

# The Philip K. Dick Society



## NEWSLETTER

*"Bringing up the topic of God had been a poor idea, but of course Maurice hadn't known that in advance."*

This is the third issue of the Newsletter of the Philip K. Dick Society, dated April 1984. Our address is:  
PKDS, Box 611, Glen Ellen, CA 95442 USA.

This newsletter is available only to members of the PKD Society. Membership is \$5.00 per year, anywhere in the world. Overseas members who wish airmail subscriptions instead of surface mail pay \$9.00 per year. We publish four issues a year. Back issues are \$2.00 each. Membership rates will increase to \$6.00/yr, \$10./airmail as of 7/1/84. Make checks payable to PKDS. Overseas send cash, or checks payable through a U.S. bank. U.K. members: send 3.5 pounds (7 pounds for airmail) to Valerie Buckle & Keith Bowden, 47 Park Ave, Barking, Essex IG11 8QU. Make U.K. cheques payable to "Ms V. Buckle re PK Dick." We need agents in France & elsewhere! Editor, and author of unsigned material: Paul Williams. PKDS is partially supported by the estate of Philip K. Dick, Laura Archer Coelho, administrator. Entire contents of this newsletter are copyright © 1984 by the estate of Philip K. Dick. Copyrights are hereby assigned to individual contributors. PKDS logo by Jay Kinney.

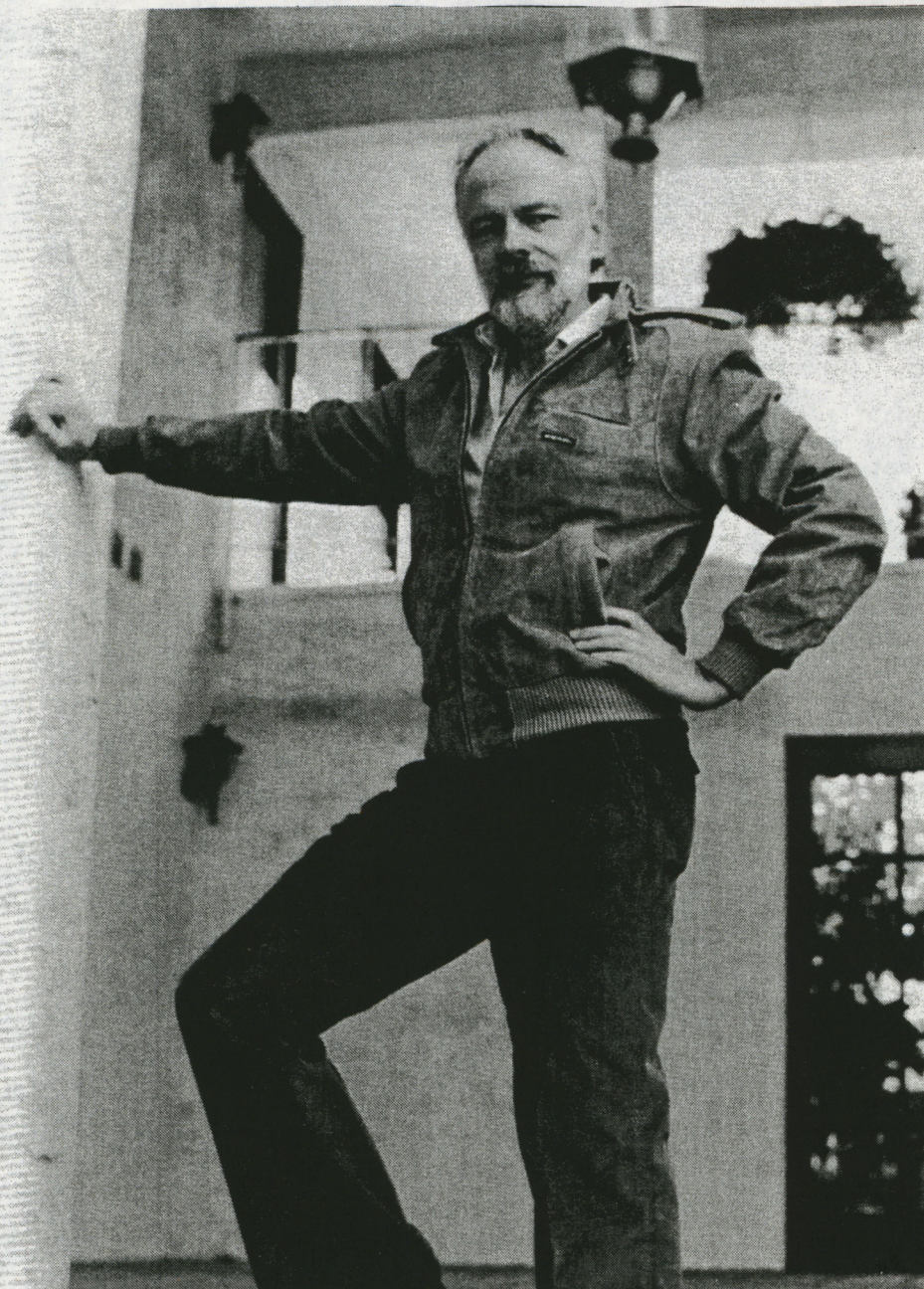
### SUMMARY OF THE EXEGESIS BASED ON PRELIMINARY FORAYS

BY JAY KINNEY

The Exegesis is the name Phil gave to his journal writings following his "pink beam" experience--and associated phenomena--in Feb. and March of 1974. These writings fill two file drawers and mainly consist of handwritten musings and notes in ballpoint on white typing paper. I'd roughly estimate that there are 16 reams of writing, averaging perhaps 250 words per page. This comes to around 2 million words.

Typically Phil would write away on the Exegesis into the wee hours of the night, internally numbering the pages written in one consecutive stretch. Thus there are numerous "sections" numbered, say, 1 to 72, 1 to 65, 1 to 127, etc. While these parts of the Exegesis can each be read as discrete entities--as the product of one night's thoughts--it soon becomes apparent that the themes and arguments of one night's writing are continued into the next and the next and so on. What's more, these themes--derived from Dick's mystical episodes in '74--are treated with a near-obsessive thoroughness, where each possible interpretation and implication of the 2/3/74 events is tried out, tested, argued with, and often discarded. This gives much of the Exegesis a cyclical, repetitive quality--not unlike

(continued on p. 13)



photograph by Frank Ronan, 1981



The last time I spoke to Philip K. Dick, he was alive. It was the winter of 1981-'82, and my wife Dee and I were concerned about his health. Phil had written to me a few days before and there were indications in his letter that he was severely ill. Since he had had a heart attack a couple of years earlier, this concern was not unwarranted. Russ Galen and I had repeatedly suggested he take a breather, but Phil was immersed in several projects and felt he could not stop at that point.

One of these projects, the film *BLADE RUNNER*, was the culmination of one of Phil's major dreams: to have one of his books--in this case, *DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?*--made into a movie. Another was completing some work on *THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER*. He was also involved in research for a new novel he had promised to Dave Hartwell (Timescape Books) and was planning some revisions for the publication of the complete edition of *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*.

Phil's letter, however, disturbed me more than a little. The typed portion was brief, as was our usual custom, but the postscript at the bottom was a hastily inscribed note that spelled Trouble. For there appeared the following words: "I'm near total exhaustion, Mark. I've got to get off the treadmill. I'd rather be a live dog than a dead famous writer." When I received the letter, I phoned Russ and he confirmed my worst fears: Phil was literally working himself to death.

Dee and I decided to phone Phil immediately and stress that he get away for a while. It had long been one of his dreams to visit New York City and, in his words, "meet my publishers." He had been planning to come for some time, but always backed off at the last minute with some hastily fabricated excuse. I came up with a plan: we would convince Phil to come to New York for the publication of *TIMOTHY ARCHER* and he could stay with us in Hoboken. After all, New York City had been featured in several of his novels and stories and we felt that he would enjoy walking up Fifth Avenue to Central Park, for example, and imagining hovercars and flapples darting about overhead.

When I got him on the line, Phil was all excited. Not only was *BLADE RUNNER* living up to his expectations, but *VALIS* was in its fourth printing.

"Fantastic. What are you going to do with *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN*?" I asked.

"Well," Phil said, "I plan to follow an A-B-A format. You know, I'll write a new opening, use the first half, write a bridge, then comes the second half, and finally a new ending."

This was substantially more than I had originally asked him to do, which was to rewrite several missing pages in the second half that had been inexplicably lost. I also had a feeling that this "A-B-A format" was horsebleep, but I went along with him anyway. Even though I'm sure Phil meant it at the time, what he planned to write and what he actually produced were often quite different. I had been down this road with him on *VALIS*. I also know when to keep my mouth shut.

"What kind of a new opening?" I asked.

"I'm going to open it with a rat in a sewer. Get this...the sewer is disgusting, all strewn with garbage and excrement, and the rat looks around and thinks, 'Man, am I happy! And look at all that delicious stuff lying around! That stuff looks good! Think I'll start on that pile over there....'"

At this point, both Phil and I cracked up. We did that a lot over the phone. I also realized that any serious discussion about *THE UNTELEPORTED MAN* was now down the tubes.

After several more "And get this!" jokes, I broached the issue at hand. I invited Phil to stay with us and, to punctuate the invitation, I put Dee on the phone.

I left the room for a second and came back to hear Dee saying, "You can't? Why not?" In Phil's usual fashion, he segued Dee into a ten-minute discussion about his daughter Laura. Dee countered with about five minutes on her sister Missy. It slowly dawned on me that Phil's trip to "meet my publishers" and visit us in Hoboken was slipping away fast.

When I got back on the phone, I decided on a different tactic. "Why don't you visit your friends in Vancouver for a while?" I asked.

Phil, who was seeing some money for the first time in his life, had just purchased a new top-of-the-line sportscar. I knew that he had really enjoyed Vancouver when he went to a convention there in the seventies.

"That's a great idea," Phil replied. "The doctor said to take it easy. I'll do it. But I've got some things to do with the *BLADE RUNNER* people first. And I have some final changes for *TIMOTHY ARCHER*. Thanks again for the great job you did on the book."

Somehow I felt again that this conversation was not going the way I had planned. But, as you may be aware, with Philip K. Dick this was often the case. I decided to be more direct.

"You've got to get away!" I ranted. "For your health!"

But Phil was off on another rap, this time about his son Christopher. When he was winding down, I suddenly heard his doorbell ring in the background.

"Mark," Phil said, "I've got to go. Tessa and Christopher are here with the pizza."

I still can't believe that the last word Philip K. Dick ever said to me was "pizza."

--Mark Hurst

#### CONTENTS--Issue # 3

Summary of the Exegesis based on		
Preliminary Forays	by Jay Kinney	1
Last Contact	by Mark Hurst	2
The Death of Philip K. Dick	by Tim Powers	3
PKD Society Notes		4
News		5
Letters		9

I Killed the Bumble Bee		
	by Philip K. Dick	11
Macomb Street	by Bhob Stewart	11
A Brief Excerpt from the Exegesis		
	by Philip K. Dick	12
In Philip K. Dick Territory		
	by Rick Bennett	14
photographs		1, 12



On February 18 of 1982, a Thursday, Mary Wilson called my wife, Serena, at about nine in the evening and told her she was worried because she'd been trying all afternoon to call Phil but had been getting no answer. Serena told me about it when I got home from work about ten minutes later; we weren't particularly worried, but we decided that if Phil didn't show up before long (he always made it to our Thursday night gatherings) we'd give him or his closest neighbors a call.

A guest arrived at our front door, and while I was exchanging chit-chat with him, the phone rang. Serena got it, and very soon waved at us to shut up.

"Hello, this is Elizabeth," a woman's voice had said, "Mary's mother. Mary asked me to call you and Tim and tell you that Phil is unconscious." This was when Serena began waving at us. "Mary got hold of Phil's neighbors and told them she was worried about him, and they went next door and knocked, and got no answer, but the door was unlocked so they went in. At first they thought no one was home, but then they saw Phil's feet sticking out from behind the coffee table. He's unconscious. The paramedics have been called, and Mary's on her way down there right now."

I got back into my jacket and, promising to call if I learned anything, left Serena to greet guests and clattered down the back stairs. As I was putting the key in my motorcycle's ignition I heard the sirens of the paramedics howl past me down Main Street.

There were a couple of big red ambulance-type vehicles, with doors open and bright inside lights on, in front of Phil's building. I parked, and was staring at the damned front gate when Mary Wilson came running up a few moments later, looking haggard, pale and scared.

"Ring his next-door neighbors," she snapped. Then, "Never mind," she said, starting forward, "look, it's open!"

The gate was ajar. We ran inside and hurried up the stairs, Mary tensely gasping out to me the same story her mother had told Serena on the phone. On the third floor there were a few people peering around curiously, but Phil's door was open so Mary and I walked right in. His neighbor was already inside. A paramedic asked us who we were. We said we were old friends of Phil's, which the neighbor verified, and the man let us stay.

It was odd and disturbing to see uniformed men, and metal suitcases full of medical instruments, in Phil's living room. One of his cats, Mrs. Tubbs, was wandering around, and we shooed her away from the open front door.

Phil himself was in the bedroom, sprawled sideways across the bed, wearing jeans and the black Rozztox T-shirt he's wearing in the photo on the back cover of TIMOTHY ARCHER. I could only peer in over the paramedics' shoulders, but I could see that Phil, though his eyes were open, was not okay, and that the paramedics were busy, taking his blood pressure and measuring out a hypodermic-full of some clear stuff to shoot him with. One man was holding Phil's hands and saying, with a sort of brusque joviality, "Philip? Can you hear me? What's your name? Can you tell us your name?" Phil was able only to grunt, though it seemed to be a response. "Okay, Philip, I want you to squeeze your right hand, okay? Squeeze it, your right hand." I saw Phil's hand move, weakly. "Okay, now squeeze your left hand." From where I was standing I couldn't see his left hand. The man leaned over and took hold of Phil's feet. "Okay, Philip, push with your feet, will you do that? Push against me." I couldn't tell whether Phil did or not.

While several paramedics were doing that, another guy was asking Mary and me questions about Phil: "How old is he?"

"Uh," I said, rattled, "born in '28."

"He's forty-eight?"

"No, no...uh...fifty-four."

"Has he ever attempted suicide?"

"Yeah, in '76."

"How'd he do it?"

"Jesus, he took an overdose of digitalis and then cut his wrist and then sat in his idling car in the garage for carbon monoxide poisoning."

The man raised his eyebrows. "Hm. Any allergies?"

"I don't know of any."

"Who's his doctor?"

Mary pointed at the half-dozen brown plastic bottles on the dresser. "His name would be on those."

They discussed where to take him, and decided on Western Medical Center. I asked one guy how it looked to him, since he must see a hundred cases like this in a month, and he said it looked like a stroke, but that Phil would very likely recover.

I hadn't called home because I was afraid the paramedics might suddenly need to use the phone, and when they'd got Phil onto a wheeled stretcher and got him out onto the inner balcony that runs around the third floor of the building, Serena and one of our Thursday-guests rounded the corner of the stairs. I hurried over to them and told them what had been going on, and then we stood back while the paramedics wheeled Phil past us and then carried the stretcher down the stairs. Phil's eyes were open, looking straight ahead, and he was frowning just slightly.

Mary rode along in the ambulance to the hospital, while the rest of us went back to our place, where I made a cautiously optimistic phone call to Phil's ex-wife, Tess.

Well, it may not have been a surprise to John Brunner (Locus #256, p. 12), but Phil's death at 53 was certainly a surprise to people who, perhaps, knew him better than Brunner did. Phil's blood pressure had been brought down to normal, and his weight was



exactly what it should have been; during his last few years he'd been socializing much more than he used to--movies, Thursday night gatherings at my place, Thanksgiving dinners and Christmas and New Year's Eve parties at various friends' houses, long, jovial evenings at Roy Squires' house in Glendale (Phil said once that a visit to Squires' was the only prospect that could induce him to drive to L.A.); he was writing some of his very best books, and was cheerfully aware of it; he was pleased with the increasing attention being given to his work by Hollywood; and during his last few years he was in the enviable position of literally having more money than he knew what to do with (he gave much of it away, frequently to such drug-rehabilitation places as the Covenant House in New York).

"He was one of the saddest people I ever met," says Brunner in his Locus appreciation of Dick. "He was incapable of helping someone else to happiness except by giving orders..." --I really wonder if Brunner didn't meet some other guy wearing a P.K. Dick name-tag. Phil had, certainly, moods of inward-staring depression, sometimes so profound as to really require a stronger word than "depression"; but anyone who knew him at all well knows that the depression was massively outweighed by Phil's irresistible sense of humor, his pretense-puncturing sense of perspective, his pure delight in good poetry, prose, food, music, friends, liquor, tobacco; Winnie the Pooh, Nicolette Larson, shrimp, Gilbert and Sullivan, Laphroaig scotch, Wagner, H. Upmann cigars, Ulysses, Beethoven's Ninth, Janis Joplin, fresh baklava, Dean Swift snugg (especially Wren's Relish)...to name, at complete random, just a few of his enthusiasms. And he was generous not only with his books and records and cash (so freely that loans, through forgetfulness, often became gifts), but also with his time, an infinitely more precious and irreplaceable commodity. Phil would listen, with unfeigned attention and interest and sympathy, to people most of us consider ourselves too busy to bother with; I've seen him go to a good deal of trouble to help not only friends, but strangers whose mere situation placed, he felt, a claim on him; and there was not an hour of the twenty-four when one couldn't call him up and ask for, and probably get, any help he was capable of giving. Some of his friends used to say that if you were to call Phil and say, "Phil, my car's broke and I've been evicted, can you give me \$400 and help me move my couch?", he'd say, "Sure, I'll be right over...uh...by the way, who is this?"

John Brunner has been a tremendously important promoter and favorable critic of Phil's work, and I know Phil was grateful; and I think it's a sad bit of "the way of the world," as Brunner puts it, that Brunner apparently never got to know the real, complete man that Phil Dick was, at least during his last years.

--Tim Powers

## PKD SOCIETY NOTES

The Philip K. Dick Society now has close to 400 paid members around the world. This is delightful; and at the same time the rapid and continued growth of the Society means that the task of getting the newsletter out cannot much longer be handled by one person. What we need is a volunteer to take responsibility for computerizing, maintaining and updating the mailing list--this includes printing out labels for each issue, alpha & zip sequence lists, a system for keeping track of subs that need to be renewed, etc. PKDS will pay for materials, other details to be discussed when you contact us.

PKDS also needs a support group made up of Bay Area members who can among them organize the collating and mailing of each issue as it comes out. This isn't a lot of work but it means having a structure that works to get things done, and done responsibly. Anyone willing to take on Coordinator role for nine months or a year (after which someone new would be Coordinator)? Or to take responsibility for getting this started at least?

I'm more and more getting the impression that the proper direction for the Society may be to work towards independent nonprofit (literary) status. This would require the estate's approval, and before we can even make a proposal to the estate we need a group of people who are willing to serve as a basis for such a structure, and who are proving their commitment by helping to get the newsletter out for a few issues, etc.

If volunteers do step forward and we can organize ourselves and yours truly (PW) can learn to delegate & let go where appropriate, I can also see the possibility of an independent nonprofit PKD Society someday creating a PKD library that would be independent of a specific university but could make copies of PKD papers available to libraries and students around the world. This vision may or may not come to pass or be deemed appropriate, but the first step is finding out if PKDS members are interested and if some of you truly would enjoy and get satisfaction from being involved in this and doing some work towards it.

Write and express your interest, and we'll see what we can get going. Please be realistic about your ability to commit any time & energy...

Help with handling the mailing list and with getting out future issues (the latter task is presumably for those who live near SF/Berkeley) is the first priority. If we can do this, the newsletter should continue to thrive, and we'll have started the process of creating a volunteer structure that works.

Several members have expressed interest in corresponding with other members or contacting people in their area, etc. Next issue I'll run a list of names and addresses of people who want their names listed, along with special interests (i.e. collectors, epistemologists) if any, if there's enough interest to make it worthwhile.

Some folks need help finding books, especially people overseas wanting to purchase U.S. editions and Americans wanting to purchase U.K. and other editions. If you're willing to help other members obtain titles that are available where you are, for cash or trade, send your name to be listed. The PKDS office has too much else to do to answer specific requests, but we'll print 'em and help people get in touch with each other. Also, stores anywhere who are willing to do PKD mail order, let us know and we'll give you a free listing.



Tim Powers Wins Philip K. Dick Award. If the spirits of the departed do indeed stand around in some heavenly bar and watch appropriate Earthly events on wide-screen TV, Phil Dick must have been grinning ear-to-ear and buying drinks for the house in March '84 when Tim Powers, one of Phil's closest friends (see the dedication to the Del Rey BLADE RUNNER edition of ANDROIDS), won the PKD Award for best paperback original sf/fantasy book of the year. Powers won for his novel THE ANUBIS GATES, published in December 1983 by Ace Books and now in a second printing. The award was presented at the NorWesCon science fiction convention in Seattle (and will be in future years as well; the con is held in the Pacific Northwest every March). Powers was on hand to receive the award in person from Anthony Wolk, one of the judges. Thomas M. Disch, administrator of the Philip K. Dick Memorial Award, was also on hand for the presentation.

The PKD Award is not connected with the Estate of Philip K. Dick in any way. Tom Disch originally proposed the award during his Guest of Honor speech at NorWesCon in March 1982. The idea was to acknowledge the fact that in the sf/fantasy field some of the finest books are published as paperback originals, not as hardcovers, and to honor one book each year as the best of the original paperbacks published in the U.S. that year. The award was named in memory of Philip K. Dick, who had recently died, and because Phil was a major author many of whose best books appeared as paperback originals, from SOLAR LOTTERY in 1955 to VALIS in 1981. (PKD was honored with hardcover publication in Great Britain for two of his first books, A HANDFUL OF DARKNESS and WORLD OF CHANCE (SOLAR LOTTERY), foreshadowing the greater respect and recognition he was to receive throughout his career in other countries than his own. He didn't see a U.S. hardcover of one of his works until 1959, when TIME OUT OF JOINT, his seventh U.S. book, was published by Lippincott.)

The PKD Memorial Award was first given in 1983. The winner was Rudy Rucker for his novel SOFTWARE; runner-up was Ray Nelson for his novel THE PROMETHEUS MAN (Nelson was a friend of PKD's who collaborated with him on THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER, published in 1967). At the awards ceremony in New York in March '83, Rucker acknowledged Dick as "one of my favorite writers," and Nelson gave a talk reminiscing about PKD. The PKD Award is given by a panel of three judges, who serve for a year and then choose their own replacements. The first year the judges were Disch, Norman Spinrad, and Ursula K. Le Guin. This year's judges were Anthony Wolk, Algis Budrys, and John Clute. Disch, Le Guin, Wolk and Clute are all PKDS members, as is Powers. Next year's judges are John Sladek, Roland J. Green, and Theodore Michelfeld.

Runner-up this year was R.A. MacAvoy, for TEA WITH THE BLACK DRAGON. She won \$500; Tim Powers' first place cash award was \$1000. The award money is donated by people in the sf field, and the administrative costs are now covered by NorWesCon.

NorWesCon also featured a panel discussion on the subject "Is There A Phil Dick Cult?", with Wolk, Disch, biographer Gregg Rickman, and Bluejay Books publisher Jim Frenkel. The consensus, according to Powers, was that Phil didn't hold still long enough in his writings to encourage a cult. As soon as you accept and subscribe to the worldview he presents over here, you find it debunked, demolished, and replaced with a new hypothesis over there, often elsewhere in the very same piece of writing.

Tim Powers' next book, Dinner at Deviant's Palace, is scheduled for publication by Ace Books in January 1985.

The Boom Continues. "The Philip K. Dick publishing boom continues," says the April '84 issue of Locus, and that's certainly how it looks as we try to sort out the news about new and forthcoming Philip K. Dick titles.

1) Major news is that PUTTERING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND, one of Philip K. Dick's best mainstream novels, has been sold to a commercial publisher (as opposed to a specialty small press) with an excellent reputation, Academy Chicago. Publication of this novel (tentatively scheduled for spring '85) may well provide the springboard for a reappraisal and discovery of Philip K. Dick as an important American novelist by the literary establishment in the U.S. I also believe PUTTERING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND will be very enthusiastically received in Europe. It is a novel of the human condition--cruder, lacking the subtle ironies and textured writing of CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST, but more passionate, more joyous and more despairing, full of empathy, very alive. The characters are Roger, cautious, tenacious, owner of a store that sells and repairs TVs, his wife Virginia, intellectual, nervous (at least partially based on PKD's mother Dorothy), their son Gregg, Chic, a businessman with plans for Roger's store, and Chic's wife Liz, a vivacious woman who says whatever comes into her head, one of PKD's most memorable characters and, mysteriously, one who does not seem to recur in his later work. Roger and Liz, against all reason, have a passionate affair and their little worlds start to fall apart. But not necessarily for the worse. Publication of PUTTERING will provide a new perspective on much of PKD's later work. In fact, perhaps Liz Bonner is in some sense a fore-runner (in heart, not in intellect) of Zina in THE DIVINE INVASION. Watch for this book. The setting is Los Angeles in the early 1950s; PUTTERING was probably completed in early 1957. After 28 years, it will be published at last.

2) THE MAN WHOSE TEETH WERE ALL EXACTLY ALIKE (1960), PKD's own favorite among his unpublished mainstream novels, can now be ordered. Publication is scheduled for May 1984. It's a hardcover with bookplate and dust jacket; the price is \$19.50 plus \$1.50 postage and handling, from Mark V. Ziesing, PO Box 806, Willimantic, CT 06226. PKD said, in 1981, "THE MAN WHOSE TEETH...is economically written, rather tender and yet in places funny...it reads like a fusion of Nathanael West and F. Scott Fitzgerald." (Conn. residents add 7½% tax.)

3) ROBOTS, ANDROIDS, AND MECHANICAL ODDITIES, subtitled The Science Fiction of Philip K. Dick, a collection of Dick short stories edited by Patricia S. Warrick and Martin H. Greenberg, has been announced for July 1984 publication by Southern Illinois University Press.



I haven't seen a table of contents yet. Price is \$19.95, hardcover, and you can order from SIUP, PO Box 3697, Carbondale, IL 62901.

4) Another new item is that the above-mentioned Southern Ill. Univ. Press is now at work on another short story collection, of PKD fantasy, to be edited by Martin Greenberg.

5) Previously announced plans for publication of THE COLLECTED SHORT STORIES OF PHILIP K. DICK (complete!) by publisher Jeff Conner and PKD mainstream novel IN MILT LUMKY TERRITORY by David Hartwell's Dragon Press, continue steady on course, but with no publication dates yet announced. Dragon is also interested in doing another unpublished PKD mainstream novel, and some volumes of MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS by PKD.

6) I HOPE I SHALL ARRIVE SOON, a new book of previously uncollected PKD stories described in Newsletter #2, has been scheduled by Doubleday for hardcover publication in August 1985.

7) Interzone (high quality UK avant garde sf magazine) will be publishing PKD's 1979 short story "Strange Memories of Death" in their 8th issue, due out in May '84. This 3000-word story takes place in the present, has never been published before, and it's very good. U.S. readers can order for \$2.50 (or \$10. for 4 issues) from Interzone, 145 East 18th St, Costa Mesa, CA 92627.

8) LIES, INC., the third version of THE UNTELEPORTED MAN, is scheduled for publication in hardcover by Gollancz in the UK in May 1984. This edition contains the long section of additional material from the Fullerton collection, first published in the Berkley (US) edition of 1983, plus a new opening chapter and other revisions made by PKD in 1979, including a new positioning for the Fullerton material that makes the novel slightly more coherent and in any event quite different in plot and impact. In all this edition contains 27 newly-written or revised manuscript pages. It also contains John Sladek's "fill-in" pages for two of the gaps in the Berkley edition (the third gap is eliminated by the reshuffling PKD did in his revising). The publisher acknowledges in the credits that these small bits were written by Sladek; and they're quite well done. Apart from that, this Gollancz edition is definitely the definitive edition in terms of incorporating PKD's final thoughts on the book. PKD did consider his revisions incomplete, however; and no one knows, if he'd lived, whether he would have completed them or shoved the whole thing in a drawer forever. Berkley didn't publish PKD's revisions because until recently no one knew they existed. See previous newsletters for more information.

9) Bluejay Books' series of Philip K. Dick reissues is well underway; THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH appeared in January, with a striking cover by Barclay Shaw that uses PKD's face in a somewhat Palmer-Eldritch fashion. There's a thoughtful afterword by Tom Disch on the strengths and weaknesses of the book, including a discussion of JFK's yance-men. CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON is scheduled for April '84, with an afterword by Barry Malzberg. These are trade paperback editions, priced at \$5.95. To come are: TIME OUT OF JOINT, July '84, with an afterword by Lou Stathis, DR. BLOODMONEY, Dec. '84, and THE ZAP GUN, early '85.

10) DAW brings A SCANNER DARKLY back into print in April '84, in a mass market edition. Looks good. Both the Bluejay editions and DAW's SCANNER have plugs for PKDS; thanks.

11) Berkley Books brings out a new mass market edition of DR. FUTURITY in August '84.

Other items: The issue of THE MISSOURI REVIEW with new PKD material has apparently been delayed, and the editors still haven't let us know the price or issue date. And there is a possibility of an American small press issuing PKD's UBIK screenplay from 1974. We'll keep you posted...

In His Own Words. Fragments West/The Valentine Press has announced plans for a series of three books of interviews with and about Philip K. Dick by Gregg Rickman. The first book, Philip K. Dick: In His Own Words is tentatively scheduled for publication in June 1984, trade paperback, 252 pages, \$9.95; foreword by Roger Zelazny. These interviews were conducted in 1981 and 1982. Early in '81 Rickman sent PKD a long essay titled "Philip K. Dick and the Search for Caritas"; PKD was excited about it--he not only raved to Rickman about it, which was normal for Phil (he tended to flatter his correspondents, especially ones he didn't know), he also praised it to his friends and went out of his way to encourage Rickman to write more. One result was the extensive interviews that form the basis for two of these books. Rickman says In His Own Words is PKD on science fiction, his novels, other writers, the business, BLADE RUNNER, and miscellaneous biographical and philosophical observations entwined in this material. The second book, Philip K. Dick: The Last Testament, is tentatively scheduled for early fall of 1984, and is PKD on his visions (1974, also the Tagore vision of 1981), religion, philosophy, and the Maitreya. The third book, Philip K. Dick: A Life is planned for spring of 1985, and is a biography compiled from interviews with PKD and his family and friends and from notes on PKD's letters, etc.

In His Own Words can be ordered from Fragments West, 3908 East 4th Street, Long Beach, CA 90814, for \$9.95 including postage (Calif residents add 6 1/2% sales tax); or you could drop them a line and ask them to notify you when the book is published.

TV/Film Possibilities. Everything's a maybe in the book-into-movie business, and even the ones that pan out can take forever. DO ANDROIDS DREAM was originally optioned at or prior to the book's publication in 1968, and of course BLADE RUNNER appeared fourteen years later. Of the latest crop of nibbles at PKD properties, one is particularly exciting, and holds out more than usual promise of coming to something. As we go to press, the Estate and Public Broadcasting (PBS) are in serious negotiation and "close to a deal" on a public television movie option for PKD's 1953 story "The Defenders." The person behind this at PBS is British TV producer Geoffrey Haines-Stiles, who was responsible for the PBS adaptation of Ursula K. Le Guin's The Lathe of Heaven, which I'm told was extremely well done. Haines-Stiles has apparently been trying to get PBS to do "The Defenders" for five years now, and according to Russ Galen at Scott Meredith Agency is deeply committed to seeing this story



done right on public TV. If it happens, it could be a real pleasure, and an opportunity for a great many more people to be exposed to the works of Philip K. Dick.

Negotiations are also going on with a young filmmaker named John Reynolds, who wants to make a movie of THE COSMIC PUPPETS.

Another sort of dramatic presentation will actually occur, if all goes well, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in England, May 25, 1984, when a dedicated group of fans will take part in a three-act play based THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER. The script was adapted from the book by Geoff Ryman, and it looks very good. The audience will be the 200 or so people attending a "literary" SF convention called Tynecon 2. I trust next issue we'll have a full report from one of our many UK subscribers. The play is intended as a tribute to PKD.

And finally Jerry Kaufman sends along an article from the December 1983 American Film, on the subject of great unproduced movie scripts ("One in a Million," by Stephen Rebel-lo), that sheds some light on one PKD film project: "'Total Recall,' a futuristic thriller written by Alien's creators, Ronald Shusett and Dan O'Bannon, boasts a snappy neo-Hitchcockian setup. One gray 'Losancisco' day in 2048, a melancholy drone named Quail discovers everything in his daily reality turned helter-skelter. His house is not his house, the woman he calls the missus is a stranger, and his fever for a Mars vacation won't break. Would-be assassins dog Quail's every move, and he must uncover the mystery of who and what he is, or die. A series of exhilarating, movie-hip flights and pursuits make this a kind of inter-stellar North by Northwest." The article goes on, "Adapting Philip K. Dick's short story 'I Can Remember It for You Wholesale,' Shusett and O'Bannon keep 'Total Recall' fresh with jabs of quirky humor and a giddy defiance of logic. Mars is imagined as an opium-hazed Casbah; there is a crack chase through an outdoor market between a dune buggy and a twenty-first century 'rickcycle.' Beverly Hills is a ratty slum, the Beverly Wilshire a flophouse. Mutants man the shoeshine and newsstands. Best of all, the central character's frenzied voyage of self-discovery takes him through the likes of 'Point Paradox'--where the compass whirls wildly--giving the whole affair a nice existential touch.

"With so much entertainment potential in hand, why have directors like Brian de Palma and John Carpenter and studios like Walt Disney given 'Total Recall' the once-over, then the brush-off? To be sure, this noirish universe recalls the sets of BLADE RUNNER, that aridly gorgeous financial flop also based on a Dick short story.[sic] And the script's memory-sensory transference gimmick has already been mined by Brainstorm, among other films. Embassy Pictures' development executive Lindsay Doran suggests another hitch. She observes, 'The setup to "Recall" is so marvelous, but it has the worst third-act problems ever. I've read about fifteen alternate endings to it so far. I almost think on this one you have to break conventional rules and just commit to making it. I wish someone would so I can finally go out and see it!'"

A Song for Him. Musicians inspired by PKD, who was himself always most inspired by music, continue to turn up everywhere. PKDS subscriber Frank Nastu tells us he has a rock band called Chew-Z. Various people have noted that John Lennon once remarked, presumably in a print interview, that he'd like to film THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH; if anyone can reference this, I'd appreciate it--I've never seen the quote, though in fact it was me (& Tim Leary) who turned Lennon on to THREE STIGMATA and PKD. Phil Oakey of the UK group The Human League is a PKD fan who based his lyrics for "Circus of Death" on "the devolving world portrayed in UBIK." And two of the members of the Bunnydrums, Philadelphia new wave band written up in the last issue, have now joined PKDS, and better yet, sent us copies of their EP Feather's Web (dedicated to the memory of PKD) and LP called P.K.D. The LP contains the 4 songs from the EP ("Shiver" was recorded the day after his death, and we were all moved very deeply") and five more, was pressed in Holland on high quality vinyl, and it is excellent. If you like new wave, you can order the Bunnydrums P.K.D. for \$8. (includes postage) from Red Records, 810 Longfield Rd, Phila, PA 19118.

Then there's Sachiko. Sachiko is a Japanese "folk-punk" singer songwriter living in the U.S. whose primary musical inspiration for the last seven years has been Philip K. Dick. (She's also the separated-from wife of the editor of this newsletter.) As you know from reading the introduction to THE GOLDEN MAN, Phil's greatest fantasy was to be the discoverer of a great female singing talent. If Sachiko becomes as famous as she deserves to be, Phil's dream will have come true. He met her in 1977, urged her to resume her musical career abandoned years earlier, and to write and sing in English. In 1981 he put up the money for her first U.S. record, a 45, "Tokyo Song" and "Fork in the Road."

Sachiko recently wrote a short essay, reproduced below, for a sf fanzine called Trap Door, that tells of her connection with Phil. The title is, "To the Spirit of Philip K. Dick":

"Since Philip K. Dick's death he is always with me when I need help. I start calling him in my mind and I feel he is with me and giving me help and support somehow. He became my 'charm angel' for my music. He is the person who gave me energy to start and continue my music in 1977. That's when I started playing music in the USA with my broken English. I still remember he came to visit me with a friend after a Santa Rosa SF convention. I was surprised when he really came to visit me without my husband being home. Because usually Paul's friends never come to visit me when he is not home. Anyway he talked for a while and found out we had had a lot of the same experiences in the past. Like we both had experienced separation from the body, or what we heard from beyond the world.

"I remember my blind sister Taeko told me that about 18 years ago, when my father's older sister died, she became my blind sister's charm helper. My sister told me, 'When I lose my wallet or forget something important, I call "Obasan" (Aunt) in my mind, and say, "Obasan Obasan, help me to find my wallet," and there it is at my feet where I just stepped on it. Anyway it is very mysterious but it works.' I was very interested to hear this and



I wished to have someone like that, even if I couldn't believe that it's true. And when I looked at my sister's face I thought everybody will believe her.

"When Phil died we felt so sad and our feelings went very down for a couple of weeks. We burned candles for his spirit.

"When I first dreamed about Phil his body was not there. I just heard his voice coming from the ceiling. And when I made my song called 'L.A. Blues' I heard his voice behind my song words on a funky little cassette tape. Right away I believed it was Phil's voice. A couple of months later I listened with my friend but his voice was not there any more.

"In 1981 Phil had supported me in making my first single record in America, and later he told me he was interested in producing my LP record. He was very excited. His book was becoming a movie and he was going to France and he believed the second Christ will appear soon. His dreams were coming true and everything was coming to him. Then Paul and I heard about his death.

"I love you, Phil, you're always my great support, and still you're with me, with my music."

(PKDS members can still obtain a copy of the single record Phil Dick paid for and brought into being by sending \$2.50 to Sachiko, Box 176, Glen Ellen, CA 95442 USA. Copies of a recent one-hour concert tape of Sachiko's music are also available for \$8. (cassette).)

Biography Update. Maxim Jakubowski has a contract with Bluejay Books in New York for his planned biography of Philip K. Dick. This is not the "official biography" because there isn't one, but Jakubowski like Anne Dick, Gregg Rickman and other biographers will get the Estate's full cooperation, and we are delighted that he had found a first-rate, commercial U.S. publisher for his book (and apparently European publishers as well, though no specifics have been given yet). He says, "Interviews can be conducted later in 1984 in the USA or through correspondence/exchange of tapes. Contact Maxim Jakubowski, 95 Finchley Lane, London NW4 1BY, Great Britain."

Bibliography Update. Daniel J H Levack had made available to PKDS a 23-page update to his 1981 PKD: A PHILIP K. DICK BIBLIOGRAPHY. This primarily consists of additional foreign editions of books and stories, based on information from more than a dozen people (most of them PKDS members). If you're interested in listings of non-US publications of PKD books and stories, there's a lot of information here, and also the basis for a continuing update and completing of the international bibliography. Interested members can obtain copies of this update by sending \$3.00 to PKDS (to cover copying, postage, and handling).

Media Bibliography Update. I had planned for this issue a page of additional listings of 1982 media mentions of PKD (thanks to all who have been sending in clippings and information). However I seem to have let the news column gobble up all the space. And I'm looking for someone who'd like to volunteer to be in charge of these media lists, who would receive information from PKDS members at their address, send copies to PKDS at PKDS' expense, and make up listings to be run in the newsletter or made available to interested members. Anyone interested (and can you commit to getting the job done)? A computer with database software & printer would be helpful but certainly not essential.

There are a couple of especially interesting items that didn't make the '82 media list in newsletter #1 that I want to mention now. I'll assign 'em numbers for the sake of order:

23. Comics Journal #76, October 1982, pp. 121-134, "Do Replicants Dream of Philip K. Dick?" by Bhob Stewart. This is one of the finest, most informative, most Phil dickian essays on PKD I've ever run into. There's an excerpt from it on p. 11 of this newsletter. In particular the essay deals with PKD's interest in and connections with popular culture, especially comics. Lots of information about media adaptations, including many illustrations of particular interest. Reads like an issue of the newsletter (and quotes a lot from the "self portrait" that later appeared in PKDS #2). Copies of CJ #76 can be ordered for \$4.75 incl. postage from: The Comics Journal, 196 W. Haviland Ln, Stamford, CT 06903.
28. Foundation #26, October 1982. Special PKD Section, 44 pp, including: "PKD: A Cowardly Memoir" by Peter Nicholls (same 82/250 & 83/190), "PKD: A Whole New Can of Worms" by Brian Aldiss, "PKD & the Movies" by Philip Strick, "Understanding the Grasshopper: Leitmotifs & the Moral Dilemma in the Novels of PKD" by David Wingrove, "PKD & the Metaphysics of American Politics" by Brian Burden, and a review of TIMOTHY ARCHER by Colin Greenland. Not as academic as it might sound. Recommended. US readers send \$5, UK £2, to SF Foundation, North East London Polytechnic, Longbridge Rd, Dagenham, RM8 2AS, United Kingdom.

DICK, PHILIP KINDRED, sci. fiction author; b. Chgo., Dec. 16, 1928; s. Joseph Edgar and Dorothy (Kindred) d.; student U. Calif., Berkeley, 1950; m. 5th, Tessa Busby, Apr. 18, 1973; 1 son, Christopher; children by previous marriages--Laura, Isolde. Books include: Solar Lottery, 1955, Time Out of Joint, 1959, The Man in the High Castle, 1962, The Simulacra, 1964, Martian Time-Slip, 1964, Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?, 1968, We Can Build You, 1972, The Golden Man, 1980, VALIS, 1981. Mem. Sci. Fiction Writers Am. Recipient Hugo award, 1962; John W. Campbell Meml. award, 1974. Episcopalian. Address: care Scott Meredith Lit Agcy Inc 845 3d Ave New York NY 10022. *The chief value of artistic work is that it allows the creative person to give back something to the society that has created him; thus he or she does not merely take but, in return, adds. This, to me, is the supreme joy of creative activity, this response: love received and love returned.*

--Who's Who in America, 1981-1982



## LETTERS AND QUERIES

Tessa B. Dick, Fullerton, Calif: Edgar Dick, Phil's father, told me that the newsletter ought to have more about Phil's children. Chris, Phil's only son, is now ten years old. He is very much like his father in many ways. He looks like him and acts like him. He has a strong sense of justice and the stubbornness to back it up. And he is very bright. He hasn't decided what he wants to be when he grows up, but he might like to be a rock musician. Either that or a video game designer.

Chris does not have the sadness that always showed through in Phil's baby pictures. He is a strong, healthy boy with good athletic abilities. He enjoys horseback riding, break dancing and jumping on an old mattress in the front yard.

During my few visits with Phil's mother, Dorothy Hudner, I found her to be a very charming lady with absolutely no idea of how to raise children. No wonder Phil spent so much time in boarding schools. Edgar Dick had "nothing bad to say about her," but once I heard him remark that she was a "cold woman." It reminded me of my own childhood with a mother who did not know how to show affection. This is not to place blame, but only to show how well-meaning people sometimes fail in what they set out to do with good intentions.

Even so, I'm sure that Phil did turn out very well and that both his parents were very proud of him. Dorothy kept in touch with Phil and me until her death in 1980. I still visit Edgar whenever I have the opportunity to travel the 400 miles that separate us. I never met Edgar while Phil was alive; we always meant to take Chris up to meet his grandfather, but something always came up to prevent us from making the trip. When Phil was admitted to the hospital, I got the information operator and found Edgar's phone number. He took my news very calmly, and assured me that Phil would soon be well and coming home. Unfortunately, it was much more serious than any of us thought.

Since then, Chris has visited Edgar several times. We packed up the old car and prayed for it to make the trip without quitting on us. I'm glad we did. At first, Edgar did not look anything like Phil to me. He is a very handsome man with shiny white hair and a noble bearing. But when he showed me a picture of himself at age 43, I could have fainted. He looked exactly like Phil without a beard. The way he talks and the way he does things are much like Phil, too. And sometimes I find myself acting with him the same way I acted with Phil, because they could have been the same person. I could almost forget that I am not talking to Phil, when I am talking to Edgar.

It's been two years since Phil left us, and I still find myself wanting to deny that he's gone. This world needs a Philip K. Dick in it. We need somebody to kick our tails and tell us that the status quo isn't good enough. And so, with an empty feeling inside, I've kept going. And it isn't so empty any more. I have Chris and I have memories. And spring is a very beautiful season, when new life is forming. Our rose bush is blooming--something Phil would have loved to see. The fruit trees are budding. The apricot tree has little pink flowers all over. The strawberries are ripe today.

I've finished my first science fiction novel, The Darkening of the Light, as a humble tribute to Phil. He began helping me to write it about a year before his death. I also have a couple of short stories to send off to magazines. Meanwhile, I pound on doors and ring phones off the hook every day, trying to find a permanent job. The newspapers say that we're in a period of economic recovery, but I haven't seen it yet. I just finished college last May, and if something doesn't turn up soon, the student loan companies will be after me. In fact, one of them is after me already. I haven't seen any Joe Chip money yet, but I wouldn't be surprised if I did. The milk went sour the other day, and there's this ugly metal mask perched on the horizon. There's a rock song out that goes, "I am the Eye in the Sky." *Deja vu.*

I think the people who read Phil's works are very special. There are actually some people out there who cannot read a Phil Dick novel! They read a few pages, or a chapter or two, shake their heads and put it down. They don't understand him. But those who do read a Philip K. Dick novel always come away from it changed, for the better. His works have opened up new doors in the mind. They are more than entertainment, as UCLA has recognized by making them mandatory textbooks in some of their psychology courses. That is much more than, say, making them part of a course in literature. That is taking seriously the philosophy that he developed.

It is that philosophy that dominated his last ten years...

I'm getting beyond the scope of this letter. Time to come back to earth and sign off. Good luck to you and everybody.

Anne Dick, Point Reyes Station, Calif: I had almost forgotten the photo printed on the back cover of PKDS 2. I took it in mid 1960, about the time Phil was working on THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. I can't remember that cat's name, we didn't have it very long. Miss Pittypat?

Phil's memories of that period must have been a little blurry in 1968 when he wrote the self portrait you printed in the 2nd newsletter. Phil never stopped writing. He wrote at least two books a year. He did 'play with' the jewelry business very briefly while writing THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE.

Remembering and writing about this period has been a nostalgic experience for me. Sometimes I almost feel as if I were living back in 1963.

I'd like to say "Thanks" to all of Phil's fans who responded to the information about my memoir that was printed in PKDS 1. Most of the research about Phil is now completed. I've interviewed almost 100 relatives, ex-wives, teachers, co-workers, doctors, etc.

The research I did is a fascinating story in itself. Sometimes as many issues and questions were raised as solved: Why did Phil's best high school friend Dick Daniel's per-



sonality resemble Phil's, or did Phil's resemble his? As Dick and I sat together on a pleasant Saturday morning drinking coffee in his spacious living room he started out the interview by saying that this high school friendship with Phil of 35 years ago "was one of the most significant relationships of my life"!

Many interesting facts about Phil's family background emerged. I discovered that Phil had a Revolutionary War ancestor. He reenlisted in the Continental Army four times... as a spy!

I had already known some facts about the tragedy of Phil's twin sister's death but in the course of my research I learned a lot more about this event which resonated throughout Phil's life with dire effects.

I spent a most interesting evening drinking vodka in Petaluma with the SCANNER DARKLY people; the ones who'd survived, that is. I had tried to locate them for more than a year and only found them by a stroke of luck.

Then there are Perky Pat, Vince and Virginia, Alys, Kirsten and Ray, Betty Jo (Phil's lost love), Doris, Tim, Jeter, Pete, George and Jan; names and personalities scrambled and reassembled as only Phil could do it.

This research has been the second most intriguing, exciting and fascinating experience of my life.

Pascal J. Thomas, Los Angeles, Calif: Like most of the fans and pros who had gone to Metz in late September 1977, I had been drawn by the prospect of seeing Philip Dick in person; Harlan Ellison and Roger Zelazny were the two other American guests of honor, but they definitely were less attractive to the French SF crowd, even though Ellison proved a better showman (no surprise there). Philip Dick's address at Metz, for instance, was a definite letdown; his delivery was slow and monotonous, but worse, everything he said had to be repeated in French, by a translator who was reading from a prepared text. At one point, Dick made a cut in his text, and indicated it to the translator, but some mix-up must have happened, because for a while afterwards we got to hear the French translation before the original, certainly a bizarre and distracting circumstance.

At any rate, the audience could not stomach the contents of Philip Dick's fairly puzzling talk. It was all about religion, and to the largely left-wing intellectuals (more or less) who are predominant in the French SF milieu, religion is anathema (rhymes with the Catholic Church, and thus authority...). To us, Philip Dick was, had to be, a left-wing writer, and that talk was clear proof he was losing his marbles. As you know, something like half of the audience walked out during the speech. I stayed until the end, strangely cheered by the fact that I was at the moment reading TIME OUT OF JOINT, in which he was using the bathroom light cord (or switch) confusion to which he had just alluded during his talk.

Later on, I was hanging on with Philippe Goy (French SF writer and scientist) in the bookstore where Dick was signing his books. For some reason, he had been put in a back room together with Zelazny (DEUS IRAE must have been just issued in French), and business was light. Among other things, Philippe Goy asked him if he really believed in what he had been talking about, and in God. Dick simply pointed to the cross he was wearing. (I must say I'm still unsure about many of the things he said that I see in print. Did he really mean all that...? Or was he very deadpan?)

The most surprising incident (albeit so small!) was when I first encountered Philip Dick in the lobby of the Sofitel Hotel. Some French SF pro introduced me. Dick said hello and something to the effect of "Seien Sie Deutsch?"--a not absurd mistake, I'm told my long hair and sloppy clothes give me a German-like look (for a young man, that is), and anyway, Metz is very close to the border; it used to be German, in fact, between 1870 and 1919, as a quick look at the train station will confirm. Anyway, I had to answer--in English, I was not sure enough of my German--that no, unfortunately, I'm only French...whereupon he shot back something like "Entformen Sie Sich! Sofort!" ("Change yourself (into one)! Immediately!"), which took a while to sink in, and pretty much put a stop to any conversation.

D. S. Black, San Francisco, Calif: To add to the collection of nonfiction references to PKD, I offer the following, from a 1983 Black Sparrow Press book, Young Robert Duncan: Portrait of the Poet as Homosexual in Society, by Ekbert Faas, pp. 252-253:

"With such young poet celebrities as Jack Spicer, Philip K. Dick and George Haimsohn living at 2208 McKinley Street, the rooming house had become a focus of literary activity even before Duncan's arrival, and Robert was quick to contribute his own share. Jerry [Ackerman] and he lived in the center room on the north side. All the rooms were done in knotty pine, which was then fashionable in decoration. But theirs was a particularly nice and spacious one... Soon friends came flocking to their room to hear Duncan read his newest poems, "Three Songs for Jerry," which were written during November 1947. ...Philip K. Dick from next door, who worked at a phonograph store, had an appliance for making records, a device they were quick to explore for its poetic potential. As Mr. Ackerman remembers, 'George Haimsohn started out with a slow cut-time "Edna St. Vincent Millay, Millay, Millay," very nancy on the last name. Duncan came in with a deep "W. Somerset Maugham, W. Somerset Maugham, W.W.W.W.W. Somerset Maugham," as in a round. Then I came in with a high, piping "E.E. Cummings. E.E.E.E.E. Cummings E.E." And while this was all going along someone else started a loud Salute to the Flag ("I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America...etc."). Then we all broke down laughing.' On another occasion they would do charades, screaming and laughing till deep into the night, while quite oblivious of the fact that the landlady, a kindly woman called Ruth, was expecting a baby any moment... No wonder that the original tenants at 2208 McKinley disappeared one after the other. Where the students lived, there was constant noise and laughter, as if they were celebrating a never-ending party." [I believe this was in Berkeley--ed]

Most available sources show Dick as staunchly having been a writer of prose--how did this identification as a poet arise?



ONCE THERE WAS AN ANT ONE DAY HE WENT WALKING.  
 SOON HE CAME TO A FOREST, IT WAS AN ANT-MILE LONG  
 SOON HE CAME TO A SIDEWALK IN THE MIDDLE WAS A DEAD  
 BUMBLEBEE. HE PULLED AND HE PULLED. AND HE SOON GOT IT TO  
 THE FOREST. HE WENT ON AHEAD LEAVING HIS BEE ON THE  
 GROUND. BUT HE SAW THAT IT WAS HOPELESS. THE GRASS WAS TOO  
 THICK, SO HE LEFT HIS BEE AND WENT HOME. BY PHILIP K. DICK.  
 3039 MACOMB ST. N.W. DC.

## I KILLED THE BUMBLE BEE.

"The ultrafantastic becomes casual and commonplace in Dick's fiction. And revisions of reality happen in ordinary commonplace circumstances. ...It happened to me on a sunlit summer day in 1970 in Washington, D.C., when chance events interleaved so that I quite literally became a character in Dick's fiction. Or was it the reverse? Is the power and magic of a Dick novel so talismanic that it led me directly down pathways into his own past?

"The incident happened about a year after I had met Dick briefly for the only time. On this Washington visit I was reading the 1968 MacFadden-Bartell paperback of NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR, Dick's tale of reconstructed pasts and time-travel via the JJ-180 drug. With me was a young woman, Paula, who, at my suggestion, was also reading the book. She carried it in her purse as we traveled from museums to malls to restaurants, sometimes a planned route, sometimes drifting.

"What shall we do later today?" I asked.

"Well, I'm going to see my friend Margaret," said Paula, inviting me to join her. So later in the afternoon, we climbed into a taxi. Unacquainted with Washington streets, I had no notion of where we were headed--only that I was to visit someone I'd never met at a house I'd never seen on a street where I'd never been. The taxi door closed, and I learned our destination for the first time when she said to the driver, '3039 Macomb.' But the address sounded familiar. Had I seen it before? Read it? I asked for the novel in her purse and began idly flipping pages, dimly recalling that Dick might have used some similar address in his description of Wash-35, a replica of 1935 Washington, a 'babyland' where Virgil Ackerman entertains guests in a lifesize model of his own reconstructed childhood world. As we coasted along Connecticut Avenue, I located the paragraph on page 30 where 'their ship coasted along Connecticut Avenue.' We taxied from Connecticut onto Macomb Street, and I noted the spelling discrepancy as my eyes scanned this sentence: 'The ship taxied from Connecticut Avenue onto Macomb Street and soon was parking before 3039 with its black wrought-iron fence and tiny lawn.'

"The taxi stopped. I looked up. There was the tiny lawn. There was the black wrought-iron fence. We were parked in front of 3039 Macomb. I held in my hands nothing more than ink on paper, an author's fantasy, but through the cab window I could see the sun shining through the leaves and the 'five-story brick apartment building where Virgil had lived as a boy.' Past the fence, just as described on page 31, I could see the children playing at the doorway. In Dick's novel these children are 'robants in the shape of small boys.' So I watched them closely as we walked past them, entering the doorway of 3039 Macomb for the first time, knowing I had walked through a Synchronicity Gate into Dick's altered reality. In THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, Dick's description of life in a parallel universe, Mr. Tagomi, referring to the I Ching, says, 'We ask it questions as if it were alive. It is alive. As is the Christian Bible; many books are actually alive. Not in metaphoric fashion. Spirit animates it. Do you see?' I see. Had I read NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR even a month earlier or later, the address in the book would have slipped by unnoticed. It could have sat on my bookshelf for decades, and I would have been none the wiser. Skim milk masquerades as cream.

"It occurred to me later that the address might have appeared in the book because Virgil Ackerman's past was, perhaps, Dick's past. I wrote to Dick asking him why he had chosen to fictionalize this particular real location, and he responded, 'I used that building and address because I had lived there in the Thirties as a kid. So you visited it... my god, that is eerie. Really freaks me. The ghost of a little boy who is now a middle-aged SF author must still be playing there.'"

--Bhob Stewart, in "Do Replicants Dream of Philip K. Dick?", Comics Journal, 10/82



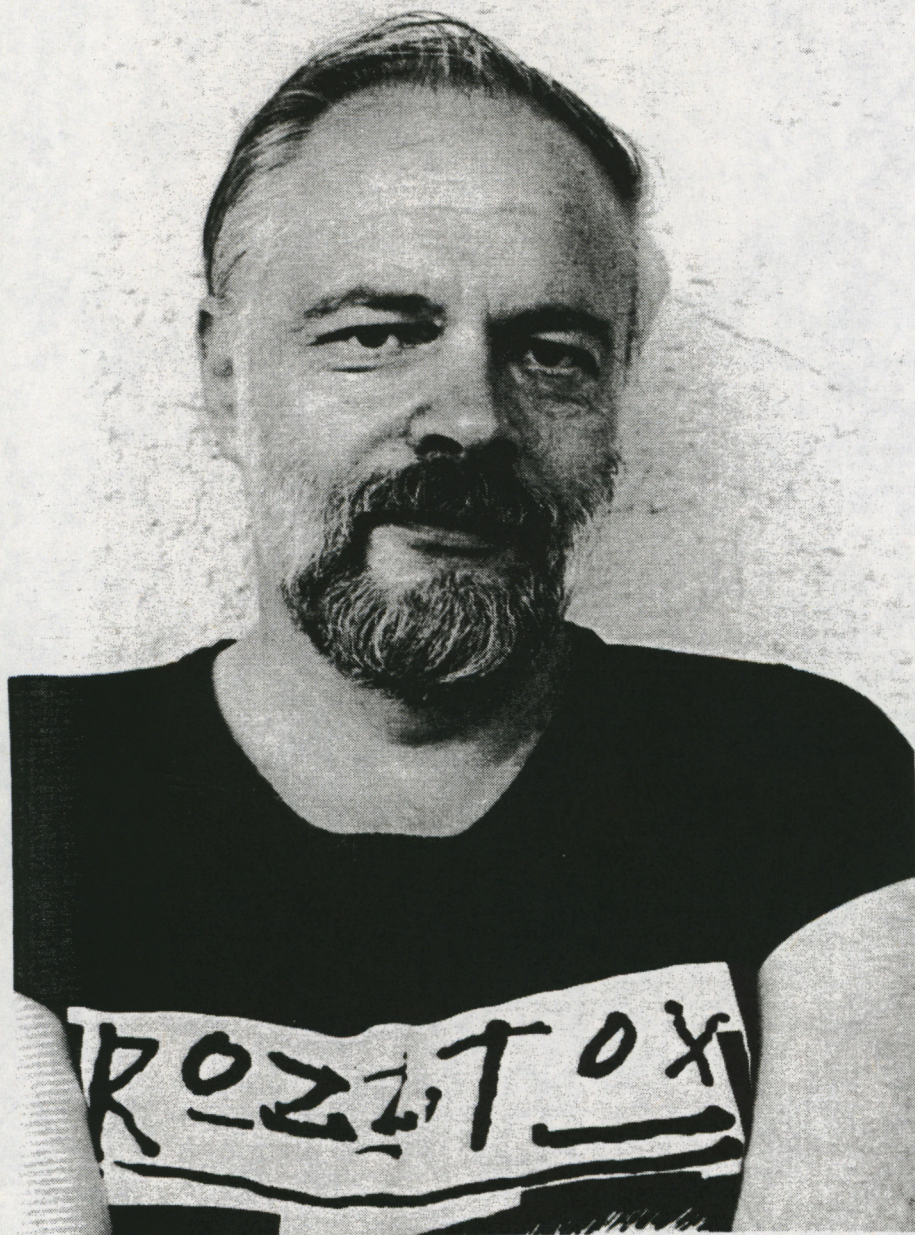
What I have been drawn more & more into in my exegesis is the realization that linear time is somehow not real; which is to say, the changes in it (time as a reality is debatable, but as the encyclopedia of philosophy says, "change is real") are somehow not real. I am not back in Biblical times, but somehow John & Daniel & I found ourselves in the same reality or time frame, an eternal unchanging world above & beyond time. It is real, and the changing world within time is not. Without accepting this it is impossible to explain my experience and theirs. For, Where were we? and, What did we see? Another world. And certain things are always there, and certain events are always happening. It was true in Daniel's time, in John's and mine. What is real is the Apocalypse. Or, put better, what we call a "vision of the apocalypse" is in fact a vision of authentic eternal true reality lying behind the deceptive linear-time world of change.

Inescapably, as I tried to account for my experience, I have been led to realize the irreality of linear time & the changes therein. What I did was I got outside time in 3-74. More accurately, I was lifted out of, by another mind. I am now back in it, like everyone else; but I saw what I saw. I would say that our linear time world is framed for us, veiled, so that we may perform under the scrutiny of selection (judgment). The veil serves a valid purpose, and is not lifted until after judgment, at which time the game is over, and the veil is not necessary; as a piece we have been lifted from the board forever. Although we remain unaware of supernatural entities they guide and direct us. I assume us to be in a growth process the final end of which is invisible to us. Selection as to who

grew, who didn't and in what way, is not ours but theirs. Since Daniel wrote before Christ, I assume this eternal world existed then, and Christ came from it to acquaint us with it. It was his purpose to give men the clues to unravel the riddles of existence so that they could surmount the linear-time world and enter the Kingdom. He then withdrew, like his father the steersman, to a detached point, and gathered (s) up the harvest he planted; i.e. those who act rightly. (Follow the thread, like Arachne's thread, through the maze we are in.) (The main riddle is to locate the side of Light in its struggle against Darkness, to join it and act for it.) (It is here but hidden, as is the darkness; they are not evident or evidently unmixed, and choice is difficult.) (Intent is a good first step, as in it is contained basic knowledge--assessment--of the situation.) (In a very true way it can be said we have been placed arbitrarily away from home and must find our way back; that is the goal.) I would say in conclusion: "We are here to choose the true from the counterfeit, and we will be given much time, perhaps thousands of years, and when and if we do choose correctly at last, we will then be shown what we have chosen: shown what reality is like. And not before; for during the choosing all is reduced, as in a child's play store."

We live as children and choose as children, but once we choose correctly we become true adults. Only then does the real purpose of life become evident; before that it was a dream and a guess and a search among mists. Only the forms are real; and they are alive...such as Holy Wisdom.

--Philip K. Dick



Photograph by Nicole Olivieri Panter, 1980



hearing fifty guitar blues songs in the key of E, all played in a row.

Is the Exegesis publishable? Many PKD fans, including myself, would like to think so. However there are some sizable tasks that need to be done before even partial publication is feasible. First, the handwritten pages (perhaps 95% of the total) need to be transcribed via word processing into typed form. This alone is a staggering job. Second, using internal references and dates, the Exegesis should be put in an approximate chronological order. At present most of the writings are not clearly dated and their present order is simply the arbitrary order in which the Estate lawyers, or whoever, packed up the papers into cartons. [It should be noted that the Exegesis papers were already in loose, disorganized piles when the representatives of the Estate packed them up; PKD did not have any kind of filing system for most of his papers.--ed.]

Third, using correspondence, PKD's friends' stories, and the Exegesis itself, a summary of the main events leading up to and following the mystical episodes needs to be developed. Much of the Exegesis refers repeatedly to events in Dick's life (such as the mysterious "xerox missive," or the Lew/SFWA brouhaha) and if the Exegesis is to shed any light on VALIS, on Dick, or on the PKD universe, these references will need annotating and explanations.

Finally, the Exegesis will need to be edited and pared down into a publishable form. This means selecting out the most interesting and coherent portions from amidst all the repetitive thumb-twiddling, and trying to present this material in a way that indicates the progression of Phil's thinking as he grappled with VALIS.

The Exegesis represents the single largest body of unpublished PKD writing. Because of its direct relation to VALIS and the Tractates Cryptica Scriptura, it exerts a fascination for Dick fans, who are curious about how much of VALIS was "true" and whether their favorite author flipped out or had a genuine mystical experience. It is fitting perhaps that one can come away from day-long sessions with the Exegesis and be no wiser on either count.

Based on reading a few hundred pages of the journals covering a variety of years from 1974 to 1982, I do have the following tentative observations:

1. The experiences of 2-3/74 lend themselves to interpretation as either psychotic episodes or mystical interludes, depending upon your point of view. A convincing case can be made for either interpretation.
2. What the Exegesis makes clear is that whatever the case may be, the experiences obsessed Phil for the remainder of his life. His journal-writing was an ongoing attempt to forge a rational explanation for events which fell outside the boundaries of rationality. It appears that at the end of eight years' effort he was no nearer a satisfying answer than when he began. That he was able to wrest a novel of the caliber of VALIS out of the convoluted labyrinth of the Exegesis seems a blessing and a miracle.
3. For PKD fans to come to terms with the Exegesis will mean they'll have to directly confront his neo-gnostic Christianity which bubbled beneath the surface of his work from the early 60's on but comes to the fore in his journal writings. While Phil entertained at various times many far-fetched explanations for the "pink beam" experiences, he consistently returned to Christian theology and Greek philosophy for his most serious interpretations.
4. A major portion of the Exegesis is taken up by Phil's reinterpretation of his earlier novels (esp. TEARS and UBIK) in terms of the VALIS universe. To dive into the Exegesis is to risk having your favorite novels discussed to death by their own author before your very eyes.
5. The recurring theme of Dick's work--that of a false world overlaying the 'real' one--can be both a metaphysical proposition and a paranoid fear. The ambiguity of 2-3/74 is that the VALIS events are a dramatic fulfillment of both. In exploring this fact, the Exegesis is equal parts mystical theology and paranoid ravings. It contains profound discussions of the Indian philosopher Sankara, Plato, and Meister Eckhart, side by side with long-winded (and rather crazed) attempts to derive cosmic generalities from dream fragments, hypnogogic phrases, and coincidental occurrences.
6. The "Tractates" appended to VALIS are not, as far as I can tell, verbatim passages dictated by VALIS (or St. Sophia, or whoever) but mostly distillations of the more verbose and circular musings in the Exegesis. Sentences like "The Empire never ended," or "The Buddha is in the park," did originate as cryptic phrases uttered by the AI (artificial intelligence) voice while in a near-dream state, but the Exegesis (and Tractates) represent Dick's own theorizing on such phrases as well as on readings from the Encyclopedia Britannica, the Encyclopedia of Philosophy, the Bible, his own novels, etc.
7. Finally, like any daily writing covering eight years, the Exegesis is not of consistent interest throughout. Some lengthy passages resonate with the thrill of discovery and with glimpses of vast truths. Other long stretches are boring and even painful exercises, akin to watching a good friend repeatedly bang his head against the wall.

The Philip K. Dick I've discovered in the Exegesis reminds me of two other unique visionaries: Antonin Artaud and Emmanuel Swedenborg. All three delved into alternate realities with unique results. But Artaud was ultimately deemed mad, institutionalized, and subjected to massive electro-shock therapy. Swedenborg died peacefully, respected (and feared) for his elaborate visions of heaven and hell; and after his death his followers founded a new church centered around his revelations.

Luckily, Phil didn't have to suffer Artaud's fate, but it remains to be seen whether the Exegesis lends itself to the creation of a new Dickian religion. The possibility is a little grotesque, but stranger things have happened--many of them in PKD's own writings.

--Jay Kinney



In the late 50's and early 60's PKD lived and worked in the small Northern California town of Point Reyes Station. He incorporated the places and people that he knew there into the fabric of his novels and stories. References to the Bay Area cities can be found throughout Phil's work; however the impact of living in Pt. Reyes produced two of his finest novels, DR BLOODMONEY (Ace 1965) and CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST (Entwhistle 1975), both of which are set primarily in Pt. Reyes Station. DR. FUTURITY is in part set in the nearby Pt. Reyes National Seashore, the site of Sir Francis Drake's 16th Century landing on the Northern California coast. The mainstream novel THE MAN WHOSE TEETH WERE ALL EXACTLY ALIKE also takes place in the area.

West Marin County in general makes for a scenic day trip from San Francisco by car. Take U.S. 101 north across the Golden Gate Bridge into Marin, travelling 10 miles to the Sir Francis Drake Blvd. exit in Larkspur. Westbound, the Blvd. will travel the 17-mile route to Olema described in detail in chapter four of CONFESSIONS. In Olema, turn right on U.S. 1 and go two miles to Pt. Reyes Station. You have now arrived in Philip K. Dick territory.

Pt. Reyes Station is situated on a hillside at the head of Tomales Bay, which separates the hilly dairy country in the east from the fog-shrouded peninsula of Pt. Reyes. The Station was a stage-stop in the early 1900's; an outpost on the fringes of the Northern California wilderness. Over the years, many artists and writers from the San Francisco intellectual community have been attracted by the rural beauty of the town, which makes for an interesting blend of country and city townfolk.

To the left, as Hwy. 1 begins to leave town, you will see Mesa Road, where a large sign out front will lead you to Anne Dick's jewelry store. Phil and Anne were married in 1959 and lived together for the next five years.

The inherent isolation of the town is illustrated in the extreme in DR. BLOODMONEY, when Pt. Reyes Station becomes a post-holocaust colony struggling to survive and become self-sufficient.

CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST, written in the late fifties, is a mainstream novel and is a sensitive, but hilarious, portrait of some very real people. Pt. Reyes becomes magnificently alive in descriptions of great detail; especially interesting is Charlie Hume's favorite bar, The Western, a building dating back to the 1800's. A notable exception to the accuracy of the book is the nonexistent Mayfair Market, which I suspect Phil created to give Fay someplace to send Charlie on his quest for the fateful box of Tampax.

1/4 mile south of town turn right, back on Sir Francis Drake again, and follow it four miles to the tiny town of Inverness, a likely stop for provisions and a look around. 1/4 mile past Inverness on the uphill side of the Blvd., nestled in a redwood grove, is St. Columba's Episcopal Church, where Phil's daughter Laura was married and Phil's memorial service was held.

From here the road rises sharply and splits. To the north are dairy ranches and rocky, wind-swept McClure's Beach. Ron McClure, a third-generation dairy rancher, recalls that Phil was among the few who knew the family well enough to be allowed access to the then-private beach, before the entire peninsula was purchased by the government, turning all the dairymen into renters. Fay and Nat found the beach suitable for a rendezvous in their not-so-quiet affair.

To the south there are more ranches and beaches, beyond which is a dramatic outcropping of rock where an operating lighthouse is open to the public (closed Mon. & Tues.). There is also a road down to Drake's Beach and the Estero which is the supposed site of Captain Drake's landing. (DR. FUTURITY includes an assassination attempt on the life of Drake as he set foot on Nova Albion.) There is much more to be seen, and a worthwhile stop is the Park Headquarters in Olema for some additional information.

Phil gives us the last word on Point Reyes and West Marin in this excerpt from the afterword to the 1980 Dell edition of DR. BLOODMONEY:

...The West Marin County area, where much of the novel is set, is an area that I knew well. When I wrote the novel I lived in that area. Many of the features that I describe are real. So a great deal of the veridical is blended in with the fiction. As do some of the characters, I searched for wild mushrooms in West Marin, and I found the varieties that they find (and avoided the varieties they avoid). It is one of the most beautiful areas in the United States, and is called by the Sierra Club, "The Island in Time." When I lived there in the late fifties and early sixties it was set apart from the rest of California and therefore seemed to me a natural locus for a post-war microcosm of society. Already, in fact, West Marin was a little world. When I read over DR. BLOODMONEY I discover, to my pleasure, that I have captured in words much of that little world that I so loved--a little world from which I am now separated by time and distance.