

Above Photo of Phil © Tessa Dick, by kind permission

December 2018



Image created by Brent Houzenga

THE DICK FICTION CANON

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PKD **Otaku** is a zine made by fans for fans.

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

The PKD 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

So here we are at the ragged end of 2018 and the latest issue of *PKD Otaku*. Did any of Phil's stories take place in 2018? I wonder. I imagine some ultra-compulsive fan may have compiled a timeline wherein every date in every piece Phil wrote is tabulated. "June 5, 1992" (*UBIK*). "2405" (*Dr. Futurity*). "November 8, 2014" (*The Unteleported Man*). And so on. If anyone has done such a timeline please get in touch with us. In the real 2018 – I use the term "real" with some trepidation in any Philip K. Dick context, of course – world continues along its alarming trajectory.

Science fiction is always a crap shoot when it came to dates. Going long, so to speak, might save you some embarrassment in case actual events overtake you. It's an especially big problem for cyberpunk with its focus on the "near future." Not that it matters; science fiction can't tell us about the future, only about today. Or,

rather, the day it was written. Like George Orwell's *1984*, which is really about 1948. Your best bet, as a writer, is to go for a time far, far in the future. Like 2405. (Buck Rogers takes place in 2419. Did Phil know?) That way you can let your imagination go totally off the charts. The downside is that any far future scenario, by definition, is unbelievable. Earth four hundred years from now? How do you even think about it? That would be like asking Galileo to imagine 2018. But *Dr. Futurity*, with a plot examining sex, eugenics, birth control, youth cultures, marriage and totalitarianism, has nothing to do with the year 2405 but it has a lot to do with America in 1959. And, most likely, with Phil's own personal life and situation.

If Phil had written a story taking place in 2018, how would he have described it? Not accurately, you can be sure of that. Still, it would be interesting to compare his hypothetical thoughts about our current year with what we actually experience. He was a gifted writer. He called the shots on fake realities and fake presidents. Maybe there would be some illumination for us after all.

"He called the shots on fake realities"

2419
2405
2018
1992



Photo by kind permission (Anne Dick)



JJ-182: If I Could Publish the Fiction Canon

by Frank Hollander

Philip K. Dick wrote a lot of fiction. And that fiction has been published many times over. There is so much of it that just sorting through this great body of work can be rather complicated. Where to start? What comes next? Just how long is this ride, and to which strange places does it go? Such questions were a big part of the bibliographic adventure I started long ago, when I first began hunting down all the novels. But what if those questions were easier for a newcomer to answer? What if I had the power to organize and present all the fiction differently than we have it now? Indeed, what if I could fix every problem I see with the books as they are now? What if somehow I could be the publisher of the entire fiction canon?

I speak now of these matters.

The Good News

As I started writing this in September 2015, we had reached a landmark moment. Gollancz reprinted NICK AND THE GLIMMUNG in the U.K., resulting in all of the quasi-officially canonized fiction to be available in a trade paperback edition through Amazon as a “new” book. I say quasi-officially, because whether intended, the reprinting and wide availability of these books has effectively created a Philip K. Dick canon, leaving aside only a small number of cast-offs. And though there is also a strong e-book publishing program operating in close parallel, I will not consider that here (nor the even stronger availability of audiobooks), noting that the general market shift in the direction of e-books has ended. Here is an accounting from that moment in 2015 (and perhaps still as you read this), with ISBN numbers:

- a core group of thirty-five books from Mariner (almost all previously published by Vintage during its long run of reprints from 1991 to 2005): GATHER YOURSELVES TOGETHER (9780547572628), THE COSMIC PUPPETS (9780547572383), SOLAR LOTTERY (9780547572611), THE WORLD JONES MADE (9780547572659), EYE IN THE SKY (9780547572543), THE MAN WHO JAPED (9780547572536), TIME OUT OF JOINT (9780547572581), DR. FUTURITY (9780547572208), CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST (9780547572499), VULCAN’S HAMMER (9780547572635), THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE (9780547572482),

WE CAN BUILD YOU (9780547572680), MARTIAN TIME-SLIP (9780547572574), DR. BLOOD-MONEY (9780547572529), THE GAME-PLAYERS OF TITAN (9780547572437), THE SIMULACRA (9780547572505), NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR (9780547572314), CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON (9780547572512), THE CRACK IN SPACE (9780547572994), THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH (9780547572550), THE ZAP GUN (9780547572710), THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH (9780547572475), COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD (9780547572192), UBIK (9780547572291), GALACTIC POT-HEALER (9780547572642), A MAZE OF DEATH (9780547572444), OUR FRIENDS FROM FROLIX 8 (9780547572598), FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID (9780547572253), UBIK: THE SCREENPLAY (9780547572697), DEUS IRAE (9780547572222), A SCANNER DARKLY (9780547572178), VALIS (9780547572413), LIES, INC. (9780547572567), THE DIVINE INVASION (9780547572420), and THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER (9780547572604)

- Del Rey’s cash cow: DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? (9780345404473)
- a straggler from Vintage: RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH (9780679781370)
- five mainstream novels from Tor: VOICES FROM THE STREET (9780765318213), PUTTERING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND (9780765328359), IN MILTON LUMKY TERRITORY (9780765316967), THE MAN WHOSE TEETH WERE ALL EXACTLY ALIKE (9780765316936), and HUMPTY DUMPTY IN OAKLAND (9780765316912)
- four books that fell through the cracks in the U.S. for one reason or another, all available from Gollancz in the U.K.: MARY AND THE GIANT (9780575074668), THE BROKEN BUBBLE (9780575133082), THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER (9780575133129), and NICK AND THE GLIMMUNG (9780575132993)
- the Citadel reprint editions of the venerable five-volume THE COLLECTED STORIES OF PHILIP K. DICK, which have gone through various titles and covers but remain pretty much the same on the inside (at press time the latest editions, from 2016–2017, are 9780806537962, 9780806537986, 9780806537993, 9780806537955, and 9780806537979)

That’s a total of fifty-one books that stared at me in Amazon shopping carts in 2015. At that moment, they could be had for \$546.13, plus £36.96 for the four Gollancz books.

Okay, that is great. Why not just enjoy what we have? By

most standards, that list of fifty-one books is an impressive feat of publishing, and a testament to the enduring popularity of Dick's writing. But for me, that is not enough. I want the ideal, the True Dick Canon. And there is plenty of room for improvement, to at least put us much closer to that ideal. For purposes of this article I will pretend I can wave a magic wand and overhaul the entire fiction canon of Philip K. Dick. So what are the problems I would address? Well, keep reading. I will discuss several issues in turn, and then present my version of the canon.

Completeness

There is no getting around it: I am a completist. I want access to all of the fiction, so would-be gatekeepers need to get out of the way and let me have it. The good news is that we are very far along the glorious path of completeness. But not all the way.

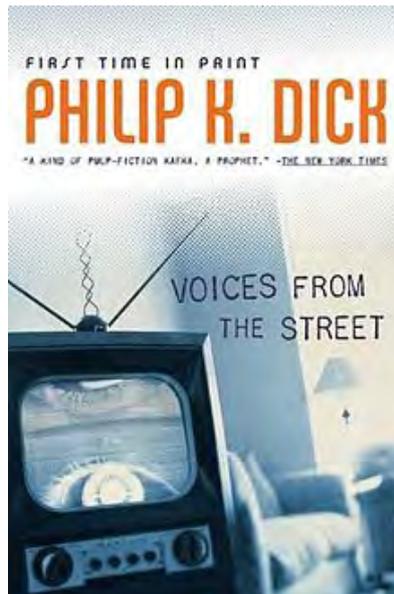
With the last extant unpublished novel (VOICES FROM THE STREET) finally released in 2007, the biggest remaining problem of completeness is in the five volumes of COLLECTED STORIES. As great as that collection is—a publishing masterpiece—it is not Dick's complete stories. Indeed, when Underwood/Miller published it in 1987 (Paul Williams was the uncredited principal editor), they notably did not call it the "Complete" stories. As stated in the notes for the stories, they excluded "short novels later published as or included in novels, childhood writings, and unpublished writings for which manuscripts have not been found."

The likely reasons for excluding the long stories that Dick expanded into novels are understandable. COLLECTED STORIES was already a very large, ambitious project for a small press, with uncertainties even about how many volumes would be required. Those extra stories would have been viewed as unnecessarily bloating the collection. Also, including those stories might have interfered with existing or potential contracts for exclusively publishing the expanded novel versions. Because I can ignore those reasons, I hereby reverse that decision and include all the unexpanded, uncollected stories in my version of the canon. I discuss each of the four such cases—"Time Pawn," "Vulcan's Hammer," "Cantata 140," and "The Unteleported Man"—later in this article. I also discuss the additional issue of the two distinct expanded versions of "The Unteleported Man," and the minor story "Goodbye, Vincent," which was discovered after the initial

publication of COLLECTED STORIES.

Another possible addition is Dick's childhood writings. It is nice to have access to the earliest writings of a great author, even though such items are not generally strong enough to stand with mature works. Surely there are no masterpieces among Dick's juvenilia, but nonetheless I believe they are particularly rich. He was published many times in his local newspaper while a teenager, receiving continuous feedback from a professional editor. Those early stories reflect Dick's adolescent interests in music, fantasy, and science fiction. I would include all of them in my Dick canon. See below for additional details.

Although I want all the fiction, I must draw a line somewhere. I would not canonize fragments or outlines of stories, nor poems, though such items are reasonably interesting. Similarly, it is great that so many of Dick's letters and other non-fiction writings have been published, but here I am just considering the fiction. I would happily include all such additional materials in some form of supplement. But the fiction canon should consist of Dick's completed prose fiction, which is what made his writing worthy of constructing a canon in the first place.



In most cases, only a single text for each work of fiction should be in the canon. Unlike some authors who edit and revise obsessively, in most cases Dick wrote and finished his works rather quickly, and viewed the published versions as his finished work. Also, in most cases there was effectively only one version ever published (but see below under **Accuracy** for the issue of mistakes in the reprinted texts). In the exceptional cases where there are known to be distinctly different versions of essentially the same piece of fiction, below I discuss which versions I would choose for the canon. Note that I

consider Dick's expanded versions of his stories (as noted previously and discussed in more detail below)—which were written at distinctly different times—to be separate works, regardless of how much duplication of text this creates in the canon.

So that is it. Alas, it is a sad truth that Dick's unpublished writings that are not extant simply cannot be published. Although I pretend here that I could publish the fiction canon, I am not going to extend my magic to find manuscripts that are not known still to exist. Nonetheless, I will daydream a little in the discussion below about Dick's later years in Berkeley, because his three lost novels from

that period are so regrettably absent.

Chronology

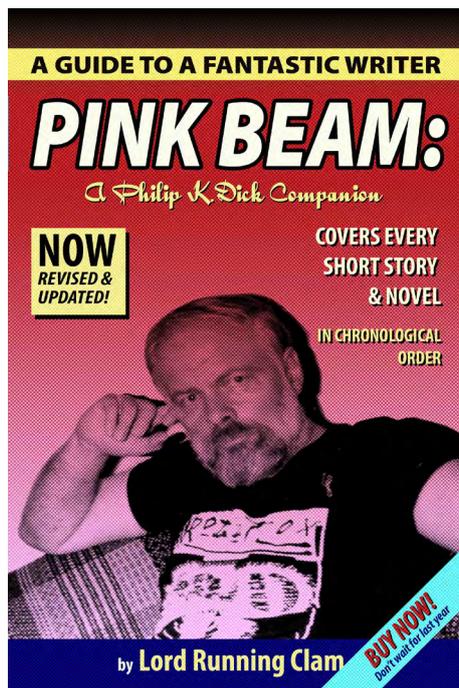
A complete collection of Dick's fiction needs an organizing principle. Since, unlike many prolific writers, Dick rarely used an internal chronology or other serial mechanism to link his writings, some other ordering must be adopted. As an initial step, it is possible to segregate the mainstream novels from the science fiction, as has largely occurred in the de facto canon. However, since Dick often freely mixed genre techniques into an otherwise mainstream narrative, or vice versa, I believe his entire range of approaches should be collected together. Similarly, I do not believe that the short fiction should be segregated the way it is now. Most of Dick's short stories are from his early career, and it is natural to read those in one giant batch. But keeping the later short works apart from the contemporaneous novels tends to obscure interesting connections among them. In addition, because Dick wrote shorter works of many different lengths, and his novels were not lengthy, any dividing line between his shorter and longer works would be rather arbitrary.

To organize all of Dick's fiction in a continuous sequence, the only good choice I see is to use his career timeline. Because there are too many important cases where publication of his writings was long delayed, I would not use the publication order. To best present Dick's fiction in a meaningful order for reading, I would use the dates of composition. Thanks to the detailed records kept by Dick's longtime agent, the Scott Meredith Literary Agency, and the pioneering work of Paul Williams and Gregg Rickman in studying those records, we have such a detailed chronology for the vast majority of Dick's fiction. (If interested in details, see Williams's *ONLY APPARENTLY REAL: THE WORLD OF PHILIP K. DICK*, Rickman's *TO THE HIGH CASTLE PHILIP K. DICK: A LIFE 1928–1962*, and the notes in *COLLECTED STORIES*, as I do not repeat that information here.)

Given what we know of Dick's work habits, a date that his agent received his submitted writing is a pretty good proxy for its date of composition. There are cases where despite these data, nailing down a single time when Dick completed a work is problematic because of a lengthy period of revision, or because an original outline long pre-

dated his finishing a novel. In adopting my version of the chronology, I generally use the date when Dick is known to have first substantially completed each work. In practice, he rarely made significant revisions, and he did not rely on his outlines. And though Dick struggled at times to respond to editorial direction, his initial submission of a completed work usually serves as a reliable marker for when it was done, at least as far as he was concerned.

Using a chronology based on order of composition is rather unremarkable, since that idea is the backbone that has long held *COLLECTED STORIES* together. For my version of the canon, I would largely use the same sequence, with the novels and uncollected stories simply merged in. There are exceptional cases where we do not have precise or reliable data, and I note some of those issues in laying out my canon below. But overall, we as Dick fans are in excellent shape using what is largely a common consensus. (Note that Lord RC, a.k.a. David Hyde, presents his own entirely workable version of the full chronology in *PINK BEAM: A PHILIP K. DICK COMPANION*, and used it also in the bibliographies he completed with Henri Wintz. One could follow that sequence and be just as rewarded as what I have assembled. Since Lord RC tends to use the earliest known references to the works rather than what I consider their dates of completion, our results differ on some



particulars.)

Physical Presentation

Having established the need for completeness, and a coherent chronological sequence, I next turn to the issue of how these works of fiction would take shape as physical books. For starters, any well produced set of related books should have a uniform appearance. But that is not sufficient. For instance, the current Mariner titles all look similar, but there are few clues towards any organizing principle, such as a numbering system or a meaningful color scheme. Nothing adequately differentiates the inferior novels from the more typical novels, or the gems. Nor is there any hint that at least some group of the books contains Dick's early works, and that others were written later. With over thirty books in the Mariner series, that creates a quite arbitrary-looking jumble. Any reasonably large set of books should be labeled in such a way as to suggest a roadmap to the whole.

Pink Beam proposed cover (unsued) by Nick Buchanan

Another issue is the length of the books. In order to integrate Dick's short stories and novels in a chronological sequence, there is no good choice I see other than presenting his works in volumes significantly larger than individual novels. The Library of America provides an excellent example, since the driving purpose of that series is to produce omnibus volumes—either complete or significant subsets of a major American author's writings (though their editors tend not to intermingle short stories and novels). In the most extensive case, the writings of Henry James, I count sixteen volumes so far. As with all the volumes in Library of America's main series, the James books have uniform black slipcovers (at least in the retail versions), with helpfully descriptive titles such as *NOVELS 1903–1911* and *COMPLETE TRAVEL WRITINGS: THE CONTINENT*. In another case more close to home, Ursula K. Le Guin lived to help curate at least her first three volumes, divided topically as: *THE COMPLETE ORSINIA*, and two numbered volumes of *HAINISH NOVELS & STORIES*.

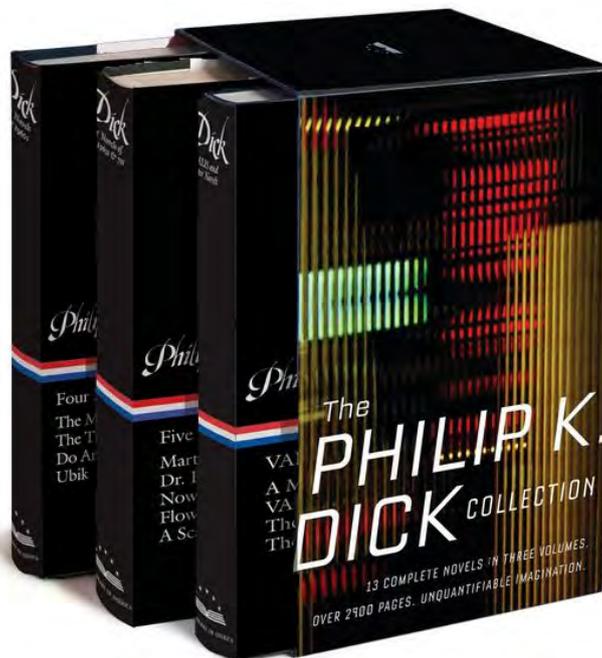
Because Dick's three volumes in the Library of America were science fiction trailblazers, they were brought out piecemeal, and stopped well short of completeness. Although I would structure and present my Dick canon somewhat differently, most notably for completeness, the physical volumes would be similar in many ways to that set of three books. Each of the Library of America volumes contains four or five Dick novels, with no more than about 400,000 words per book. Each of my volumes would present a similarly limited amount of fiction, which allows a variety of contents without being excessively bulky. One can imagine a stack of Library of America books as a reasonable approximation of what I have in mind for my Dick canon, though for readability I would use a more standard hardback size.

With all the volumes in my canon having a uniform appearance, and in chronological sequence, I would further visually differentiate the books based on the rather starkly episodic sequence of Dick's domestic life. Accordingly, there would be a group of volumes for each of four distinct time periods, based on the region where Dick lived when he wrote the contents. In addition to geography, this arrangement largely links each group of books with

one of Dick's wives. Although it is quite possible to appreciate the fiction without reference to the biographical, the relevance of such details are hard to ignore one they are grasped. With my hypothetical canon, knowing from which Dickian epoch one is reading would be as simple as glancing at the cover of the particular book. For further details, see below, where I present the contents and biographical context for each of the volumes.

Accuracy

The accuracy of Dick's reprint texts has been a sore point for me since many years ago when I discovered glaring errors in the *COLLECTED STORIES* version of his first published story, "Beyond Lies the Wub," in comparison to its original publication in *Planet Stories*. As I continued to collect first editions and compare them to the reprints, I found significant errors almost everywhere I looked. So a fundamental principle I would adhere to in creating my Dick fiction canon is to produce a set of carefully assembled and proofread texts. Nothing of this magnitude could be done without mistakes, and there is plenty of room to debate what would be the best choice in every case. But right now we are a long way from having a suitable set of complete texts that I could recommend for their accuracy.



As a general rule, Dick's editors published his writing with a lot of typographical errors. This is inescapable, as most of his work appeared originally in low budget magazines or paperbacks. Ideally, mistakes can be found and corrected over time, but since some kinds of errors are not apparent without reference to original texts, such errors tend to accumulate. Also, the various reprints, often involving resetting of texts for different publishers or book formats, often propagated old errors while creating new ones, all the while fixing relatively little. The result is that the texts we have now are simply not very accurate, and in some cases the mistakes are very hard to excuse. Glaring examples I have seen in the current U.S. reprint editions of the novels include the epigraph missing from *SOLAR LOTTERY*, and British punctuation styles in *THE CRACK IN SPACE*. Given the dramatic rise in Dick's reputation as an author, the relative prestige of his current publishers, and

the amount of film money his writings have generated, this sloppiness is particularly annoying.

In the particular case of the collected short fiction (admittedly a tougher sell with publishers, generally, than with novels), the editors of COLLECTED STORIES tended to use existing reprint collections for their copy texts, where available. To illustrate the sort of problems this caused, the very first error I found in “Beyond Lies the Wub” was where the ship captain said early in the story: “[b]ut when we run out halfway between Mars and Earth—” The earliest reprint, in THE PRESERVING MACHINE, omits the word “out”; without that word, the sentence makes some sort of sense anyway, but I am sure it is not what Dick wrote. In another example I discovered, in “The Builder,” there are complete sentences of missing text towards the end of the story. The British editor of the early collection A HANDFUL OF DARKNESS apparently chopped out some bits to save space in the typesetting. Even with various stories like “Mr. Spaceship” that were first reprinted posthumously in COLLECTED STORIES, there are sometimes many differences from the original published texts, and not all those changes are warranted. Only by going back to the original publications with fresh eyes can all these sorts of problems be rooted out.

One other problem of accuracy, which is particularly galling, is intentional editing of the internal dates in a story when a relatively old book is reprinted. In all the Del Rey editions of DO ANDROIDS DREAM

OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? that I know of, starting with the first “Blade Runner” edition, the dates are shifted forward twenty-nine years in the opening chapters (for example, 1992 becomes 2021). Originally this was done by the editors to match the movie, or otherwise to keep the book from being blatantly anachronistic in 1982. Of course, this editing strategy quickly becomes obsolete anyway, and now it means we have an embarrassing set of flaws in what is recognized as a classic text (and the problem infects the graphic novel version, which closely adapts the full novel’s text). As a result, most readers in the U.S. know this famous novel only through a mangled version (which also was sloppily edited in other ways I have found, such as dates not altered consistently, and dialog in chapter 10 “fixed” that was not broken; additional changes in later editions suggest that another generation of editors de-

cidated that Dick’s use of commas needed a complete overhaul). I do not know how widespread this problem of updated dates is in the novels generally (I suspect not very), but I have also seen it in the 1983 expanded edition of THE UNTELEPORTED MAN.

In addition to going back to the original publications to bypass mistakes introduced in reprints, there are various surviving original typescripts, mostly from later works, which I would also consult (using this venture’s magic wand for access, as most are in private hands). Although this opens up all sorts of potential misadventures in questioning sound editorial choices, I believe that finding mistakes introduced in typesetting of Dick’s typescripts would be a relatively straightforward process. Using my not-quite-complete copy of the typescript of GATHER YOURSELVES TOGETHER, I have successfully experimented a bit with finding mistakes in the published versions (though the novel’s original small press publication is not a typical example).

However, in many cases, especially with most of the short stories, there are no known extant typescripts to consult. As a result, we cannot know what changes various editors made to Dick’s texts. This is particularly vexing in the

case of H. L. Gold, known for editing Galaxy, and also known for heavy-handed editing of his authors, to the point of tampering. Dick in particular was one of several who complained about Gold’s editing practices, yet I

“As a rule I do not believe Dick had much of a hand in proofreading his story collections”

know of no recorded instance where Dick specified which stories were tampered with, or how. So that is the sort of textual problem I cannot realistically hope to fix.

On a related note, as a rule I do not believe Dick had much of a hand in proofreading his story collections, even those with his extensive story notes. For instance, on eBay I have seen a set of author’s galleys for THE BEST OF PHILIP K. DICK, which reportedly contains only five corrections by Dick. I believe that such cases, though interesting, and worthy of discovery and analysis, are minor exceptions to the rule that Dick did not seek to correct his previously published texts. Because the original publications are often the best sources we have, the task of editing for accuracy is a lot more straightforward than it might have been otherwise.

The one ongoing bright spot in the quest for accuracy has been digitization, which allows new editions to be prepared more accurately, even with major changes to typesetting. However, that advantage seems to inspire more corner-cutting on proofreading, and allows new categories of mistakes. For instance, in the first printing of the first Library of America volume, the title THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH is spelled wrong on the dust jacket. In THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, the word “modern” appears on page 42 instead of “modern”—surely an OCR mistake, not possible to catch with routine spell-checking, and also very difficult to spot through traditional proofreading of the printed book. Nonetheless, Library of America’s editing practices are exemplary. They try to document all the cases where they made a correction to the copy text, and in later printings they correct and document newly found errors, including those that they introduced. I would follow a similar practice with my Dick canon.

Critical Apparatus

Although I like grand scholarly editions, my Dick canon would have only a moderate amount of critical apparatus. I believe that Dick’s use of plain, accessible language is a big part of why his writing is so popular and enduring. Thus, in general it is best to simply present the fiction and let the readers make their own sense of it. However, there are limits to that accessibility, caused often enough by Dick’s love of German, his references to now obscure people, brand names, and music, and his occasional exploration of quite esoteric subjects. Here again, the Library of America volumes are exemplary, in providing explanatory notes for non-invented words and names that cannot be found in a good dictionary. Their THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE notes are a particularly noteworthy example, untangling a large number of increasingly obscure historical references. In some cases, such as with literary allusions, I would not go as far in providing explanatory notes. I also would depart from Library of America’s practices by using footnotes rather than endnotes for most such material. I would expect all of the footnotes to be useful to most readers, and thus their obtrusiveness would be outweighed by their utility (though inevitably, some readers would howl in outrage at seeing footnotes).

I also would depart from Library of America’s practice of not including introductions, though I would very much limit such material. I would summarize, in a spoiler-free manner, the basic bibliographic and biographic facts underlying the contents of a particular volume, and note any particular oddities—similar to what I have written in the main body of this article. (Sorry, there would not be any puzzle-unlocking critical theories and the like.) The back

of each book would contain notes on any changes to the copy texts (see above about Accuracy), a full and accurate bibliographic summary of the contents, and in some cases there would be appendices for additional items such as alternative texts, outlines, fragments, poems, and such.

Illustrations

I would not commission new art to illustrate any of the fiction. Nor would I include old art, though many of Dick’s stories were illustrated in their original publications. As a side project, it would be great to organize and present that original material—perhaps in facsimile volumes, or similar—so that readers could enjoy the stories in a manner closer to their original context. But for the sake of uniformity, and to focus on Dick’s writing, I do not believe that illustrations belong in the canon. However, an exception is the several cases, such as “The World She Wanted” and “The Unteleported Man,” where Dick apparently wrote a story on commission to fit a particular piece of magazine cover art. Ideally, I would want to include copies of those covers in appendices, though I view this as a minor issue.

The JJ-182 Canon

Now that I have set out the standards for my Dick fiction canon, what is this about *JJ-182*? The answer is that it is simply what I decided to call this collection as I have defined it: the *JJ-182 Canon*. The reason for the name is that after many years of putting together lists of fiction that became this canon, the list I settled on contains 182 items. I was tempted to assign opus numbers, but that sounded too pompous and authoritative. Because the number 182 is suggestive of JJ-180, the drug from NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR, I decided to call the canon *JJ-182*, and assign each item a *JJ-number*, from JJ-001 to JJ-182.

And so the moment has arrived, to present the *JJ-182 Canon* in all its glory. Consistent with the principles discussed above (see especially **Chronology**), I divide the *JJ-182 Canon* into thirteen volumes of manageable size, with each volume covering a specific time period, and each group of volumes tied to the particular part of California where Dick lived, as well as (more or less) the influence of one of his wives (and unspecified others). I also assign a general color scheme for the covers, as follows:

- five volumes covering the Berkeley period, 1942 to 1958, featuring the influence of Kleo (with guest star Jeannette), with the color gray representing Dick’s rather bleak, urban, sociological outlook
- four volumes covering the West Marin period, 1959 to 1964, featuring the influence of

Anne, with the color brown representing literal “down to earth” pastoral matters

- two volumes covering the Oakland and San Rafael period, 1965 to 1971, featuring the influence of Nancy, with the color purple representing a time of groovy or not so groovy drug freakouts
- two volumes covering the Orange County period, 1972 to 1982, featuring the influence of Tessa, with the color pink representing a certain well known, vast, active, living intelligence system

That, in a nutshell, is the *JJ-182 Canon*, or more particularly, the *Thirteen Volume JJ-182 Canon*. Below, I list the title and contents of each of the thirteen volumes, and discuss them in turn.

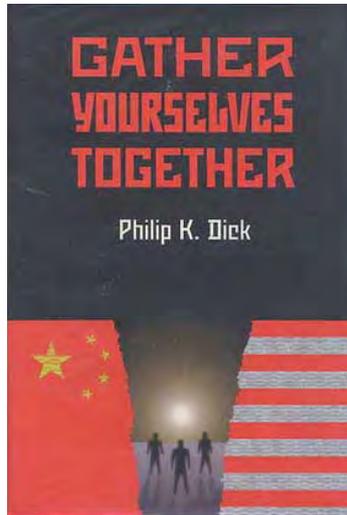
As an extra bonus, I subdivide each of the thirteen volumes roughly in half, to create a *Twenty-Six Volume JJ-182 Canon*, which might be a more comfortable size for paperbacks (also more product!). One can identify the dividing line for each subvolume by noting the semi-colon and line break in the list of contents, such as between GATHER YOURSELVES TOGETHER and “Roog” in the first volume. Otherwise, I do not further discuss this larger set of hypothetical books.

BERKELEY FICTION I: 1942–1952

“Le Diable” (JJ-001), “The Handy Puddle” (JJ-002), “Jungle People” (JJ-003), “The Black Arts” (JJ-004), “The Highbrow” (JJ-005), “Santa’s Return” (JJ-006), “A Satire on the Translating of Sixteenth Century Prophetic Verse” (JJ-007), “The Magician’s Box” (JJ-008), “The Slave Race” (JJ-009), “The First Presentation” (JJ-010), “The Visitation” (JJ-011), “Program Notes on a Great Composer” (JJ-012), “Stability” (JJ-013), and GATHER YOURSELVES TOGETHER (JJ-014);
 “Roog” (JJ-015), “The Little Movement” (JJ-016), “Beyond Lies the Wub” (JJ-017), “The Gun” (JJ-018), “The Skull” (JJ-019), “The Defenders” (JJ-020), “Mr. Space-ship” (JJ-021), “Piper in the Woods” (JJ-022), “The Infinities” (JJ-023), “The Preserving Machine” (JJ-024), “Expendable” (JJ-025), “The Variable Man” (JJ-026), “The Indefatigable Frog” (JJ-027), “The Crystal Crypt” (JJ-028), and “The Short Happy Life of the Brown Oxford” (JJ-029)

BERKELEY FICTION I: 1942–1952 begins with Dick’s juvenilia, from his childhood in Berkeley. The first twelve stories—all quite short—were originally published between

1942 and 1944 in the “Young Authors’ Club” column in the *Berkeley Daily Gazette* newspaper. These stories have only been fully collected in a limited edition book I edited in 2014, *YOUNG AUTHORS’ CLUB: THE WARTIME ADOLESCENT WRITINGS OF PHILIP K. DICK* (reviewed in *PKD Otaku #32*; the book also includes a few of Dick’s poems). “Stability,” a longer story from Dick’s teenage years, written no later than 1947 (and first published in 1987), dovetails well with his other unpolished writings.



GATHER YOURSELVES TOGETHER, an early mainstream novel (not published until 1994), is ostensibly about a group of Americans in China around 1949 when the Nationalists were defeated on the mainland. It is not known with any certainty when Dick wrote this very awkward book. My guess is that he finished it a year or two after his brief first marriage and divorce in 1948 to Jeannette, who I believe is the model for the Barbara character. Based on that timing,

GATHER YOURSELVES TOGETHER appears in this volume before any of the stories Dick sold professionally.

Dick met Kleo in 1949, and they married in 1950. The remainder of this volume contains the stories Dick steadily sold soon thereafter to a booming magazine science fiction market, from late 1951 until he obtained an agent in the middle of 1952. These early sales—“Roog” through “The Short Happy Life of the Brown Oxford”—are all included in the first volume of *COLLECTED STORIES* along with “Stability.” Because the information we have about their exact order of composition is spotty, I simply accept the chronology as established in *COLLECTED STORIES*, which mostly follows their order of publication.

Uncertainty about the chronology extends further. Once Dick achieved a toehold in the market, he was able to sell more of the finished stories he presumably already had on hand—perhaps polishing them as necessary—as he also continued to write new material. It follows that some stories were rejected by magazine editors when Dick submitted them, but his agent later was able to sell them. Any such stories likely would be among those at the beginning of the next volume.

BERKELEY FICTION II: 1952–1953

“The Builder” (JJ-030), “Meddler” (JJ-031), “Paycheck” (JJ-032), “The Great C” (JJ-033), “Out in the Garden” (JJ-034), “The King of the Elves” (JJ-035), “Colony” (JJ-036), “Prize Ship” (JJ-037), “Nanny” (JJ-038), “The Cookie Lady”

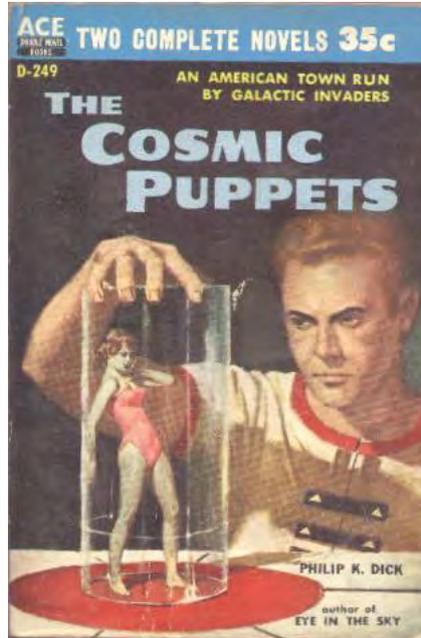
(JJ-039), “Beyond the Door” (JJ-040), “Second Variety” (JJ-041), “Jon’s World” (JJ-042), “The Cosmic Poachers” (JJ-043), “Progeny” (JJ-044), “Some Kinds of Life” (JJ-045), “Martians Come in Clouds” (JJ-046), “The Commuter” (JJ-047), “The World She Wanted” (JJ-048), “A Surface Raid” (JJ-049), “Project: Earth” (JJ-050), “The Trouble with Bubbles” (JJ-051), “Breakfast at Twilight” (JJ-052), “A Present for Pat” (JJ-053), “The Hood Maker” (JJ-054), “Of Withered Apples” (JJ-055), “Human Is” (JJ-056), “Adjustment Team” (JJ-057), “The Impossible Planet” (JJ-058), and “Impostor” (JJ-059); “James P. Crow” (JJ-060), “Planet for Transients” (JJ-061), “Small Town” (JJ-062), “Souvenir” (JJ-063), “Survey Team” (JJ-064), “Vulcan’s Hammer” (unexpanded) (JJ-065), “Prominent Author” (JJ-066), “Fair Game” (JJ-067), “The Hanging Stranger” (JJ-068), “The Eyes Have It” (JJ-069), “Time Pawn” (JJ-070), “The Golden Man” (JJ-071), “The Turning Wheel” (JJ-072), “The Last of the Masters” (JJ-073), “The Father-Thing” (JJ-074), “Strange Eden” (JJ-075), THE COSMIC PUPPETS (JJ-076), “Tony and the Beetles” (JJ-077), and “Null-O” (JJ-078)

BERKELEY FICTION II: 1952–1953 covers the numerous stories Dick submitted to his new agent between the middle of 1952 and the middle of 1953, during which he firmly established himself as a very productive professional science fiction writer. This includes stories from the end of the first volume of COLLECTED STORIES, the entire second volume, and many from the third volume. This impressive output, spanning about thirteen months, covers approximately a third of all the short fiction Dick wrote during his thirty-year professional career.

In addition to the numerous stories reprinted in COLLECTED STORIES, during the same period Dick also wrote “Time Pawn” and the original version of “Vulcan’s Hammer.” He heavily rewrote these two novellas when he expanded them into novels at the end of the decade (“Time Pawn” became DR. FUTURITY; see WEST MARIN FICTION I: 1959–1960). Except for an early reprint of “Vulcan’s Hammer,” both of the original versions are uncollected. Both stories are well worthy of inclusion in context with the other stories from his early career, and indeed I prefer them to the expanded versions.

The short novel THE COSMIC PUPPETS, which Dick wrote in the middle of 1953, was unsold until it was published in

magazine form in 1956 as “A Glass of Darkness.” The Ace double paperback version, THE COSMIC PUPPETS, published in 1957, contains a somewhat different text, most obviously in that the opening sections are shuffled around (note that both versions fall short of 40,000 words). But I believe THE COSMIC PUPPETS is effectively a reversion to Dick’s original text rather than a revision of “A Glass of Darkness.” The magazine editor appears to have edited “A Glass of Darkness” rather heavily-handedly in comparison, adding a topical reference to “Bridey Murphy” and slight changes to the timing so that the story reads as if it was occurring in 1956 rather than in 1953. Accordingly, I treat THE COSMIC PUPPETS as the preferred text, but I believe “A Glass of Darkness” is still worthy of a spot in the appendix for comparison.



BERKELEY FICTION III: 1953–1954

VOICES FROM THE STREET (JJ-079), “To Serve the Master” (JJ-080), “Exhibit Piece” (JJ-081), “The Crawlers” (JJ-082), and “Sales Pitch” (JJ-083); “Shell Game” (JJ-084), “Upon the Dull Earth” (JJ-085), “Foster, You’re Dead” (JJ-086), “Pay for the Printer” (JJ-087), “War Veteran” (JJ-088), SOLAR LOTTERY (JJ-089), “The Chromium Fence” (JJ-090), “Misadjustment” (JJ-091), “A World of Talent” (JJ-092), and “Psi-Man Heal My Child!” (JJ-093)

BERKELEY FICTION III: 1953–1954 covers a continued period of high productivity, from the middle of 1953 to the middle of 1954, during which Dick began a successful transition to writing and selling novels. This choice was consistent with the available commercial opportunities. The magazine science fiction field in which Dick thrived was beginning to collapse, while the fledgling paperback market was taking off.

VOICES FROM THE STREET, set in the middle of 1952, is Dick’s longest novel, at least among those extant (and it was also the last published, in 2007). It is unknown precisely when he wrote it, but my guess is that he finished it during a gap in his output around September 1953, which places the novel at the beginning of BERKELEY FICTION III: 1953–1954. In any case, placement in this period of transition is fitting, because it seems very likely from the timing that VOICES FROM THE STREET was Dick’s first substantial novel after becoming a professional writer.

Dick finished his first published novel, *SOLAR LOTTERY*, in early 1954. In addition to this familiar version in the U.S., which Donald A. Wollheim apparently edited for its original publication in an Ace paperback double in 1955, there is an alternative text, published in 1956 in the U.K. as *WORLD OF CHANCE* (and reprinted several times, but no longer published). As Gregg Rickman persuasively argues in *PKDS Newsletter #21*, *WORLD OF CHANCE* was probably edited by the British publisher from Dick's lost original text. *WORLD OF CHANCE* is shorter than *SOLAR LOTTERY*, with line editing to make his sentences more simplistic, perhaps to fit standards in the U.K.'s "juvenile" hardback market. However, *WORLD OF CHANCE* contains significant passages absent from *SOLAR LOTTERY*, and can also be viewed as a streamlined version of the same narrative. Although *SOLAR LOTTERY* is the preferred text, *WORLD OF CHANCE* is also important, and worthy of inclusion in an appendix.

The various short stories Dick wrote during this period are also the bulk of the stories in the third volume of *COLLECTED STORIES*, which coincidentally ends at the same point as *BERKELEY FICTION III: 1953–1954*, with "Psi-Man Heal My Child!" (except in the Citadel reprints, which switch "Second Variety" from the second volume to the end of the third due to a series of changes triggered by movie tie-in marketing for the original version of "Total Recall").

BERKELEY FICTION IV: 1954–1955

MARY AND THE GIANT (JJ-094), "Autofac" (JJ-095), "Service Call" (JJ-096), "Captive Market" (JJ-097), "The Mold of Yancy" (JJ-098), *THE WORLD JONES MADE* (JJ-099), and "The Minority Report" (JJ-100); *EYE IN THE SKY* (JJ-101), "The Unreconstructed M" (JJ-102), and *THE MAN WHO JAPED* (JJ-103)

BERKELEY FICTION IV: 1954–1955 covers Dick's transition to being a reliable writer of paperback science fiction novels, while the magazine market continued to shrink. However, *MARY AND THE GIANT* (published in 1987) leads off this volume. It was apparently a fresh attempt by Dick to write a mainstream novel after selling *SOLAR LOTTERY*, though its date of composition is rather uncertain. I place it in sequence here in large part because the book most plausibly fits during a lengthy gap in submissions to his agent in the middle of 1954. After Dick's science fiction output resumed, he wrote three additional novels by the end of 1955, and all would sell to Ace. He also wrote several more short stories—generally longer than his previous norm—which were reprinted at the beginning of the fourth volume of *COLLECTED STORIES*.

BERKELEY FICTION V: 1956–1958

THE BROKEN BUBBLE (JJ-104), and *PUTTERING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND* (JJ-105); *TIME OUT OF JOINT* (JJ-106), "Recall Mechanism" (JJ-107), "Explorers We" (JJ-108), *IN MILTON LUMKY TERRITORY* (JJ-109), and "War Game" (JJ-110)

BERKELEY FICTION V: 1956–1958 covers a period of three years during which Dick drastically altered course, attempting to make it as a mainstream novelist. Dick's heavy reliance on the single market for science fiction novels at Ace, with its commercial limitations, apparently frustrated him. (Ace published Dick's early novella "The Variable Man" as the title story of a collection with four of his other stories in 1957.) In addition, the once reliable magazine science fiction market was in tatters, reduced to a much smaller number of titles than at its height a few years prior.

Although the time frame of this volume suggests Dick suffered a drop-off in productivity, this is because he also wrote three apparently rather long novels during this period that are now lost. If we could somehow find them, this one volume would most likely comfortably swell into two. (Even if Dick later heavily cannibalized one or more of the lost novels, as is theorized, their separate inclusion would still be appropriate here under my criteria for canonization.) The first of the two hypothetically split volumes would look like this (note the quoted descriptions by readers of the lost novels):

A TIME FOR GEORGE STAVROS ("long, rambling, glum novel"), and *PILGRIM ON THE HILL* ("another rambling, uneven totally murky novel"); *THE BROKEN BUBBLE* (JJ-104), and *PUTTERING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND* (JJ-105)

This lineup represents one of Dick's most extraordinary bursts of writing, yet none of these four novels sold during his lifetime. (The two extant novels were published posthumously: *PUTTERING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND* in 1985, and *THE BROKEN BUBBLE* in 1988.) Dick apparently finished the first three during 1956, and sent them all to his agent over the course of a few weeks. He followed those with *PUTTERING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND* in the middle of 1957. Dick then made a more subtle shift in direction towards the end of 1957. This listing, of the second of the two hypothetically split volumes, suggests the change:

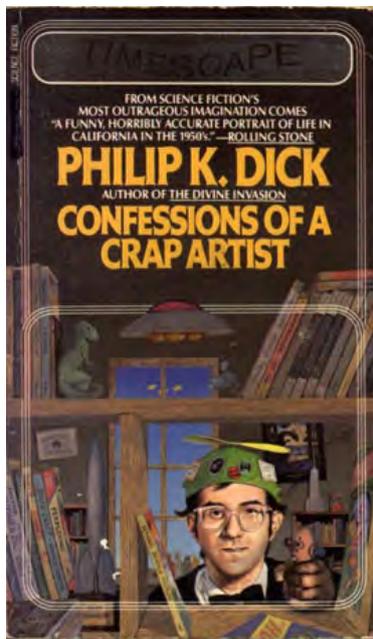
NICHOLAS AND THE HIGS ("very long, complex story"), and *TIME OUT OF JOINT* (JJ-106); "Recall Mechanism" (JJ-107), "Explorers We" (JJ-108), *IN MILTON LUMKY TERRITORY* (JJ-109), and "War Game" (JJ-

110)

Unlike his previous mainstream novels, *NICHOLAS AND THE HIGGS* was reportedly a bit of a hybrid of mainstream and science fiction elements. Certainly the next novel, *TIME OUT OF JOINT*, is such a hybrid. Selling that book to Lippincott must have seemed like Dick's long expected breakthrough. Lippincott was a venerable publisher with ambitions in science fiction; it would publish the science fiction classic *A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ* along with the mainstream classic *TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD* in 1960, and then brought out Thomas Pynchon's first novel in 1963. But the result for Dick was mostly disappointment. *TIME OUT OF JOINT*, his first U.S. hardback novel, simply did not cause much of a stir when it appeared in 1959, and it did not find a paperback publisher until 1965. (Although Lippincott is noted for packaging *TIME OUT OF JOINT* as a "novel of menace," the publisher at least advertised the book as science fiction.) In contrast, in the U.K., the novel had a strong influence on Dick's growing reputation after it was serialized in *New Worlds* and appeared in a book club edition.

Dick's career took yet another (rather brief) turn, reflected here in the short stories, though we only have sketchy information. He wrote scripts for the short-lived science fiction radio anthology show *Exploring Tomorrow*, which ran from the end of 1957 to the middle of 1958 on the Mutual Broadcasting System. At least two of the three short stories in *BERKELEY FICTION V: 1956–1958*, which might include holdovers in some form from the earlier years, were apparently adapted to or from those radio scripts. Each of the stories appears in the middle of the fourth volume of *COLLECTED STORIES* (though uncertainty caused "Recall Mechanism" to be earlier in that sequence than I have it here).

Dick wrote one more mainstream novel while he still lived in Berkeley. Like the previous efforts, *IN MILTON LUMKY TERRITORY* did not sell during his lifetime (it was published in 1985). My guess is that Dick's reported car journeys with Kleo that inspired the novel occurred during the presumably unsettling years in their marriage covered by *BERKELEY FICTION V: 1956–1958*. But just as he was finishing the novel, Dick's circumstances changed radically, starting with the move with Kleo from his urban college hometown, to pastoral West Marin.



WEST MARIN FICTION I: 1959–1960

DR. FUTURITY (JJ-111), *CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST* (JJ-112), and *VULCAN'S HAMMER* (JJ-113); *THE MAN WHOSE TEETH WERE ALL EXACTLY ALIKE* (JJ-114), and *HUMPTY DUMPTY IN OAKLAND* (JJ-115)

WEST MARIN FICTION I: 1959–1960 covers the first two years after Dick and Kleo rather inexplicably moved from Berkeley to Point Reyes Station (in the isolated part of Marin County known as West Marin) and Dick promptly left Kleo for the recently widowed Anne. He thus became a stepfather to three children, and soon a father to his own first child, Laura, and lived with Anne in a large, quirky house with farm animals in the yard. In this new setting, Dick made his last sustained effort to leave the science fiction field, but he did not abandon it altogether.

Facing new financial pressures, and losing the gig writing radio scripts, Dick accepted invitations from Ace to expand two of his previously published science fiction novellas (see *BERKELEY FICTION II: 1952–1953*). The addition of a widowed character in *VULCAN'S HAMMER* and the entire coastal Sir Francis Drake time travel plot line in *DR. FUTURITY* owe their existence to Dick's new environment and circumstances.

Dick wrote three more mainstream novels by the end of 1960. Although he continued attracting interest from publishers, he was not able to break through. *CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST*, featuring thinly disguised characters from his life in West Marin, was the only one of all his mainstream novels to be published while he lived, and that was many years later. (Paul Williams and David G. Hartwell brought out the book in a small press edition in 1975. The book appeared in regular editions in the U.K. in 1979 and in the U.S. in 1982. The last two mainstream novels were published in the big wave of "new" Dick books after he died: *THE MAN WHOSE TEETH WERE ALL EXACTLY ALIKE*, in 1984, was the first of the posthumous mainstream titles, and *HUMPTY DUMPTY IN OAKLAND* came out two years later in the U.K.)

WEST MARIN FICTION II: 1961–1963

THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE (JJ-116), and *WE CAN BUILD YOU* (JJ-117);

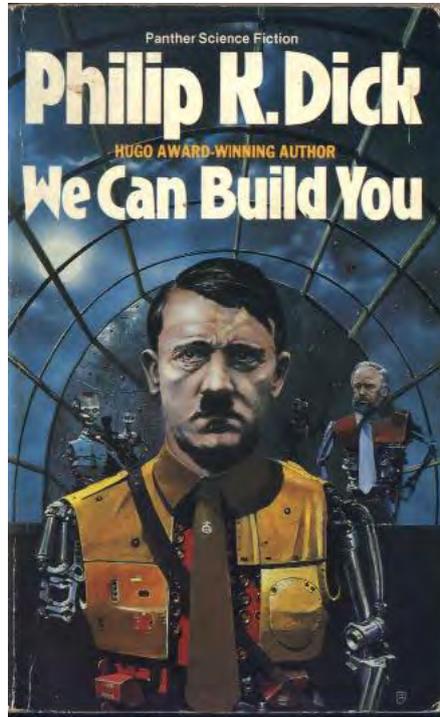
MARTIAN TIME-SLIP (JJ-118), and DR. BLOODMONEY, OR HOW WE GOT ALONG AFTER THE BOMB (JJ-119) WEST MARIN FICTION II: 1961–1963 covers the next years of Dick’s increasingly tumultuous marriage to Anne, on through to early 1963. First, he took a break from writing, and notably had no new works published in 1961. He then crafted a sensation with the Hugo Award-winning alternative history novel THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, which was published in 1962 in hardback by Putnam and received wide exposure in a book club edition. In a further burst of creativity, Dick continued experimenting with mainstream elements while writing his next three quirky science fiction novels. His breakthrough success was fleeting, however, as these novels would not repeat the achievements of THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE.

WE CAN BUILD YOU remained unsold until it appeared in 1969 in serial form as “A. Lincoln, Simulacrum.” The last chapter, written by editor Ted White to provide a more satisfactory ending, was removed from all subsequent reprints—first in 1972 as WE CAN BUILD YOU. This is a rare case where Dick both disavowed an editor’s tampering and preserved his preferred text. On the basis of Dick’s stated preference, and the fact that he did not write the deleted text, the WE CAN BUILD YOU version is clearly preferred. Nonetheless, the deleted chapter, originally published as Dick’s work—arguably with at least his acquiescence—deserves a place in an appendix if only for the sake of curiosity.

MARTIAN TIME-SLIP was first published in 1963 in serial form as “All We Marsmen,” followed by the book version in 1964 as MARTIAN TIME-SLIP. “All We Marsmen” has more chapter breaks and is a slightly shorter text, primarily because it was bowdlerized. Accordingly, the book version is clearly superior, and “All We Marsmen” does not even merit space in an appendix, except possibly to document the different chapter breaks.

DR. BLOODMONEY, OR HOW WE GOT ALONG AFTER THE BOMB, finished in early 1963, did not sell right away, but it was published by Ace in 1965. Dick is known to have criticized the title, created by Ace, with its obvious mimicking of Stanley Kubrick’s 1964 film title *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*. Some reprints of the novel, including the current Mariner paperback, have changed the long title to the simpler DR.

BLOODMONEY. I would restore the full title, which like the various others created for Dick by Ace and other paperback publishers, is indicative, for better or worse, of his time and place as a commercial writer (and who had little talent writing his own titles).



WEST MARIN FICTION III: 1963

“If There Were No Benny Cemoli” (JJ-120), “Novelty Act” (JJ-121), “Waterspider” (JJ-122), “What the Dead Men Say” (JJ-123), “Orpheus with Clay Feet” (JJ-124), “The Days of Perky Pat” (JJ-125), “Stand-By” (JJ-126), “What’ll We Do with Ragland Park?” (JJ-127), “Oh, To Be a Blobel!” (JJ-128), “The Little Black Box” (JJ-129), and THE GAMEPLAYERS OF TITAN (JJ-130); THE SIMULACRA (JJ-131), “Cantata 140” (JJ-132), NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR (JJ-133), “The War with the Fno-ols” (JJ-134), “A Game of Unchance” (JJ-135), “Precious Artifact” (JJ-136), and “Retreat Syndrome” (JJ-137)

WEST MARIN FICTION III: 1963 covers the extremely productive remainder of 1963—while his marriage to Anne all

but completely unraveled—in which Dick embraced, or at least accepted, his fate as a science fiction writer. He now harnessed his manic energy—almost surely aided by amphetamines—with a single-minded purpose that remains legendary. He wrote three novels, including NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR, which sold to Doubleday and was published in 1966 in hardback after some revisions (which I presume were too minor to warrant shifting the novel to later in the chronology). Dick also produced a fresh burst of stories for the magazine market, which was going through a creative renaissance under editors Cele Goldsmith, Frederik Pohl, and Avram Davidson. These stories are reprinted at the end of the fourth volume of COLLECTED STORIES and the beginning of the fifth (which also includes the rest of Dick’s sporadic short fiction output from here on, except for “We Can Remember It for You Wholesale” in the Citadel editions, which was moved to the second volume for a movie tie-in).

Whether the science fiction market was now more inviting, or Dick simply was hustling to make quick sales under financial pressure, is unclear. But now he playfully wrote for that audience. For instance, “Waterspider” heavily references the community of science fiction authors. And Dick graciously gave the raunchy “The War with the Fno-ols” to a young fanzine editor because the story was not

commercially palatable (it was published professionally in 1969 after a cultural sea change). “Orpheus with Clay Feet” is a self-referential time travel story about Dick’s own place in the science fiction pantheon, quirkily intended to be published under a pseudonym established in the story (it sold to the Playboy imitator Escapade, but apparently was not actually published during Dick’s life).

In 1963 Dick also wrote the novella “Cantata 140,” which comprises the first part of *THE CRACK IN SPACE* (which confusedly is published in some U.K. editions as *CANTATA-140*). There is a suggestion in one of Dick’s letters that “Cantata 140” is truncated from the novel, which was not published until 1966. But it seems almost certain from the available evidence that Dick expanded the story at the behest of Ace, as he had done previously with other novellas. Unlike with *VULCAN’S HAMMER* and *DR. FUTURITY*, however, he did not revise the original text. Instead, he simply wrote additional material after cutting a short passage that concludes “Cantata 140.” Although the story is almost completely duplicated in the novel, the original version nonetheless deserves a spot in the canon as its own separate work.

WEST MARIN FICTION IV: 1964

CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON (JJ-138), “A Terran Odyssey” (JJ-139), *THE CRACK IN SPACE* (JJ-140), and *THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH* (JJ-141); *THE ZAP GUN* (JJ-142), *THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH* (JJ-143), and “The Unteleported Man” (unexpanded) (JJ-144)

WEST MARIN FICTION IV: 1964 concludes the extraordinary period of Dick’s most manically sustained output, through the first half of 1964, as his marriage to Anne haltingly sputtered to a divorce, and his psyche buckled and eventually cracked under the strain. Although there is not a clear distinction between the times Dick actually lived in West Marin, and what followed—he increasingly stayed in his hometown and with friends in nearby communities—the divide between his writing in this volume and the next is quite pronounced. In early 1964, financial necessity seemed to dictate a pace that created uneven results, but this volume features one of Dick’s most celebrated works, *THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH*.

Somehow working through distractions, Dick wrote so prolifically that he must have outstripped the capacity of his publishers. Doubleday, which had bought but not yet published *NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR*, now purchased *THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH*,

but would not have been able to absorb more Dick titles in short order. Ace continued publishing many of his novels in paperback (such as *THE CRACK IN SPACE*; see previous discussion in *WEST MARIN FICTION III: 1963*). But new works like *THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH* began to appear from other paperback houses that could not offer an enduring commitment to his career, nor any other obvious advantages. (A single intriguing exception was Ballantine, which was a somewhat more prestigious paperback publisher and early rival of Ace, and which now brought out *MARTIAN TIME-SLIP*; see *WEST MARIN FICTION II: 1961–1963*.) This scattershot approach contributed to later publishing challenges in dealing with Dick’s (already ample) backlist in any kind of coherent manner.

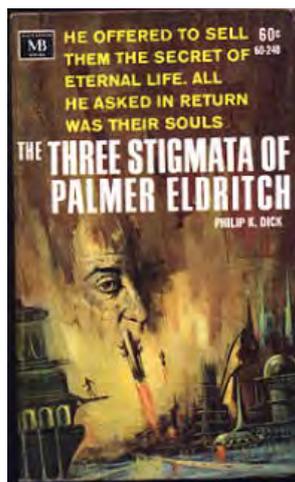
Magazines continued to be another outlet for Dick’s novels. *THE ZAP GUN* was first published in serial form in 1965 as “Project Plowshare.” The novel was first published as *THE ZAP GUN* in a 1967 paperback from Pyramid. I am not aware of any significant differences between the two versions, though I have not compared them carefully. And on Jonathan Lethem’s authority, based on his report in *PKDS Newsletter #15*, I assume that the “uncut” surviving typescript of *THE ZAP GUN* is inferior to the published text, though the longer version may contain material worthy of inclusion in an appendix.

Notably different from the previous year’s output, in 1964 Dick no longer wrote short stories in abundance. However, one particular short fiction oddity is “A Terran Odyssey,” which he assembled from parts of the still unsold text of *DR. BLOODMONEY, OR HOW WE GOT ALONG AFTER THE BOMB*. The resulting story, made redundant by publication of the novel, was not published until Paul Williams included it in *COLLECTED STORIES*.

I accept this canonization, though I see it as a rather marginal case, distinguished—from the typical sort of novel excerpt that exists only to promote a book or fill a slot in an anthology—only by the fact that Dick presumably took care in the selection.

The last story in *WEST MARIN FICTION IV: 1964* is the novella version of “The Unteleported Man,” which Dick apparently wrote in the middle of 1964 on commission to match a piece of cover art; the magazine promptly appeared with the story by the end of the year. The story was later published as half of an Ace paperback double in 1966, and in

several other reprints. As *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*, the book text of the story is essentially the same as the magazine version, with minor edits to suit the change in format. Because of two later published novel-length versions, ex-





panded (quite stunningly) from the original version (see the next volume, *OAKLAND AND SAN RAFAEL FICTION I: 1965–1966*, and the last, *ORANGE COUNTY FICTION II: 1977–1982*), the story was not included in *COLLECTED STORIES*, and is long out of print otherwise. Inclusion of the original novella in this volume is at least as worthy as the several other uncollected stories already discussed.

OAKLAND AND SAN RAFAEL FICTION I: 1965–1966

THE UNTELEPORTED MAN (expanded) (JJ-145), “Your Appointment Will Be Yesterday” (JJ-146), “Holy Quarrel” (JJ-147), “We Can Remember It for You Wholesale” (JJ-148), “Not by Its Cover” (JJ-149), “Return Match” (JJ-150), *COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD* (JJ-151), and “Faith of Our Fathers” (JJ-152);

THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER (with Ray Nelson) (JJ-153), *DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?* (JJ-154), *NICK AND THE GLIMMUNG* (JJ-155), and *UBIK* (JJ-156)

OAKLAND AND SAN RAFAEL FICTION I: 1965–1966 contains Dick’s remarkable output through the end of 1966, after a lengthy writing drought that began after he finally left Anne and West Marin for good in the middle of 1964. Dick was initially sidelined by injuries from a car wreck, but he also was depressed and paranoid. He settled for a while in Oakland, but later moved to San Rafael (the county seat of Marin County) with his young new girlfriend Nancy, whom he married in 1966. Once he regained his physical and mental equilibrium enough to work in 1965, Dick wrote at a fast but somewhat more manageable pace than before. And he produced ambitiously zany works, often with great results. Notably, this period contains two of his most celebrated novels: *DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?* and *UBIK*, both brought out in hardback by Doubleday (though both were delayed for several years). Dick also wrote his first collaborative novel, *THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER*, with his local friend Ray Nelson.

Dick’s return to writing in 1965 began with the expanded version of *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* (see *WEST MARIN FICTION IV: 1964*), which has a complicated publication history. Ace requested an expansion to the novella so that it could be published as a stand-alone book. As before with *THE CRACK IN SPACE*, Dick did not alter the existing story, except to lop off a short concluding passage and continue writing from there, doubling the story’s length. But the difference between the halves is striking. Having himself reportedly taken LSD for the first time in the chaotic interim, Dick added story elements in which characters literally had hallucinations from LSD! The resulting novel, finished in 1965, was more challenging to the reader than the original version. Ace declined to publish the expanded version, opting to reprint the shorter text in

a paperback double.

The expanded text of *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* remained unpublished until Dick died, and four of the typescript pages had gone missing, creating three gaps in the text. Berkley published the expanded version in 1983, with the gaps left as is. The missing pages were soon found and published in *PKDS Newsletter #8*. There have been no reprints since, with or without the gaps. That is, no reprints of this particular version, Dick’s expanded text from 1965. There was a later edited version of the expanded text, first published in 1984 as *LIES, INC.* (discussed in *ORANGE COUNTY FICTION II: 1977–1982*, and currently in print), which I believe is inferior to what Dick wrote in 1965. His original expanded version richly deserves its own place in the canon.

Another unusual case from this period is the long children’s story *NICK AND THE GLIMMUNG* (first published in 1988 with illustrations, and reprinted in 2009 with different illustrations), featuring an assortment of creatures from Dick’s various writings. As a stand-alone book, the story—too short to be considered a novel—is appropriate to pair with illustrations. But since Dick did not, as far as is known, work with or specify any artwork when he wrote it, I believe the story’s place in the fiction canon is best served by simply including the bare text in its chronological sequence. It so happens that the story’s accepted position in the chronology makes it the bridge between *DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?* and *UBIK* (though Dick submitted the story to his agent at the same time as *UBIK*).

OAKLAND AND SAN RAFAEL FICTION II: 1967–1971

GALACTIC POT-HEALER (JJ-157), “The Story to End All Stories for Harlan Ellison’s Anthology *DANGEROUS VISIONS*” (JJ-158), *A MAZE OF DEATH* (JJ-159), and “The Electric Ant” (JJ-160);

OUR FRIENDS FROM FROLIX 8 (JJ-161), *FLOW MY TEARS*, *THE POLICEMAN SAID* (JJ-162), and “Cadbury, the Beaver Who Lacked” (JJ-163)

OAKLAND AND SAN RAFAEL FICTION II: 1967–1971 covers another chaotic period (roughly coinciding with the storied era known a bit imprecisely as “The Sixties”), about which details—especially concerning his legendary drug intake and his life with Nancy—are not reliably established. Their relationship was notably punctuated by their various entanglements with Bishop James Pike, who died in 1969. There is no doubt that their marriage failed at some point, as Dick drifted into the youth drug culture and paranoia, culminating—after Nancy moved out—with “The Break-In” in 1971, as well as the grim scenes

that Dick later fictionalized in *A SCANNER DARKLY*.

The record suggests that Dick was largely unproductive in 1967 after the birth of his second daughter, Isa. He was certainly unproductive by the end of 1970. But even during his more productive periods, Dick's output had slowed considerably from previous years; he apparently took longer breaks to recharge after writing in short bursts. Nonetheless, Dick wrote a solid total of four novels in this period, the last being *FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID*, which he first completed in 1970. Because he revised the text in 1973 for its first publication in 1974, one might consider the novel more of a link between San Rafael and Orange County, rather than being firmly rooted in the prior era. However, as with other novels Dick changed to satisfy an editor, I doubt the alterations—apparently mostly cuts—were as significant as the time lapse and his complaints about the effort suggest. Regardless, this is a notable case where additional material is available and worthy of inclusion in an appendix (see *PKDS Newsletter #28*).

One advantage of the slower pace was that publishers were more starved for new books by Dick. Doubleday bought both *A MAZE OF DEATH* and *FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID* to publish in hardback. In 1969, Ace published a collection of his stories, *THE PRESERVING MACHINE*, his first in over ten years. These deals were a precursor to later years, when more new Dick collections and reprints would appear, including overseas where his reputation grew especially strong. These backlist sources would provide a growing stream of (still uneven) income during otherwise lean times.

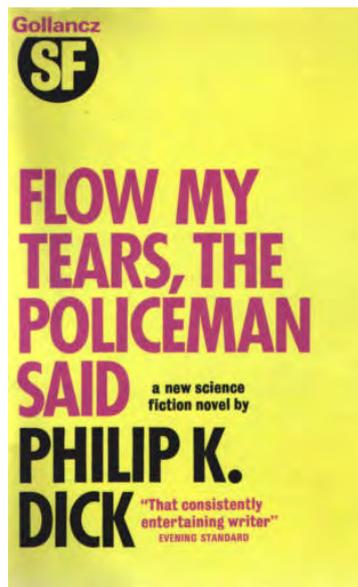
The final item in *OAKLAND AND SAN RAFAEL FICTION II: 1967–1971* is “Cadbury, the Beaver Who Lacked,” a personal tale of woe reportedly written in December of 1971 and privately circulated, though possibly written earlier. It was first published in *COLLECTED STORIES* along with other unpublished and somewhat thematically linked stories that he wrote later. I am a little uneasy about canonizing such stories, which were not written for publication, or at least I have doubts about sequencing them along with his professional writings. But since Dick made a turn at this point towards overtly autobiographical fiction, covering all such ground wherever it leads seems necessary.

ORANGE COUNTY FICTION I: 1972–1976

“Goodbye, Vincent” (JJ-164), “A Little Something for Us

Tempunauts” (JJ-165), “The Pre-Persons” (JJ-166), *UBIK: THE SCREENPLAY* (JJ-167), “The Eye of the Sibyl” (JJ-168), and *DEUS IRAE* (with Roger Zelazny) (JJ-169); *A SCANNER DARKLY* (JJ-170), and *RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH* (JJ-171)

ORANGE COUNTY FICTION I: 1972–1976 Covers Dick's sporadic output through 1976, starting with a lengthy gap as he tried to put his newly unraveled life back in order. Prominent changes during these years were: the flight to Fullerton, in Orange County, by way of Vancouver, B.C. in 1972; the divorce from Nancy and marriage to another young bride, Tessa, in 1973, followed by the birth of their son Christopher; the “2-3-74” experience and the beginnings of the “Exegesis”; the publicity and broader audience generated in 1975 from the *Rolling Stone* interview focusing on the “The Break-In”; his separation from Tessa in 1976, and move to Santa Ana; and his initial attempts to draw on all that for his fiction. Dick got his career back on track after the initial period of turmoil, but never reestablished the frenetic pace for his professional writing that had characterized most of his earlier years. This change, and the lasting influence of “2-3-74,” is reflected in the very eclectic items in this volume.



“Goodbye, Vincent” is one of Dick's private stories, written in a letter to a girlfriend in 1972. It was not considered for inclusion when *COLLECTED STORIES* was published in 1987 because the story was then undiscovered, though it was found shortly thereafter. It was then added to the 1988 publication of the *THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL*, which was adapted from Dick's assemblage of essays and letters from this era he had sought but failed to have published under that title. (The book is an appropriate companion to *ORANGE COUNTY FICTION I: 1972–1976* because it further illustrates his chronically dysfunctional emotional life.) “Goodbye, Vincent” has not quite entered the quasi-official canon, but it was reprinted for a time in electronic form for the Sony Reader in 2008 along with almost all the short stories, and was included in the fifth volume of the shamefully sloppy limited edition reprint of *COLLECTED STORIES* by Subterranean Press in 2014. (Search for my reviews on Amazon for details about that debacle, which began in 2010.) If only for the sake of completeness, I accept the story as part of the fiction canon.

UBIK: THE SCREENPLAY, which Dick wrote in 1974 for a director seeking to adapt the novel, is another oddity. Dick did not typically write scripts, and it is awkward to

include this in sequence with his stories and novels. But the script is nonetheless important as a later reworking of his landmark novel (and also conveniently, it is in print from Mariner), so I simply treat it as a full-fledged item in the fiction canon.

“The Eye of the Sibyl,” featuring elements related to Dick’s “Exegesis,” is another unusual case. Dick was friendly with Art Spiegelman, who solicited a story to publish with illustrations in his underground comics magazine *Arcade*, which ran from 1975 to 1976. Dick wrote the story in response, and Jay Kinney completed an assignment to draw illustrations for the story. But ultimately the editors decided not to publish any of it. The story was finally published after Dick died, but remarkably it landed in three separate outlets in the same year. First, D. Scott Apel had permission to publish it in his interview and essay book, PHILIP K. DICK: THE DREAM CONNECTION. However, Apel’s book was delayed until 1987, when the story also appeared in COLLECTED STORIES as a previously unpublished work. (Of interest to collectors and bibliographers: although PHILIP K. DICK: THE DREAM CONNECTION has a stated publication date earlier in 1987 than COLLECTED STORIES, from my experience ordering the books at the time, I believe that due to further delays affecting PHILIP K. DICK: THE DREAM CONNECTION, that in fact it appeared shortly after COLLECTED STORIES.) Finally, Jay Kinney published the story later that year in his magazine *Gnosis*, most notably with his original illustrations. (Compleatists will want to have both THE DREAM CONNECTION, reprinted in 2015, and *Gnosis* #5, still available in reprint form as a back issue.)

DEUS IRAE does not fit very cleanly in the sequence because of its unusual timing. Dick reportedly contracted in 1964 to write the novel for Doubleday based on an outline and sample chapters. But he stalled on the project, which was to become a greatly expanded version of the early career stories “The Great C” and “Planet for Transients.” By the end of the 1960s he enlisted Roger Zelazny (then a major rising star in science fiction) as a collaborator. Through fits and starts they finished the novel in 1975, and it was published the next year. Because Dick seems to have substantially contributed to the text in the final draft that they submitted in 1975, it follows from my guidelines that the novel belongs here in sequence. But it can just as easily be regarded as an earlier work.

Dick first completed A SCANNER DARKLY, his most notable work from this period, in 1973. However, in 1975 he made significant additions to the text concerning the split-brain, which was among the many subjects he researched (as he would say about the matter) in the process of writing the “Exegesis.” Accordingly, I depart a bit from my usual prac-

tice and place A SCANNER DARKLY (which was not published until 1977) in the sequence significantly later than when he first submitted a finished version to his agent. (If one used the earlier date for sequencing, the novel would come before “The Pre-Persons.”)

ORANGE COUNTY FICTION I: 1972–1976 concludes with RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH, Dick’s first prolonged attempt, in 1976, to fictionalize the “2-3-74” experience. The novel sold to Bantam, subject to Dick making changes. But he eventually shelved that text in favor of writing VALIS as a substitute (see ORANGE COUNTY FICTION II: 1977–1982). After his death, RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH was rediscovered as a novel distinct from VALIS, and published soon thereafter. (Confounding bibliographers: though the book is nominally from late 1985, copyright records state that the book actually was published in 1986.)

ORANGE COUNTY FICTION II: 1977–1982

“The Day Mr. Computer Fell Out of its Tree” (JJ-172), VALIS (JJ-173), “The Exit Door Leads In” (JJ-174), “Chains of Air, Web of Aether” (JJ-175), and LIES, INC. (JJ-176); “Strange Memories of Death” (JJ-177), “Frozen Journey” (JJ-178), “Rautavaara’s Case” (JJ-179), THE DIVINE INVASION (JJ-180), “The Alien Mind” (JJ-181), and THE TRANS-MIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER (JJ-182)

ORANGE COUNTY FICTION II: 1977–1982 covers Dick’s final years, which all things considered, were relatively peaceful and productive. He and Tessa divorced in 1977, and though he had a further series of notable relationships, Dick largely lived alone in Santa Ana. He continued working on the “Exegesis” until his death in early 1982. Most remarkably, he experienced a large measure of relative financial security in his last years, as film contracts and increasingly favorable publishing deals came his way.

Dick wrote several short stories during this period, often to higher paying markets such as *Playboy* and *Omni*. After his death, the title of his *Playboy* story “Frozen Journey” was changed when it became the title story for a posthumous collection, using his working title “I Hope I Shall Arrive Soon.” Here I depart from the COLLECTED STORIES canon by reverting to the originally published title—which Dick used in his correspondence—for consistency with the rest of the titles. I accept the titles his original editors attached to his writing, whatever virtues and flaws those titles might have (though exceptions are the serial titles, since those were supplanted early on by the familiar book titles).

At some point during the late 1970s, Dick contracted with Berkley to reprint some of his early, lesser novels.

Part of the deal was to bring out the version of THE UNTELEPORTED MAN that Dick expanded in 1965 from his 1964 novella, but which Ace had declined to publish (see WEST MARIN FICTION IV: 1964 and OAKLAND AND SAN RAFAEL FICTION I: 1965–1966). In order to proceed, however, Dick needed to resolve the nagging problem of four missing typescript pages that created three gaps in the unpublished part of the text. Rather than simply writing new bridging text, he proceeded to reframe the story with a new first chapter, adding interjections informed by his “Exegesis” (the “Abba” voice), and altering the end of the unpublished second half. However, Dick never completed the task, since at a minimum there remained two gaps from the missing pages (the third gap was eliminated through his editing).

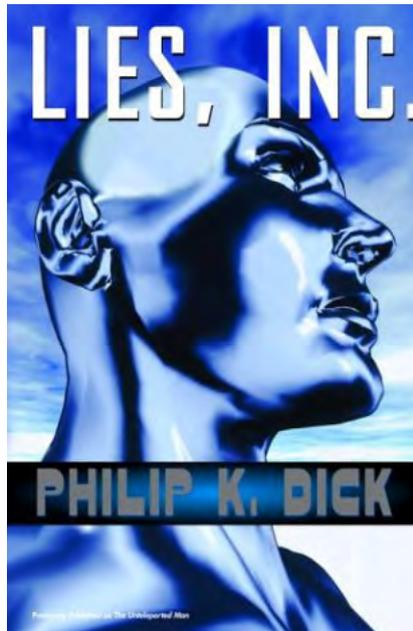
This different version of the text was apparently discovered as Berkley was publishing the original expanded version in 1983 (with its gaps left intact; see OAKLAND AND SAN RAFAEL FICTION I: 1965–1966). Gollancz published the later version in the U.K. in 1984 as LIES, INC., with the remaining gaps filled by pastiche text written by John Sladek. (The missing pages were soon found, and Dick’s original text for the gaps was eventually restored in reprints of LIES, INC.) I place the LIES, INC. version of the text at this point in the chronology—towards the end of 1979—because Dick significantly edited the text with his contemporary concerns. However, I regard LIES, INC. as a bit of an unfinished mess in comparison to the original expanded version (which is challenging enough in its own right, but coherent). Regardless, I believe the three distinct versions of THE UNTELEPORTED MAN (1964 novella, 1965 expanded text, and LIES, INC.) should all be included as separate parts of the fiction canon.

After struggling since 1976 with how to relate the “2-3-74” experience in a novel, Dick experienced a major creative breakthrough in late 1978 in writing VALIS, and abandoned his prior attempt, which was published after his death as RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH (see ORANGE COUNTY FICTION I: 1972–1976). Publication of VALIS was delayed until 1981, and by that time he had written a thematic sequel, published the same year as THE DIVINE INVASION. The notoriety of the two books brought a lot of attention to his unusual spiritual beliefs during his final year, which upon his death somewhat overshadowed the breadth of his literary accomplishments. His final novel, THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER, published shortly afterwards,

helped broaden the picture. The book portrays a fictionalized version of Bishop Pike, drawn from Dick’s experience with the man and his family. It is not science fiction, and it does not sensationalize the subject matter. If Dick had lived, these last books might have put him more on a path towards widespread mainstream acclaim, which he struggled for and failed to find in his early career, only to achieve so spectacularly after death.

Plan B

OK, that was great, but just maybe I will not be able to publish the fiction canon. So how about something less grandiose? My Plan B is to focus on completeness (while dreaming about accuracy in the background, which theoretically is achievable piecemeal through any and all reprints). As I discussed way back near the beginning of this article, with the existing readily available books (or equivalent) we are not far off from completeness. And the glaring weakness is the few uncollected stories. So my plan is to add those to COLLECTED STORIES and call it COMPLETE STORIES. Never mind that the awful Subterranean Press books were called “Complete Stories” on their dust jackets, because underneath those covers they still said and were COLLECTED STORIES. My COMPLETE STORIES is what the Subterranean Press set could have been, applying just a little bit of good sense.



To sweeten the deal, I hereby construct COMPLETE STORIES as a seven volume set, instead of five. More products to sell! This helps solve another problem with COLLECTED STORIES, that it does not have coherent boundaries between the books. The stories simply were divided up so that the book lengths are fairly uniform. For example, “Oh, To Be a Blobel!” and “The Little Black Box” were received by Dick’s agent on the same day, yet they appear in different volumes of COLLECTED STORIES. In contrast, the books in COMPLETE STORIES will vary in size from between about 100 and 200 thousand words, and have co-

herently grouped contents.

Without further ado, my distribution of stories in the seven volumes of COMPLETE STORIES is as follows, with reference to the *Thirteen Volume JJ-182 Canon*:

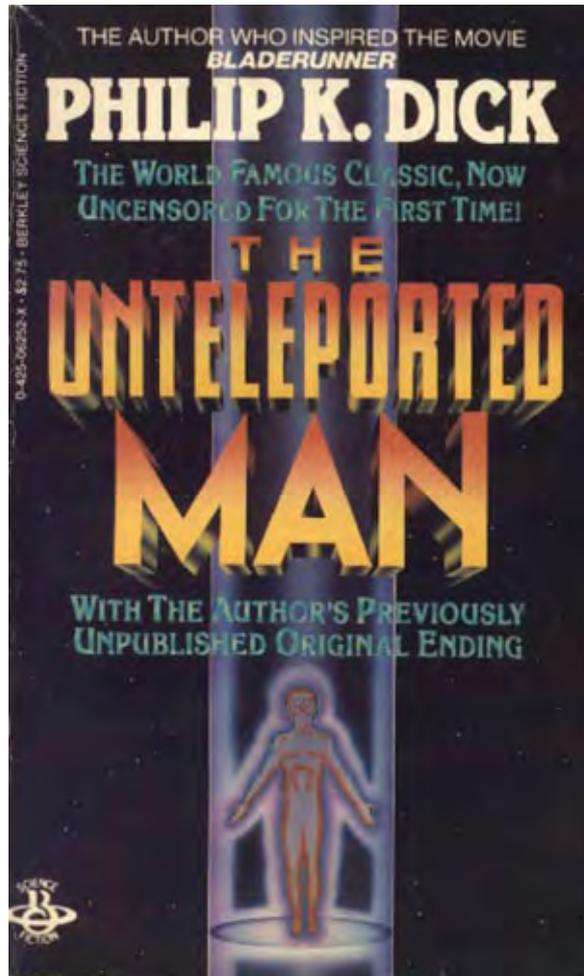
- COMPLETE STORIES VOLUME 1: 1942–1952 contains all of BERKELEY FICTION I: 1942–1952 except GATHER YOURSELVES TOGETHER, in-

cluding the uncollected juvenilia.

- COMPLETE STORIES VOLUME 2: 1952 contains the beginning of BERKELEY FICTION II: 1952–1953, from “The Builder” (JJ-030) to “A Surface Raid” (JJ-049).
- COMPLETE STORIES VOLUME 3: 1953 contains the middle of BERKELEY FICTION II: 1952–1953, from “Project: Earth” (JJ-050) to “The Golden Man” (JJ-071), and featuring the uncollected “Vulcan’s Hammer” (unexpanded) and “Time Pawn.”
- COMPLETE STORIES VOLUME 4: 1953–1954 contains the end of BERKELEY FICTION II: 1952–1953 except for THE COSMIC PUPPETS (though there is plenty of room to add it and retire the stand-alone volume, which would be my preference), and the short stories in BERKELEY FICTION III: 1953–1954 before SOLAR LOTTERY, thus beginning with “The Turning Wheel” (JJ-072) and ending with “War Veteran” (JJ-088).
- COMPLETE STORIES VOLUME 5: 1954–1958 contains various stories amidst the novels following SOLAR LOTTERY in BERKELEY FICTION III: 1953–1954, through the end of BERKELEY FICTION V: 1956–1958, thus beginning with “The Chromium Fence” (JJ-090) and ending with “War Game” (JJ-110).
- COMPLETE STORIES VOLUME 6: 1963–1964 contains the burst of short stories in WEST MARIN FICTION III: 1963 and WEST MARIN FICTION IV: 1964, featuring the uncollected “Cantata 140,” thus beginning with “If There Were No Benny Cemoli” (JJ-120) and ending with “A Terran Odyssey” (JJ-139). Optionally, and this is my preference, the uncollected “The Unteleported Man” (unexpanded) could be tacked on at the end of this volume.
- COMPLETE STORIES VOLUME 7: 1965–1981 contains all the remaining short fiction from SAN RAFAEL FICTION I: 1965–1966 through to OR-

ANGE COUNTY FICTION II: 1977–1981, thus beginning with “Your Appointment Will Be Yesterday” (JJ-146) and ending with “The Alien Mind” (JJ-181).

Adding COMPLETE STORIES to the big pile of recently available books that I listed at the beginning of this article gets us almost to *JJ-182 Canon* completeness. But the expanded version of THE UNTELEPORTED MAN would still be missing, and the unexpanded version as well (if not included in COMPLETE STORIES VOLUME 6: 1963–1964). Ideally, both versions return to print, possibly in the same book (new product!). Regardless, the 1983 edition of THE UNTELEPORTED MAN is not hard to find at a low price, and used copies of the unexpanded version are also pretty plentiful (see **Plan C** for both), so under Plan B one could achieve completeness without resort to much scrounging.



Plan C

OK, but what if COMPLETE STORIES does not happen either, what then? Well, one can still achieve completeness with a little bit of collecting energy and money (and not even much of that, in comparison to many other desirable Dick items such as the SELECTED LETTERS volumes). Here is a guide to finding the uncollected stories:

- “Le Diable” (JJ-001) is the only *Berkeley Daily Gazette* story apparently not digitized by Google from microfilm, but it is available for a fee (and possibly for free through your local library) at <https://newspaperarchive.com/berkeley-daily-gazette-jan-23-1942-p-16/>.
- “The Handy Puddle” (JJ-002) is available from Google at <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=HCAXAAAAIBAJ&pg=2399%2C2445860>.
- “Jungle People” (JJ-003) is available from Google in two parts at <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=lyAxAAAAIBAJ&pg=4543%2C3356792> (look to the right) and <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=lyAxAAAIBAJ&pg=2603%2C3405964> (look to the left).

- “The Black Arts” (JJ-004) is available from Google at <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=7DMYAAAAIBAJ&pg=3469%2C5151759>.
- “The Highbrow” (JJ-005) is available from Google at <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=STUyAAAAIBAJ&pg=867%2C1985977> (look to the left).
- “Santa’s Return” (JJ-006) is available from Google at <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=qEgyAAAAIBAJ&pg=687%2C254054> (look to the right).
- “A Satire on the Translating of Sixteenth Century Prophetic Verse” (JJ-007) is available from Google at <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=tOgyAAAAIBAJ&pg=828%2C1735041> (look to the right).
- “The Magician’s Box” (JJ-008) is available from Google at <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=vkgyAAAAIBAJ&pg=1051%2C2671709> (look to the left).
- “The Slave Race” (JJ-009) is available from Google at <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=6isxAAAAIBAJ&pg=791%2C2777068> (look to the right).
- “The First Presentation” (JJ-010) is available from Google at <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=9SsxAAAAIBAJ&pg=1063%2C3855935>.
- “The Visitation” (JJ-011) is available from Google at <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=90olAAAAIBAJ&pg=672%2C3233619> (look to the right).
- “Program Notes on a Great Composer” (JJ-012) is available from Google at <https://news.google.com/newspapers?id=GUsIAAAAIBAJ&pg=875%2C6243819> (look to the right).
- “Vulcan’s Hammer” (unexpanded) (JJ-065) is available only in its original publication in *Future Science Fiction*, No. 29, in 1956, or early reprints in 6 AND THE SILENT SCREAM (Belmont #L92-564, 1963; see also a British version from Con-

sul Books).

- “Time Pawn” (JJ-070) was originally published in *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Vol. XLIV, No. 1, Summer 1954, but is available in digitized form at https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Time_Pawn.pdf (with an assertion that the story is in the public domain).
- “Cantata 140” (JJ-132) was originally published in *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, Volume 27, No. 1, July 1964, and has not been reprinted.
- “The Unteleported Man” (unexpanded) (JJ-144) was originally published in *Fantastic*, Volume 13, Number 12, December 1964, and reprinted in book form from Ace (G-602 or 15697, and various British editions).
- THE UNTELEPORTED MAN (expanded) (JJ-145) was only published once, by Berkley Books in 1983 (0-425-06252-X); text to fill the gaps in the text were published in *PKDS Newsletter #8* in 1985; that “missing” text can be found at <http://1999pkdweb.philipkdickfans.com/TUMpages.htm> (archived at <https://web.archive.org/web/20171106182146/http://1999pkdweb.philipkdickfans.com/TUMpages.htm>).
- “Goodbye, Vincent” (JJ-164) was originally published in THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL by Mark V. Ziesing in 1988 (still available at reasonable prices for a small press book), and reprinted in WE CAN REMEMBER IT FOR YOU WHOLESAL (COLLECTED STORIES volume 5) from Subterranean Press in 2014.

And that is the end of the matter. Enjoy the *JJ-182 Canon* in whatever form you can find it.

Frank Hollander has been a “big fan” of Philip K. Dick since 1983, and was an early member of the Philip K. Dick Society.



“How Phil and The Selected Letters Project Fixed My Life”

By Allan Kausch

Part One

“If there weren’t people unafraid to be judged insane by their peers, we’d still be living in caves.” —Jello Biafra

As recounted (rather poorly) in a letter published in *FDO* #5, I had a close encounter with Phil in August of 1977, in Berkeley. This meeting would lead me, years later, to volunteer to manage the massive preproduction of five of the six volumes of *The Selected Letters*. Other than Tim Underwood’s account in Greg Lee’s *Radio Free PKD* #4, not much has been published about how the letters were made public, so here’s my contribution to that story, along with digressions about other PKD-related projects I worked on, and tangents related to Phil’s lasting impact.

Looking back, it seems like a few parallels between my life and Phil’s made some sort of intersection inevitable. Like Phil, my twin and I were born in Chicago. Reading, especially science fiction, occupied a lot of my childhood and adolescent hours. I discovered Phil’s work in the sixties, and (along with Ballard and Moorcock) he became a life-long favorite, someone whose work was worth trying to collect completely.

Eventually, in the mid-seventies, I too moved to Berkeley, in my case to attend the University of California. Years before, Phil also went to Cal, but dropped out after only a short spell; by taking extra classes I managed to get a Bachelor’s degree in English Literature in three, instead of the usual four, years.

While a student, I worked the night shift at Jack Rems’ recently opened SF bookstore on Telegraph Avenue, Dark Carnival. I was the first employee, initially just working to get books at cost, then later for minimum wage. One eve-

ning I arrived for work as Jack and his partner in the store, Lisa Goldstein were leaving.

“You just missed Phil Dick,” said Jack with a smirk, knowing that it would probably bum me out.

“He was in the store for a while, and he tried to pick up on Lisa.”

Lisa, a short, dark-haired author of fantasy, smiled sheepishly. Phil’s predilection for women of her type was well known, even then.

“Oh well.” I was disappointed. Maybe they were joking? Wasn’t he a recluse, living in Southern California now?

They left.

This was 1977. Jack and Lisa were a bit older than I was and so were still under the influence of the last vestiges of the hippy era. I was a fledgling punk. Our working relationship was always a bit strained. They had no compunctions about turning over their store every night to

me, to run alone, but sometimes they clearly felt a bit guilty. That May, as a gesture, they’d included me in a trip to the ABA convention in San Francisco, with Anne Rice. We saw George Lucas introduce *Star Wars: A New Hope* at an early screening of the film at the Palace of Fine Arts.

One of the five classes I was taking was an upper division course on Dickens: his ten longest novels in ten weeks, with a paper due every week. Every waking minute had to be utilized to keep up, so I read while at work.

The door opened, the bell attached to the door frame rang. A portly, bearded guy strolled in, glancing around. He nodded to me and went directly to the back where books by authors with the last name starting with “D” were shelved.

“Is Lisa still here?”

I looked up from *Our Mutual Friend*, automatically sized him up as probably-not-a-threat, and then realized that it was Phil, back to continue his pursuit.

“No, sorry, she left.”

We had a stack of the Entwhistle trade paperback edition of *Confessions of a*



3 QUESTIONS FOR

Anne Rice

The vampire who has starred in her gothic horror novels for four decades returns in *Prince Lestat and the Realms of Atlantis*, out Nov. 29. By Isabella Biedenharn

3 >

What’s the best writing advice you ever got?

In 1977 I heard George Lucas say about *Star Wars*, “We made the movie we couldn’t find, the one we wanted to see.” And I thought, “That is a rule I have to remember: Write the book you can’t find, that you really want to read.”

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Crap Artist and some remainders of *Deus Irae* on the floor by the counter, but otherwise all we had in stock of Phil's work were mass-market reprints. I seriously considered getting Phil to sign all of the *Confessions*, especially since Jack and Lisa apparently hadn't had the nerve, but I would have had to let on that I knew who he was, and he might then surmise that I also sussed out the reason for his return. So rather than embarrass him, I just kept stum.

Phil fumbled around at the shelves of his books for a few minutes, clearly hoping Lisa too would return while he stalled.

"I'll take these."

I looked up and he was grinning at me from across the small counter. He had three copies of the Panther UK edition of *Clans of the Alphan Moon*.

"These are hard to find, I'm buying them for friends," he explained, though no explanation seemed necessary. He noted what I was reading, and clocked my sartorial attempt at being a California punk, before the look had solidified into a cliché. He wanted me to know who he was, and I saw he was pleased when my hands shook a little while I was handwriting up the receipt. Satisfied, Phil paid, took his change, gave me a big grin, and left.

Now a lot of people, both those who knew him well and those who never met him, have weighed in on Phil's sanity or lack thereof. Working at an SF bookstore, at night, in Berkeley, in the seventies, I saw all types of what many people would call crazy. If you've seen *Rude Boy*, working at Dark Carnival was often a lot like that scene where a bored Ray Gange matter of factly handles the specialized requests of a customer in the Soho porno bookshop. Judging the level of someone's hold on reality became second nature. On any number of occasions this ability kept me from being attacked, having the store robbed or just helped to discourage shoplifters. Even at this difficult period in Phil's life he did not (during what was, granted, a very short transaction) in any way whatsoever strike me as mentally ill. Nervous, sure, but not cracked or a walking drug casualty as he's occasionally been labeled. Sometimes people tread the fine line between here and not here, but in my opinion, Phil was still all there. Berkeley, as one of the last bastions of freedom, is home to many geniuses. Some fit right in and many end up in academia. Others do unconventional things like writing SF and have trouble passing for normal/unintelligent. Doesn't mean you're crazy. It does mean that you can get yourself

banned from Trader Joe's.

Part Two

The next year, on January 14th, The Sex Pistols played what would be their last show, at Winterland. I knew it would be history-in-the-making and I bought five tickets for what turned out to be a legendary show. I graduated from Cal in June. For a while, I worked three book-related jobs (retail at Dark Carnival, picking orders at a distributor, and shipping for a failing small press). Punk and the impending, doom-laden years of the Reagan presidency led me to a period of complete disillusionment (my "great depression") and I went on my own version of a general strike. Unemployed, broke and homeless for some months, I lived in a tent at Point Reyes, and then in the high country of the Sierra Nevada mountains, before relenting and getting a graveyard shift job at a peach cannery. With a little money saved, I moved back to the Bay Area, this time to a slum apartment on Erie Street above Lake Merritt in North Oakland.

Late one night, on October 12, 1981, while we were on our way back home after seeing Siouxsie and the Banshees at the Ibeam, a seedy club in San Francisco's Tenderloin district, my twin brother and I were jumped by a street gang of about two dozen guys, on Harrison Street in downtown Oakland. We got knocked down and punched up a bit, before three of them threw me through the plate-glass window of the Nat'l. Guard Recruiting office. Clearly it was time to leave the East Bay before one of us ended up dead. I quit my job at the kaleidoscope factory in Emeryville and we moved to Marin, to a crummy apartment in downtown San Rafael. I landed a minimum wage job at a start-up software company.

In 1986, while working at a computer store, I met my future wife and my whole life improved forever. Once again unconsciously shadowing Phil's trajectory, we moved out to Knight Drive, just around the point from Phil's 707 Hacienda Way house in Santa Venetia, where the infamous November 1971 burglary had taken place. Like the 1126 Francisco house in the flatlands of Berkeley, this east Marin house seemed like a significant signpost, a landmark of some kind. Somehow, driving by it from time to time, I felt like I was on the right track, by roughly following where Phil had preceded me.

One of my soon-to-be wife's sisters had managed to land a job at Skywalker Ranch, so in December of 1988 we went

to an employee screening of *Empire of the Sun* in the Stag Theatre. When a Traffic Coordinator position opened up in the THX Division, I successfully ran a gauntlet of intensive interviews and I was hired in January 1989 to do a lot of miscellaneous, low-level tasks for the department.

Science fiction (and in many ways, PKD) had brought me to a wonderful place.

In addition to my other routine duties, I soon took over duping and shipping the 35 and 70mm THX trailers (which included screening checkprints, sitting alone in the Stag theatre: “The Audience is Listening.”) for the theatre chains that had installed the THX system, and I was assigned a small office at the back of the Carriage House, complete with a landline, a fax machine, a computer, a flatbed film editing table and a large, top-of-the-line Xerox machine. I requested specific art from the archives and I had Ralph McQuarrie’s original thumbnail sketches for Darth Vader hanging over my desk! I worked very hard to make my fiancée proud, and when George presented me with the THX “Employee of the Year” award in front of the whole company, in the Stag, it crowned the happiest year of my life.

While all of this was going on, Phil had passed away in 1982, and Paul Williams had taken over as executor of Phil’s literary estate. I had continued to collect Phil’s first editions, and I still followed Phil Dick fandom through the *PKDS newsletter* and the *FDO* ’zines (and later *Radio Free PKD*) so I heard about the 1974 Letters when it was still in the works. Underwood-Miller sent out a letter in September 1991 calling for volunteers and I called Chuck immediately, and then, noting that Tim Underwood lived in Novato, in North Marin, I contacted him to discuss the remaining volumes, which had been stalled for some time. Though U-M (and later Underwood Books) would probably never even break even on the venture, the enthusiasm of the fans who replied apparently convinced Tim and Chuck to try to get the Letters started up again. One large stumbling block was transcribing and proofing the thousands of typed pages. On October 13th, I met with Tim and offered to manage what eventually became the small army of about a hundred volunteers to accomplish this herculean task. Tim sent me the first box of letters, 1975–1976. I suggested an out of sequence publication order for the other five volumes to Tim (it made sense that 1974 had been published first, so then: 1975–1976, 1977–1979, 1972–1973, 1932–1971 and finally, the last/

saddest, 1980–1982). Tim agreed and I got started. I began by copying the letters.

Whenever Phil wrote a letter, he was cognizant of his significance to contemporary SF, and perhaps the world of letters at large, so he would make a carbon copy. (No doubt a certain amount of paranoia played a part in this decision as well.) These carbon copies ended up in Paul’s garage in Glen Ellen. Paul (or someone he trusted?) made first generation copies from these original carbons which Tim Underwood then handed off to me. To make clear reproductions, each letter had to be positioned by hand on the glass; I couldn’t risk a jam by plunking a chunk of ’em into the hopper attachment and letting the machine do the work.

Working nonstop, by October 28 I was ready to break the 1975–1976 letters down into about ten manageable sets and start sending them out to ten of the volunteers who had responded to Tim’s follow-up letter. In his letter, he thanked them for joining the project and told them to write to me, to move on to the next step. I kept track of all of this in a binder.



Bear in mind that this was the early nineties, so after the typists (following the specific instructions from Tim included with my cover letter) transcribed the letters exactly, Phil’s errors and all, without creating too many of their own in the process, they would then return the results on a 5.25” floppy disk! I also offered to proofread the page proofs against Phil’s letters but Tim and Paul preferred having other volunteers (and in some

cases Paul) do that step. I gave the typists several months to keystroke two or three dozen pages. If the deadline passed I called, faxed or wrote to check in on the progress. Some did a great job (you still see some of their names in the pages of *Okatu!*) and returned them on time, professionally prepared and impeccably typed. Others, well...

On January 17th, 1992, Tim Underwood and Paul Williams drove to Skywalker Ranch for a tour, discussion about the *Letters* project, and lunch at the Main House. This was the first time I had actually met Paul and I found him to be a great guy. Soft spoken but opinionated, well read, and very knowledgeable about music (of course) especially Dylan and that generation. Paul was working on a best 100 singles book and I remember we discussed "Anarchy in the UK." I took notes at lunch: Tim's favorite novel is *Ubik*, Paul's *Confessions*. Tim thought Phil's "craziest" year was 1971; Paul, 1974. Tim was sympathetic and thought Phil had a multiple personality/too many "captains in his ship"; Paul was skeptical about the claims of child abuse, though he knew Dorothy routinely used guilt to manipulate Phil. There were rumors that Cronenberg was thinking of doing VALIS. We compared *THX 1138* to *The Penultimate Truth*. Paul said that transcribing the EXEGESIS might be next!

This meeting was apparently in keeping with Paul's ambitions at the time for actively getting more of Phil's work turned into films. Frankly I wasn't anything even close to a "player" in the film business, but I had a good time being a possible "foot-in-the door." Another visit to the Ranch, this time to possibly include Laura Coelho, was planned but didn't happen.

The Selected Letters of Philip K. Dick 1975–1976 arrived January 1993. In addition to crediting all of the typists and proofreaders, Tim added a box on the copyright pages:

Special thanks to Allan Kausch for coordinating the preproduction on these volumes.

The process of sending out copies, tracking the progress, passing the transcribed letters on disks to Tim and then repeating the process with the page layouts and proofreaders,

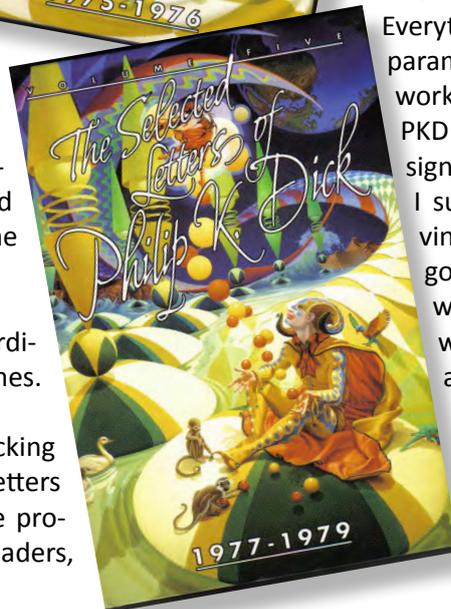
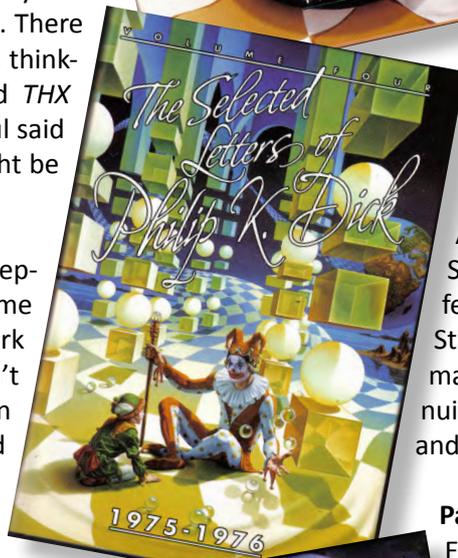
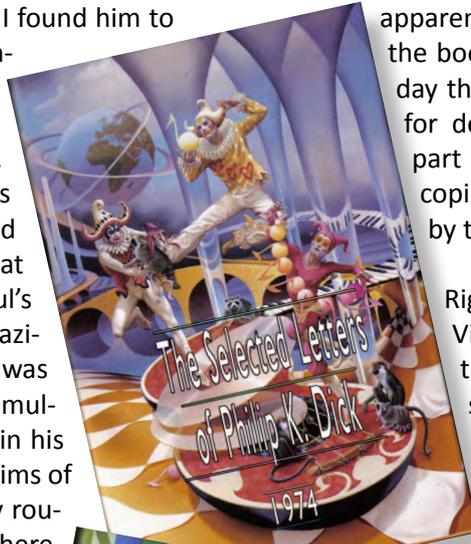
went on for years until all five volumes were eventually published. It wasn't an efficient or entirely successful approach (especially the piecemeal proofing) but apparently it was the only viable way to bring the books out. At the time I had hopes of one day thoroughly proofreading everything again for definitive trade paperback editions. My part (thousands of hours, gratis/for comp copies like everyone else) was largely done by the summer of 1994.

Right around then I was approached by the Vice President of Lucasfilm Licensing and the Director of Publishing to see if I'd consult on *Star Wars* continuity. The spin-off publishing was ramping up for the road to the prequels and they needed someone obsessive and thorough to keep track of the entire universe, to keep it from falling apart. The *Letters* project (and juggling it along with my THX job) was excellent training for that, and I happily took on the new challenge.

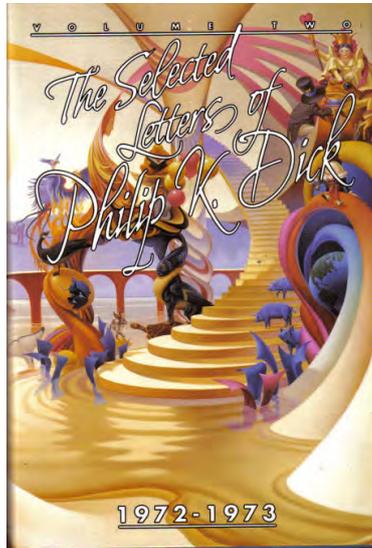
After a year of doing both the THX job and *Star Wars* continuity consulting, Licensing offered me a full-time position editing all of the *Star Wars* comic books, the nonfiction and the magazines, while expanding my role as continuity editor. I moved over to the Brook House and got to work.

Part Three

Everything that happened next is outside the parameters of this article, but while I was working in Licensing, I occasionally brought PKD into the mix. Once, in a meeting to assign a proposed trilogy of Boba Fett novels, I suggested, lobbied for, and finally convinced all concerned, to offer it to (Phil's good friend) K.W. Jeter. Another time I went to bat for a Jim Woodring tale that was going to get axed from a *Star Wars* anthology comic book, because I knew Woodring is great and I knew people like Rudy Rucker who followed the trail blazed by Phil thought so too. In the larger SF world that *Star Wars* opened up to me, I got to meet lots



of authors, some with connections to Phil: I ran into Jonathan Lethem in Berkeley, I got to know Dick Lupoff when

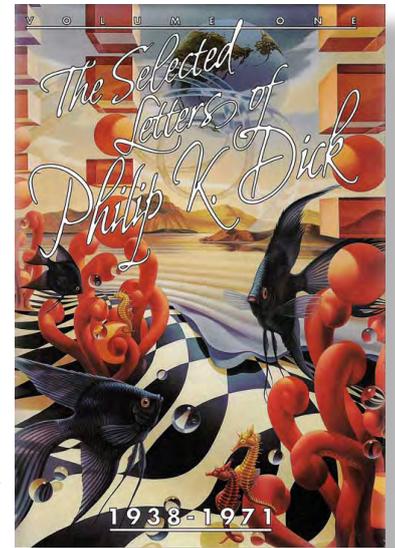


I worked at Dark Carnival (now on Claremont) for the second time, I proofed Thomas Disch's novel about Phil, *The Word of God* for Tachyon (Disch was amazed when I pointed out that the Villon he mentioned on page 146 was actually the poet François, not the painter, "Jacques," possibly because Tom didn't think any editor would do anything more than simply wade through his mock/mockering erudition.

I also could've mentioned to him, but didn't, that I thought his rivalry with Phil was founded on envy of his career legacy as much as any supposed animosity on Phil's part). Also, for Tachyon, I proofed their edition of Anne Dick's *The Search for Philip K. Dick* and I still have some

of her handmade earrings that we bought at a gallery in Point Reyes Station. I also helped Brian Robb research his (Titan, a Lucasfilm licensee) book on PKD films, *Counterfeit Worlds*. Minor contributions all, but still in some small way (like writing this article) repaying Phil.

Along the way, I also got to meet J.G. Ballard and later, Michael Moorcock, the other two heroes in my personal SF triumvirate. Mike Moorcock (an early British champion of Phil's writing, and someone who recently acknowledged Phil's prescience) and I have become friends and I've had the honor to work with him on more than thirty projects. I feel like somehow none of these accomplishments would have come about if I hadn't met Phil, that evening long ago...



This issue's cover was made by Brent Houzenga

You can see more of his fine artwork here:

www.houzenga.com

Reality Is Neither the Subject nor the Object of True Art: Nabokov's *Pale Fire* and Philip K. Dick

John Fairchild

When you finish reading a Philip K. Dick book, you can say to yourself, Now what was real? In Vladimir Nabokov's *Pale Fire*, you know better than to ask the question. *Pale Fire* has no groundbase of reality; it is pure fiction. Instead of Philip Dick asking what is reality?, Nabokov is saying "this isn't real". Nabokov could have just published the poem as a poem, only he said no, I'm doing something completely different. He took something that would have otherwise been an identifiable work of art and ... what? How do you describe what Nabokov did by letting Kinbote do his thing to Shade's work? We're down the rabbit hole right out of the gate. The rabbit hole opened up in the Forward, not a normal place for a rabbit hole to open up. *Pale Fire* is like a Moebius strip of a literary work.

If it had just been Shade's poem and Kinbote's notes, we would have had a sort of yin/yang energy; since Nabokov's Kinbote wrote the Forward, we have a Kinbote/Shade/Kinbote energy. Plus, we have an imaginary Index, a made-up Index. All this creates the Moebius strip energy.

Philip K. Dick wrote the equivalent of some Moebius Freeways, some Philip K. Dick Moebius Inter-state Highways. And I'm sure some tall white fountains can be found amongst the exit ramps.

On the one hand, of course, fiction isn't supposed to be real. It's just that there are gradations of reality in fiction. We have autobiographic coming-of-age fiction, growing-up-in-a-small-Irish-village fiction, where you can see the reality behind the fiction. *Pale Fire* is straight-up unreal.

In *Blade Runner 2049*, the Ryan Gosling character K takes a baseline test that uses the *Pale Fire* lines "cells inter-linked" (Line 702). At some point we will find out how and why these lines were used for the film. Delayed gratification is nothing new to the pure in heart.

Nabokov: "Beauty plus pity—that is the closest we can get to a definition of art." An argument can be made that K found beauty plus pity. And speaking of Art, this is a call for the creation of *Lilith Calling Back Adam*. (See Commentary, Line 80.)

"[Do not] demand too clear an image of what is unimaginable." Commentary, Line 549.

[The title of this essay comes from Commentary, Line 130.]



M.C. Escher - Moebius strip

“It’s Enough To Keep You Awake At Night,” PKD & Gnosticism: Facts vs. Wishful Thinking

by Frank. C. Bertrand

Evidence: “Much of my view since March comes from non-Christian/Jewish sources, such as Hinduism, from Persia – then later on the Pythagorean mystical cults of Greece and now Rome. Much of it is Gnostic, Orphic, but much is still a part of present day religious reality; it is both heretical and orthodox, so it is everything.” [*The Selected Letters of Philip K. Dick* 1974, Novato, CA: Underwood-Miller, 1991, p. 172. This is the **first** mention by Phil of the word *Gnostic* or *Gnosticism* in his extant selected letters. The letter is dated 7-14-1974, 22 years **after** he was initially published in 1952.]

“Mostly, though, what I get is a lot of information, floods of it night after night, on and on, about the religions of the Antique World – from Egypt, India, Persia, Greece and Rome. Jim never loses interest in that stuff, especially the Zoroastrian religion and the Pythagorean mystery cult and the Orphic cults and the Gnostics – on and on.” [*In Pursuit of VALIS: Selections from the Exegesis*, edited by Lawrence Sutin. Novato, CA: Underwood-Miller, 1991, p. 5. This is the **first** mention by Phil of *Gnostics* in the early published version of the *Exegesis*, edited by his best narrative biographer, Lawrence Sutin. It is dated mid-July 1974. This entry also appears in the longer version, titled *The Exegesis of Philip K. Dick*, edited by Pamela Jackson and Jonathan Lethem. NY: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2011, pp. 23-24.]

“For seventeen months I’ve been doing heavy research and making notes for a religious novel which I’m calling TO SCARE THE DEAD. I have learned so much about early Christianity (in fact all the Greek mystery religions, and the Neoplatonic religions as well, and Gnosticism) that I think they should award me some kind of honorary degree. Let us hope a novel comes out of this.” [*The Selected Letters*

of Philip K. Dick 1975-1976, Novato, CA: Underwood-Miller, 1992, pp. 193-194. This letter is dated 8-1-1975.]

“I did 30 months of research into the origins of Christianity, and the Greek mystery cults, such as the Orphic religion, and also into neo-Platonism, Gnosticism, and so on.” [“An Interview with Philip K. Dick,” by Daniel DePrez, conducted September 10, 1976, in *Science Fiction Review*, No. 19, Vol. 5, no. 3, August 1976. This is the **first** mention by Phil of the word *Gnosticism* or *Gnostic* in an available published interview with him.]

“That my answer should be the Christian answer did not appear to disturb the lady reporter, but she pointed out that those fans who had grumbled at my asking the question, “What is real?” repeatedly would probably now grumble at the answer which I had found, which was a blend of Platonism, Neoplatonism, Gnosticism and Christianity, with nothing really new in it. Later I got to thinking of how many factors had gone into my finding this answer.” [*The Selected Letters of Philip K. Dick* 1975-1976, Novato, CA: Underwood-Miller, 1992, pp. 335-336. The letter is dated 9-15-1976]

“What if our universe started out as not quite real, a sort of illusion, as the Hindu religion teaches, and God, out of love and kindness for us, is slowly transmuting it, slowly and secretly, into something real?This technically is a Gnostic idea. Gnosticism is a religion that embraced Jews, Christians, and pagans for several centuries. I have been

accused of holding Gnostic ideas. I guess I do. At one time I would have been burned. But some of their ideas intrigue me.” [“How To Build A Universe That Doesn’t Fall Apart Two Days Later,” in *The Shifting Realities of Philip K. Dick: Selected Literary and Philosophical Writings*, ed. Lawrence Sutin (NY: Vintage Books, 1995, p. 264. Written in 1978 it first appeared in *I Hope I Shall Arrive Soon*, ed. Mark Hurst & Paul Williams (NY: Doubleday, 1985)]

Comment: Note, Phil does not write he is a practicing, believing Gnostic, but indicates that some of their ideas intrigue him. To try and claim that Phil was captivated by



Gnosticism is one thing; it's quite another to also try and claim that he was a Gnostic himself. And one of those ideas (Gnostic Dualism) would certainly be that of two "gods," one bad and one good, the bad one (Demiurge) responsible for creating our world/universe/reality. This universe that started out as not quite real, a sort of illusion, is perhaps most evident in his short story, "Faith of our Fathers."

This is also true of his being intrigued by philosophical and psychological ideas all of which became "intellectual tools" that he creatively used to fashion/fabricate potential fictional answers to his two main themes of What is Reality?, and What is an Authentic Human Being? It does not also indicate that Phil is a believing, practicing Philosopher or Psychologist. Like most writers he got his ideas and information from a variety of sources. Phil owned a set of *The Encyclopedia Britannica* and the eight-volume *Encyclopedia of Philosophy* edited by Paul Edwards. He did, over time, study Gnosticism. But to study something is not thereby to accept and practice it. One could well ask if there is a significant statistical correlation between having an intellectual interest in a specific historical idea

(Gnosticism) and being a proclaimed practicing believer (Gnostic) of that idea. (This logical fallacy – correlation does not imply causation – is sometimes known as *post hoc ergo propter hoc*) And Phil might well

write about this, as Dr. C.G. Jung once did about his own situation with Gnosticism: "You overlook the facts and then think that the name is the fact, and thus you reach the nonsensical conclusion that I hypostatize ideas and am therefore a gnostic." [4-25-1955 letter to Pater Raymond Hostie, in *Letters of C.G. Jung: Volume 2 1951-1961* (NY: Routledge, 1976, p. 245. Also in *The Gnostic Jung*, p. 173.] Dr. Jung also wrote something that those who persist in attempting to put Philip K. Dick into some kind of "mystic Gnostic Guru" niche should keep well in mind: "What is true of psychopathology can – mutatis mutandis – be applied directly to the treatment which Gnosticism has undergone. Its peculiar mental products demand the same psychological understanding as do psychotic delusional formations.... The archetypal motifs of the unconscious are the psychic source of Gnostic ideas, of delusion-

al ideas (especially of the paranoid schizophrenic forms), of symbol-formation in dreams, and of active imagination in the course of an analytical treatment of neurosis." ["Foreword to Quispel 'Tragic Christianity,'" (May, 1949) in C.G. Jung, *Collected Works Vol. 18, The Symbolic Life: Miscellaneous Writings*, Princeton University Press, 1976, pp. 651-653]

Evidence: "All you can do is live an honest life, be brutally honest with yourself, and hope to become an object of interest with the divine beings. Using a formula to evoke them is technically called "magic." I guess you could call me a neo-Platonist with gnostic overtones." ["Philip K. Dick: Confessions Of A SF Artist," an Interview with Philip K. Dick, by George Cain and Dana Longo, in *Denver Clarion*, October 23, 1980.]

"This is my underlying premise. And this is that the world that we experience is not the real world. It's as simple as that. The phenomenal world is not the real world, it's something other than the real world. It's either semi-real, or some kind of forgery. This is Gnosticism. One of

the Gnostics wrote about "the illusory creator and his non-real universe," which is a very startling idea. I guess it's logical that an illusory creator would create an unreal universe. But what the hell are we talking about

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

here? Are we talking about anything at all? What characteristics could something that doesn't exist have? It's enough to keep you awake at night." [*Philip K. Dick: In His Own Words*, Long Beach, CA: Fragments West/The Valentine Press, 1984, p. 138. From a 9-30-81 interview with Gregg Rickman]

Comment: "One mentions all this simply to note the parallels between all this and Phil's later thought (cosmic correspondences to daily events; the oracle; the Exegesis; "man as a radio set.") Phil may have first encountered these concepts at the house on McKinley, and other things as well. Philip Lamantia was delving into "erotic mysticism, alchemy, Gnosticism, and heretical and heterodox thought in general" in his studies at UC; perhaps Dick encountered Gnosticism through him." [Gregg Rickman, *To*

The High Castle Philip K. Dick: A Life 1928-1962, Long Beach, CA: Fragments West/Valentine Press, 1989, p. 175. Gregg's source for this is Nancy J. Peters, "Philip Laman-tia," 331.] One could note "may have" and "perhaps." It is very much speculation and wishful thinking by many PKD pundits and self-styled PKD scholars that Philip K. Dick was a life-long Gnostic, practiced Gnosticism, and his over 40 novels and 100 short stories are riddled with Gnostic motifs. I very much agree with Professor Carter Kaplan's incisive observation that: "As I said, orthodox Christianity secularized the universe, while Gnosticism brought God back into it. Philip K. Dick--who is often wrongly described as a "Gnostic"--was very keen on rejecting the mystical project of Gnosticism, and sought through his novels to illustrate the shortcomings of such fantasias and the people who live in, or who otherwise believe in, such artificial worlds, or who see themselves playing roles in the histories of such worlds--see, for example, *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* and *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer*." [Carter Kaplan, blog post, *Highbrow*, "Gnostic Heresies," <http://carterkaplan.blogspot.com/2018/09/gnostic-heresies.html>]

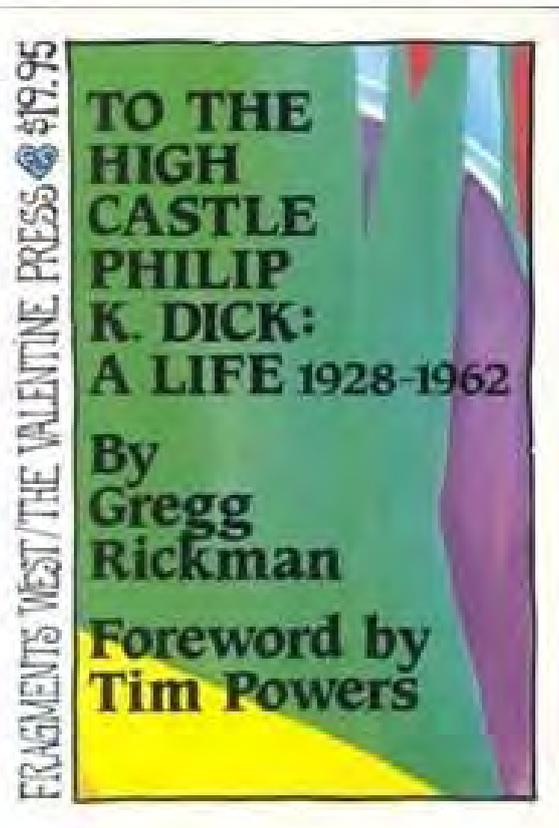
Comment: "The modern term 'Gnosticism' itself originated within the context of anti-heretical polemics. It was coined in 1669 by the Cambridge Platonist Henry More, in a commentary on the seven letters to the seven churches in chapters 2 and 3 of the Revelation of John 8. He employed the term to typify the teaching of a prophetess in Tyatira, who tempted her followers to commit illicit sexual acts and eat sacrificial meat and initiated them into 'what some call "the deep things of Satan"' (Rev. 2:20-25)." [Roelof Van Den Broek. *Gnostic Religion In Antiquity*. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2013, pp. 5-6)]

Comment: "But the Gnostics were too remote for me to establish any link with them in regard to the questions that were confronting me. As far as I could see, the tra-

dition that might have connected Gnosis with the present seemed to have been severed, and for a long time it proved impossible to find any bridge that led from Gnosticism – or neo-Platonism –to the contemporary world." [C.G. Jung. *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*. New York: Vintage Books, 1989, p. 201]

Comment: "The term "Gnosticism" seems to have originated in the eighteenth century. On the other hand, the words "gnosis" and "gnostic" are Greek terms that are actually found in some of the ancient sources that either describe or represent examples of certain of the religious forms in question. However, when used for the modern category "Gnosticism," "Gnosis," or "the Gnostic religion," none of these terms has an ancient equivalent. Antiquity quite literally had no word for the persons who are the subject of the present study – that is, no single word. The category is a modern construction." [Michael Allen Williams. *Rethinking "Gnosticism" An Argument For Dismantling A Dubious Category*. Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1996, p. 7]

Comment: "It [Gnosticism] was first coined in the seventeenth century by an Englishman named Henry More, who used it in an expository work on the seven letters of the book of Revelation. He used the term *Gnosticisme* to describe the heresy in Thyatira (Revelation 2:18-29), in the same sense that a contemporary of his, Henry Hammond, used the expression "the Gnostick-heresie." The latter term comes out of the writings of St. Irenaeus. *Gnosticism* is a term made up by adding the suffix *-ism* to the adjective *gnostic* (Greek *gnōstikos*), meaning "knowing" or "knowledgeable." It is clear that Henry More used the term *Gnosticism* in a pejorative way, with allegorical application to seventeenth-century Christian interdenominational polemics." [Birger A. Pearson. *Ancient Gnosticism Traditions and Literature*. Minneapolis: Fortress Press, 2007, p. 9] [© FCB 10/2018]



Reality: A Search for Definition - The Excluded Middle

by Lord RC

As I write this essay it is three days before the 2018 Midterm Congressional Elections in the United States. A battle is waging between Donald Trump with his “fake news” and the Democrats and Mass Media who call Trump a liar and tote up his daily toll of untruths. But is he a liar? You can’t just call him a liar, you have to prove it. To which Trump responds, “you can’t prove anything”. Obviously, we have here a philosophical conundrum appropriate to the times. Can Philip K. Dick throw any light on the subject, help us figure it all out? Because, after all, there’s a lot riding on the answer...

Dick’s First Law of Reality

What is reality? Philip K. Dick came up with a partial answer that dinged a bell for many of his readers. Call it Dick’s First Law of Reality:

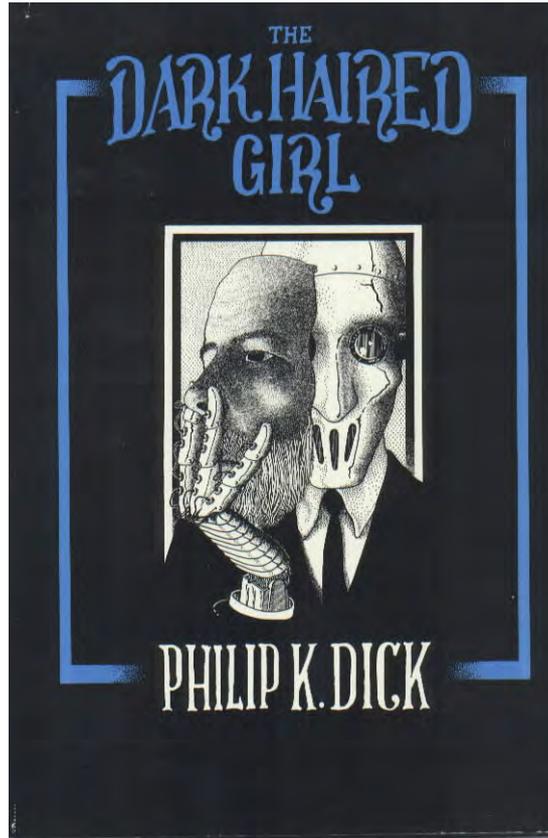
“Reality is that which, when you stop believing in it, doesn’t go away.”

And immediately I think of the cover of Paul William’s book *ONLY APPARANTLY REAL*, painted by Kent Bellows. There’s Phil reading his book, something behind him disturbs him, he looks up! There’s a monster coming in the window and stealing his file cabinet! Now, is a monster coming in the window something to be believed in? Will it go away? I hope I never have to find out...

But it was while pondering this question that our esteemed editor, Patrick Clark, referred me to a passage in *THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL* where Phil talks of multiple realities and what is true, or real (Phil talking about science fiction with Norman Spinrad):

“Philosophy,” I said, “when discussing oranges,

must at some moment in the discussion point to an actual orange.” The new sort of world into which we are moving is not either an abstract verbal one of discussing oranges nor the concrete world of the object orange; it, this already extant multiple reality, as if half hallucination and half objective reality, can be said to be both true and untrue at any given moment: it transcends Aristotle’s categories of logic, such as the Law of the Excluded Middle.” A thing is either A or not-A,” so that our thoughts somewhat control reality, but not completely so...



This reference to “The Law of the Excluded Middle” caught my interest: Is reality true or false? Is it real or is it fake? (And, *pace* Dick, can it be transcended?) According to this Law the answer is one or the other, there is no middle ground, hence “the excluded middle.” And although Dick conjoins the ‘A’ and the ‘not-A’ into a metaform, this seems logical enough.

A thing is either what it is or it is not, and it was Aristotle himself who came up with the original idea. It’s been around for thousands of years. But... it’s not that simple. Later mathematicians like Frege, Brouward, Hilbert and Whitehead and Russell, have taken this seeming simplicity and

made it complex. Bringing in such arguments as: Well, this can only be true in a finite space, in an infinite space you cannot be certain. And, what is meant by ‘true’ and ‘false’ in the first place? It reminds one of Bill Clinton’s answer to an awkward question: it depends on the meaning of ‘is.’

The three classical logic laws are:

1. The law of Identity. A thing is itself. P is P
2. The Law of Contradiction. A thing is not some thing else. P is not Q
3. The Law of the Excluded Middle. A thing is P or Q and not anything else, R

These straightforward statements (which begin the development of logical relations) contain a universe of argu-

ments. As might be expected over the course of history, factionalism set in. One faction, the Intuitionists, take issue with these laws on the grounds that a thing 'P' has a logical property 'p' that first must be true and until you define that property you cannot make general statements about it being true or false. It gets worse. The Intuitionists go on to include the concept of 'space' as integral to any definition. You cannot demonstrate the truth of any proposition without considering its 'space'. Is that space finite or infinite -- and does it matter? And what do we mean by 'space' anyway?

These are fundamental logical problems engaging bitter scientific arguments over millennia. Whitehead and Russell in *Principia Mathematica* introduce the notion of the observer, or percipient, in establishing truth and falsity. Hilbert insisted on more mathematical and less logical propositions. It gets complicated. But it all leads to the modern - one could say *postmodern* - understanding that in a finite space the Law of the Excluded Middle is true: P is P and not Q nor R. But, *in general*, P cannot be defined, therefore cannot be true or false. The problem with this postmodern sort of thinking is that, ultimately, nothing is real. And it is this interpretation of reality that Donald Trump seizes on when he lies about everything. Does he believe his own lies? It doesn't matter because *belief*, as I'm about to demonstrate, has nothing to do with it.

The Trump Corollary to Dick's First Law of Reality

To translate this into current politicianese: Trump calls the statement "Trump colluded with the Russians" fake news. In light of the above zip through the history of logic, he is denying the truth of the statement on the grounds - like the Intuitionists - that the definitions of the truths asserted are too narrow. In the bigger reality these narrow truths do not apply, hence fake news. But note, this is an actual perversion of the Intuitionists position vis-à-vis mathematical truths, the application of which the Intuitionists agree with. The Intuitionists and the mathematician's following Hilbert would alike agree with the truth of the statement "Trump colluded with the Russians". But, no doubt, they would be aware of the dangers of their po-

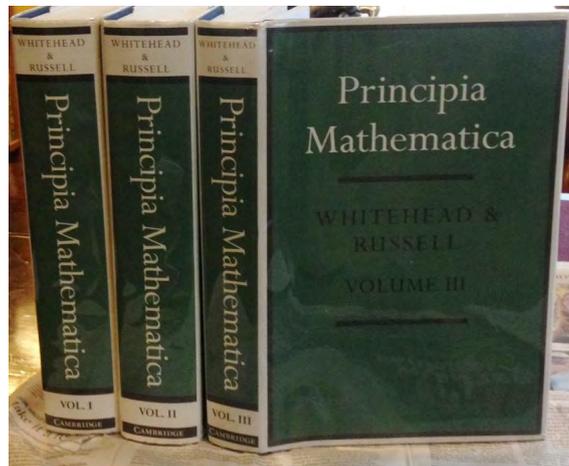
sition as snapped up in his subtle-genius way by Donald Trump.

The extra step taken by Trump is the final one downplayed by the Intuitionists: in an infinite situation anything is possible, so you cannot say anything definite about anything. Like Trump said recently, "you can't prove anything." Any statement of truth is fake news. In this "Trump colluded with the Russians" statement, truth cannot be established. Trump realizes that 'Trump' and 'the Russians' are like Hilbertian definitions. We agree on who Trump is and who the Russians are. The fuzzy area is that term 'colluded with'. It is a subjective statement and might as well be a wide-open barn door for Trump. He just drives through it, big grin on his face, and counters, note this, counters this supposed fake news with fake news of his own! Alternative facts. And, importantly, he has people who believe him.

This all gives us Trump's corollary to Dick's First Law of Reality:

"Reality is that which, when questioned, is fake."

The interrelations of Dick's statement and Trump's (although he never actually said it this way) should provide further enlightenment to the student of reality.



And Its Refutation

But is Trump right that in an *infinite* space he did not collude with the Russians? Logically the answer is yes. But only so when considered from a *finite* space! Because in an infinite space there are no truths, no essential finites. Nothing can be said of anything. Objects such as oranges do not exist. So where does this neces-

sary finite space come from? It comes from humanity. We decide on limits, on objects and relations. We call this reality. Over the path of history many realities have arisen. They all share the characteristics of Philip K. Dick's metaform above, they are all "half hallucination and half objective reality."

A main characteristic of reality is that it is *shared*. In primi-

tive times each tribe had their own totems and spirits, they all believed in it, they shared their beliefs. As humanity evolved and developed sophisticated languages – and grew in population, other realities developed. Today we have many competing realities each of which, again, are part hallucination and part objective reality.

The error of trump’s thinking is that he doesn’t “point to an actual orange.” In other words, by stressing the matter of ‘belief’ over everything else he does not realize that the orange, although he, himself, is of that color, is what provides the limiting factor. The orange gives the finiteness to reality that Aristotle and the mathematicians considered necessary to any logical definition. We’re back to the Law of the Excluded Middle: A thing is P or Q and not anything else, R. To repeat: this law excludes the subjective term in Dick’s 1st Law of Reality. Believing something does not make it true.

In his crushing dystopia, *1984*, George Orwell stressed the importance of belief in the imposition of any reality. Winston Smith, after torture by O’Brian, swore to the best of his ability that he truly did see five fingers, or three fingers, or however many fingers O’Brian held up for him. He *wanted* to believe. But O’Brian is wrong. Recall, Dick’s law states that reality is that which doesn’t go away when you stop believing in it. So as far as reality is concerned *belief has nothing to do with it*. No matter what the State in *1984* nor Donald Trump in 2018 may say, 2 plus 2 oranges equals 4 oranges every time. And global warming is a scientific fact.

The Trouble With Bubbles

To close this essay out, I’ll return to Philip K. Dick who, in his 1953 short story “The Trouble With Bubbles” toyed with this notion of reality requiring a container, something finite within which to exist. In this story the inhabitants of Earth are kept from travelling in space due to a lack of inhabitable planets within reach. In their jaded sophistication the citizens pass their time building miniature ‘world bubbles’ complete with inhabitants of their own,

which they offer in competition with others for Best Design. Then the bubbles are destroyed. Some citizens have qualms over the destruction of the small creatures in the bubble worlds and when odd changes occur in the larger world, the dawning realization that Earth is open to similar disasters sets in.

For me, this is how I see the above essay. Infinity contains an infinitude of finites, represented by the world bubbles, and every bubble contains many more and is itself contained. This principle of containment supposes objects – ‘containers’ that obey the laws of logic. Specifically, the Law of the Excluded Middle.



To sum up: Dick’s 1st Law: “Reality is that which, when you stop believing in it, doesn’t go away,” is modified by Trump’s corollary “Reality is that which, when ques-

tioned, is fake,” to which we apply the Slime Mold Reduction (we exclude the middle from Dick’s 1st Law - “Reality is that which doesn’t go away,” and Trump’s corollary “when questioned”) to yield a pair of contradictory truth statements:

“Reality is that which doesn’t go away” and “Reality is that which is fake.” And of these two statements, only the first is capable of logical truth.

Iipse dixit, as the professional logicians say. And, so, having proven that Donald Trump is an idiot – in the sense of inhabiting his own private world, his *koinos kosmos*, as Phil would put, where only what he himself believes matters, I now wonder why I pursued the exercise. I think my reason is twofold. First, the pleasure I get from tearing into a president I consider to be at best an android and at worst an alien invader from another planet and, secondly, to counterattack this intellectual notion of postmodernism, as I see it. But, you know, a high school education will only get you so far. And by now the Midterm elections are over. Did we win?

Next Time: The Trump Sorites: “People are saying...”, “I heard someone say...”, “It’s a fact whatever they’re saying...”

Image by Nick Buchanan (idea by Magritte)

Living in a Philip K. Dick Novel

by Horselover Fat

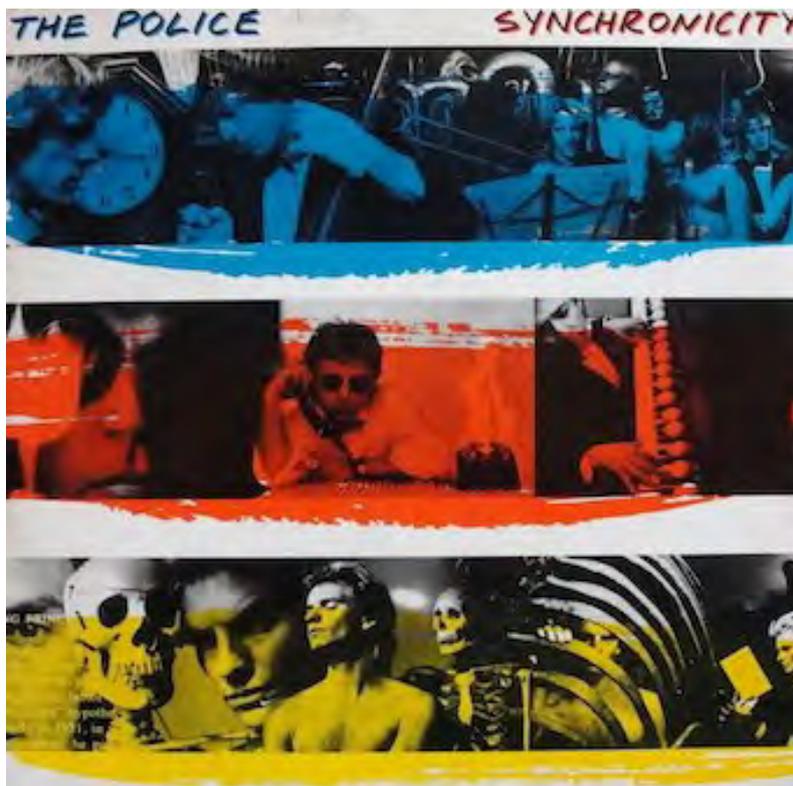
If I were to tell you that you were living in a Philip K. Dick Novel, and somehow proved it; how do you think that would make you feel? What kind of state would that put you in? Did the familiarity you felt with Phil's work trigger anamnesis? Did you spot VALIS in the sky as a child? That is why you're here, isn't it? Because you were sprayed in the face with a can of UBIK and because that pink beam blew your brains out too? Perhaps you've known you were living in this novel for quite some time now. I know I'm asking a lot of questions, but don't worry, I'm not going to out you to the man. It'll be my face on both sides of the coin. It was a few years ago when I became savvy to the fact that some of us, myself included, live in a Philip K. Dick novel. Like anyone with half a brain, I've been documenting the phenomenon through vigilant note taking. I don't actually intend to prove that this is our reality, but just know that I know that this sort of thing happens to you as well. Just know that I'll keep trying to figure out why; for both our sakes.

People from my town have referred to it as the Berkeley of Mississippi. These same people have never been to Berkeley and have made no plans to do so. I think what stated as an 'our town is the most progressive and green in the state' mentality, morphed into an inaccurate comparison of cities. Hattiesburg, Mississippi is more Orange County than Berkley, but even that statement is a stretch. The flora and fauna are beautiful here, but on paper we look ugly. Just like anywhere, we have a mixed bag of characters. Wonderful people, horrible people, and all the boring in-betweens call this place home. They eat our food and sip our coffee as they marvel at the sea of

pine trees. Every year, hundreds of students swarm our university and find that they have nowhere to park. Hattiesburgers lock their doors as they walk their dogs. They either work forty plus hours a week to make ends meet, or they sell drugs. We cautiously watch our neighbors as we water our unnatural looking lawns. I'm telling you this because it's the setting for the novel that I've come to live in, and because I know that you can relate.

From the Bat Cave on 38th, to the Cat's Meow on West Pine, I've lived all over this town. All the apartments and houses I've lived in have some ridiculous name attached to it. The same goes for the house show locations. Bands from all over the world have dropped in to play the living rooms at Spice World and MoMo's Mansion. Of all the places I frequent, the most peculiar has to be the record store/coffee shop T-Bones. This is a place Phil would have visited. The building was built with the sole intention of slinging vinyl. It started as Roadhouse Records, then later changed to Razor Records, and finely became T-Bones in 2001. Since then, the building has been expanded, allowing room for my friends and I to sit and quench our caffeine addictions. They've even started selling books. I just picked up copy of *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer*.

On one occasion, I popped into T-Bones for my usual macchiato. After I placed my order and paid, the Barista handed me a little sign with my order number on it and said, "Here, hold onto this, it's your lucky number today." I looked at the little seventeen and grinned. "Actually, this is already my lucky number. This has to be synchronicity." We both laughed and went on to realize that the song playing in the background was Synchronicity from The Police. We exchanged some awkward looks and I left. I was finishing my coffee by the time I made it into work; just in



time to catch my coworker jamming to The Police's Synchronicity part two. The whole thing left me a little shaky and I'm sure the caffeine is only partially to blame. I heard the first song on vinyl and part two was streamed from the internet, so this wasn't some radio host playing a trick on me. Like most of my life, it was a cosmic prank.

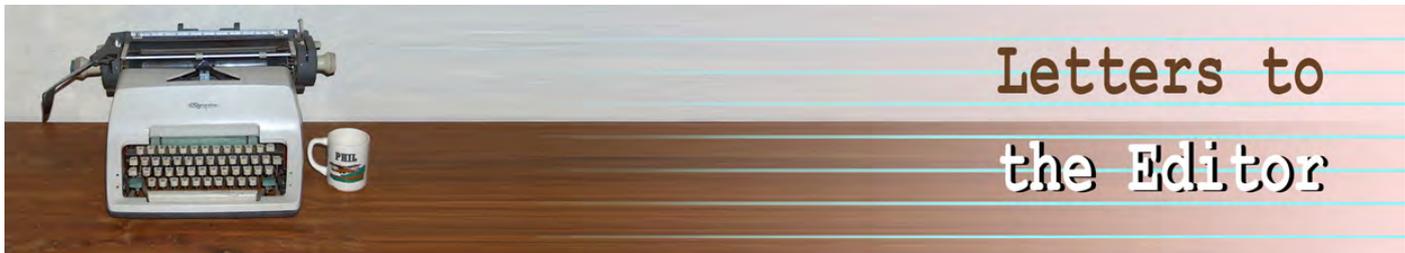
The thing is, this sort of stuff happens to me all the time. I know I'm not alone in this. That is why you're here isn't it? A series of synchronicities led you down this path. People will think we're crazy and they might be right, but we've got to learn to go with it; with the right people, to the right places. Without this strange record store, I wouldn't have met my girlfriend or my best friend. Without this weird coffee shop, I would have never heard my friend Kyle say that when he dies, his body is to be left exactly where it is. Later, Kyle tripped and almost went flying through the front window. We laughed about how this was almost the spot where his body would end up; outside and inside at

the same time, eternally trapped on the lip of the window. If T-Bones ended up complying with his final wishes, they wouldn't have even been able to fix their broken window. They would've had to get a large fan to control the stench. I hope that you've found your people and places. Either way, keep searching for answers and let me know what you find. This past Halloween, I found myself sitting in T-Bones, enjoying my usual, when I felt inspired to write this short poem:

you're reading this for a reason,
whether you're a roog or humble pot-healer,
makes no difference,
you're meant to receive this message,
whether you're crazy or not,
makes no difference,
the Buddha is in the park,
it's happening now,
the empire falls apart.



UBIK Graphic by Nick Buchanan



Letters to the Editor

A Tale of Two Sentences

Frank Bertrand
10/14/2017

I've read Tessa Dick's latest book as well. Seems more like a diary or journal than anything else. Rambling at times. Disjointed. Repetitive. And in that she has mentioned more than once that since her accident(s) and head injuries she no longer has a memory like a steel trap, misremembers sometimes, or partly remembers (Has she given a clear account of this anywhere yet????), just how she went about writing *Conversations With Philip K. Dick*. I've asked her if she kept any kind of journal and/or diary while married to Phil, but haven't gotten any answer yet. So, I'm a bit suspicious of its contents. One thing that is evident is Tessa doesn't much like Maer Wilson. And if you read Maer's memoir *The Other Side of Philip K. Dick*, she really doesn't like Tessa at all. But I found Maer's book far more interesting and useful than Tessa's book. One thing that Maer's book calls into question is just how prevalent Phil's agoraphobia was in his later years, if at all.

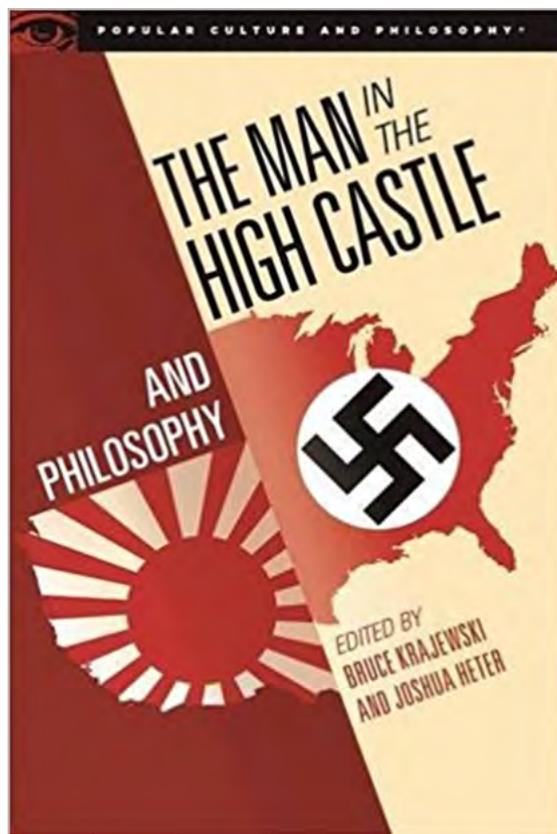
As for the *What The Hell* item, the book with the oh so clever and witty title *The Matrix Control System of Philip K. Dick and The Paranormal Synchronicities of Timothy Green Beckley*, it is a 438 page anthology edited by Beckley and Sean Casteel. Published May 2017 by Inner Light – Global Communications, of which Beckley is president, meaning the book was self-published.

The first half of the book contains 13 "essays" by such well-known and stalwart PKD scholars as Tim Swartz, Nick Redfern, Diane Tessman, Brent Raynes, Joseph Green, and last but not least Hercules Invictus. (Yes, for real, Hercules Invictus!!!!) Some of these classic essays have the following titles: "Are We Living

In A Computer Simulation?"; "Philip K. Dick's Phylogenic Memory And The Divine Fire"; "The Ubik Of Reality"; and "Divine Invasion: 'Alien Contact' In The 1970s."

But wait.... It gets much more surreal and like a jape. Timothy Green Beckley is also the editor of *Conspiracy Journal* and *Bizarre Bazaar*. He's a well known UFO and paranormal pioneer, has been described as "the Hunter Thompson of UFOlogy," and over the years has written and/or edited over 30 books (most were self-published) on everything from rock music to the secret MJ12 Papers. Now, the second part of the anthology is taken up by Beckley's memoir of his various experiences with synchronicity, which began in childhood and continues to the present day.

And, finally, there is an "Introduction" by none other than Tessa B. Dick. That is available for reading on the Amazon page for the anthology book.



So, what we've got, in my ever so humble informed opinion, is the latest entry from the fringe element of the Phildickian landscape, those ever so determined and desperately trying to make Philip K. Dick into some kind of Gnostic Guru, Mystical Alchemist, and/or alien influenced crazed drug addict prophet, with absolutely no independently verifiable empirical evidence for their wild claims. At almost 73 years youthfully challenged (Oct. 26), I'm not sure which is worse for the life and works of Philip K. Dick, what the fringe element is doing, or, what academia is doing. Speaking of which there is a new book out from them:

It came out July 17, 2017 from Open Court Press, part of their Popular Culture and Philosophy series, and is edited by two PhD's.

This one I will probably get to read. I suspect it's the first of a series devoted to those PKD novels that are best

known and/or have been loosely adapted into tv shows or movies. No doubt Blade Runner 2049 and Philosophy will soon follow.

Now, as for Thomas M. Disch, a thorny subject at best. Have you read Disch's 2008 "novel" *The Word of God*? It's Disch's last work before he committed suicide. PKD is a character in it who is not painted positively at all.

What you so aptly quote from Disch's *The Dreams Our Stuff Is Made Of* (The Free Press, 1998) is certainly important. BUT, it should be compared/contrasted with what Disch also writes about Phil in that book. For instance: "He was proud of his persuasive powers and would tailor each new account of the Valis experience to suit the expectations and vocabulary of his audience. Many of the details of our long confabulation have appeared in other reports in another, significantly different form." (pg. 154)

Disch also quotes himself from an interview he gave to Lawrence Sutin, which appeared in part in Sutin's consummate biography of Philip K. Dick, *Divine Invasions A Life Of Philip K. Dick* (Harmony Books, 1989). Disch writes: "At the same time I was thinking this is a masterful con. Dick is a professional entertainer of beliefs [GREAT phrase, that!!!] – and what else is a con-man. He wants to turn anything he imagines into a system. And there's his delight in making people believe – he loved to make you believe." (pgs. 153-154, emphasis by Disch)

This I find to be great ammunition for my growing "belief" (from some 35 years of trying to make sense of his life and works) that Philip K. Dick was an accomplished Jungian Trickster who gleefully pulled one big JAPE on all of us, in particular with his short stories and novels. But also in the letters, interviews, and essays. It's something I hope to write about at length real soon.

Yours in kipple, gubbish and dead bug words,
Frank C. Bertrand

Exer-jitters

Dear Esteemed Editor of *PKD Otaku*,

I wanted to let you know, revered Editor of the prestigious "serconzine" *PKD Otaku*, that I, at least, am in complete agreement with something you wrote in your "Editorial" for #37, April 2018. Therein you state:

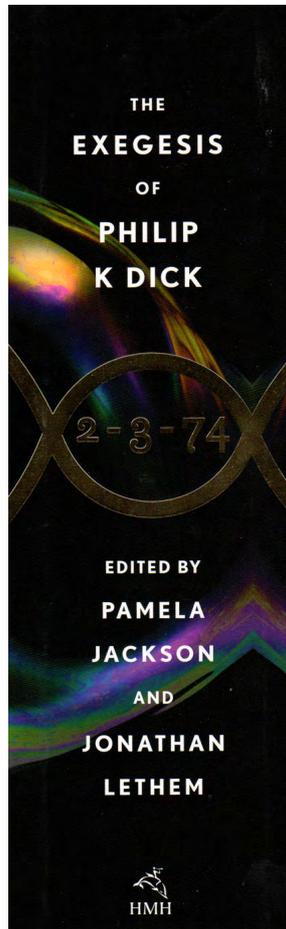
"Myself, I find the *Exegesis* too long and crazy to deal with except in little snippets, like this.

They pique my curiosity for a brief time but then the, umm, "heroic tedium" kicks in as Phil chases his own theological tail...Plus, I'm pissed off that Phil poured so much of his energy into the *White Whale* when he could have used that time to write new novels." [p. 2]

That incisive and "Victorianish" phrase *heroic tedium* is spot on when it comes to describing my own experience of attempting to read, and make cogent sense of, Phil's *The Exegesis*. You apparently borrowed it from Adam Robert's essay ("does god need a starship? science fiction and religion,") in the book *Strange Divisions and Alien Territories: The Sub-Genres of Science Fiction*, edited by Keith Brooke (New York: Palgrave Macmillan (Red Globe Press), 2012). Said Adam Roberts is Professor of Nineteenth-Century Literature at Royal Holloway, University of London. Turns out Roberts used that same phrase some two years earlier in the April 5, 2010 issue of *Strange Horizons* as part of a review titled, "VALIS and Later Novels by Philip K. Dick." In the 11th block paragraph he writes: "In sum, *VALIS* is a novel of prodigious, almost heroic tedium. To say so, actually, is not entirely to dismiss it." And it seems that Raphael Aloysius Lafferty (1914-2002) once commented, about "...that mass of science fiction untouched by the carnivalesque culture of folk humor, dubbing it "heroic tedium," produced by writers who have become machines writing for readers who are also machines." (cited by Andrew Ferguson, in "Lafferty and his World," available at academia.edu, no date indicated)

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You'll also be glad to learn, kind sir, that you and I are not alone in our critical opinions about Philip K. Dick's *The Ex-*



exesis. Near the end of his review for the British newspaper, *The Guardian* (11-23-2011), Daniel Kalder writes “The Exegesis is dizzying, bewildering, exhilarating, and more or less as strange as it sounds. But again, should you read it? It doesn’t contain the answers to all things; it doesn’t even contain the answer to what happened to Dick.”

Ethan Gilsdorf, who reviewed it for *The Boston Globe* (12-10-2011), wrote: “...we now have the strange collection of scribblings called “The Exegesis of Philip K. Dick.” Dick likely did not intend these personal notes to be published – and, in fact, the editors point out that Dick’s children weren’t completely comfortable about the book, fearing that it could harm their father’s reputation.”

Someone who actually knew Philip K. Dick, met with him, and wrote one of the best interview-profiles of PKD, Charles Platt, writes in the *The New York Times* (12-16-2011) Book Review Section, in a review titled “The Voices In Philip K. Dick’s Head,” how “Alas, the “Exegesis” pursues its target in the manner of a shotgun firing randomly in every possible direction. Dick ruminates, cogitates and associates freely from one topic to the next. He mulls the content of his dreams, descends into labyrinths of metaphysical hypotheses and (ironically) wonders how he can ever use this material to create a publishable book.”

In the following year, 2012, Alex Good wrote in a review published in Canada’s largest daily newspaper, *The Star*, that “Even those of us who love his work have to admit that while Dick had a brilliant and original imagination he could be a baffling, repetitive, and downright sloppy writer. The Exegesis takes these qualities and multiplies them exponentially.” (1-7-2012)

The well known *Los Angeles Review Of Books* published a review (2-24-2012) by Professor Rob Latham titled “The Exegete” wherein Latham explains that “Despite being a major fan of Dick’s work, I have to admit that I question whether this manuscript should have seen print at all, given its often embarrassing rambling and autodidactic fanaticism, with Dick latching onto any stray thread to spin out his cosmogonic web. I certainly find it hard to imagine that there is a widespread audience for this strange assemblage of obiter Dick-ta, even among PKD’s more hardcore followers.”

And in 2013, Professor David G. Robinson, in his review for the academic journal *Culture and Religion: An Interdisciplinary Journal*, Vol. 14, No. 4 (10-25-2013) writes, “...the text contains Dick’s ongoing thoughts about what had happened to him, ideas which were constantly shifting and becoming more complex....and Dick’s speculations begin to spin out into a vast cosmological system drawn principally from Neoplatonism.” (p. 503)

Of these six voices in the wilderness I find the comments by Charles Platt most telling, for *The Exegesis* does indeed read like “a shotgun firing randomly in every possible direction,” and Philip K. Dick “ruminates, cogitates and associates freely from one topic to the next.” No wonder I once wrote, in *PKD Otaku*, No. 23 (January 2012), “...you’ll be left with more tantalizing questions than enlightening answers, much like a Philip K. Dick novel or short story.”

[p. 6] It’s perhaps his best jape by far on all of us.

Yours in kipple, gubbish, and dead bug words,

Frank C. Bertrand

“Dick likely did not intend these personal notes to be published”



‘Exegesis unabridged’ Graphic by Nick Buchanan

“An Open Letter from Philip K. Dick”

Vertex, October 1974, p. 99.

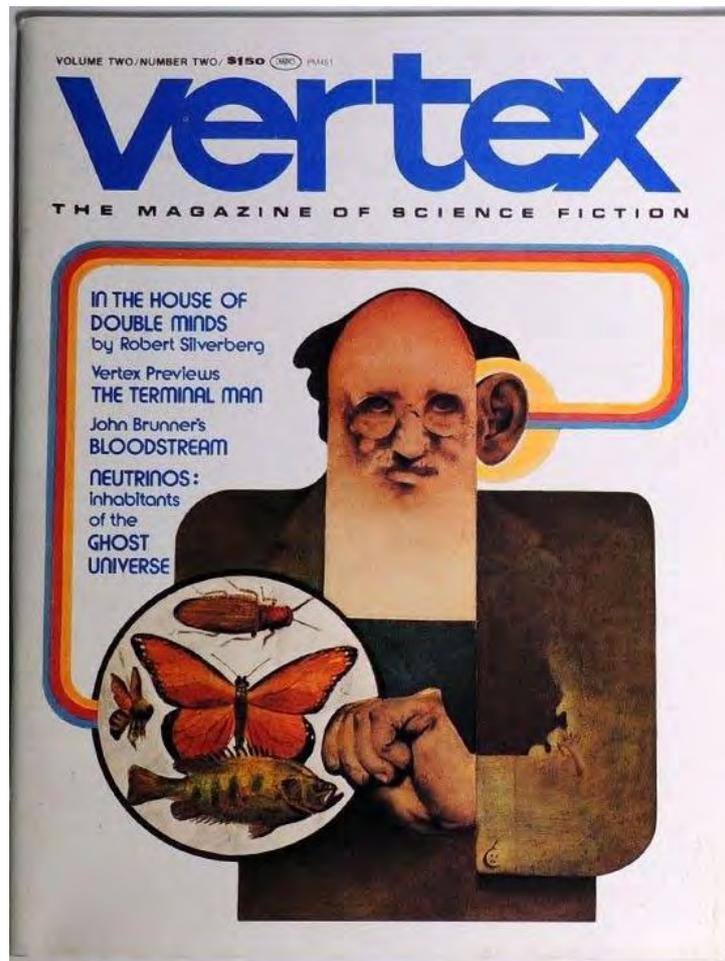
Poul Anderson’s rebuttal to Joanna Russ in Vol. 2, Number 2 had an odd effect on me, considering that Joanna, in the English journal *Vector*, for example, said dreadful things about me and my writing (e.g. my Vancouver speech) which were calculated to strike at my very deepest human and masculine pride (for example, she shrieked at me in print: “... the obligatory nervous/macho assurance that he isn’t queer, by God!” etc.) I quote this, which was so to speak below the belt as a criticism of my writing, merely to place before you the obvious: that I have no reason to speak in favor of Ms. Russ, at least from a nervous/macho standpoint; Ms. Russ has in the most polemical manner, familiar now to most of us, hit where it hurts, far off target, to make her point, even at the cost of strewing the landscape with the wounded and puzzled corpses of otherwise reputable SF writers unaccustomed to such unfair attacks (for example, she identified my long, complex and very heavy, even religious Vancouver speech, which as I said in my *Vertex* interview (Vol. 1 Number 6) was the “most important thing I’d ever written” as my “rape article.”). These are the tactics of bitter fanatics, and I can understand Poul Anderson, as well as others in the field, rousing themselves from their slumbers wanting to hit back.

And yet—I think, after reading what Poul said in his article in *Vertex* in response to Joanna (and Poul has been a personal and dear friend of mine since 1952, longer than

virtually anyone else I know—longer than wives or children or even my agent)—his response, which is superb, and because it is superb and probably could not be bettered, I suddenly realized that beneath the anger and polemics and unfair tactics, which remind me of my old Left Wing girlfriends when they were mad at me for whatever reason—under all her manner of expressing her views, Joanna Russ is right. And Poul and I and the rest of us are wrong. Off hand I see this as an opening reason to abruptly reconsider our unquestioned and even smug attitude:

science fiction is notorious for failing to deal with human relationships; as Stanislaw Lem offered in an article, which I mentioned in my speech, a time might come when a man (I suppose—I hope, anyhow-deep in space and alone in a ship) might try to rape a sewing machine. I found this idea funny, and my amusement maddened Joanna. Now I think she was right, although at the time my own defensiveness, matching hers, prevented me from seeing why and how she was right. Science fiction must get its ass off those cold and even psychotic pre-occupations about “men raping sewing machines,” because this is not just a silly idea, unworthy of our reading about it seriously or Lem or anyone else seriously writing about it; it

is not just another lousy plot-idea, as I had thought when I read it in his article in *S.F. Commentary* and spaced-out laughing, but because it embodies the basic flaw, the dreadful vacuum in science fiction. My God, have we come to that? In our history of writing? Yes, we have, and because we are alienated, not from the sky (we write and gabble on and on about the stars and planets, orbits and ships and thrusts and communications systems, all that cold and dead stuff) but are alienated from the earth, the chthonic soil from which life, our life, sprang long ago.



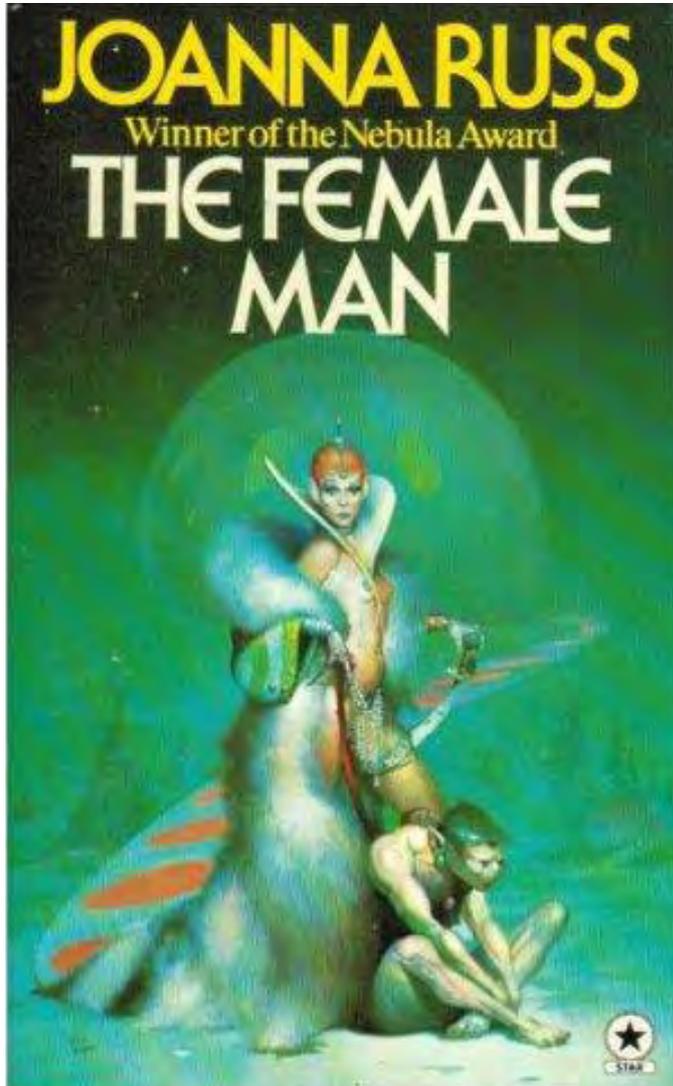
And that life, let us face it, is Woman. In our stories, we as writers are almost universally (except perhaps for Ted Sturgeon) simply incapable of (one) imagining the need of dealing with man-woman relationships as prime factors in our novels and yarns, and (two) if someone outside the field points this out to us, well, we are without the skill, the insight, the experience with life itself, to put women in. And, to compound it, the nitwit readers, the fans, fail to see anything missing if the hero is alone with others like himself: a pure metallic revolving mind in a body that needs only to excrete and then reprocess for his own consumption what we usually are glad to void.

So Joanna is right—in what she believes, not how she puts it forth. Lady militants are always like Joanna, hitting you with their umbrella, smashing your bottle of whiskey—they are angry because if they are not, WE WILL NOT LISTEN. We are too sure of ourselves, as witness Poul’s article-in-response. His article was lovely. Literate and reasonable and moderate and respectable, and worthy in all respects except that it was meaningless, by virtue of the fact that it was just so much space gas. It was like telling the blacks that they only “imagined” that somehow things in the world were different for them, that they only some-

how “imagined” that their needs, its articulations in our writing, were being ignored. It is a conspiracy of silence, and Joanna, despite the fact that she seemed to feel the need of attacking us on a personal level, shattered that silence, for the good of us all. I have long said, science fiction may touch the sky but it fails to touch the ground. If by “ground” we substitute the time-sanctioned symbol and reality of woman, then maybe science fiction will begin to turn out stories related to reality—not power fantasies where you sit at the command module and press buttons and watch screens and talk rational educated talk, but hug and kiss and love and hold and (are you ready?) make sexual love. And, above all, respect, as your equal, the lady you love. She deserves it; she is entitled to it, in our field, in all fields. Joanna, I resent being told I’m worried about being queer, especially in print (not “queer in print” but “being told in print”), but if your attack serves to make us aware of you and your previously-considered second-class

group as our equals, our peers, our friends—then I’ll take it. Like a man.

With warm regards,
Philip K. Dick





LETTER FROM ED BURNS to Science Fiction Review, March 17, 1982

I was saddened to learn of the death of Philip K. Dick. These lines from VALIS came to mind:

There is no answer; there is only a dead animal that just wanted to cross the street. We're all animals that want to cross the street only something mows us down half-way across that we never saw! Chap. 14)

Then in Chapter Six of A MAZE OF DEATH we are told that:

All death comes as a result of a deterioration of form, due to the activity of the Form Destroyer!

The Form Destroyer has not won -- for Dick's works always pointed toward a transcendent significance. Indeed from his interview with Daniel DePrez in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #19, we have his words:

... I often have the feeling and it does show up in my books — that this is all just a stage.

I believe that Dick's life and works illustrate the struggle for unity that Dick called Ubik. Ubik was invented by a "number of responsible half-lifers" threatened by the Form Destroyer, Jory. This struggle for unity is called the transcendent function by Carl Jung — whom Dick has called the greatest of the human thinkers (in OUR FRIENDS FROM FROLIX 8). Dick illustrated Jung's myth of modern man in which the individual has the choice between becoming conscious enough to create "objective existence and meaning", or become unconsciously the slave of the state and those who know how to manipulate it, and thus going down to his unknown end 'in the profoundest night of non-being. Page 336, JUNG HIS LIFE AND WORK by Barbara Hanna.

Dick says as much in his interview with Charles Platt in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #36. Dick cites the greatest menace of the twentieth century as being the totalitarian state, then continues...

Essentially, I'm pleading the cause of those people

who are not strong.

The something overlooked that Dick wished to acquaint people with was the archetype of unity and totality — the Self. In which ...

Our God is reborn — not outside as such, but in each of us. Slumbering not under snow over the ground-surface but within the right hemisphere of our brains. (Page 223 from Dick's essay in SCIENCE FICTION AT LARGE).

I would like to end with the conclusion of Dick's SOLAR LOTTERY:

"Don't feel bad about it. It's only the physical part of John Preston that's dead, and that part is not really very important."

"... Its blind eyes gazed out over the group of people, not seeing them, not hearing them, not aware of their presence. It was speaking instead to listeners far off, watchers far away. 'It isn't a brute instinct that keeps us restless and dissatisfied. I'll tell you what it is: it's the highest goal of man — the need to grow and advance ... to find new things ... to expand. To spread out, reach areas, experiences, comprehend and live in an evolving fashion. To push aside routine and repetition, to break out of mindless monotony and thrust forward. To keep moving on ...'"

One of the panels that Emily was on was about "The Prophets of Science Fiction." She asked me about it ahead of time. I told her that the most accurate sci-fi predictions of our times were made by Philip K. Dick and the Firesign Theater. Mostly because they weren't trying predict anything. They didn't take it too seriously (the fatal flaw of a lot of science fiction) and let it get absurd. — Ernest Hogan

*

You asked if PKD a "weak finisher". Oh my, yes. The guy couldn't write an ending to save his life. Most of the time he had plotted himself into such a corner that no ending was really possible. A number of his novels don't end at all; they just lurch to a stop. I don't know. In a way it's

part of his charm as a genre writer. Maybe, too, it means that life goes on, one way or another, even with fictional characters. The attempt to bring closure to a book may not be the best strategy. – from a letter I wrote in 2005

*

This invasion of the real by the unreal has had consequences for politics. The hallucinatory realities in Dick’s worlds—the empathetic religion of *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, the drug-produced worlds of *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, the quasi-Tibetan Buddhist death realm of *Ubik*—are usually experienced by many people, like the television shows of Dick’s America. But as network television has given way to the Internet, it has become easy for people to create their own idiosyncratic mix of sources. The imposed media consensus that Dick detested has shattered into a myriad of different realities, each with its own partially shared assumptions and facts. Sometimes this creates tragedy or near-tragedy. The deluded gunman who stormed into Washington, D.C.’s Comet Ping Pong pizzeria had been convinced by online conspiracy sites that it was the coordinating center for Hillary Clinton’s child–sex trafficking ring.

Such fractured worlds are more vulnerable to invasion by the non-human. Many Twitter accounts are bots, often with the names and stolen photographs of implausibly beautiful young women, looking to pitch this or that product (one recent academic study found that between 9 and 15 percent of all Twitter accounts are likely fake). Twitterbots vary in sophistication from automated accounts that do no more than retweet what other bots have said, to sophisticated algorithms deploying so-called “Sybil attacks,” creating fake identities in peer-to-peer networks to invade specific organizations or degrade particular kinds of conversation. – Henry Farrell

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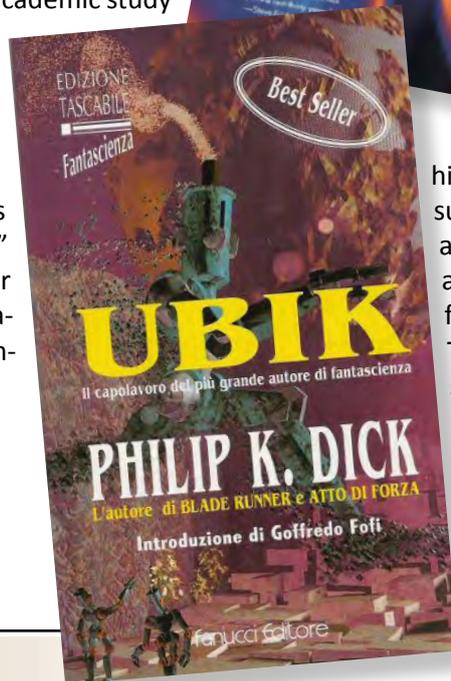
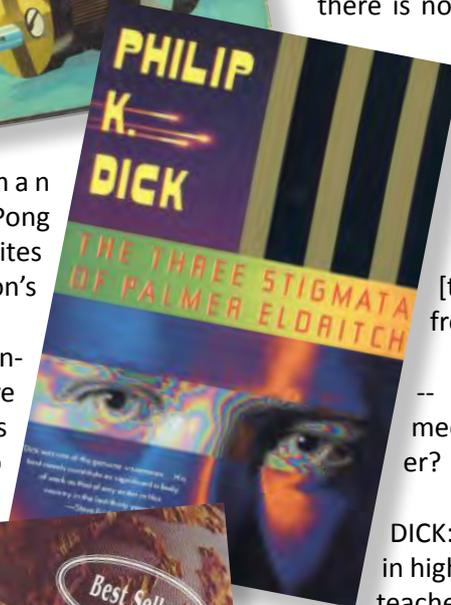
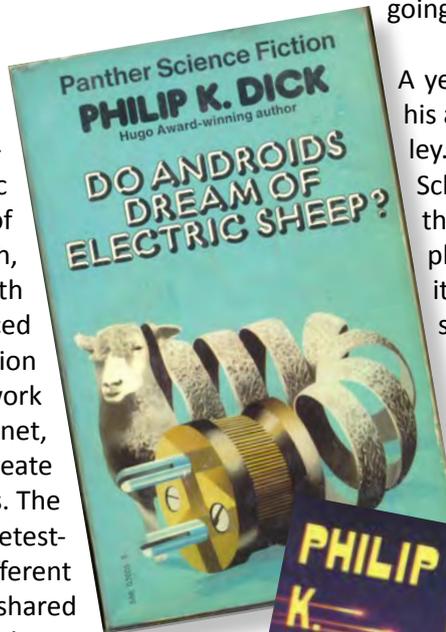
From Neil Gaiman’s Twitter log:

Neil Gaiman (28 Oct 2016)

I always suspected that Philip K Dick was fictional...

Ted Gioia

Ursula K. Le Guin, in her new book, recalls what it was like going to high school with Philip K. Dick:



A year older than I, Philip Kindred Dick spent his adolescence in the city I grew up in, Berkeley. We both graduated from Berkeley High School in 1947. That there were over three thousand students at the school may explain why I never even knew his name, yet it seems a little odd. Absolutely no one I’ve spoken to from our Berkeley High years remembers him. Was he a total loner, was he out sick a great deal, did he take “shop” courses rather than the more academic ones? His name is in the yearbook but there is no picture of him. In Dick’s

life as in his fiction, reality seems to slither from the grasp and ascertainable facts end up as debatable assertions or mere labels.

[then follows responses from various folks:]

-- Does she remember the mechanical geometry teacher?

DICK: It was an experience I had in high school with my geometry teacher. I was looking at her one day. She was rattling away in this high-pitched clackety-clack shrill voice and suddenly I had the impression she was not a human being but a mechanical creature and that all of a sudden her head would fall off and this spring would be visible. The more I thought about it the more it seemed quite likely that this was the case. Once the idea got into my mind I couldn’t get rid of it.

--I always heard the Ursula K. Le Guin WAS Philip K. Dick. Like she took drugs



and wrote as him. Then she got sick of the charade.

--would not be flabbergasted if Le Guin was PKD. She is talented enough.

--he wrote himself into this world and then, having served whatever purpose he created himself for, wrote himself out again.

--That's EXACTLY how Dick's would start his autobiography...

--I wonder if everyone at that high school was required to have "K" as a middle initial, or if it was just a fad

--Perhaps he was real, and everyone else is fictional.

--Jajajaj, sure! Alien alert! No human could write such a novel as "Do androids dream of electric sheep!"

--I feel like Philip K. Dick would agree with the assessment that he was fictional.

--if PKD didn't exist, would we have to invent him?

--but was he science fictional?

--I suspect that he may have been a figment of his own imagination.

--He's just a robotic head that keeps getting stolen and rebuilt for all eternity

--He was real enough until he wrote an autobiography.

--I've been to his grave in Fort Morgan, CO. Can't confirm its occupancy though.

--he's just us all dreaming of electric sheep.

--he was invented by his own characters by reverse-creation

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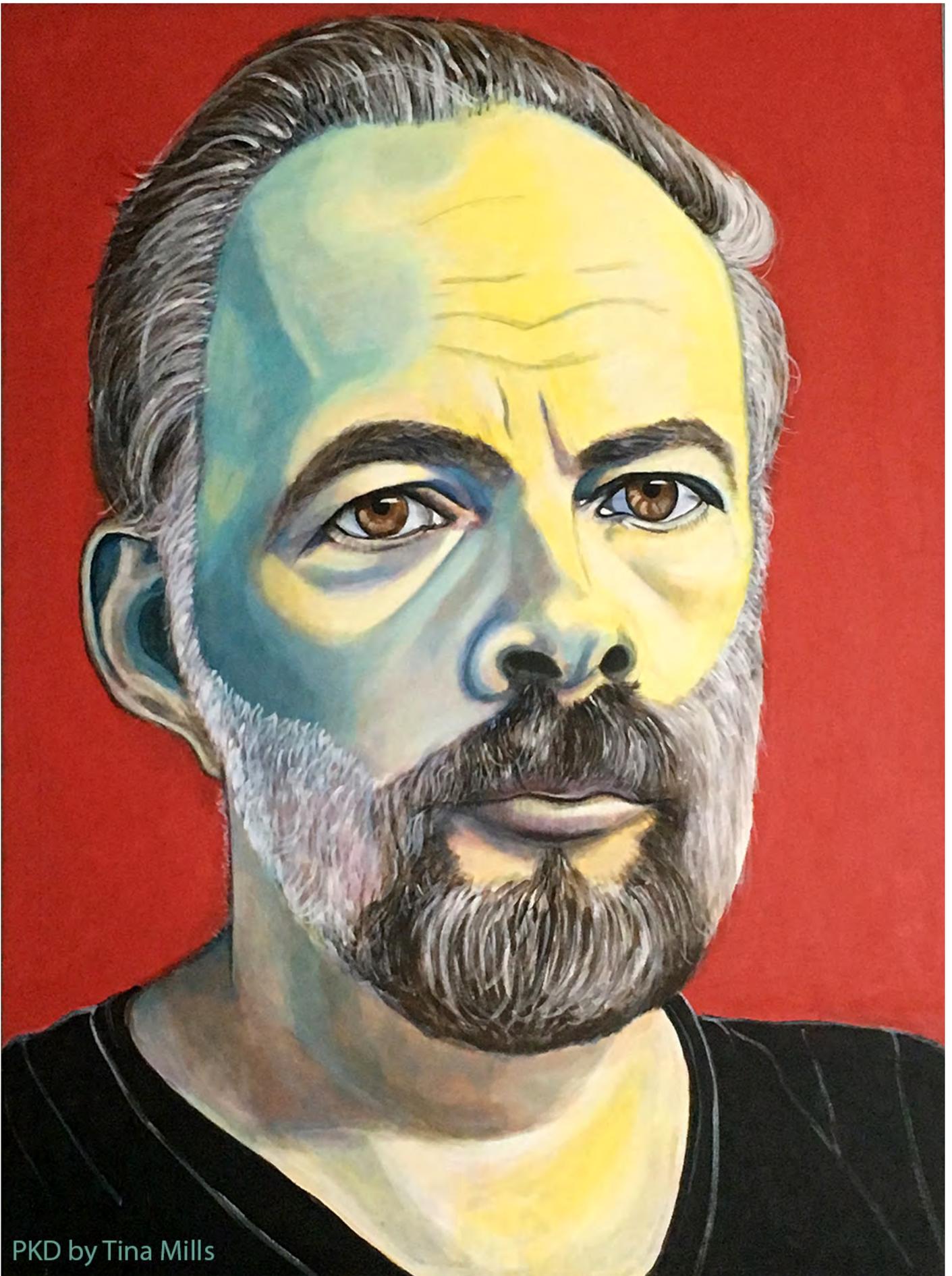
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PKD by Tina Mills

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