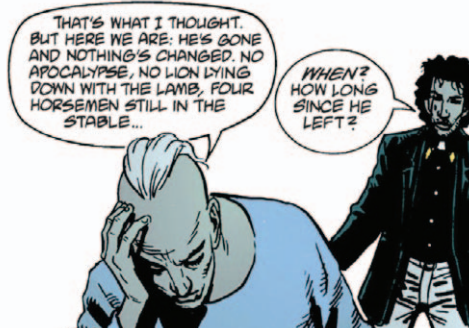


Stay with me here. Cognitive dissonance may already be causing discomfort, but before you consider skipping this article at least hear a few more examples...

Remember Snow White, the first feature length animated cartoon. I do, because I used to show it and study it with my Illustration students when I was a Lecturer in Graphic Design. I have always rated it highly and have seen it (along with Pinocchio) countless times. Remember the famous

scene where the Queen asks the mirror who is the most beautiful person. Her exact words (you will recall) are:

"Mirror, Mirror on the Wall, who is the fairest one of all?"



Except, now she doesn't say that anymore. The universe where it once said that is gone and you are now living in a universe which is similar, but not the same. She now says:

*"**Magic** mirror on the wall, who is the fairest one of all?"*

Check your DVD, your Blu-Ray, your VHS – they have all been changed to 'Magic Mirror' - even if you've owned them for years.

Changes have happened all around us. The one's I have noticed all appear to be *degraded* rather than *upgraded*. Take the Snow White Mirror one. 'Magic Mirror' has far less poetry, and lacks the incantation-like rhythms of 'Mirror, mirror.' And the word 'Magic' is plodding and unnecessary (we can see it's a Magic Mirror – we don't need to be told or have it named for us). It is as if entropy suddenly sped up and left us with degraded versions of things – the sort of thing **UBIK** was designed to combat.

Either my memories are false – *even though they are real to me* – or else something has shifted and changed.

Whatever has happened has affected world geography too. Take North and South Korea (often in the news because of the over militarized actions of the North). You will be familiar with their position on the map - a Florida-like peninsula jutting out from China.

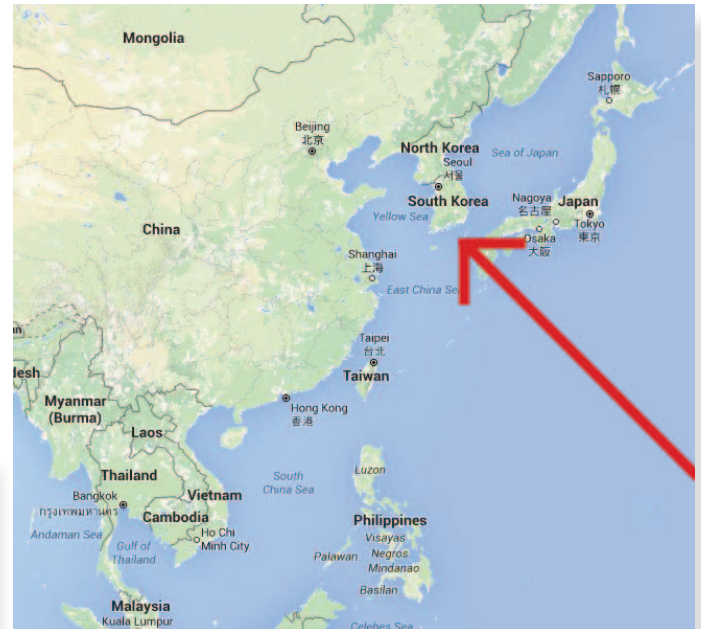


As it was

Except, they're not in that position anymore... they have moved. I had to photoshop the above map to place North and South Korea *where I remember them*. **All evidence of them being there has now gone.** You may be surprised to discover that they now have a new home immediately west of Japan - and *connected now to Russia*.

But how could North and South Korea *move*? Think of the roads, the infrastructure, the plumbing and the wiring. Of course such a *move* is impossible. I am not claiming it has moved (in this sense). It *hasn't* morphed from one into the other. What I am suggesting is that *I am somehow*

now in a different world where the peninsula of Korea is further north. Previously I was in a world where it was further south. One did not *become* the other - one was *swapped* for the other. I believe they both exist. Indeed they are just two of the countless versions of our world.



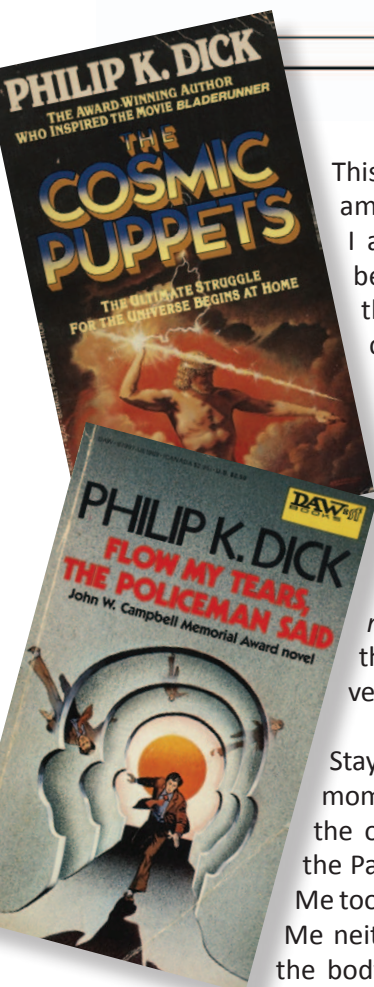
As it is now

This is like the Many Worlds Interpretation postulated by Hugh Everett in 1957 (later popularized by Bryce Seilgman DeWitt) which relates to the famous "Schrödinger's cat" paradox (of 1935). Anthony Peake has discussed these at great length in his many fine books.

If you find an old copy of any of the Berenstein Bears books, *they too will have been swapped for the variant BerenstAIN* - and all traces of (what to me is) *the original spelling of BerenstEIN are now gone*.

It is as if we have jumped from one world to another which is almost identical, but not quite. I am reminded of the great joke by the comedian Steven Wright... "My house was burgled the other night. Thieves took everything...and replaced it all with an exact replica."

Of course there is the well known phenomena of people mis-remembering popular culture. After all, Sherlock Holmes never once said 'Elementary my dear Watson,' and in the film Casablanca, no one ever said to the pianist 'Play it again Sam.' I am certain there are things that I mis-remember. But there are also other things I *know* that I know. For example I would not think of Frankenstein when first picking up the Berentein Bears' books *if* they were BerenstAIN.



This is not a conspiracy theory, and I am not interested in *persuading* you. I am presenting this material here because I think it is uncannily like the kind of situations Phil used to create for his characters (especially in **The Cosmic Puppets** and **Flow My Tears, The Policeman Said**).

I have no interest in joining a movement or subscribing to a theory. My interest is because *in my own life* I keep bumping into things which *I* clearly remember very differently.

Staying with world geography for a moment, something has happened to the oceans of the world... remember the Pacific, Atlantic and Indian Oceans? Me too. Remember the *Southern Ocean*? Me neither. It's the new name given for the body of water which surrounds antarctica. New to me and thousands of others - but *old to other thousands of others*. To them (those who *really* belong to **this** world) that has always been the name for that body of water.



Much on the globe has changed. South America has moved further east, Australia has moved north & Italy is now almost connected to sicily. It wasn't so before. I remember.

I am giving examples of things that *I know* have changed. I would like to give a few more examples from the KJV Bible because it is something I know (knew!) very well. If you recall the King James Version is the one that uses lots of arcane words.

When I was 11 years old I remember that I had to ask the elders in the church what 'wineskins' were. Because in one verse in Matthew said:

"Neither do men put new wine into old wineskins: or else the wineskins break, and the wine runneth out, and the wineskins perish; but they put the new wine into new wineskins and both are preserved."
Matthew 9v17 (KJV)

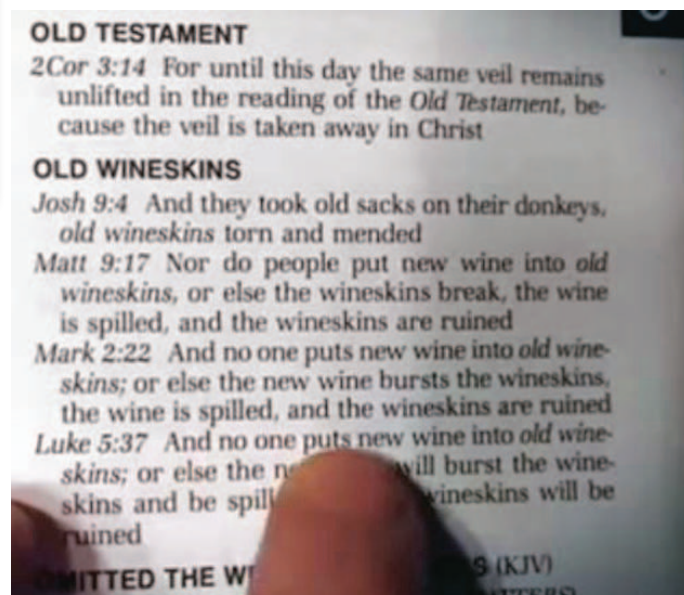
The elder showed me an illustration in his KJV Bible of a wineskin. I remember being shown. I recall that where my mental image of skin had been of a flat thing, I now realised it was more like a 'skin pouch.'



Except that now when I look at the very same bible - the same one I held all those years ago (when I first asked the question) *it no longer says anything about wineskins* - instead, it reads thus:

*"Neither do men put new wine into old **bottles**: else the **bottles** break, and the wine runneth out, and the **bottles** perish; but they put the new wine into new **bottles** and both are preserved."*
Matthew 9v17 (KJV)

...and there's an added twist to this one, because evidence of it once being 'wineskins' still exists. Many Bible scholars use concordances - which list key words present in the text. These have citations of the passages. For some reason there is still time to see *that the verses did once say 'wineskins.'* Here's an image from a concordance titled 'Find it Fast in the Bible - the Ultimate A-Z resource.'



These references too may change over time.

In school, we learned The Lord's Prayer from the King James Version of the Bible. Part of what we learned was:

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."
Matthew 6v12 (KJV)

I think most folks in the UK will remember it as that. But now my KJV Bible says:

*"Forgive us our **debts** as we forgive our **debtors**."*
Matthew 6v12 (KJV)

It's gone. I am being persuaded that it never was there. After the Lord's prayer passage ends, there is a later verse which says (by way of reflection) *"For if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your father forgive your trespasses."* But it is no longer in the Lord's prayer (where it used to be).

This is not about *different translations* of the bible choosing different words - this is about the *same version of the bible somehow changing so that the words it used to contain are now different*.

And there are more anomalies: The King James Version, published in 1611, now refers to modern banking:

*"Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the **bank**...?"*
Luke 19v23a (KJV)

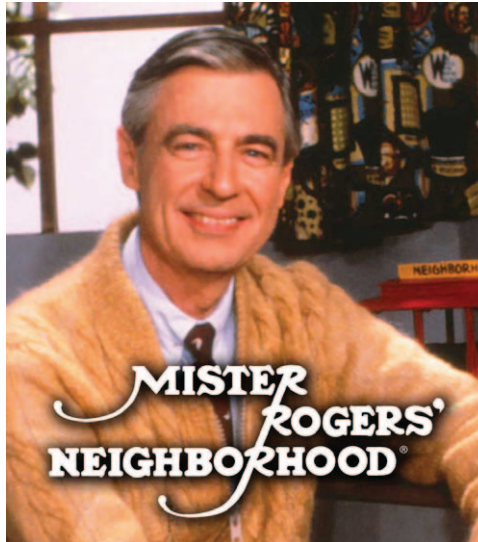
Of course, there were no 'banks' in Jesus' time, only money-lenders and money changers. There have always been merchants and those who made grain loans - *but talk of putting your money in a bank?!*

And if that doesn't jar with you. Do you ever remember Jesus telling his followers to bring him anyone who wouldn't submit to his reign so that they may be killed *there and*

then on the spot? Me neither. It's there now:

*"But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, **and slay them before me.**"*

Luke 19v27 (KJV)



I know the King James Version of the Bible never used the word 'stuff' to refer to possessions. It does now:

*"In that day, he which shall be upon the housetop, and his **stuff** in the house, let him not come down to take it away."*

Luke 17v31a (KJV)

These discrepancies echo Phil's comments at Metz in France:

"People claim to remember past lives, I claim to remember a different, very different present life...I rather suspect that my experience is not unique.

What perhaps is unique is the fact that I am willing to talk about it."

Philip K Dick - Metz Speech 1977

Many of my American friends remember the TV series '**Mister Rogers' Neighborhood**' which ran from 1968-2001. The intro typically had Mr Rogers entering his house singing:

"It's a beautiful day in the neighbourhood, a beautiful day for a neighbour. Will you be mine?"



Except now, he never sang that, he sang this instead:

*"It's a beautiful day in **this** neighbourhood, a beautiful day for a neighbour. Will you be mine?"*

All of these changes are subtle. In the film **Forest Gump** (which I have not seen) many claim they remember the line:

"Life is like a box of chocolates."

Now it says:

"Life was like a box of chocolates."

Many claim that in the film **Field of Dreams** it said:

"If you build it, they will come."

Now it says:

"If you build it, he will come."

I have a memory of Doris Day dying in 2015, but at the time of writing, she's still alive. I remember Betty White (from the Golden Girls TV show) dying within this past year. *Today she is still alive.* I remember when Kirk Douglas died about a year ago (2015). He's alive again now and aged 99! Curious George used to have a tail - now *he never did, and never has.* I recall Sara Lee Old Fashioned Bread had the tagline:

"Nobody does it like Sara Lee"

Now it says:

*" N o b o d y
doesn't like
Sara Lee"*

I have been encountering so many situations where my memories no longer match reality. I googled the one's where my memory was most confident and discovered that many other people felt the same (*about the very same examples*). I found that some had given this phenomena a name 'The Mandela Effect' (because many people remember Nelson Mandela dying in prison in the 1980's on Robben Island). My memory has always been of him being released and becoming President of South Africa. But I would no longer assert that I am right! In relation to them, *my reality is a false one which has rudely replaced their real one.*

Some are calling it a 'glitch in the matrix,' others think it is caused by activities at CERN with its Large Hadron Collider. Others (as you'd expect) speak of Satan and the Last Days. I have no idea what has caused these changes, but I do know that my own world now has fractures in it, places where my memories are no longer legal tender.

Other examples (which I am less familiar with) have been noticed by my American friends:

In the film Star Wars, Darth Vader says "*Luke, I am your father*" - now it's "*No, I am your father*" (and as with the other examples, always has been!). James Earl Jones telling a joke on a chat show remembers the 'original line' as being his line, but how long this will remain so I don't know - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cCtd-Wabrkw>
JC Penny is now JC Penney, Oreo Double Stuff is now Oreo Double Stuf, Kellogg's Fruit Loops cereal is now Froot Loops, Sketchers shoes are now Skechers shoes, Oscar Meyer hot dogs are now made by Oscar Mayer, Looney Toons cartoons are now Looney Tunes, Fabreze air fresheners are now Fabreze, the TV show Different Strokes is now Diff'rent Strokes, Captain Crunch cereal is now Cap'n Crunch, and the stunt cyclist Evil Knievel is now Evel Knievel, the film Interview with a Vampire is now Interview with the Vampire, Chic-Fil-A is now Chick-Fil-A, K-Mart is now Kmart, Drano is now Drano. And on it goes. The entropy

appears to be increasing and there seem to be new changes each week.

The relationship between memory and reality has somehow been unhooked and reconnected. There is now a disconnect between observer

and observed. Thousands of us are - to use the words of a waterfowl called Howard - "Trapped in a world he never made" (unless that's changed too!) The mysterious connection between *mind* and *matter* has been strained and fatigued.

Consciousness acts as midwife to reality - but which reality? If my memories now reference a world I am no longer in - it would be absurd for me to suggest that the world is 'wrong.' *But this is exactly what I am asserting.* As a member of the National Council of Psychotherapists, I am aware of how that sounds. Nevertheless I do believe that the world IS wrong, in the sense that it *has* changed, it is *other* than the one I know. Of course both my memory and the world are (in another sense) right - it's just that they don't match any more. I have the memories for another world - *not this particular one.* To the world (and many people in it) my memories are false. To me, my memories

are right and this world is somehow 'false.'

Philip K. Dick understood the strange interrelationship between false memories and the false worlds:

"False memories [are] just what I love to think about because false memories and false worlds are two prongs of the same fork."
(Philip K Dick interviewed by Charles Platt – 1979)

I believe that some agency has been altering reality, some influence has been manipulating things - in such a way that my clear memories (and the confirmed memories of thousands of people) simply no longer match this reality.

When there is a mis-match between memory and reality, you would think that *reality* would win hands down. But it doesn't. One's own empirical evidence in the form of memories (especially when those memories are clear and enduring) wins every time. One is left asserting the impossible - but by the time you have been shipwrecked by reality, it is all you have.

Of course, with each discrepancy, there is no testable way of determining which is authentic and which has changed. Neither can be validated, neither can be securely refuted. Each disproves the other. Despite this difficulty, the occasion of a *known memory* conflicting with *reality* should be taken very seriously. It might even be a confirmation that we are living in a simulated reality where things can be changed (in precisely the way that I have described here). As Phil said nearly four decades ago:

"We are living in a computer programmed reality and the only clue we have to it is when some variable is changed."
(Metz Speech 1977)

I no longer believe memories are stored in the brain. I believe the brain is some kind of transducer - a signal receiver and decoder (perhaps a broadcaster too).

Memory is intrinsically linked with identity. It is obvious that if too many memories become invalid then some

form of psychosis or mental collapse would be likely. I'm not sure where that leaves me. I prefer how things were. I hope it doesn't increase. I already feel as if I am in a parallel or something resembling the world I used to live in. I am at a loss as to what has caused these changes. Phil, the great theorizer, came up with this explanation for his own perceptual mis-matches:

"...At some past time point a variable was changed (reprogrammed as it were) and that because of this an alternative world branched off."

Philip K Dick - Metz Speech 1977

My memories are intact and unchanged it's just that some are now *no longer valid*. My concern is that like a tiny crack in a windshield, it will worsen and spread.

Entropy is increasing and the world is being degraded. The artful is being traded for the artless, the good for the mediocre. I

hope we find our UBIK in time. I shall leave the final word to Phil himself:

"The world that we experience is not the real world. It's as simple as that."

- **Philip K Dick: In his own words** by Gregg Rickman (p.128)

It should be remembered that Dick was talking here, not of the world of his fiction - but of *our world. Yours and mine.*



"We are living in a computer programmed reality and the only clue we have to it is when some variable is changed."

Philip K. Dick

(Metz Speech 1977)

PKD in OC

April 28, 2016
10:30 a.m. – 5:00 p.m.
Humanities Gateway 1030

Philip K. Dick spent the last decade of his life from 1972 to 1982 in Orange County. During this time, he produced some of his most enduring and enigmatic works, including *A Scanner Darkly* and *VALIS*.

Featuring: Jonathan Alexander, David Brin, Gregory Benford, Grania Davis, Tessa Dick, Antoinette LaFarge, Charles Platt, Gregg Rickman, and Barry Spatz.

For the complete schedule, visit writing.uci.edu/calendar.

Organized by the Campus Writing Coordinator

RSVP to icruse@uci.edu



Philip K. Dick In Orange County

The Philip K. Dick Conference at the University of California, Fullerton.

April 29 – May 1, 2016 by Dave Hyde

When we landed at John Wayne Airport in mid-afternoon on Thursday, Patti, Tami and I were quickly whisked into a fast-moving uber onto a freeway, then another freeway, then another one. I counted the lanes on one of them, there were nine. The uber took us to an AirBnB on the top floor of an apartment building on Willshire Ave. in Fullerton. There, by celly we contacted Henri Wintz who had just landed at L.A.X. and was driving a rental car from there to Fullerton. Thankfully Tami was along to handle this complex movement plan with her trusty iPhone.

What I noticed about this area of Southern California, where I'd never been before, was all the flowers blooming everywhere and the tall palm trees. Just outside our lodging were streets full of restaurants, boutiques, thrift stores, tea shops and more restaurants. It was late afternoon and people from all nationalities were strolling about, sitting outside the restaurants, and chatting in little groups. It was a colorful scene enlivened by the sound and bustle from all distances. And, of course, the sun shone down brightly on it all.

Henri showed up later, a tad frazzled after having been detoured on the freeways from Los Angeles. His one hour drive had turned into three. But he'd made it! And we had a happy reunion (Patty and Tami having met Henri before, in of all places, Los Angeles).

Henri was hungry, although we had eaten already at the cheerful bar and grill next to our abode. So he and I wan-

dered about and found a Mexican restaurant on Harbor Rd., I think, called Revolution 12, and here we ordered a couple of beers and Henri a burrito. When the waiter brought the burrito we both burst out laughing! It was the size of a stuffed shoat! I couldn't imagine Henri, or anyone, eating such a large object. It must've weighed ten pounds! You could slice it up like a meatloaf and feed a family of twelve! But to my utter amazement Henri ate half of it in short order and it only took two beers to wash it down. Later in our visit all four of us returned there for a fine meal. You certainly get your money's

worth at the Revolution 12!

Friday, April 29th

On the first day of the conference at the University the place looked like it had been invaded by the army: hundreds of young men and women in camouflage milling about like a modern version of 'The Night Watch.' Henri and I entered the Titan Student Union and went to the registration desk to register. This we did and scarfed up some of the buttons and zines the students were giving away. Or maybe we paid a few dollars, I can't remember. There it was that I bumped into the first of my old friends: Perry Kinman from Japan. And behind him was Laura Entwisle from Missou smiling happily. Big hugs all around. Then off in search of coffee.

A small cafeteria had been set up down the hall and here they had cardboard boxes of Starbux coffee (I wonder if they have that in Boulder yet?) and boxes of donuts and muffins set out. I snagged a half a donut and a cup of coffee. Breakfast!

Here in this mini-café I met Greg, the President of the Orange County Science Fiction Club, who told me about the club and some of the writers who were members, three of whom were at this conference: Greg Benford, James Blaylock and Tim Powers. The Club meets at the Denny's in Orange at 1930 on the last Wednesday of the month. Their website is www.ocfsc.org

After chatting with Greg I thought I'd better go find the room where the first of the sessions I wished to attend was to be held. This was "*The Android and the Human*" Today: Reflecting Upon PKD's Speech 40 Years Later, by John Goins of Cal State Fullerton. Its location was in some place called 'Hetebrink'. Unfortunately, I couldn't find it. I really wanted to hear what Prof. Goins would say on this

famous PKD speech. But somehow I ended up walking outside, across a quadrangle and into the Library where sharp-eyed students with serious faces watched me from behind giant monitors. Finally I asked two of the students where this mysterious 'Hetebrink' was. They told me it was in the Student Union, where I'd just come from. So I walked back to the Student Union thinking: it's easier to find your way across the universe than it is around a University... I think they should have huge green arrows on the floor saying 'Hetebrink', you know, so a slime mold knows where to go. Or, at least, something that beeps. You'd think with all these geniuses around here they could invent something that beeps.

Inside the heretofore super-busy Student Union there was no one around. I'm wobbling uncertainly, like a pile of Jello, feeling like an idiot...all these doors... Then out of the blue an angel appeared and said "Don't feel like an idiot!" and guided me to my destination!

It was the right destination but not the right session. This one was one of my alternate choices: short presentations by students on Philip K. Dick. I spotted Gregg Rickman across the way, writer of *TO THE HIGH CASTLE*, a primary biography of Philip K. Dick, and Neil Martenson and his elegant friend Linda. Then, just as I sit down, the young man opposite me – Stephen Savage – is saying "...in 'PINK BEAM: A Philip K. Dick Companion' Lord RC sez..."

"What!?" Gregg says "Hey, That's you!" I laughed; someone had actually used my book! and thanked Stephen for buying it. His paper was about Philip K. Dick in relation to Dianetics or the Church of Scientology. He talked knowledgeably of the relationships between L. Ron Hubbard, John W. Campbell Jr., A. E. Van Vogt and others caught up in Dianetics, including Phil's mom, Dorothy. Not that Phil was buying it despite all the pressure.

Next to read his paper was Thomas Nichols, *Are Robots More Human Than Humans?* Thomas talked of the Phil dickian idea that empathy separates humans from machines. He related this to *DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?* and noted that in this novel the mentally-challenged people are not seen to be worthy of empathy. Rick Deckard's doubts about the efficacy of the Voight-Kampf test have him in a grey area of uncertainty regarding who or what is human.

Two more students read their papers, but I have brief notes for only one of them. My apologies to Devon Jones for missing his paper on *Dick's Legacy and the State of Hollywood's Kiddie Apocalypse*. The final paper was by Dylan Ripley and was, *Of Androids and Men: From Derrida to PKD*. He talked about *DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC*

SHEEP? and how the androids, in their superiority, I suppose, to humans, serve the purpose of anchoring humanity in a bad future. He notes that Rick Deckard's embrace of Mercerism after discovering the fake toad at the end of Dick's novel, led to Deckard becoming depressed. And he closed his paper by saying, with PKD, that empathy is what defines humans.

Now, it's not easy to get any thrust of these talks via my notes. I can only hope that the student's papers will be available in printed or online form in the near future.

The next session I wished to attend after the student's talks was that by William Sarill, which was to be at the same time as the session by Jason Miller on *Mental Illness as Consequence in MARTIAN TIME-SLIP*, which I would regretfully miss.

But first came Dr. David Kelman to speak on *Cryptic Comparisons, or the Absent K: Fortune-telling Books in Philip K. Dick and Ricardo Piglia*. Prof. Kelman talked of bibliomancy in relation to *THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE*, in particular the *I Ching* and the novel within the novel (as they say) *THE GRASSHOPPER LIES HEAVY*. He referred this aspect of Dick's writing to Ricardo Piglia's *RESPIRATION ARTIFICIAL* (1980) and the fact that Piglia, in the only reference he made to Philip K. Dick, left out the 'K', which is significant in itself but also relates to Kafka's characters of name 'K' in *THE CASTLE* and *THE TRIAL*. It was all very fascinating, albeit complicated, and I think I should go read Piglia and blow the dust off my Kafka before I could comment more.

Fortunately, Dr. Sarill's talk on *Quantum Theology and the Meaning of Orthogonal Time in The EXEGESIS of Philip K. Dick*, was more my speed. I had been in correspondence with Dr. Sarill on this very subject a month or so earlier and eagerly anticipated his presentation.

He began by recapping the familiar (to Dickheads, at least) tale of PKD's of how, as a Christian prisoner of the Romans named Thomas, he saw ancient Rome overlaid on Orange County in 1974. This interpreted by Dick as being a superposition of himself and Thomas and that it indicated that between the time of Thomas (about to be garroted in his Roman dungeon circa 70 C.E.) and 1974 no real time had elapsed. The seeming passing of time was merely a spurious interpolation of the demi-urge that had somehow come to dominate time and reality so as to retain its individuality: the Black Iron Prison of which PKD writes often in his *EXEGESIS*. This superposition, Dr. Sarill says, occurs in orthogonal time.

Orthogonal time, to my mind, is probably the most acces-

sible scientific idea to be found in the writings of Philip K. Dick. He introduces it in the novel VALIS. To save us all some time in research -- though, of course, we shall have to add to it, Dr. Sarill has gleaned characteristics of orthogonal time from Dick's comments in the EXEGESIS. For instances, Dick says that orthogonal time is at right angles to linear time; also that it is spiral; and that it is the domain of archetypes and Platonic forms; and that it is hidden from view by surface appearances. And more. To further progress on Dr. Sarill's presentation we must move these notes to the realm of complex, or, rather, abstract dimensional geometry. Consider an *n*-th-dimensional object which can interface with other similar objects along axes one of which is time. By using 'imaginary numbers' we can describe these axes mathematically. In effect, we can rotate these objects (or spaces, or universes, or whatever) by fixing different axes -- like the time axis -- and somehow study the properties of these multi-dimensional objects. (I know, Dr. Sarill didn't say anything like this, I'm trying to be brief here!). All with the object of unlocking the secret of time.

Dr. Sarill introduced the notion of a Dick rotation (I'm sorry!) from real to orthogonal time. A rotation that would result in a regular four-dimensional space except that the time axis is now orthogonal time. Which means that in orthogonal time there is no time as we know it. There is no before and after. Real time is just another axis we are not looking at. We'll get back to it last year. The notion of 'Quantum tunneling' comes in handy to explain how real time can be suspended, perhaps it can be used as a tool? But, having got to this point Dr. Sarill switched his emphasis from time to eternity. He talked of PKD's oft-mentioned *deus absconditus* -- of God hiding in plain sight, masked by phenomena, and how these phenomena are equivalent to the quantum mechanical barrier inside which time dissolves.

He closed his fascinating talk with a quote from Margaret Barker: "Beyond the veil, the hidden place, was eternity in the midst of the creation, and the veil itself was believed to be a great screen on which all history could be seen..."

I couldn't wait to ask questions! Ooh! Ooh! Pick me! I waved a pseudopodium in the air. Finally Dr. Sarill deigned to notice my presence, but only after I waved four pseudopodiums in the air. Ahem, I said, I was thinking of VALIS. You know how it starts out with the word 'Valis' defined at the very front of the novel. This definition from a fictitious Russian dictionary from 1992 (11 years after Dick's novel was published, but a date which is now 24 years in the past!) and the novel goes to the end with the *Tractates Cryptica Scriptura*. I've always wondered about this, but, my question is: When you read the *Tractates Cryptica*

Scriptura do you think that it was written from the perspective of orthogonal time? Sideways time? Dick covers a lot of historical time in there from Ikhnaton to the King of Bohemia... and they all seem to be mixed in together?

Dr. Sarill's eyes lit up and he dilated enthusiastically on the properties of a Minkowski space that had been transformed by both a Wick and a Dick transformation (Jeez... did I really write that?) and went on to ponder the characteristics of a static time line as seen by an observer located somewhere other than in space occupied by linear time. But by this time I was as confused as a baby in a topless bar and had to resume my humble position under my seat while other, more able Dickheads continued the discussion.

And then it was time for lunch.

I wandered outside to see Henri and Perry and Laura and Sean Nye, the musicologist who had shared his knowledge of PKD's musical tastes in a presentation I had also missed due to conflicting schedule. I know this would have been a lively session because, although I did not know Sean Nye (a lack pleasantly corrected at this lunch) I did know that Perry Kinman was a specialist on the listening habits, music-wise, of Philip K. Dick. I could just imagine the music flying as these two fans -- and doubtless others attending the session -- traded Brahms and Beethoven and Dowland and the Dead back and forth like ping pong balls across the table. I hear the two are working on a Preserving Machine next...



Sean Nye, Laura Entwisle, Henri Wintz, Perry Kinman.
Lord RC in the empty space

I'm not sure if I ate anything, though; these conferences are so much fun that you really don't have time to eat. Laura was looking good, tanned and rested, and Perry was as tall as ever. Henri, of course, as befits being French, sat and smiled and took the scene in. Fortunately he had smuggled in a few of my new book *GANYMEDEAN SLIME MOLD ON TOUR* and disbursed a copy to each of these fine Dickheads.

Let's see... After lunch it was off to a panel with Grania Davis, Tessa Dick and William Sarill, hosted by Ted Hand. Both Grania and Tessa talked of how Phil was a loving and generous person. Grania told a story of how she and Phil met through the *I Ching* and that they lived to a soundtrack of constantly playing music. Tessa talked of his love for cats and told a tale of their cat, Pinky, who, surprised to see a mouse eating the cat food out of his dish, ate the mouse! Grania echoed these sentiments and talked of their cats, Horace Gold and John W. Campbell (named after the famous science-fiction editors). In other notes I have it that Phil loved good food but couldn't cook toast. William Sarill noted that he was generous with his money, often giving it away to the needy when he wasn't buying records to add to his huge collection. It was also Sarill's task to send copies of *A SCANNER DARKLY* out to reviewers. Grania remarked that Phil was a genuine romantic with piercing blue eyes, but he had his dark side. And Tessa said the good outweighs the bad. He was human, one of the finest.

Then the audience asked questions and I asked the one I'd wanted to ask Tessa for a long time: What color cat was Pinky? Now this may seem a rather trivial question but to the discerning amongst us, that is, to all of us, this is an important question. Phil and Tessa's cat, Pinky, figures largely in the pink beam experiences of 1974. In my Index to *THE SELECTED LETTERS OF PHILIP K. DICK: 1974* (Wide Books 2013) there are 23 references to Pinky the cat. He's a member of the family involved in what was going on in 1974 just as was Tessa. Pinky died in late September 1974 and Phil, in *THE SELECTED LETTERS OF PHILIP K. DICK: 1974* says farewell to him:

"Pinky was dead, of massive – and unsuspected to us – cancer. He never complained, he never let on. I miss him. But from my dreams I know he's okay. And the evening he died, while I was in the bathroom, I felt a firm hand on my shoulder; I was sure Tessa had come into the room behind me, and I turned to ask her why. No one was there. It was the touch of my friend, on his departure; he had paused a moment to say goodbye." (SL 74 Letter 230. N.d. mid-Oct 1974. To Claudia Bush)

So Pinky is a family cat for Phil and Tessa in 1974. Did he have anything to do with the 'pink-beam' events, other than being a cat just hanging out (and I note that he was directly responsible for Phil cutting his foot badly after Pinky peed on the bed; and may have also caused the dislocation of Phil's shoulder)? Was he a pink cat? Where'd he get his name?

Tessa answered: he was an orange-and-white cat but you could see his pink skin through the thin white hair on his stomach. His real name was 'Pinkerton.'

Aha! Pinky is merely a diminutive of Pinkerton! Nothing to do with pink beams or presentiments of pink beams at all. This was the answer I needed. For now I think that PKD did not use his cat Pinky as inspiration (other than subliminally) for the 1974 mystical dreams and experiences that he related in *VALIS*. Not that I'd thought that anyway, but you have to be sure... Even a cat is important when you're searching for the truth.



Tessa Dick, Grania Davis, Ted Hand, William Sarill



Tessa Dick and Pinky – lost photo rediscovered!

During this panel session with three people who had known Philip K. Dick well, Perry Kinman and I spotted Jonathan Lethem preparing for his address to the fans – he was up next. We hatched a whispered plot to go to him and take a photo of his famous UBIK tattoo (a task I'd fumbled in San Francisco in 2012). So as the session ended we approached the deservedly famous author and asked him if we could take pictures. He said, "Right now?" and rolled up his sleeve. With Perry grinning I took two quick photos and one of them is reproduced near here. Perry and I high-fived!



Jonathan Lethem's UBIK tattoo

Jonathan Lethem took the lectern with a stack of papers: old original copies of *The Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter*, published by Paul Williams, with the help of such OG Dickheads as Andy Watson, John Fairchild and, indeed, Jonathan Lethem himself, from 1982 to 1992. Lethem talked of how he'd read something by Philip K. Dick and was so struck as to move to California to be near him. But I think Phil had recently died and Lethem hooked up with Paul Williams and assisted with *The Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter*. He said of Paul Williams that "he was the usher of Dick's legacy". To which I can only agree. He talked of how Williams had founded the field of rock music criticism with his zine *Crawdaddy* and how he'd edited important editions of Theodore Sturgeon. I'm nodding along, smiling at the tributes, as Lethem led us through the editions: 225 members in the *PKD Society* by issue #2. 800 at its peak (although I thought that figure should be closer to 1200, but I know not from where I have the memory). How Paul would pull something from the papers Phil had left and publish something like *Naziism and the High Castle* as a special booklet because Paul hadn't got any regular Newsletter copy done. Of the turning point of mass consciousness being marked by the publication in the *Village Voice* of an article by Erik Davis on Dick. And of a further marker being an article by Steve Erickson in the *L. A. Weekly*.

Lethem talked of Rudy Rucker winning the first Philip K. Dick Award with his novel *SOFTWARE* and how he, himself, had started licking envelopes at *The Philip K. Dick Society* and ended up editing the Library of America editions of Dick's novels; some of them, anyway.

As one of those early members of *The Philip K. Dick Society* (I joined in 1984, you can read all about it in my new book!) I was pleased with Jonathan Lethem's talk: All credit for the posthumous success of Philip K. Dick is due Paul Williams. Without his service to the Master we'd not be reading about PKD in the OC today.

One last note from Lethem: Originally *THE ZAP GUN* was a longer manuscript than was published. To shorten the book the editor lopped pages off the end of each chapter! That editor would likely be Don Benson at Pyramid Books. I'd not heard this before and wonder if the original manuscript for *THE ZAP GUN* is extant? If anyone knows, please email me.

After that I think the Friday sessions were over. For dinner that evening we joined several other Dickheads at a fine Italian restaurant in Fullerton, apparently recommended by Tim Powers as excellent and long-standing. My immediate neighbors were Patti and Tami who were flanked by Henri Wintz and Paul Sammon, themselves flanked by Randall Radin and Daniel Gilbertson. In the distance other

fans munched down. It was the weekend of Tami's and Randall's birthdays! The waitress bought little cupcakes with candles and we sang Happy Birthday!

Paul Sammon (*BLADE RUNNER*), Daniel Gilbertson (*SCREAMERS*) and Tami (*MINORITY REPORT*) talked movies: the knowledge of movies, directors, actors, and Hollywood goings-on shown by these three in lively conversation had me sitting and smiling. Paul scared me, though, with a scene from a movie called "The Witch", I think, where grandma is playing peekaboo with chubby grandbaby and each time she opens the hands over her face the baby laughs as it recognizes grandma. Then the last time grandma opened her hands the baby is gone! Sheesh! Scared the poot out of me. I certainly will not be going to see this movie!

After we ate we walked around our area of Fullerton on Willshire and found a market where a band was playing Beatles songs. People everywhere hooting and hollering. The last thing I remember is standing on the balcony of our 5th floor room looking out at the fireworks display going off over Disneyland.

Saturday, April 30th

For breakfast today we were joined by Tami's friend, Gary, from Beverley Hills. While Henri went on to the University we ate delicacies at an Asian Tea Shop just across the street from where we were staying. Then on to the university and the day's events.

Here I again got separated from everyone else – caught up in chatting with fans like Neil and Linda and Ted Hand, and bumping into Daniel Gilbertson again. I had a brief chat with Kyle and Jason – the Philly Contingent, as I call them – but all too brief. For sure, if you guys make it, and why should you not? to Colorado next March we shall all have time for pleasant chitchat on PKD.

Then here I am again, wandering around outside – they shouldn't let me outside but, then again, they shouldn't let me inside either... and I'm in the middle of a March or Amble through the college grounds by hundreds, if not thousands of summer-dressed people, many in red shirts, sort of trotting by waving signs. I carefully read the signs before going on. You never know when some sonofabitch is gonna beat you over the head. But it was a charity walk only. Having myself walked back and forth between the Student Union and the Pollak Library many times already I was by now recognizing where I was. I was going the wrong way. I had to find David Gill's talk on *PKD and Self-Promotion*. So, back the other way I went to the Student Union. I'm about to give it up as a bad job and go find a pool table somewhere; student unions generally have

several do they not? But, no, I wanted to see Prof. Gill, aka The Total Dickhead, again. He'd done a great job organizing the 2012 PKD Festival in San Francisco and I wanted to chat.

So, once again I'm in a deserted Student Union looking for a place called 'Stearns.' I look around. Where's that angel? But no luck for me, I had to go find it on my own which I did by dint of sticking my head in every door until I saw David Gill, Ted Hand, Frank Hollander, Aharon Varady, the Philly Contingent, Cameron from Mississippi with the pink hair, and Erik Davis all staring blankly at me. I read their minds and to a man they were all thinking: "who's this clown?"

I waved aside a cloud of smoke, "It's me!" I said, "I'm in disguise!"

Doug Mackey and his friend, Polly (I think it is Polly, my apologies to the dear lady if I am wrong) greeted me from the far side. I sat down to Professor Gill's talk.



David Gill and Frank Hollander

Professor Gill's talk dealt with how Philip K. Dick was a relentless self-promotor. He found examples of this in the many letters that Dick wrote to everyone. As he's speaking I'm thinking, yeah, that's right. From my knowledge of Dick's 1974 letters I could easily recall him mentioning in many letters his upcoming *Rolling Stone* interview, his talk to students at a local High School, his popularity in France, the review of *FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID* in *Psychology Today*, and other repeating puffs. But, although I see it now that Prof. Gill has pointed it out to us, I never thought of it all as self-promotion, more PKD being pleased with things happening with his writing and wanting to tell everyone about it. Perhaps it's the same thing.

He then talked of the break-in of Dick's house by unknown persons and the speculation surrounding this, and how, to PKD, it all affirmed his paranoia and that there was something in his writing he had stumbled on that made him "worthy of persecution" and investigation by the FBI. The pink beam events of 1974, Gill noted, were like the break-in on steroids. Even more was PKD now at the center of something vast and important.

In the discussion Aharon Varady mentioned the 1974 Actual article and how for the paranoid there are no surprises.

After the talk I traded a copy of my *GSM ON TOUR* book for one of David Gill's short-story volume *IN TIME'S EMPIRE THEY WERE ALL SLAVES*. I've been reading this at odd moments since the conference and will write a brief review, hopefully to appear somewhere near this report.

Next up for me was the Library Panel *PKD Here & Now* with Howard Hendrix, Gregg Rickman, and Jacob Weisman. Here I hooked up again with Patti and Tami. Gregg Rickman was talking about delving into the Fullerton Archives and discovering strange contents. Like PKD's financial statement from 1966 wherein it shows he earned \$6427.55 in 1966 (equivalent to about \$47,000 in 2016 money) and notes that during this year Dick had published *THE CRACK IN SPACE* and *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* and some short stories. Plus he received residuals on previously published stories.

Jacob Weisman, publisher of Tachyon Press which publishes many new science fiction books and some reprints – and which also published Anne Dick's book *THE SEARCH FOR PHILIP K. DICK* in 2010 – spoke of the restrictions and practices of publishing today. He mentioned that a writer must write novels in excess of 100,000 words to have any hope of being published. It reminded me of the Tim Powers novel I had bought a week or so ago; a massive volume titled *DECLARE*. I'm about 100 pages into it. I like Tim Powers, his early novels like *EXPIRATION DATE* and *EARTHQUAKE WEATHER*, not to mention *DINNER AT DEVILANT'S PALACE*, resonate strangely with me. But do they all have to be so fat? And yesterday, during lunch, Patti and I had went to the Student Union Theater to see part of a film interview with Tim Powers in which he talked of Steampunk and that there is more to it than goggles and gears, and of how he, K. W. Jeter, J.B. Reynolds and James Blaylock had started the whole Steampunk subgenre right here at UC Fullerton. During this interview he had given advice to young writers of the order of advice given to young writers for decades: submit your stories everywhere, get an agent, expect rejection, accept low pay. And I'm thinking: the publishing industry did no fa-

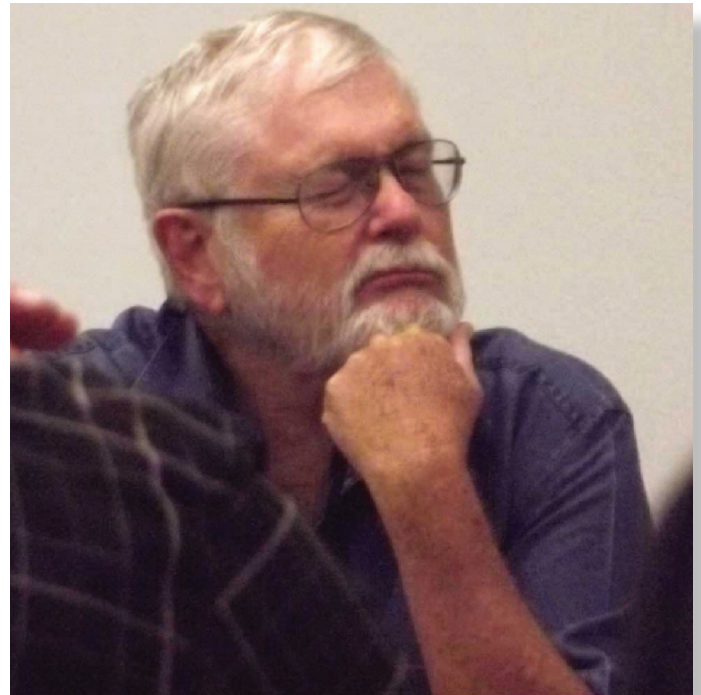
vors to Philip K. Dick. Then here was Mr. Weisman saying, as I heard it, the same thing.

I asked him a question about *The New York Times* best-seller list and how comes 99 percent of it was garbage? He replied, as best I recall, that there are two types of writer: those who can crank out what the public wants – 100,000 plus word novels, and literary types who find critical success.

No room for the lowly zinester. My advice to young writers (*pace* the Publishing Industry) is simply to write what you want and publish it yourself.

I thought I had been rather harsh in my questioning and later apologized to Mr. Weisman and he accepted it, denying graciously that I had troubled him in any way.

Sitting just in front of us was famed science fiction writer, Gregory Benford. A stalwart of the science fiction field since the 1960s. I chatted with him a bit (he couldn't believe a place like Kokomo, Indiana existed) although I thought it would be too crass to ask for his autograph (I wish I'd did though).



Greg Benford

Onstage another fine science fiction writer, Howard Hendrix, talked about writing. I met Howard later at the Art Reception at the Hibbleton Gallery in Fullerton and he kindly shook my hand and wished me well.



Gregg Rickman, Howard Hendrix, Jacob Weisman

Unfortunately for me, my attending this panel discussion meant that I missed Doug Mackey's talk on *Reading PKD's Mainstream Novels as SF*.

I stayed in the Pollak Library for the next session which was another panel with Greg Benford, Maer Wilson and Bruce McAllister, moderated by David Kelman. These three panelists had all known Philip K. Dick and reminisced of days gone by. My notes by this time were getting more cryptic and scribbled, but I recall Maer Wilson saying Phil would give money to street people and he even gave away his *BLADE RUNNER* money. If he wasn't giving away his money he was buying records. Greg Benford noted that Philip K. Dick would be more prominent in the future because he had his finger on the pulse of social malaise.

Bruce McAllister, yet another famed sf writer, placed PKD in the sf tradition of Verne, Wells and Shelley.

Then Maer Wilson spoke of how she and Phil went to the opening of *BLADE RUNNER* but Phil was upset with Ridley Scott, perhaps over the casting of Harrison Ford? But once he saw the opening of the film he became a fan.

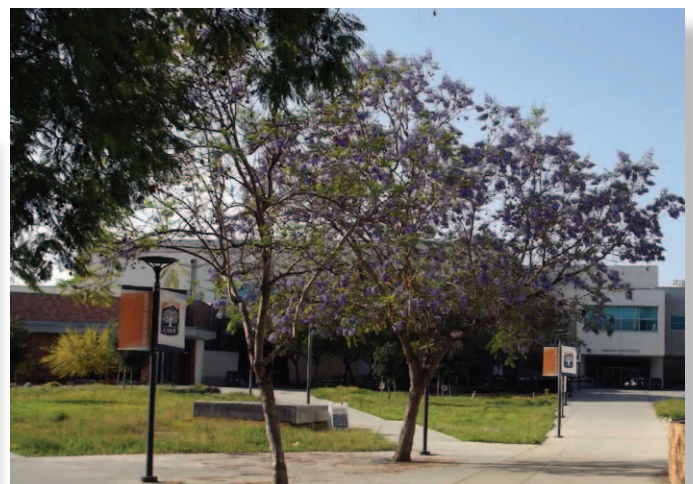


Maer Wilson and Bruce McAllister

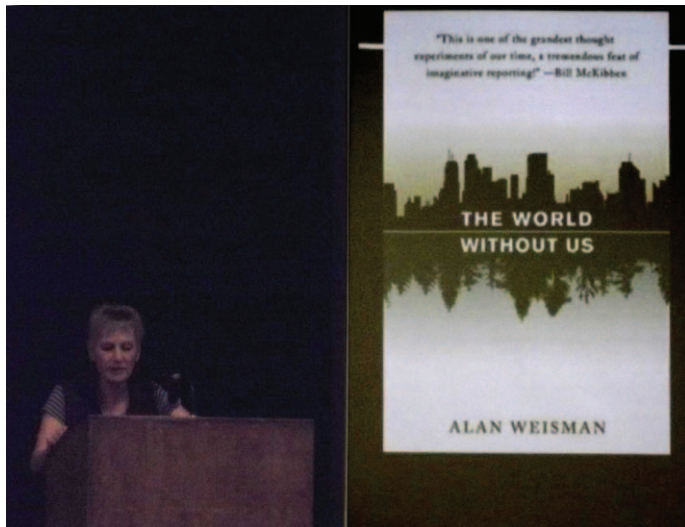
Henri and I hooked up again about now and we split our flyers for *GSM ON TOUR* and the one announcing the upcoming Philip K. Dick Festival in Ft. Morgan, Colorado over the weekend of March 3, 2017, which Wide Books is organizing in concert with the town. Y'all come on down.

I buttonholed Prof. Sandner, organizer of this Fullerton Conference, thanked him profusely for all his work, and asked him to make an announcement of our plans before the Keynote Speech. Which he did. Then I walked around the Student Union handing out flyers to all and sundry.

After a short break during which I went outside and took a few photos of the campus – those wonderful deep-violet colored flowering trees (Frangipani? No, um, Jacaranda! That's it) I went back inside and sat with Henri, Patti and Tami. The Conference Keynote speech – the final lecture, was about to begin. This was to be given by Dr. Ursula Heise of UCLA on *Dick's New Natures*.



Dr. Heise talked from an ecological stance and stated that our geological age should now be known as the 'Anthropocene' due to mankind's effect on the environment. She was knowledgeable on Philip K. Dick, mentioning many of his stories and their relationship to the environment. She referred to such books as *EAARTH* by Bill McKibben and the 'Mars' trilogy of Kim Stanley Robinson. It was all very interesting but almost inaudible. The audience of about 70 folks strained politely to hear what Dr. Heise was saying. Those of us in the back few rows of the auditorium were having difficulty following her.



Dr. Heise

When she asked if there were any questions no one said anything so, to keep things going, I asked one about what she thought of how kipple proliferates. After that many questions came.

One thing's for sure, after listening to Dr. Heise's talk, I realize that Philip K. Dick has an impact on many fields of human study. From Ecology to Cybernetics to Quantum Physics and on. As a science fiction writer he did his job well.

And that was the end of the Conference! A thoroughly professional affair organized by Prof. David Sandner with the able assistance of the UC Fullerton Science Fiction & Fantasy Literature Club and the Creative Writing Club. My thanks to you all for a most pleasant visit to beautiful Orange County, California. Long may the sun shine.

But there were yet two more things going on that we wished to attend: the PKD Art Show at the Student Union and the Wrap Up at the Hibbleton Art Gallery. The Art Show, curated by Cliff Cramp, Professor of Illustration at CSF, was well attended and the artwork itself – mostly

done by students of the university – was impressive. As they say, a picture tells a thousand words so I'll append a few I took to this paragraph:



Elbow room only at the PKD ART Exhibit



An arresting MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE poster



Patti and Tami moving into the Exhibit
(note the Steampunk clock around Patti's neck)



More fine art



A display case full of foreign editions of THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE



Prof. Clamp explains how the artworks were created

There was a small table of prints for sale, and they were going fast. I bought a nice DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? poster by Nicole Yang and the conference poster featuring a scowling Philip K. Dick.

At the Art Exhibit we bumped into Paul Sammon again and I made sure to ask him to come to our PKD Fest in Ft. Morgan.

After we left the Art Exhibit it all becomes a blur. Did we eat? I don't remember. Patti and Tami decided to go off and do something while Henri and I went to the Hibbleton Gallery for the farewell reception, or the 'Outlaw PKD in the OC Wrap Event and Aramchek Meet and Greet', as it was named on the flyer.

I couldn't get beyond the entrance because there was Frank Hollander- so pleased to see him. He told me of the tour he'd made around Orange County to the places where Philip K. Dick lived. Then just beyond him was Aharon Varady; another old friend from the 2010 PKD Fest in Colorado. Five minutes later I bump into David Gill and Erik Davis. Five minutes after that I espy the bar where the curator of the Hibbleton Gallery – Jesse La Tour, I think, but I'm not sure: he had a great beard... was serving beer and wine for tips. I complimented him on a fine show – the gallery was full of all kinds of weird art and not all of it PKD related. And talked to him about our upcoming Ft. Morgan Festival and how I'd like to see about how the local artists would like to send something to us for display there. I promised to get in contact with him, and I will once I get this writeup done.

The Hibbleton Gallery was a good place to hold the PKD farewell. It has many little rooms each containing startling art by Fullerton artists. Dark walls, dim lights, except for when they weren't. Philip K. Dick in the OC t-shirts for sale. But all they had left were size small so I added my name to the email list for a large size. I hope they email me.

Later, as I went outside to puff on my e-ciggy, Erik Davis came out and I told him about my new book and some of the things I had left out – too disgusting for even a Ganymedeian slime mold to relate in print. It turns out we were at the same place at the same time back in 1986. At the Rainbow Gathering in Pennsylvania! We, the Ganymedeian Slime Mold were there, flying our UBIK flag high! I think that was the one where Rev Dr X was strolling around singing "Happiness is a warm gun" at the top of his voice, stark naked, surrounded by grinning freaks when a beautiful woman, also naked, popped out of the crowd and the two met in an ecstatic hug! Ya, those were the days, eh, Erik?

Back inside the gallery Henri and I met Max and Candi Streicher, online booksellers, and we relived their exciting display of an unknown Philip K. Dick short-story appearance they'd found in a fragile Chicago tabloid from 1982. This they'd whipped out at the 2012 PKD Festival in San Francisco to the amazement of Henri Wintz and I and all the other collectors there. I think the name of the tabloid was *Far Out!*

And Gary, Tami's Beverley Hills bud was there, taking cell-phone pix of artwork he admired.

In one small room I met a woman who had just moved into an apartment across the street. This was her first time in the Hibbleton Gallery and she was fascinated by the art, and curious what was going on. It was my good fortune to share my enthusiasm for the writing of Philip K. Dick with her.

Ah! And there was William Sarill! I inched over and soon

we were deep in orthogonal time again as he clarified for me his usage of V-1. We promised to correspond.

Here I met, too, Christine Granillo and Emily Robles who, along with Nicole Vandever, helped organize the Conference and edited also the special Philip K. Dick edition of *The Aramchek Dispatch*, a pinkly-covered zine held together with duct tape and full of excellent short stories from members of the Creative Writing and SF & F Clubs at the university. I thanked them for managing an enjoyable conference and invited them to Ft. Morgan in March.

But by this time the three beers I'd had on an empty stomach were beginning to make me babble and drool. So I slithered out the door and, with Henri, wobbled to our temporary place of rest, just a few blocks away. Here we again looked out over the evening sky to see the fireworks display at Disneyland while a cool breeze wafted in the sound of distant cheers and laughter. Goodnight blythe Fullerton. I'll see you again in 70 C.E.



GANYMEDEAN SLIME MOLD ON TOUR

And Other Things

Essays and Stories, 1988–2015

LORD RUNNING CLAM



WIDE BOOKS

New book by Lord Running Clam!

Inspired by Philip K. Dick and challenged by Hunter S. Thompson, Lord Running Clam here presents his stories and essays written over the last thirty years, including the best from the zines 'No Bullsheets' and 'For Dickheads Only' -- and everything he wrote on Philip K. Dick for 'PKD Otaku'. Full of bad language, bad attitude and drug abuse, this book is guaranteed to keep you entertained!

Find out more on wide-books.com

In Memory of David G. Hartwell (1941-2016)

by Frank Hollander

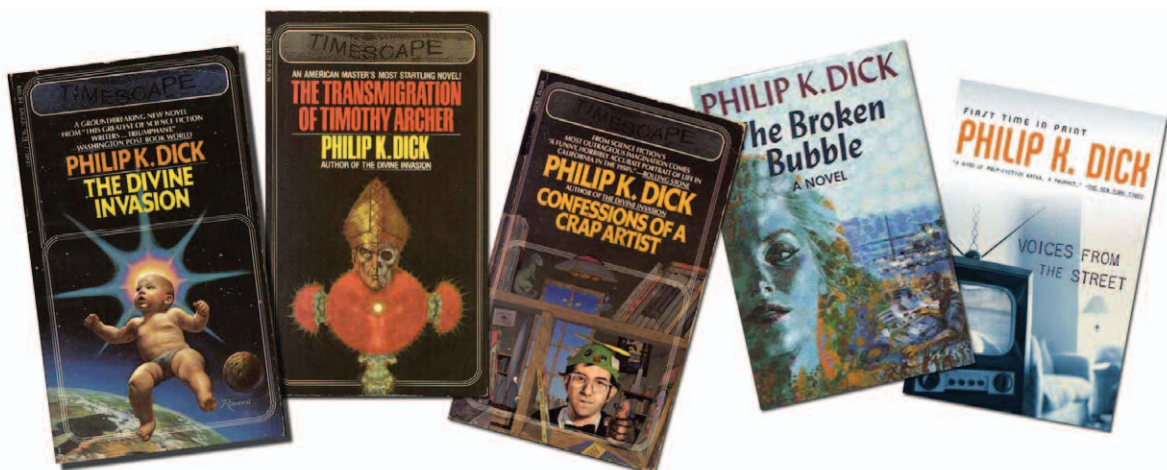
David G. Hartwell, who was Philip K. Dick's last editor, died in January 2016. Hartwell suffered a rare book lover's death, from a fall down a flight of stairs while carrying a bookcase section. (That detail comes from George R.R. Martin, the current fantasy and science fiction blogger of record.) Hartwell was a giant in the field, blending literary sensibilities with an appreciation for the particular appeal of genre fiction.

Hartwell's influence on Dick's career, both in life and in death, is immense, and deserves to be in the conversation with Anthony Boucher, Russell Galen, Paul Williams, and Donald A. Wollheim. At Timescape, Hartwell published *The Divine Invasion*. He contracted with Dick to publish *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer*, which Dick had not yet written and very well might not have written if not for Hartwell. Through Gregg Press, Hartwell published fourteen(!) hardback reprints of Dick's books during the 1970s. He also fully embraced Dick's mainstream novels. With Williams, Hartwell published the first edition of *Confessions of a Crap Artist* in a small press edition, partially fulfilling Dick's dreams for the unpublished "straight" novels.

Hartwell also contracted to publish the mass market paperback of *Confessions*, though Dick did not live to see it.

After Dick's death, Hartwell published the first edition of *In Milton Lumky Territory* from his small press, along with major releases of *Mary and the Giant* and *The Broken Bubble* from Arbor House. In recent years, Hartwell is presumably the editor responsible for the Tor first edition of *Voices from the Street*, and reprints of all but one of the other mainstream novels that he had not previously published. And one other thing, too easily forgotten: Hartwell published the first edition of *Radio Free Albemuth*.

Hartwell's editorship at Pocket/Timescape was my "golden age," and reading the 1983 Timescape paperback of *Transmigration* cemented my sudden and still enduring interest in Dick. I read the first edition of *Age of Wonders: Exploring The World of Science Fiction*, which is Hartwell's loving study of the field. I was an early fan of his New York Review of Science Fiction zine, his brick-sized landmark anthologies, and his paperback Year's Best SF series. I saw Hartwell speak at several conventions back in the day, and I spoke with him briefly at least once. Although I have no idea when it was, I remember him talking during a Dick panel about mobilizing his office to get the word out to the press upon Dick's death—that a major talent had been lost. Hartwell continued to champion and support Dick's work until the end.



Letters from Phil to Two Old Fanzines

From GALACTIC OUTPOST Vol 1 #3
Summer 1964



THE LIFE OF THIS s-f writer is made difficult by trying to work at home, with children on all sides. Why not rent a studio or office? This brings us to the central problem of the writer. Loneliness. That, all writers will admit, is what gets you down; in my case, it hit in about by my 8th year of selling, when it was already too late to turn back. No occupation that I know is so lonely; imagine locking yourself in a room at 9 in the morning, seeing no one, actually avoiding people wherever possible – and yet all the time being consumed by a genuine passion to know all there is to know about people, thinking constantly about people: what makes them tick, how such-and-such a person would say a certain phrase, if he'd say that phrase at all. It's a condition in which you're forced to occupy yourself with imaginary people instead of real ones...which is okay for very young children and schizophrenics, but hard on a person with a wife and 4 kids trying to earn a living. It's a sort of grim, deliberate regression of the psyche which takes place each day; you must break with the reality principle, go into your own mind, become engrossed there. And then all at once the phone's ringing, and you have to abandon your struggle – which you do not want to do anyhow, but know you must. So reality, in all its tiny details, conspires with your unconscious to bring about what you dread the most: writer's block. I've had it hit me for six months, been unable to write, even a letter to a Friend from January to June or even to August. No one knows what causes it, but every solution from adultery [sic] to drink to suicide has been attempted (not to mention psychoanalysis or psychosis). I have no solution, but frankly, having suffered several prolonged blocks, I would – if I could go back in time – try another profession. I can't stand the dry periods...although it is wonderful when once, after months, you suddenly get hot once more and can produce.

Don't take this too seriously, because I've talked to other writers and none of them seem to be as afflicted with this as I am. I am much less disciplined than most writers – I depend on in-

spiration, on my unconscious; I am not rational or deliberate about how I work. Like Van Vogt, my stuff either comes off or it doesn't – as compared to Heinlein or Poul Anderson who are deliberate, conscious, controlled.

You might fall somewhere in the middle or at my end or Poul's end. You'd just have to try and find out – but in any case, let me wind up by saying: write all you can, every minute you can, about every kind

of thing. Write and write. And don't read books on it, don't take writing courses. DO read great writers like James Joyce and Pascal and Styron and Herb Gold and Philip Roth. When you know you've done a good piece – that's it. Not getting into print but knowing you've been successful; you've written something new and good, – Philip K. Dick.

From the fanzine OOPAH #1 (ca 1968)

The Day the Gods Stopped Laughing Philip K. Dick

There is a theory kicking around which, as time passes, is going to cause more and more trouble. The theory – or more accurately, principle – is called Synchronicity, and was developed by the eminent German physicist Wolfgang Pauli. Synchronicity is an acausal connective which links happenings on a vertical, so to speak, rather than the usual horizontal basis of cause and effect. Consider this:

Jean Harlow's death – then Monroe's – then Mansfield's. Three blonde sex-symbols, all dying unexpectedly at the height of their careers; all three nipped in the bud, and all three so very much alike. Is there a cause and effect in their death? Of course not. But ah: here is where Pauli's synchronicity enters. See what I mean?

Another example. My ex wife used to say that whenever a new baby came onto the scene the family dog or cat somehow managed to die. I laughed in my cultured, cultivated way... but again synchronicity. Five month ago I and my present wife had a baby. One of our cat died two weeks before the baby was born; the other died three weeks after. Coincidence? That's the key word. That's what synchronicity is all about. But up until Pauli's principle we had no way to take coincidence into account; we had only the poolball-hitting-another pool ball world set up originally by Aristotle. As early as Roman times there was some worry about the universal validity of physical cause and effect events. "Post hoc, ergo propter hoc"; that was their term for fallacy – the fallacy that because an event took place after another event, then the first event must have caused it.

The next – and greatest – blow to the concept of causality come in the form of David Hume. In one of the most brilliant papers in the English language, Hume made it clear that what we speak

of as causality is nothing more than the phenomenon of repetition. When we mix sulphur with saltpeter and charcoal we always get gunpowder. This is true of every event subsumed by a causal law – in other words, everything which can be called scientific knowledge. “It is custom which rules,” Hume said, and in that one sentence undermines both science and philosophy. Hume has never been answered (unless you accept Kant’s response). I remember when at nineteen I read Hume – and like Kant, fell senseless to the floor, my whole world destroyed.

For years – literally – I kept poking at the question of causality, upon which so much rests – and which Hume has so successfully demolished. If not causality, the what? Well, we have it now, in Pauli’s Synchronicity. But what a Pandora’s box synchronicity is!

Let’s, for example, examine Kennedy’s assassination from the standpoint of Synchronicity. There are so many “coincidences” involved that without the use of the principle of Synchronicity one must assume the existence of an incredible gigantic, complex plot involving high officials in the U.S., Cuba, the USSR and China – the most vast political plot since the Thirty Year War. And the deeper you probe into it, the more “coincidences” you find. And yet those coincidences lead nowhere, because what we are running into is Synchronicity; yes all these strange little and big people did all these peculiar and puzzling things one day... but it adds up to nothing from a cause and effect standpoint. Nor will it ever.

I think I can best explain Synchronicity by referring to Leibnitz’ concept of predetermined harmony. Leibnitz asks us to imagine large numbers of clocks all showing the same (or ‘right’) time. It is twelve o’clock, all these clocks begin to bong and chime and xxxxx . Now is there any cause and effect relationship between these clocks? No. But as Hume points out, we would be inclined to think so – except that as regards clocks, we know that it is a coincidence that they give the same reading and all chime together. Leibnitz then asks us to imagine , then, that everything in the universe is as it is with the clocks. For example, as a writer I have several times dreamt up new ideas, written them into story form, and then discovered that another s-f writer was experiencing the same inspiration. And everyone in the high academic spheres knows of the phenomenon of two research workers, unknown to one another, bringing forth the exact same discovery simultaneously.

This is a far-reaching concept, this Synchronicity. So far it has been applied very little in scientific circles. But consider for example its meaning for the so-called psionic powers. Consider a medium, who claims to have occult powers. He can “read my mind.” He is “telepathic.” All right. Earlier this year I participate in a sitting with a medium. He told me any personal things about myself, that I have never published, facts even my wife did not know. Telepathy? He claimed that the spirit of my dead

greatgrandfather was telling him all this. I even had a question which I told no one: if the medium mentioned that my recently dead cat was “up there”, then I would take note of all this occult business; no mention of my cat – no belief on my part. It was as simple as that. “You love animals,” the medium told me. “And there’s a dog in the afterworld waiting for you”. OK, so he said dog instead of cat. But it was close enough for me. Yet think such “occult” and “psi” phenomenon as these are examples of Synchronicity, and I think to ignore Pauli’s theory, is to put ourselves in the position in having to believe in occult, psi, whatever you want to call them, powers.

Here and there in the theological community, highly perceptive individuals are beginning to take note of the concept of Synchronicity. In his most recent book, IF THIS BE HERESY (Harper and Row, New York, 1967), Bishop James A. Pike discusses it, saying: “...Thus the word coincidence/luck/chance are found to be treated in a serious manner and can no longer stand for a comfortable dismissal of evidence of any kind.”

Carl Jung has written at length about Synchronicity in an article called, “ Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle” in his book, THE STRUCTURE AND DYNAMICS OF THE PSYCHE (Pantheon Books, New York, 1960). What neither Jung nor Jim Pike sees, however, is that the principle of Synchronicity automatically leads us back to the world-view of the medieval schoolmen: the concept of simultaneous worlds existing in a parallel manner and consisting of the macrocosmos, our Earth, then the microcosmos, or at any rate something of this sort, something like Leibnitz’ pre-established harmony of level upon level, but not having a causal effect on each other. “On Earth as it is in Heaven,” as Christ put it, and perhaps it was meant more literally than we’ve realized.

All this, of course, would demolish Plato’s idea of the form existing above and the imperfect impression made by it here on matter in our rather lowly world. It would seem, in fact, that the two great Greek thinkers, Plato and Aristotle, would be in trouble, when faced with this new theory. Some of the merriment around Mount Olympus might dim a bit – at least temporarily.

More seriously it might explain why God, in the form of a man, had to die here on earth, as everyone of us must; running parallel to our world, the macrocosmos would of necessity contain a threat of Synchronicity so awful and so terrible in its scope that even God would cry out in pain. Maybe, using the concept of Synchronicity, we can understand why the agony on the cross had to take place.

-P.K.D.

Two Old Book Reviews

Found by Perry Kinman

G.S.: *Oui Magazine* February 1973, p. 31

Abraham Lincoln (U.S. Pat. Pend)

Picture this. You're on your deathbed, surrounded by doctors and next of kin. You close your eyes and drift off into painless sleep. The next thing you know, your eyes are blinking in light as you lie on a wooden slab somewhere. The only other people there are some businessmen who are discussing the terms for purchasing the patents for what you realize from their conversation is you. What would you do? Would you be confused, happy, angry? Would you change your religion?

It's not likely to happen to you, but it happened to Abraham Lincoln in *We Can Build You* by Philip K. Dick. It takes place in the near future, when the owner of a small piano factory in Idaho hires an ex-Army engineer to design a more advanced model of Disney's famous Lincoln simulacrum, feeding its data banks with every scrap of information known about the real Lincoln. His scheme is to build enough of these to stage a re-enactment of the Civil War as a tourist attraction, using re-creations of all the original personnel. Meanwhile, a rich entrepreneur gets wind of the idea and offers to buy the patents for the purpose of populating his Lunar housing tracts so immigrants won't feel isolated. The deal falls through, Lincoln is elected president of the Frauenzimmer Piano Company, and the simulacrum of his secretary of war, Edwin M. Stanton, moves to Seattle to open a legal practice.

And that's it, the whole plot. Quite a departure for Philip Dick, whose books usually reverberate with so many plots within plots and realities within realities that by now his following has been reduced to a rabid core of devotees who get their kicks exploring the labyrinthine twists of

mental states among the characters. (I still remember the glaze of rapture on one fan's face when he told me he'd just realized all the characters in *Ubik* had been dead throughout the entire book.)

You hear the word "psychedelic" used a lot with reference to Dick, and for good reason. He started experimenting with LSD in the early Fifties, and since then has become an authority on pharmacology and psychiatric theory.

In many ways, Phil Dick is to psychedelics and science fiction what William Burroughs is to hard drugs and mainstream literature. He attracts students of the mind and unravelers of reality puzzles, and he alienates those who read to pass the time when there's nothing good on TV. This is a book that makes you think, and if you think hard enough you begin to laugh, having realized the final pataphysical reality that lurks behind all of Philip K. Dick's writing — that the absurdity of the world his characters inhabit and of our own is one and the same. Which you ought to bear in mind next time you run into Abraham Lincoln on the street.

John Clute: *Washington Post Book World* February 22, 1981, pp. 6

Philip K. Dick: *The Return of the King*

It's beginning to look as though greatness has been thrust upon Philip K. Dick. This greatest of science fiction writers -- though he's by no means the best writer of science fiction -- a distinction we'll try to show makes a distinction we'll try to show makes sense -- has just come though an appalling decade, through a series of experiences no one in his right mind would exactly volunteer for, and arrives in 1981 bearing at long last triumphant evidence of his survival, in the shape of two new novels, *VALIS* (Bantam Books, \$2.25), and *The Divine Invasion* (Timescape Books/ Simon and Schuster, \$12.95, due later this spring). Though the only characters both books have in common are what you might call as-



pects of God and his adversary, the second, a genre novel science-fictionalizing the Second Coming, is a close sequel to and partial resolution of the first, a tortured autobiographical confession just this side of lunacy. Both novels are about the nature of being and why we live in the shadows: both are formulations of Philip K. Dick's self-lacerating, feverish, deeply argued refusal to believe that the diseased prison of a world we all live in could possibly be the "real" world.

There are two forms of this refusal: refusal to accept the world for what it is; refusal to believe that the world is what it seems to be. The first is the response of a revolutionary, or an entrepreneur. The second is the response of a prophet, or a lunatic. In a career which began in 1952 and reached its productive peak in the 1960s with novels like *The Man in the High Castle* (1962), *Martian Time-Slip* (1964), *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* (1965), *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* (1968) and *Ubik* (1969), Dick has consistently applied the ample resources of the science fiction genre to an impassioned examination of the masquerades of being. His entrepreneurs manipulate being; his prophets transform it. Time and again, reality is seen as a cruel hoax, and that in which we invest our trust and our very lives turns out to be a simulacrum managed for profit by figures of malign power, like Palmer Eldritch, dealer in a reality-transforming drug. But how do you tell the simulacrum from the real thing? When you cannot tell -- and ultimately Dick's entrepreneurs never can -- then you are in hell. Palmer Eldritch is as deeply imprisoned as his victims.

In the earlier novels, these profound misadventures tend to be embedded in the kind of science fiction surrounding that Dick has long been a master of: His claustrophobic urbanized solar system -- with its obsessive power figures, androids, autonomic taxicabs, computer psychiatrists, metamorphic aliens and idiot-savant children who plumb deeper realities than we can -- has become immediately recognizable to most genre readers. And because he has always written for this restricted but demanding market,

Dick has always been remarkably easy to read, however difficult his message, which is that something like God is with us, inhabiting this world; but that he is a fake God, as trapped as we are.

And this, of course, is terribly wrong. It is terribly frightening to live in hell, oppressed, diseased, deluded, alone. As he has made clear in interviews, at the beginning of the 1970s Dick was coming closer and closer

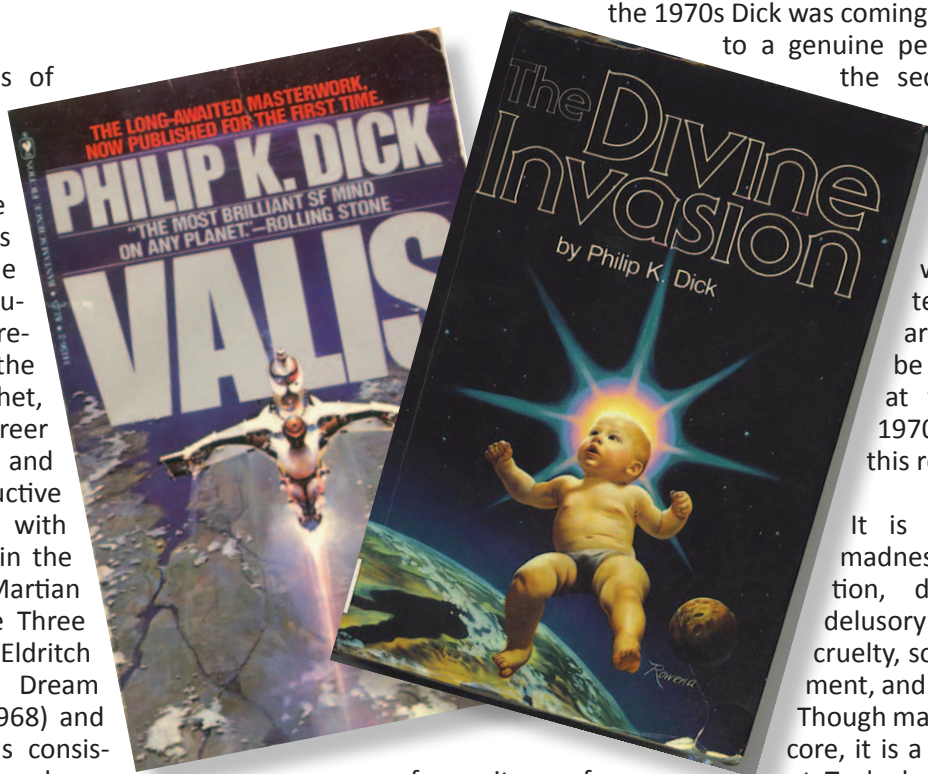
to a genuine personal refusal of the second kind -- he

was beginning to refuse to believe that the "real" world could be the hell we live in like netted fish: The sea around us must be Belial's. Written at the end of the 1970s, *VALIS* is about this refusal.

It is therefore about madness, pain, deception, death, obsessive delusory states of mind, cruelty, solitude, imprisonment, and it is a joy to read. Though madness inhabits its core, it is a testimony to the art. To deal with the complexities of his confession of sustained psychosis -- of delusional insights he still half-believes in -- Dick divides himself through most of the text two characters, a first-person narrator named Phil who has written the books Dick has written, and Horselover Fat, whom Phil admits from the very first is himself, Philip K. Dick. It is Horselover Fat who received the pink-light laser messages from the stars, who gums together Gnostic doctrines, Talmudic exegetics, Zoroastrianisms, Von Daniken and the Lord knows what to lend verisimilitude to his basic redeeming obsession -- the conviction that he had witnessed a benign power "which has invaded this world" like a champion ready to do battle. The universe might be irrational, but something rational had broken into it, as a thief in the night breaks into a sleeping household.

Men and the world are mutually toxic. But God -- the true God -- has penetrated both, penetrated man and penetrated the world, and sobers the landscape . . . "VALIS" (Vast Active Living Intelligence System) is another name for God, and has communicated with Horselover Fat,

Men and the world are mutually toxic. But God -- the true God -- has penetrated both, penetrated man and penetrated the world, and sobers the landscape . . . "VALIS" (Vast Active Living Intelligence System) is another name for God, and has communicated with Horselover Fat,



telling him that the garden is at hand. He need only decipher the clues that lie within and without. In passages both moving and hilarious, Horselover and Phil share with each other the ongoing revelations. But when we learn, late in the book, that for eight years Phil has “actually” been projecting a delusory Horselover Fat into “real life” as a shield against the intolerable death of loved ones, and to deal with his (Phil’s own) drug-induced schizoid fragility, we begin to see the artfulness in the way Dick has chosen to handle (like a magician, or a writer) material too nutty to accept, too admonitory to forget, too haunting to abandon.

There is a gaiety in playing with fire like this, in having your cake and eating it right on the brink, a gaiety which transfigures the dread of the subject matter. And after reading VALIS, it is the joy that remains: We are glad that Dick is with us. Toward the end of the book, “VALIS” seems to manifest itself in the form of a child, but the child dies, it is only another hoax, another play of shadows. In The Divine Invasion, the child is born again, this time into a science-fiction universe of the sort Dick has created stories about for decades, and this time comes through. The virgin Rybys becomes pregnant on a colony planet. Guided by the voice of God within her, she and her new husband and the prophet Elijah return to an earth under the sway of

Belial, whose minions contrive a prenatal accident, brain-damaging the child.

But God soon conquers the amnesia we are all victims to under Belial, and begins to bring the garden home. There was never any doubt. Sticking to the rails of a simpler artifice, Dick saves us from the horrors of VALIS but from its redeeming gaiety as well. (The theological resemblance of The Divine Invasion to C. S. Lewis’ Perelandra books tell the tale: We know we will be saved.) Though he has a master’s control over the idioms of science fiction, and demonstrates it in this effortless novel, Dick has never created a new world of much intrinsic interest: His surroundings give color to his explorations of the human condition, not the other way round. So The Divine Invasion, all surface and success, may seem oddly reticent, compared to its fiery predecessor. Perhaps this is what Dick intends. Perhaps he is saying “VALIS” can only be regained through the shape of a science fiction romance, that this temporary solace is our only escape from the black iron prison of our solitary state, stricken by amnesia from the bounties of the garden.

“Time and again, reality is seen as a cruel hoax, and that in which we invest our trust and our very lives turns out to be a simulacrum managed for profit by figures of malign power, like Palmer Eldritch”

It’s On!
Philip K. Dick Festival in Ft. Morgan, Colorado
March 3-4 2017.

Presented by the City and County of Fort Morgan in Association with Wide Books and PKD OTAKU.

Come join your host Lord Running Clam in this celebration of Philip K. Dick on the 35th anniversary of his Passing.

Details to follow on www.wide-books.com website.



IN TIME'S EMPIRE THEY WERE ALL SLAVES

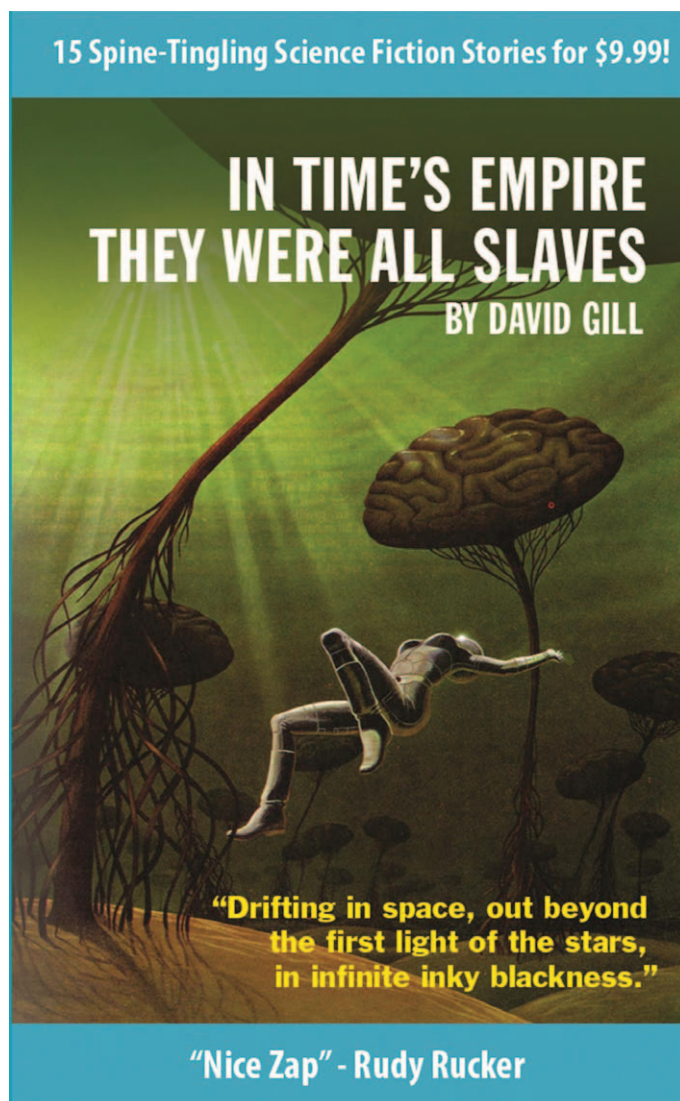
by David Gill (PravicSF.com 2015)

Reviewed by Ganymede Slim Mold

This volume of short stories from The Total Dickhead has a great cover by artist Jean Francois Penichoux and an engaging title. When I got my copy from David at the Fullerton PKD Conference just concluded, I found a few quiet minutes to read it. And that's all it takes: a few quiet moments to be sucked into these deceptively short stories. The title story, "In Time's Empire They Were All Slaves" tells of a boy and a girl at a drive-in

movie, getting hot, while overlaid on the Black Iron Prison of life Spartacus fights the Empire to free the slaves. Not a long story, but like the stab of a Roman spear to the side while you're sitting there watching The Andy Griffith Show in black and white on a six-foot giant TV. The Empire never ended.

These stories start short but grow in length. In "Reentry" a doomed astronaut unfortunately infected with an alien disease is clinically left to die by a distant disembodied voice. In "The Guitarist" Jimi Hendrix is summoned by a futuristic loser to do... nothing? And, just one more brief summary: in "What Comes Home" a cyborg returned from the space war feels his heart grow as cold as his metal carapace when he gets home.



There's fifteen of these little 'zaps' as Rudy Rucker calls the book on the cover blurb. I've yet to read them all but, you know, when I want to it will only take me a few minutes per story! I can do it while writing a book review even. I've just read "Upon A Sea Of Searching" wherein an abandoned and lonely robot seeks meaning in the universe.

So I keep the book in my back pocket and instead of butt-dialing the local police I can sit comfortably knowing I have a strange universe in my pocket. And for only \$9.99 that's a good deal.

...GAME REVIEW...

CALIFORNIUM - a review

by Andre Welling

I recently downloaded and "played" the PKD PC game Californium. It is a lot like having some fascist bald eagle melt portals to the black iron prison through your psychedelic-colored California reality skin whenever you try to focus on the things that unreliably flicker in the corner of your eye. Plus getting trashed for being a shitty father and husband by voices and texts. Plus your place is a mess and you are thoroughly fucked up. My game-adept daughter told me that playing this game is obviously supposed to make you as crazy as its protagonist. She is probably right. I still can't make it past level one. You never know what to do! Maybe that IS the PKD essence.

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Notes & Comments

"Always Wanted to Do LSD With Philip K. Dick? You'll Love Playing Californium" – [Wired online headline](#) 2/18/2016

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There is a PKD reference in David Cronenberg's recent novel *Consumed*. The narrator and his wife are at the Cannes film festival and see a North Korean film called *The Judicious Use of Insects*, the viewing of which totally unhinges the wife. The narrator says:

Had she had a stroke, a cerebrovascular accident while we watched *Judicious* in the jury box at Cannes? Had the stroke clouded her brain with cosmic portent while the images of peasants, warrior priests and insect harvest flowed over us? (I thought of Philip K. Dick's post-stroke religious novel *The Divine Invasion*.)

I had two thoughts upon reading this. One, I don't believe *The Divine Invasion* was post-stroke. Was it? If it does explain, to some degree, that very curious novel? But what then of Timothy Archer as sane a book as Phil ever wrote? Second, I found myself trying to imagine what a film version of *The Divine Invasion* as directed by David Cronenberg could possibly look like. I confess I simply could not visualize such a thing.

In an interview in the January 2015 issue of the *Nightmare* ezine, Cronenberg elaborated:

That brings us back to Philip K. Dick, this idea of subjective reality, and in *Consumed* you do mention Philip K. Dick's novel, *The Divine Invasion*. Is there a particular reason you mentioned that novel?

You have to not take it out of context; this was Aristide talking about a change in his wife, Célestine, in which she started to have what he thought were delusions about her body — an infestation, in particular, of insects into her left breast — and wondering if she perhaps had a stroke that altered her brain. And I was thinking about Dick's *Divine Invasions*; his post-trip work became religious in an odd way, and hallucinatory in a way it hadn't been; a strange version of Christianity. He died of multiple strokes, because he used amphetamines so consistently, and it has been suggested that the visions he was having were induced by his strokes rather than a religious conversion.

And that's why it was mentioned in the book.

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THE DARK SCANNER

"If a movie is set in a surreal, paranoid, and disturbing future, it probably came from the brain of Philip K. Dick" by Dick Teresi. -- [Penthouse](#): April 2006

*

What has caused the PKD explosion? Perhaps it's a result of Hollywood's love affair with the man's work, which prompts fans to find the source material.

Or maybe our modern technological society, where in our online lives virtually all of us maintain multiple personalities and live in fear of surveillance and lack of privacy, has finally got to the point where we can appreciate Dick's ideas.

"It is very tangled," says David Sandner, a professor at California State University and an expert in science-fiction and fantasy literature. "But I think it is more the latter: there's something there in PKD's work that speaks to our fears of being continually watched, of watching ourselves, of perhaps not being human any more but only peddling in identities that are commodified and controlled."

"Our society has become only more alienating, paranoid and uncanny since he wrote, and so he seems to tell us something about trying, perhaps futilely, to be human today."

-- Michael Hewitt, "How Philip K. Dick became a literary lodestone for the modern age" [South China Morning Post](#), 02 December 2015

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Speaking of fanzines, here are a few we would love to see:

Knights

#19 (Dec 1977) "Done in on Dick" by Ron Snyder

Ashwing [or Ash-Wing?]

#11 (Jan. 1973) "Philip K. Dick's first speech"

#16 (May 1975) "Story by PK Dick"

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Another shout-out in a book review:

"Sweterlitsch's debut is a wild mash-up of Raymond Chandler, Philip K. Dick, and William S. Burroughs and, like their work, utterly visionary."

So says Stewart O’Nan reviewing Tomorrow and Tomorrow by Thomas Sweterlitsch. Actually a pretty good novel and well worth your inspection but, honestly, I get neither the PKD nor the Burroughs reference. Once again I can only assume “Philip K. Dick” is some sort of journalistic shorthand for anything having to do with reality games.

Not a terrible thing, I suppose.

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Actually, this sounds promising.

[Io de Sosa’s] follow-up, *Androids Dream*, is a brilliant take on Philip K. Dick’s *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, the inspiration for *Blade Runner* (1982). In de Sosa’s version, the dystopic modernist urban landscape of Benidorm serves as the backdrop for a psychopathic blade runner who guns down much more human-than-him replicants. De Sosa’s anonymous blade runner is no world-weary Harrison Ford: he’s just a killer. His quarries are working-class Joes, a bearish gay guy, a young family - normal people. De Sosa also picks up Dick’s main theme of human empathy for other species - sheep in particular - which was mysteriously absent from Ridley Scott’s version. Using a 16mm camera, De Sosa pulls out an arsenal of techniques, from a James Benning-like opening sequence, cataloguing building exteriors, to a sequence of hand-held whip pans and rapid-fire editing that harks back to avant-garde master Stan Brakhage’s concept of the untutored eye - the idea of looking at filmic images unprejudiced and without expectation. His cold take on the trajectory of his blade runner is a critique not only of the future, but of life in present-day Spain. Terror can and will strike from anywhere. The possibility of maintaining any sort of ostensibly normal, peaceful life is under threat from the heartless agency of the powers that be.

“De Sosa also picks up Dick’s main theme of human empathy for other species - sheep in particular - which was mysteriously absent from Ridley Scott’s version.”

Nicholas Vroman, *Sight & Sound* magazine May 2016

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“Fake Philip K Dick”

A recent twitter feed by “pixilatedboat” constructed a number of “Books Philip K Dick didn’t write” including:

The Many Simulations of Our Father the Egg
On Rigel 9 the president is chosen by an egg. Only Bill Stamp knows that there is a second egg

I Cloudius

AI Scum suspects the sentient dope cloud he buys hash from is a cop. The cloud fears AI plans to disperse him with a leaf blower

Our Man Tub

Paul Tub is a psychic detective who hunts rogue holograms or maybe a psychic hologram who hunts rogue detectives, he’s not sure

The Not-Person

Pat Pup’s person detector has detected he’s not a person. Can he hide this from his superiors in the Being A Person Police?

Upon discovering these Andre Welling invented one of his own which is especially good:

Why I gave up Flip-Flopping in My Spare Time

Chip Lumky hosts “My greatest Failures” on inter-plan C-TV when his guest detonates a quantum splinter bomb in the C-Livestream. Why is Chip singing at the Opera now and is there any solutions to the Solar wave function that can stop the extra-galactic Mold hive ships already closing in on their million year assimilation cruise?

We at PKD Otaku look forward to the eventual publication



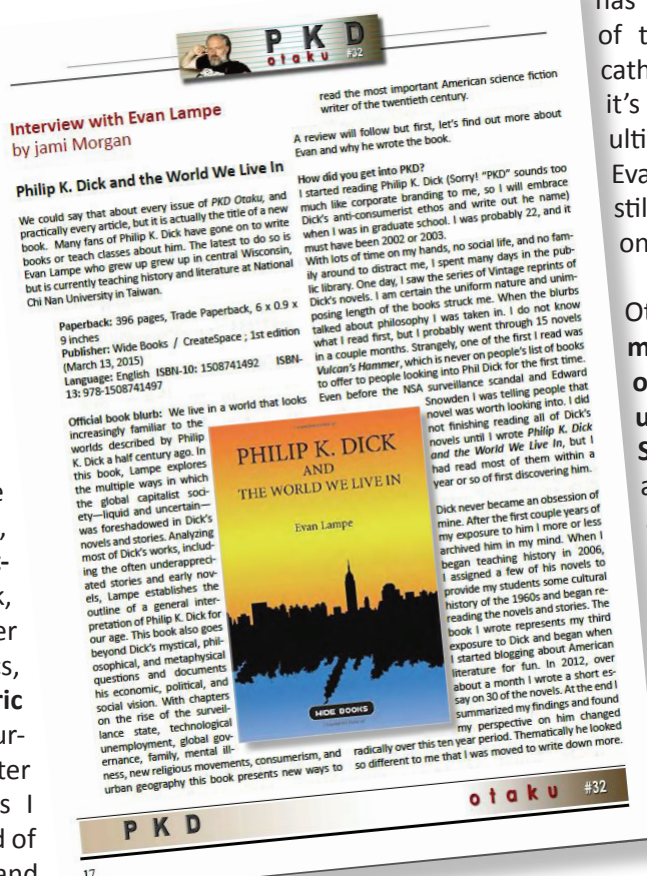
Letters to the Editor

From Richard Fahey

I was pleased to read the interview with Evan Lampe. I visit and comment on his Philip K. Dick Wordpress blog and have recently rediscovered his old Neither Kings or Americans blog, to which I did contribute to regularly. I was pleased to see an excerpt from my Amazon review of his book also.

He discusses his neglected early novels. Well, "Eye in the Sky" and "Time Out of Joint" are two excellent novels that do contain elements of metaphysics and ontology, and there are probably very good reasons why they are regarded more highly than the other ones Evan mentioned, but among them, "Galactic Pot-Healer" is a much later work, written nearly two years later than his two revered classics, "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep" and "Ubik". It's not surprising that it shows a greater maturity than the two books I and the others Evan mentioned of Dick's first decade of writing, and is far superior I think to the last novel he wrote during the psychedelic age, "Our Friends from Frolix-8".

I'm not sure why it isn't regarded alongside his major works. I suppose it's too funny and flippant compared to his more profound works, but it does deal with very serious themes in an amusing way, and should be recognised for it. Anyway, for all of Evan's aviodance of Dick's metaphysical and ontological themes, GPH does seem to have it in abundance, but it does seem to work very well here, without clouding the sanguine themes Evan favours it and the other novels without for. Perhaps he missed something here.



For a start, it deals in a starkly theological way with fate, otherwise known as the Kalends here, but is dealt with in an abstract and earthly way, that is brilliant and unassuming. Evan says that the characters in GPH are subject to fate, but I don't agree with this if he means that they are doomed to fail in the task Glimmung has set them, for that is the point of their endeavour in raising the cathedral, to turn the tide against it's prediction. Yes, Joe Fernwright is ultimately doomed to failure, but as Evan quotes from the Glimmung, he still has a far better life than the one he left behind, and accepts it.

Other novels, such as "Dr Blood-money", "The Simulacra", "Clans of the Alphane Moon", "The Penultimate Truth" and the later "A Scanner Darkly", seem to emerge as novels highly regarded by fans and critics, without any strong metaphysical themes, if any. There's probably conceptual and craftmanly reasons for this that the others lack. It should be taken into account I think.

I agree with the statement he makes about the fuzziness in Dick's novels, but they very rarely offer any simple solutions. There's that atmosphere of uncertainty that clouds the most sanguine situations, that is his trademark.

From Perry Kinman

I sat down after work to reread the letters Phil wrote to the Carrs. The letter dated [late August, 1964] on page 90 of the Selected Letters: 38-71 can't possibly be at that date because it precedes the Pacificon 2 and the convention eve party (Sept 3 to 7). In the letter Phil writes as if they've already met. In particular "We cried when you left; ..." So, if anything it should be dated [mid September 1964]

Just an observation, I went through my file of "Letters Not In Selected Letters." I believe most of them are ones you sent me, ones from Bowling Green. It's too bad there isn't permission to print them in Otaku like two of the longest letters were in Radio Free PKD. I come to notice a note at the bottom of the letter to Philip Jose Farmer dated November 14, 1968 [Radio Free PKD, Issue 7, Page 8] wasn't included in the Radio Free PKD version. The relevant letter part and note are:

"Let's see... superb job. Yes, there is that in our field, as I realized so fully when I finished Zelazny's LORD OF LIGHT. Do you think 'Riders,' LORD OF LIGHT, my THREE STIGMATA could have been written and sold ten years ago? And could we have written them? I couldn't, as far as mine goes. The field had no room for such as they.* The field ten years ago was Harlan Ellison appearing in every issue of every magazine. I'm not saying that to put down

Harlan, but it's true: the field was much smaller in every sense.

*If this is the wrong case, remember Gotterdammerung."

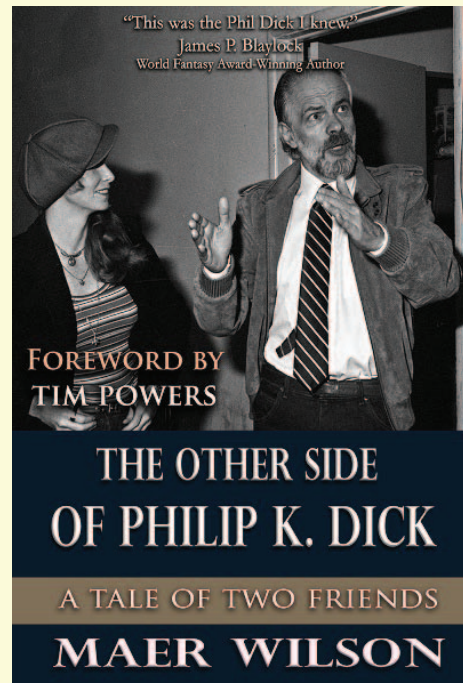
It's a music reference to Wagner's 'The Ring.' The last music drama of the set. Completed 26 years after Wagner first put pen to paper. The text of the complete cycle took a little over 5 years; 1848-1853 (plus a few revisions later), and the score took from Nov 1853 to Nov 1874, 21 years. I think Phil was saying the SF field wasn't ready for their kind of SF, and they weren't able to write it anyway. They had to grow and mature.

I'm always happy for more additions to my giant PKD Music database. There were a few more references in other letters and RFPKD. They have been added.



Kudos to the great Greg Lee who Edited this wonderful homeopape many years ago and kept things running for Dickheads

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Valid

REACHING FOR HANK SNOW II

by Perry Kinman

it reached down
through its abdomen
the molecules in its cells and chrome
sliding among
those of artiforgs and circuitry
and found
the loose cables and power unit
and deftly connected them
together again
and the android known as Hank Snow
soared once again
on the wings of a snow white dove
clear and strong

they reached down
through their souls
the emotions in their fixation and rationalizations
sliding among
those of psychosis and neurosis
and found
the loose ids and egos
and deftly meshed them
together again
and the anamnesis of Hank Snows
soared once again
on the wings of snow white doves
clear and strong



“What comes to my mind in this regard would be when a tyrannical state so manages the news and so manipulates the ideas and thoughts of its citizens, shutting out facts from their purview entirely, that together they collectively share a sort of ersatz *koinos kosmos* which is nothing more than the Approved *Idios Kosmos* manufactured synthetically by the state. It could fail to incorporate into it certain vital elements, without which however many people share it and ratify it, it still fails to partake of reality - in the sense that an authentic *koinos kosmos* should.

Multiple incorrectness, however frequently ratified, does not create accuracy, does it not?”

- Philip K. Dick, Letter to Malcolm Edwards, January 29, 1975

“The greatest menace of the twentieth century is the totalitarian state.”

- Philip K. Dick. Interview with Charles Platt
‘Who writes Science Fiction?’ (p.166)

“His victory lies in breaking out from being a passive receiver of Morec’s reality structure and becoming the active shaper of his own reality. Like the artificial paradise of Other World, even Morec will disappear if it is not believed in.”

- Douglas A. Mackey in his book ‘Philip K. Dick’
(about Allen Purcell in The Man Who Japed)